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1852.



THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1852.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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INDEX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. SIR THOMAS MORE VISITED BY HIS DAUGHTER IN PRISON, painted by Herbert, engraved by Sartain.
2. Portrait of MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, painted by Lucas, and engraved by Sartain.
3. Portrait of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, painted by Claudet, in 1844, and engraved by Sartain.
4. Portrait of THOMAS CARLYLE, engraved by Sartain.

A.

Art and Nature under an Italian Sky— <i>Quarterly Review</i> , ...	57
Alphonse Karr— <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , ...	73
Austen, Miss, ...	92
Arctic Robinson Crusoe— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , ...	256
Antiquities of Leith, ...	358
Anti-Jacobin, Poetry of— <i>Westminster Review</i> , ...	443
Australia, Gold Discoveries in— <i>Quarterly Review</i> , ...	506

B.

Bronte, Miss, ...	93
Barton, Mary, author of, ...	93

D.

Clarendon, Lord, Friends— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , ...	37
China, Empire of— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , ...	51
Cornuille— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	66
Coronation in Siam— <i>Tait's Magazine</i> , ...	198
Canning, Elizabeth, Trial of— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , ...	245
Combe, George, works examined— <i>North British Review</i> , ...	289
Chamfort— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , ...	314
City Poets and Pageants— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	476
Carlyle, Thomas— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , ...	576
Cornuille and Shakespeare— <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , ...	535

D.

Drama, Father of the French— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	66
Day in a French Criminal Court— <i>Sharpe's Magazine</i> , ...	264
De Quincey, Thomas— <i>Examiner</i> , ...	565

E.

England's Forgotten Worthies— <i>Westminster Review</i> , ...	1
Emperor of China, ...	51
Epaminondas, ...	106

Examiner, History of— <i>Critic</i> , ...	230
Exaggerations— <i>Eliza Cook's Journal</i> , ...	426

F.

Friends of Lord Clarendon— <i>See Clarendon</i> , ...	
Fall of Napoleon, ...	47
French Drama, Father of, ...	56
French Criminal Court, ...	264

G.

General Assembly, the Scotch— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , ...	86
Gore, Mrs., ...	93, 527
Gustavus Adolphus, ...	106
Gillies, Robert— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , ...	128
Gibbon, Edward— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , ...	392
Goethe as a Man of Science— <i>Westminster Review</i> , ...	460
Gold Discoveries in Australia, ...	506

H.

Hawkins, Sir Richard— <i>See England</i> , ...	
Hunchback of Strasburg— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , ...	100
Heroes, Ancient and Modern— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , ...	106, 481
Huguenot, origin of, ...	184
History of British Periodical Literature, ...	112
History of the Examiner— <i>Critic</i> , ...	230
Hook, Theodore— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , ...	258
Haldane, Robert and James— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , ...	306
Hardinge, Lord— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	497

I, J, K.

Junius, touching the identity of— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , ...	20
Italian Sky, Art and Nature under, ...	57
Jewsbury, Miss, ...	93
Jordan, Wm.— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , ...	128

L.

Lady Novelists— <i>Westminster Review</i> , ...	93
Lynn, Miss, ...	93
Literary Gossip— <i>Eclectic Review</i> , ...	128
Longfellow— <i>North British Review</i> , ...	162
London, Police System of— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , ...	204
Literature, Periodical— <i>British Quarterly</i> , ...	212
Literary Mystifications, ...	281
Lafitte, Sketches of— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	321
Lion Hunting at the Cape— <i>Tait's Magazine</i> , ...	339
Leith and its Antiquities— <i>Tait's Magazine</i> , ...	358
Loves of a Chancery Lawyer— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	423
Life, Literature, and the Scholar— <i>Tait's Magazine</i> , ...	556

Life of Clarendon, ...	47
" Marie de Medicis, ...	53
" Alphonse Karr, ...	73
" Montcalm, ...	121
" Gillies and Jerdan, ...	128
" Miss Mitford, ...	145
" Madame Reybaud, ...	224
" Theodore Hook, ...	258
" Montgomery, ...	273
" Robert and James Haldane, ...	306
" Chamfort, ...	314
" Duke of Wellington, ...	362
" Gibbon, ...	392
" Metzia, ...	433
" Justice Story, ...	413
" Lord Hardinge, ...	497
" Dr. Wardlaw, ...	503
" Carlyle, ...	516
" Mrs. Gore, ...	527
" Mrs. Trollope, ...	535
" De Quincey, ...	565
Literary Miscellany, 140, 285, 429, 570.	

M.

Marie de Medicis— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	53
Marsh, Mrs., ...	93
Montcalm— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	121
Mitford, Miss— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	145
Miscellanea Literaria— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , ...	184
Montgomery, James— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , ...	273
Mystifications, Literary— <i>Dickens's Household Words</i> , ...	281
Memoirs of a Man of the World— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	327, 454
Metzia, Quentin— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	413
MISCELLANEOUS.—Transfer of Prof. Liebig, 36; Gen. Gascoyne, 62; Statue to the late Sir R. Peel at Tamworth, 120; Mr. Putnam's Progress of the World, 139; Peter Pindar and the Publishers, 151; A Botanizing King, 166; Leigh Hunt's Description of Moore, 203; Cruikshank, 412; Burial Place of Bunyan, 416; The Hospitals of London, 428; International Copyright, 564; Charles Dickens and the Gardeners, 569; Guizot, 569.	

N.

Napoleon, Fall of— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	47
Neglected French Authors— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 315	
Number Nineteen in our Street— <i>Chambers's Journal</i> , ...	346

P.

Paris in 1814— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	47
Poetry, American— <i>North British Review</i> , ...	152
Poe, Edgar A., ...	153
Police System of London— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , ...	204
Periodical Literature, History of British— <i>British Quarterly Review</i> , ...	212
Personnel of the New Parliament— <i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , ...	234
Phrenology, its Place and Relations— <i>North British Review</i> , ...	289
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, ...	443
Poets and Pageants of London, ...	475

R.

Raleigh, Sir Walter— <i>See England</i> .	
Read, Thomas Buchanan— <i>North British Review</i> , ...	152
Rockingham, Marquis of, and Contemporaries— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , ...	167
Reybaud, Madame, writings of— <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , ...	224
Robinson Crusoe, the Arctic, ...	256
Relations of Phrenology, ...	289

S.

Scotch General Assembly, ...	86
Sand, George, ...	93
Scipio Africanus, ...	481
Siam, Emperor of— <i>Tait's Magazine</i> , ...	198
Scottish Influence on British Literature— <i>North British Review</i> , ...	350
Shawls— <i>Dickens's Household Words</i> , ...	417
Story, Mr. Justice, Writings of— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , ...	433
Shakspeare and Corneille, ...	535

T.

Trollope, Mrs., ...	93
Tea Table Literature—Mr. Tupper, ...	404

U, V, W.

Worthies, England's Forgotten— <i>See England</i> .	
Unsuccessful Great Men— <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , ...	121
Wellington, Duke of— <i>Times</i> , ...	363
Wardlaw, Dr.— <i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , ...	503



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

From the Westminster Review.

ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.*

THE Reformation, the Antipodes, the American Continent, the Planetary system, and the Infinite deep of the Heavens have now become common and familiar facts to us. Globes and orreries are the playthings of our school-days; we inhale the spirit of Protestantism with our earliest breath of consciousness; it is all but impossible to throw back our imagination into the time when, as new grand discoveries, they stirred every mind which they touched with awe and wonder at the revelation which God had sent down among mankind. Vast spiritual and material continents lay for the first time displayed,

opening fields of thought and fields of enterprise of which none could conjecture the limit. Old routine was broken up. Men were thrown back on their own strength and their own power, unshackled to accomplish whatever they might dare. And although we do not speak of these discoveries as the cause of that enormous force of heart and intellect which accompanied them (for they were as much the effect as the cause, and one reacted on the other), yet at any rate they afforded scope and room for the play of powers which, without such scope, let them have been as transcendent as they would, must have passed away unproductive and blighted.

An earnest faith in the supernatural, an intensely real conviction of the divine and devilish forces by which the universe was guided and misguided, was the inheritance of the Elizabethan age from Catholic Christianity. The fiercest and most lawless men did then really and truly believe in the actual personal presence of God or the devil in every accident, or scene, or action. They brought to the contemplation of the new heaven and the new earth an imagination saturated with the spiritual convictions of the old era, which were not lost, but only infinitely expanded.

* 1. *The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage in the South Sea in 1593.* Reprinted from the Edition of 1622, and Edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum. Published by the Hakluyt Society.

2. *The Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana.* By Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes, and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, Phil. D., &c.

3. *Narratives of Early Voyages undertaken for the Discovery of a Passage to Cathaia and India by the North-west;* with Selections from the Records of the worshipful Fellowship of the Merchants of London, trading into the East Indies, and from MSS. in the Library of the British Museum, now first published, by Thomas Rundall, Esq.

The planets whose vastness they now learnt to recognize were, therefore, only the more powerful for evil or for good; the tides were the breathing of Demogorgon; and the idolatrous American tribes were real worshippers of the real devil, and were assisted with the full power of his evil army.

It is a form of thought which, however in a vague and general way we may continue to use its phraseology, has become, in its detailed application to life, utterly strange to us. We congratulate ourselves on the enlargement of our understanding when we read the decisions of grave law-courts in cases of supposed witchcraft; we smile complacently over Raleigh's story of the island of the Amazons, and rejoice that we are not such as he—entangled in the cobwebs of effete and foolish superstition. The true conclusion is the opposite of the conclusion which we draw. That Raleigh and Bacon could believe what they believed, and could be what they were notwithstanding, is to us a proof that the injury which such mistakes can inflict is unspeakably insignificant: and arising, as they arose, from a never-failing sense of the real awfulness and mystery of the world, and of the life of human souls upon it, they witness to the presence in such minds of a spirit, the loss of which not the most perfect acquaintance with every law by which the whole creation moves can compensate. We wonder at the grandeur, the moral majesty, of some of Shakespeare's characters, so far beyond what the noblest among ourselves can imitate, and at first thought we attribute it to the genius of the poet who has outstripped nature in his creations: but we are misunderstanding the power and the meaning of poetry in attributing creativeness to it in any such sense; Shakespeare created, but only as the spirit of nature created around him, working in him as it worked abroad in those among whom he lived. The men whom he draws were such men as he saw and knew; the words they utter were such as he heard in the ordinary conversations in which he joined. At the Mermaid with Raleigh and with Sidney, and at a thousand unnamed English firesides, he found the living originals for his Prince Hals, his Orlando, his Antonios, his Portias, his Isabellas. The closer personal acquaintance which we can form with the English of the age of Elizabeth, the more we are satisfied that Shakespeare's great poetry is no more than the rhythmic echo of the life which it depicts.

It was, therefore, with no little interest that we heard of the formation of a society which was to employ itself, as we understood,

in republishing in accessible form some, if not all, of the invaluable records compiled or composed by Richard Hakluyt. Books, like everything else, have their appointed death-day; the souls of them, unless they be found worthy of a second birth in a new body, perish with the paper in which they lived, and the early folio Hakluyts, not from their own want of merit, but from our neglect of them, were expiring of old age. The five-volume quarto edition, published in 1811, so little people then cared for the exploits of their ancestors, was but of 270 copies; it was intended for no more than for curious antiquaries, or for the great libraries, where it could be consulted as a book of reference; and among a people, the greater part of whom had never heard Hakluyt's name, the editors are scarcely to be blamed if it never so much as occurred to them that general readers would ever come to care to have it within their reach.

And yet those five volumes may be called the Prose Epic of the modern English nation. They contain the heroic tales of the exploits of the great men in whom the new era was inaugurated; not mythic, like the *Iliads* and the *Eddas*, but plain broad narratives of substantial facts, which rival them in interest and grandeur. What the old epics were to the royalty or nobly born, this modern epic is to the common people. We have no longer kings or princes for chief actors, to whom the heroism, like the dominion, of the world had in time past been confined. But, as it was in the days of the apostles, when a few poor fishermen from an obscure lake in Palestine assumed, under the divine mission, the spiritual authority over mankind, so, in the days of our own Elizabeth, the seamen from the banks of the Thames and the Avon, the Plym and the Dart, self-taught and self-directed, with no impulse but what was beating in their own royal hearts, went out across the unknown seas fighting, discovering, colonizing, and graved out the channels, and at last paved them with their bones, through which the commerce and enterprise of England has flowed out over all the world. We can conceive nothing, not the songs of Homer himself, which would be read, among us at least, with more enthusiastic interest than these plain massive tales; and a people's edition of them in these days, when the writings of Ainsworth and Eugène Sue circulate in tens of thousands, would perhaps be the most blessed antidote which could be bestowed upon us. The heroes themselves were the men of the people—the Joneses,

the Smiths, the Davises, the Drakes; and no courtly pen, with the one exception of Raleigh, lent its polish or its varnish to set them off. In most cases the captain himself, or his clerk or servant, or some unknown gentleman volunteer, sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared, and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings which, with all their simplicity, are for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty, warmed with natural feeling, which displays itself through all their pages. With us, the sailor is scarcely himself beyond his quarterdeck. If he is distinguished in his profession, he is professional merely; or if he is more than that, he owes it not to his work as a sailor, but to independent domestic culture. With them their profession was the school of their nature, a high moral education which most brought out what was most nobly human in them; and the wonders of earth, and air, and sea, and sky, were a real intelligible language in which they heard Almighty God speaking to them.

That such hopes of what might be accomplished by the Hakluyt Society should in some measure be disappointed, is only what might naturally be anticipated of all very sanguine expectation. Cheap editions are expensive editions to the publisher, and historical societies, from a necessity which appears to encumber all corporate English action, rarely fail to do their work expensively and infelicitously; yet, after all allowances and deductions, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the mortification of having found but one volume in the series to be even tolerably edited, and that one to be edited by a gentleman to whom England is but an adopted country—Sir Robert Schomburgk. Raleigh's "Conquest of Guiana," with Sir Robert's sketch of Raleigh's history and character, form in everything but its cost a very model of an excellent volume. For every one of the rest we are obliged to say of them, that they have left little undone to paralyze whatever interest was reviving in Hakluyt, and to consign their own volumes to the same obscurity to which time and accident were consigning the earlier editions. Very little which was really noteworthy escaped the industry of Hakluyt himself, and we looked to find reprints of the most remarkable of the stories which were to be found in his collection. They began unfortunately with proposing to continue the work where he had left it, and produce narratives hitherto unpublished of other voyages of inferior interest, or not of English origin. Better

thoughts appear to have occurred to them in the course of the work; but their evil destiny overtook them before their thoughts could get themselves executed. We opened one volume with eagerness, bearing the title of "Voyages to the Northwest," in hope of finding our old friends Davis and Frobisher, and we found a vast unnecessary Editor's Preface; and instead of the voyages themselves, which with their picturesqueness and moral beauty shine among the fairest jewels in the diamond mine of Hakluyt, an analysis and digest of their results, which Milton was called in to justify in an inappropriate quotation. It is much as if they had undertaken to edit "Bacon's Essays," and had retailed what they conceived to be the substance of them in their own language; strangely failing to see that the real value of the actions or the thought of remarkable men does not lie in the material result which can be gathered from them, but in the heart and soul of those who do or utter them. Consider what Homer's "Odyssey" would be, reduced into an analysis.

The editor of the "Letters of Columbus" apologizes for the rudeness of their phraseology. Columbus, he tells us, was not so great a master of the pen as of the art of navigation. We are to make excuses for him. We are put on our guard, and warned not to be offended, before we are introduced to the sublime record of sufferings under which his great soul was staggering towards the end of its earthly calamities, where the inarticulate fragments in which his thought breaks out from him, are strokes of natural art by the side of which the highest literary pathos is poor and meaningless.

And even in the subjects which they select they are pursued by the same curious fatality. Why is Drake to be best known, or to be only known, in his last voyage? Why pass over the success, and endeavor to immortalize the failure? When Drake climbed the tree in Panama, and saw both oceans, and vowed that he would sail a ship in the Pacific; when he crawled out upon the cliffs of Terra del Fuego, and leaned his head over the southernmost angle of the world; when he scored a furrow round the globe with his keel, and received the homage of the barbarians of the antipodes in the name of the Virgin Queen; he was another man from what he had become after twenty years of court life and intrigue, and Spanish fighting, and gold-hunting. There is a tragic solemnity in his end, if we take it as the last act of his career; but it is his life, not his death, which we de-

sire—not what he failed to do, but what he did.

But every bad has a worse below it, and more offensive than all these is the editor of Hawkins's "Voyage to the South Sea." The book is striking in itself; it is not one of the best, but it is very good; and as it is republished complete, if we read it through, carefully shutting off Captain Bethune's notes with one hand, we shall find in it the same beauty which breathes in the tone of all the writings of the period.

It is a record of misfortune, but of misfortune which did no dishonor to him who sunk under it; and there is a melancholy dignity in the style in which Hawkins tells his story, which seems to say, that though he had been defeated, and had never again an opportunity of winning back his lost laurels, he respects himself still for the heart with which he endured a shame which would have broken a smaller man. It would have required no large exertion of editorial self-denial to have abstained from marring the pages with puns of which *Punch* would be ashamed, and with the vulgar affectation of patronage with which the sea captain of the nineteenth century condescends to criticise and approve of his half-barbarous precursor; but it must have been a defect in his heart, rather than in his understanding, which betrayed him into such an offence as this which follows. The war of freedom of the Araucan Indians is the most gallant episode in the history of the New World. The Spaniards themselves were not behindhand in acknowledging the chivalry before which they quailed, and, after many years of ineffectual attempts to crush them, they gave up a conflict which they never afterwards resumed; leaving the Araucans alone, of all the American races with which they came in contact, a liberty which they were unable to tear from them. It is a subject for an epic poem, and whatever admiration is due to the heroism of a brave people whom no inequality of strength could appal and no defeats could crush, these poor Indians have a right to demand of us. The story of the war was well known in Europe; and Hawkins, in coasting the western shores of South America, fell in with them, and the finest passage in his book is the relation of one of the incidents of the war.

"An Indian captain was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and for that he was of name, and known to have done his devoir against them, they cut off his hands, thereby intending to disenable him to fight any more against them. But he, returning home, desirous to revenge this injury, to

maintain his liberty, with the reputation of his nation, and to help to banish the Spaniards, with his tongue entreated and incited them to persevere in their accustomed valor and reputation, abasing the enemy and advancing his nation; condemning their contraries of cowardliness, and confirming it by the cruelty used with him and other his companions in their mishaps; showing them his arms without hands, and naming his brethren whose half feet they had cut off, because they might be unable to sit on horseback; with force arguing that if they feared them not, they would not have used so great inhumanity—for fear produceth cruelty, the companion of cowardice. Thus encouraged he them to fight for their lives, limbs, and liberty, choosing rather to die an honorable death fighting, than to live in servitude as fruitless members of the commonwealth. Thus using the office of a sergeant-major, and having loaded his two stumps with bundles of arrows, he succored them who, in the succeeding battle, had their store wasted; and changing himself from place to place, animated and encouraged his countrymen with such comfortable persuasions, as it is reported and credibly believed, that he did more good with his words and presence, without striking a stroke, than a great part of the army did with fighting to the utmost."

It is an action which may take its place by the side of the myth of Mucius Scaevola, or the real exploit of that brother of the poet Æschylus, who, when the Persians were flying from Marathon, clung to a ship till both his hands were hewn away, and then seized it with his teeth, leaving his name as a portent even in the splendid calendar of Athenian heroes. Captain Bethune, without call or need, making his notes merely, as he tells us, from the suggestions of his own mind as he revised the proof-sheets, informs us, at the bottom of the page, that "it reminds him of the familiar lines,—

"For Widdrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

It must not avail him, that he has but quoted from the ballad of Chevy Chase. It is the most deformed stanza* of the modern deformed version which was composed in the eclipse of heart and taste, on the restoration

* Here is the old stanza. Let whoever is disposed to think us too hard on Captain Bethune compare them.

"For Wetherrington my harte was wo,
That even he slayne sholde be;
For when both his leggis were hewen in to,
He knyled and fought on his knee."
Even Percy, who, on the whole, thinks well of the modern ballad, gives up this stanza as hopeless.

of the Stuarts; and if such verses could then pass for serious poetry, they have ceased to sound in any ear as other than a burlesque; the associations which they arouse are only absurd, and they could only have continued to ring in his memory through their ludicrous doggerel.

When to these offences of the Society we add, that in the long labored appendices and introductions, which fill up valuable space, which increase the expense of the edition, and into reading which many readers are, no doubt, betrayed, we have found nothing which assists the understanding of the stories which they are supposed to illustrate, when we have found what is most uncommon passed without notice, and what is most trite and familiar encumbered with comment; we have unpacked our hearts of the bitterness which these volumes have aroused in us, and can now take our leave of them and go on with our own more grateful subject.

Elizabeth, whose despotism was as peremptory as that of the Plantagenets, and whose ideas of the English constitution were limited in the highest degree, was, notwithstanding, more beloved by her subjects than any sovereign before or since. It was because, substantially, she was the people's sovereign; because it was given to her to conduct the outgrowth of the national life through its crisis of change, and the weight of her great mind and her great place were thrown on the people's side. She was able to paralyze the dying efforts with which, if a Stuart had been on the throne, the representatives of an effete system might have made the struggle a deadly one; and the history of England is not the history of France, because the inflexible will of one person held the Reformation firm till it had rooted itself in the heart of the nation, and could not be again overthrown. The Catholic faith was no longer able to furnish standing ground on which the English or any other nation could live a manly and a godly life. Feudalism, as a social organization, was not any more a system under which their energies could have scope to move. Thenceforward not the Catholic Church, but any man to whom God had given a heart to feel and a voice to speak, was to be the teacher to whom men were to listen; and great actions were not to remain the privilege of the families of the Norman nobles, but were to be laid within the reach of the poorest plebeian who had the stuff in him to perform them. Alone, of all the sovereigns in Europe, Elizabeth saw the change which had passed over the world.

She saw it, and saw it in faith, and accepted it. The England of the Catholic Hierarchy and the Norman Baron, was to cast its shell and to become the England of free thought and commerce and manufacture, which was to plough the ocean with its navies, and sow its colonies over the globe; and the first thunder birth of these enormous forces and the flash of the earliest achievements of the new era roll and glitter through the forty years of the reign of Elizabeth with a grandeur which, when once its history is written, will be seen to be among the most sublime phenomena which the earth as yet has witnessed. The work was not of her creation; the heart of the whole English nation was stirred to its depths; and Elizabeth's place was to recognize, to love, to foster, and to guide. The government originated nothing; at such a time it was neither necessary nor desirable that it should do so; but wherever expensive enterprises were on foot which promised ultimate good, but no immediate profit, we never fail to find among the lists of contributors the Queen's Majesty, Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham. Never chary of her presence, for Elizabeth could afford to condescend, when ships were fitting for distant voyages in the river, the Queen would go down in her barge and inspect. Frobisher, who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees her wave her handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and he brings her home a narwhal's horn for a present. She honored her people, and her people loved her; and the result was that, with no cost to the government, she saw them scattering the fleets of the Spaniards, planting America with colonies, and exploring the most distant seas. Either for honor or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together and went out to pioneer, and to conquer, and take possession, in the name of the Queen of the Sea. There was no nation so remote but what some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there, in the hope of opening a trade; and let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers, to every potentate of whom she had ever heard, to the Emperors of China, Japan, and India, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Grand Turk, the Persian Sofee, and other unheard-of Asiatic and African

princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by Englishmen, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not. The springs of great actions are always difficult to analyze—impossible to analyze perfectly—possible to analyze only very proximately, and the force by which a man throws a good action out of himself is invisible and mystical, like that which brings out the blossom and the fruit upon the tree. The motives which we find men urging for their enterprises seem often insufficient to have prompted them to so large a daring. They did what they did from the great unrest in them which made them do it, and what it was may be best measured by the results, by the present England and America. Nevertheless, there was enough in the state of the world, and in the position of England, to have furnished abundance of conscious motive, and to have stirred the drowsiest routinier statesman.

Among material occasions for exertion, the population began to outgrow the employment, and there was a necessity for plantations to serve as an outlet. Men who, under happier circumstances, might have led decent lives, and done good service, were now driven by want to desperate courses—"witness," as Richard Hakluyt says, "twenty tall fellows hanged last Rochester assizes for small robberies:" and there is an admirable paper addressed to the Privy Council by Christopher Carlile, Walsingham's son-in-law, pointing out the possible openings to be made in or through such plantations for home produce and manufacture.

Far below all such prudential economics and mercantile ambitions, however, lay a noble enthusiasm which in these dull days we can hardly, without an effort, realize. The life-and-death wrestle between the Reformation and the old religion had settled in the last quarter of the sixteenth century into a permanent struggle between England and Spain. France was disabled. All the help which Elizabeth could spare barely enabled the Netherlands to defend themselves. Protestantism, if it conquered, must conquer on another field; and by the circumstances of the time the championship of the Reformed faith fell to the English sailors. The sword of Spain was forged in the gold-mines of Peru; the legions of Alva were only to be disarmed by intercepting the gold ships on their passage; and, inspired by an enthusiasm like that which four centuries before had precipitated the chivalry of Europe upon the East, the same spirit which in its present degeneracy covers our bays and rivers with

pleasure yachts then fitted out armed privateers, to sweep the Atlantic, and plunder and destroy the Spanish ships wherever they could meet them.

Thus, from a combination of causes, the whole force and energy of the age was directed towards the sea. The wide excitement and the greatness of the interests at stake, raised even common men above themselves; and people who in ordinary times would have been no more than mere seamen, or mere money-making merchants, appear before us with a largeness and greatness of heart and mind in which their duties to God and their country are alike clearly and broadly seen and felt to be paramount to every other.

Ordinary English traders we find fighting Spanish war ships in behalf of the Protestant faith; the cruisers of the Spanish main were full of generous eagerness for the conversion of the savage nations to Christianity; and what is even more surprising, sites for colonization were examined and scrutinized by such men in a lofty statesmanlike spirit, and a ready insight was displayed by them into the indirect effects of a wisely-extended commerce on every highest human interest.

Again, in the conflict with the Spaniards, there was a further feeling, a feeling of genuine chivalry, which was spurring on the English, and one which must be well understood and well remembered, if men like Drake, and Hawkins, and Raleigh, are to be tolerably understood. One of the English Reviews, a short time ago, was much amused with a story of Drake having excommunicated a petty officer as a punishment for some moral offence; the reviewer not being able to see in Drake, as a man, anything more than a highly brave and successful buccaneer, whose pretences to religion might rank with the devotion of an Italian bandit to the Madonna. And so Hawkins, and even Raleigh, are regarded by superficial persons, who see only such outward circumstances of their history as correspond with their own impressions. The high nature of these men, and the high objects which they pursued, will only rise out and become visible to us as we can throw ourselves back into their times and teach our hearts to feel as they felt. We do not find in the language of the voyagers themselves, or of those who lent them their help at home, any of that weak watery talk of "protection of aborigines," which as soon as it is translated into fact becomes the most active policy for their destruction, soul and body. But the stories of the dealings of the Spaniards with the conquered Indians, which were

widely known in England, seem to have affected all classes of people, not with pious passive horror, but with a genuine human indignation. A thousand anecdotes in detail we find scattered up and down the pages of Hakluyt, who, with a view to make them known, translated Peter Martyr's letters; and each commonest sailor-boy who had heard them from his childhood among the tales of his father's fireside, had longed to be a man, that he might go out and become the avenger of a gallant and suffering people. A high mission, undertaken with a generous heart, seldom fails to make those worthy of it to whom it is given; and it was a point of honor, if of nothing more, among the English sailors, to do no discredit by their conduct to the greatness of their cause. The high courtesy, the chivalry of the Spanish nobles, so conspicuous in their dealings with their European rivals, either failed to touch them in their dealings with uncultivated idolaters, or the high temper of the aristocracy was unable to restrain or to influence the masses of the soldiers. It would be as ungenerous as it would be untrue, to charge upon their religion the grievous actions of men who called themselves the armed missionaries of Catholicism, when the Catholic priests and bishops were the loudest in the indignation with which they denounced them. But we are obliged to charge upon it that slow and subtle influence so inevitably exercised by any religion which is divorced from life, and converted into a thing of form, or creed, or ceremony, or system, which could permit the same men to be extravagant in a sincere devotion to the Queen of Heaven, whose entire lower nature, unsubdued and unaffected, was given up to thirst of gold, and plunder, and sensuality. If religion does not make men more humane than they would be without it, it makes them fatally less so; and it is to be feared that the spirit of the pilgrim fathers, which had oscillated to the other extreme, and had again crystallized into a formal antinomian fanaticism, reproduced the same fatal results as those in which the Spaniards had set them their unworthy precedent. But the Elizabethan navigators, full without exception of large kindness, wisdom, gentleness, and beauty, bear names untainted, as far as we know, with a single crime against the savages; and the name of England was as famous in the Indian seas as that of Spain was infamous. On the banks of the Orinoko there was remembered for a hundred years the noble captain who had come there from the great Queen beyond the seas; and

Raleigh speaks the language of the heart of his country, when he urges the English statesmen to colonize Guiana, and exults in the glorious hope of driving the white marauder into the Pacific, and restoring the Incas to the throne of Peru.

"Who will not be persuaded," he says, "that now at length the great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strapado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge and plague that cursed nation, and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people, as free by nature as any Christian."

Poor Raleigh! if peace and comfort in this world were of much importance to him, it was in an ill day that he provoked the revenge of Spain. The strength of England was needed at the moment at its own door; the Armada came, and there was no means of executing such an enterprise. And afterwards the throne of Elizabeth was filled by a Stuart, and Guiana was to be no scene of glory for Raleigh; but, as later historians are pleased to think, it was the grave of his reputation.

But the hope burned clear in him through all the weary years of unjust imprisonment; and when he was a gray-headed old man, the base son of a bad mother used it to betray him. The success of his last enterprise was made the condition under which he was to be pardoned for a crime which he had not committed; and its success depended, as he knew, on its being kept secret from the Spaniards. James required of him on his allegiance a detail of what he proposed, giving him at the same time his word as a king that the secret should be safe with him, and the next day it was sweeping out of the port of London in the swiftest of the Spanish ships, with private orders to the governor of St. Thomas to provoke a collision when Raleigh should arrive there, which should afterwards cost him his heart's blood.

We modern readers may run rapidly over the series of epithets under which he has catalogued the Indian sufferings, hoping that they are exaggerated, seeing that they are horrible, and closing our eyes against them with swiftest haste; but it was not so when every epithet suggested a hundred familiar facts; and some of these (not resting on English prejudice, but on sad Spanish evidence, which

too full of shame and sorrow to be suspected) shall be given in this place, however old a story it may be thought; because, as we said above, it is impossible to understand the actions of these men, unless we are familiar with the feelings of which their hearts were full.

The massacres under Cortez and Pizarro, terrible as they were, were not the occasion which stirred the deepest indignation. They had the excuse of what might be called, for what of a better word, necessity, and of the desperate position of small bands of men in the midst of enemies who might be counted by millions. And in De Soto, when he burnt his guides in Florida (it was his practice when there was danger of treachery, that those who were left alive might take warning); or in Vasco Nunez, praying to the Virgin on the mountains of Darien, and going down from off them into the valleys to hunt the Indian caciques, and fling them alive to his bloodhounds; there was, at least, with all this fierceness and cruelty, a desperate courage which we cannot refuse to admire, and which mingles with and corrects our horror. It is the refinement of the Spaniards' cruelty in the settled and conquered provinces, excused by no danger and provoked by no resistance, the details of which witness to the infernal coolness with which it was perpetrated; and the great bearing of the Indians themselves under an oppression which they despaired of resisting, which raises the whole history to the rank of a world-wide tragedy, in which the nobler but weaker nature was crushed under a malignant force which was stronger and yet meaner than itself. Gold hunting and lust were the two passions for which the Spaniards cared; and the fate of the Indian women was only more dreadful than that of the men, who were ganged and chained to a labor in the mines which was only to cease with their lives, in a land where but a little before they had lived a free contented people, more innocent of crime than perhaps any people upon earth. If we can conceive what our own feelings would be, if, in the "development of the mammalia," some baser but more powerful race than man were to appear upon this planet, and we and our wives and children at our own happy firesides were degraded from our freedom, and became to them what the lower animals are to us, we can perhaps realize the feelings of the enslaved nations of Hispaniola.

As a harsh justification of slavery, it is sometimes urged, that men who do not deserve to be slaves will prefer death to the endurance of it; and that if they prize their

liberty, it is always in their power to assert it in the old Roman fashion. Tried even by so hard a rule, the Indians vindicated their right, and before the close of the sixteenth century, the entire group of the Western Islands in the hands of the Spaniards, containing, when Columbus discovered them, many millions of inhabitants, were left literally desolate from suicide. Of the anecdotes of this terrible self-immolation, as they were then known in England, here are a few out of many.

The first is simple, and a specimen of the ordinary method. A Yucatan cacique, who was forced with his old subjects to labor in the mines, at last "calling those miners into an house, to the number of ninety-five, he thus debateth with them:"—

"My worthy companions and friends, why desire we to live any longer under so cruel a servitude? Let us now go unto the perpetual seat of our ancestors, for we shall there have rest from these intolerable cares and grievances which we endure under the subjection of the unthankful. Go ye before, I will presently follow you.' Having so spoken, he held out whole handfuls of those leaves which take away life, prepared for the purpose, and giving every one part thereof, being kindled to suck up the fume; who obeyed his command, the king and his chief kinsmen reserving the last place for themselves."

We speak of the crime of suicide, but few persons will see a crime in this sad and stately leave-taking of a life which it was no longer possible to bear with unbroken hearts. We do not envy the Indian, who, with Spaniards before him as an evidence of the fruits which their creed brought forth, deliberately exchanged for it the old religion of his country, which could sustain him in an action of such melancholy grandeur. But the Indians did not always reply to their oppressors with escaping passively beyond their hands. Here is a story with matter in it for as rich a tragedy as *Cædipus* or *Agamemnon*; and in its stern and tremendous features, more nearly resembling them than any which were conceived even by Shakespeare.

An officer named Orlando had taken the daughter of a Cuban cacique to be his mistress. She was with child by him, but, suspecting her of being engaged in some other intrigue, he had her fastened to two wooden spits, not intending to kill her, but to terrify her; and setting her before the fire, he ordered that she should be turned by the servants of the kitchen.

"The maiden, stricken with fear through the

cruelty thereof, and strange kind of torment, presently gave up the ghost. The cacique her father, understanding the matter, took thirty of his men and went to the house of the captain, who was then absent, and slew his wife, whom he had married after that wicked act committed, and the women who were companions of the wife, and her servants every one. Then shutting the door of the house, and putting fire under it, he burnt himself and all his companions that assisted him, together with the captain's dead family and goods."

This is no fiction or poet's romance. It is a tale of wrath and revenge, which in sober dreadful truth enacted itself upon this earth, and remains among the eternal records of the doings of mankind upon it. As some relief to its most terrible features, we follow it with a story which has a touch in it of diabolic humor.

The slave-owners finding their slaves escaping thus unprosperously out of their grasp, set themselves to find a remedy for so desperate a disease, and were swift to avail themselves of any weakness, mental or bodily, through which to retain them in life. One of these proprietors being informed that a number of his people intended to kill themselves on a certain day, at a particular spot, and knowing by experience that they were too likely to do it, presented himself there at the time which had been fixed upon, and telling the Indians when they arrived, that he knew their intention, and that it was vain for them to attempt to keep anything a secret from him, he ended with saying, that he had come there to kill himself with them; that as he had used them ill in this world, he might use them worse in the next; "with which he did dissuade them presently from their purpose." With what efficacy such believers in the immortality of the soul were likely to recommend either their faith or their God; rather, how terribly all the devotion and all the earnestness with which the poor priests who followed in the wake of the conquerors labored to recommend it were shamed and paralyzed, they themselves too bitterly lament. It was idle to send out governor after governor with orders to stay such practices. They had but to arrive on the scenes to become infected with the same fever, or if any remnant of Castilian honor, or any faintest echoes of the faith which they professed, still flickered in a few of the best and noblest, they could but look on with folded hands in ineffectual mourning; they could do nothing without soldiers, and the soldiers were the worst offenders. Hispaniola became a mere

desert; the gold was in the mines, and there were no poor slaves left remaining to extract it. One means which the Spaniards dared to employ to supply the vacancy, brought about an incident which in its piteous pathos exceeds any story we have ever heard. Crimes and criminals are swept away by time, nature finds an antidote for their poison, and they and their ill consequences alike are blotted out and perish. If we do not forgive them, at least we cease to hate them, as it grows more clear to us that they injured none so deeply as themselves. But the *θρησκόδης κακία*, the enormous wickedness by which humanity itself has been outraged and disgraced, we cannot forgive, we cannot cease to hate that; the years roll away, but the tints of it remain on the pages of history, deep and horrible as the day on which they were entered there.

"When the Spaniards understood the simple opinion of the Yucatan islanders concerning the souls of their departed, which, after their sins purged in the cold northern mountains should pass into the south, to the intent that, leaving their own country of their own accord, they might suffer themselves to be brought to Hispaniola, they did persuade those poor wretches, that they came from those places where they should see their parents and children, and all their kindred and friends that were dead, and should enjoy all kinds of delights with the embracements and fruition of all beloved things. And they, being infected and possessed with these crafty and subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing left their country, and followed vain and idle hope. But when they saw that they were deceived, and neither met their parents nor any that they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and command, and to endure cruel and extreme labor, they either slew themselves, or, choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food. So these miserable Yucatanians came to their end."

It was once more as it was in the days of the apostles. The New World was first offered to the holders of the old traditions. They were the husbandmen first chosen for the new vineyard, and blood and desolation were the only fruits which they reared upon it. In their hands it was becoming a kingdom not of God, but of the devil, and a sentence of blight went out against them and against their works. How fatally it has worked, let modern Spain and Spanish America bear witness. We need not follow further the history of their dealings with the Indians. For their colonies, a fatality appears to have followed all attempts at Catholic colonization. Like shoots from an old decaying tree which

no skill and no care can rear, they were planted, and for a while they might seem to grow; but their life was never more than a lingering death, a failure, which to a thinking person would outweigh in the arguments against Catholicism whole libraries of faultless *catenas*, and a *consensus patrum* unbroken through fifteen centuries for the supremacy of St. Peter.

There is no occasion to look for superstitious causes to explain it. The Catholic faith had ceased to be the faith of the large mass of earnest thinking capable persons; and to those who can best do the work, all work in this world sooner or later is committed. America was the natural home for Protestants; persecuted at home, they sought a place where they might worship God in their own way, without danger of stake or gibbet, and the French Huguenots, as afterwards the English Puritans, early found their way there. The fate of a party of Coligny's people, who had gone out as settlers, shall be the last of these stories, illustrating, as it does in the highest degree, the wrath and fury with which the passions on both sides were boiling. A certain John Ribault, with about 400 companions, had emigrated to Florida. They were quiet inoffensive people, and lived in peace there several years, cultivating the soil, building villages, and on the best possible terms with the natives. Spain was at the time at peace with France; we are, therefore, to suppose that it was in pursuance of the great crusade, in which they might feel secure of the secret, if not the confessed, sympathy of the Guises, that a powerful Spanish fleet bore down upon this settlement. The French made no resistance, and they were seized and flayed alive, and their bodies hung out upon the trees, with an inscription suspended over them, "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." At Paris all was sweetness and silence. The settlement was tranquilly surrendered to the same men who had made it the scene of their atrocity; and two years later, 500 of the very Spaniards who had been most active in the murder were living there in peaceable possession, in two forts which their relation with the natives had obliged them to build. It was well that there were other Frenchmen living, of whose consciences the Court had not the keeping, and who were able on emergencies to do what was right without consulting it. A certain privateer named Dominique de Gourgès, secretly armed and equipped a vessel at Rochelle, and, stealing across the Atlantic and in two days collecting a strong party of

Indians, he came down suddenly upon the forts, and, taking them by storm, slew or afterwards hanged every man he found there, leaving their bodies on the trees on which they had hanged the Huguenots, with their own inscription reversed against them—"Not as Spaniards, but as murderers." For which exploit, well deserving of all honest men's praise, Dominique de Gourgès had to fly his country for his life; and, coming to England, was received with honorable welcome by Elizabeth.

It was at such a time, and to take their part amidst such scenes as these, that the English navigators appeared along the shores of South America, as the armed soldiers of the Reformation, and as the avengers of humanity; and as their enterprise was grand and lofty, so was the manner in which they bore themselves in all ways worthy of it. They were no nation of saints, in the modern sentimental sense of that word; they were prompt, stern men—more ready ever to strike an enemy than to parley with him; and, private adventurers as they all were, it was natural enough that private foolishness and private badness should be found among them as among other mortals. Every Englishman who had the means was at liberty to fit out a ship or ships, and if he could produce tolerable vouchers for himself, received at once a commission from the Court. The battles of England were fought by her children, at their own risk and cost, and they were at liberty to repay themselves the expense of their expeditions by plundering at the cost of the national enemy. Thus, of course, in a mixed world, there were found mixed marauding crews of scoundrels, who played the game which a century later was played with such effect by the pirates of Tortuga. But we have to remark, first, that such stories are singularly rare; and then, that the victims are never the Indians, never any but the Spaniards or the French, when the English were at war with them; and, on the whole, the conduct and character of the English sailors, considering what they were and the work which they were set to do, present us all through that age with such a picture of gallantry, disinterestedness, and high heroic energy, as has never been overmatched; the more remarkable, as it was the fruit of no drill or discipline, no tradition, no system, no organized training, but was the free native growth of a noble virgin soil.

Before starting on an expedition, it was usual for the crew and the officers to meet and arrange among themselves a series of ar-

ticles of conduct, to which they bound themselves by a formal agreement, the entire body itself undertaking to see to their observance. It is quite possible that strong religious profession, and even sincere profession, might be accompanied, as it was in the Spaniards, with everything most detestable. It is not sufficient of itself to prove that their actions would correspond with it, but it is one among a number of evidences; and, coming, as they come before us, with hands clear of any blood but of fair and open enemies, these articles may pass at least as indications of what they were.

Here we have a few instances:—

Hawkins's ship's company was, as he himself informs us, an unusually loose one. Nevertheless, we find them "gathered together every morning and evening to serve God;" and a fire on board, which only Hawkins's presence of mind prevented from destroying ship and crew together, was made use of by the men as an occasion to banish swearing out of the ship.

"With a general consent of all our company, it was ordained that there should be a palmer or ferula which should be in the keeping of him who was taken with an oath; and that he who had the palmer should give to every one that he took swearing, a palmada with it and the ferula; and whosoever at the time of evening or morning prayer was found to have the palmer, should have three blows given him by the captain or the master; and that he should still be bound to free himself by taking another, or else to run in danger of continuing the penalty, which, being executed a few days, reformed the vice, so that in three days together was not one oath heard to be sworn."

The regulations for Luke Fox's voyage commence thus:—

"For as much as the good success and prosperity of every action doth consist in the due service and glorifying of God, knowing that not only our being and preservation, but the prosperity of all our actions and enterprises do immediately depend on His Almighty goodness and mercy; it is provided—

"First, that all the company, as well officers as others, shall duly repair every day twice at the call of the bell to hear public prayers to be read, such as are authorized by the church, and that in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought.

"Secondly, that no man shall swear by the name of God, or use any profane oath, or blaspheme His holy name."

To symptoms such as these, we cannot but attach a very different value when they are the spontaneous growth of common minds,

unstimulated by sense of propriety or rules of the service, or other official influence lay or ecclesiastic, from what we attach to the somewhat similar ceremonies in which, among persons whose position is conspicuous, important enterprises are now and then inaugurated.

We have said as much as we intend to say of the treatment by the Spaniards of the Indian women. Sir Walter Raleigh is commonly represented by historians as rather defective, if he was remarkable at all, on the moral side of his character. Yet Raleigh can declare proudly, that all the time he was on the Oronoko, "neither by force nor other means had any of his men intercourse with any woman there;" and the narrator of the incidents of Raleigh's last voyage acquaints his correspondent "with some particulars touching the government of the fleet, which, although other men in their voyages doubtless in some measure observed, yet in all the great volumes which have been written touching voyages, there is no precedent of so godly severe and martial government, which not only in itself is laudable and worthy of imitation, but is also fit to be written and engraven on every man's soul that coveteth to do honor to his country."

Once more, the modern theory of Drake is, as we said above, that he was a gentleman-like pirate on a large scale, who is indebted for the place which he fills in history to the indistinct ideas of right and wrong prevailing in the unenlightened age in which he lived, and who therefore demands all the toleration of our own enlarged humanity to allow him to remain there. Let us see how the following incident can be made to coincide with this hypothesis:—

A few days after clearing the channel on his first great voyage, he fell in with a small Spanish ship, which he took for a prize. He committed the care of it to a certain Mr. Doughtie, a person much trusted by, and personally very dear to him, and this second vessel was to follow him as a tender.

In dangerous expeditions into unknown seas, a second smaller ship was often indispensable to success; but many finely-intended enterprises were ruined by the cowardice of the officers to whom such ships were entrusted; who shrank as danger thickened, and again and again took advantage of darkness or heavy weather to make sail for England and forsake their commander. Hawkins twice suffered in this way; so did Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and, although Drake's own kind feeling for his old friend has prevented

him from leaving an exact account of his offence, we gather from the scattered hints which are let fall, that he, too, was meditating a similar piece of treason. However, it may or may not have been thus. But when at Port St. Julien, "our General," says one of the crew,—

"Began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughtie, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redresse, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Mr. Doughtie's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true, which, when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughtie (as he then, in the presence of us all, sacredly protested) was great, yet the care which he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honor of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our law in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughtie should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action, which, being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our General, and taken leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

The simple majesty of this anecdote can gain nothing from any comment which we might offer upon it. The crew of a common English ship organizing, of their own free motion, on that wild shore, a judgment hall more grand and awful than any most elaborate law court, with its ermine and black cap, and robes of ceremony for mind as well as body, is not to be reconciled with the pirate theory, which we may as well benceforth put away from us.

Of such stuff were the early English navigators; we are reaping the magnificent harvest of their great heroism; and we may see

once more in their history and in what has arisen out of it, that on these deep moral foundations, and on none others, enduring prosperities, of what kind soever, politic or religious, material or spiritual, are alone in this divinely-governed world permitted to base themselves and grow. Wherever we find them they are still the same. In the courts of Japan or of China, fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or prisoners among the Algerines, founding colonies which by and by were to grow into enormous transatlantic republics, or exploring in crazy pinnaces the fierce latitudes of the Polar seas, they are the same indomitable God-fearing men whose life was one great liturgy. "The ice was strong, but God was stronger," says one of Frobisher's men, after grinding a night and a day among the icebergs, not waiting for God to come down and split them, but toiling through the long hours, himself and the rest fending off the vessel with poles and planks, with death glaring at them out of the ice rocks, and so saving themselves and it. Icebergs were strong, Spaniards were strong, and storms, and corsairs, and rocks, and reefs, which no chart had then noted—they were all strong, but God was stronger, and that was all which they cared to know.

Out of the vast number it is difficult to make wise selections, but the attention floats loosely over generalities, and only individual men can seize it and hold it fast. We shall attempt to bring our readers face to face with some of these men; not, of course, to write their biographies, but to sketch the details of a few scenes, in the hope that they may tempt those under whose eyes they may fall to look for themselves to complete the perfect figure.

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbors in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the

quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset; and here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbors, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness;" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures, and insisting with so much loudness on these important matters that they reached the attentive ears of Walsingham, and through Walsingham were conveyed to the Queen. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, the record of which examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures; and invaluable practical discoveries, among imaginations at which all our love for him cannot hinder us from smiling; the whole of it from first to last saturated through and through with his in-born nobility of nature.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and America therefore is necessarily an island. The gulf stream which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to

demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, he believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, the land to the south being unbroken to the Pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

"The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the colored clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure."

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them. But we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:—

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honor, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*."

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the Queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favor, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing

than any very commendable thought in the author of it. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde*, and the *Scallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add, that if in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all," says Mr. Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurements of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of and a colony left there, and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south; he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer, examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbors, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and haught-boys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm; the *De-*

light struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable loss. But it was little matter; he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair, and color; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bunum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy if it were the devil."

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labor for God and for right, they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the

General came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his book and papers; and Mr. Hayes considered that the loss of manuscripts could not be so very distressing, and that there must have been something behind, certain gold ore, for instance, which had perished also—considerations not perhaps of particular value. He was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with all eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, who were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold)," continues Mr. Hayes, "to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'"

Albeit, thinks the writer, who is unable to comprehend such high gallantry, there must have been something on his mind of what the world would say of him, "and it was rather rashness than advised resolution to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life," for the writing of which sentence we will trust the author, either in this world or the other, has before this done due penance and repented of it.

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

"Monday, the ninth of September, in the after-

noon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being a-head of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The General was cast away,' which was too true."

So stirbt ein Held. It was a fine end for a mortal man. We will not call it sad or tragic, but heroic and sublime; and if our eyes water as we write it down, it is not with sorrow, but with joy and pride.

"Thus faithfully," concludes Mr. Hayes (in some degree rising above himself), "I have related this story, wherein some sparks of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humors which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavory and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert; we know but little more of him, and we can only conjecture that he was still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries; but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! He was one of a race which have ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

Our space is sadly limited for historical portrait painting; but we must find room for another of that Greenaway party whose

nature was as fine as that of Gilbert, and who intellectually was more largely gifted. The latter was drowned in 1583. In 1585 John Davis left Dartmouth on his first voyage into the Polar seas; and twice subsequently he went again, venturing in small ill-equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons into the most dangerous seas. These voyages were as remarkable for their success as for the daring with which they were accomplished, and Davis's epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name still remains to commemorate his discoveries. Brave as he was, he is distinguished by a peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seem to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of Master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him, without other hope or motion; and silver bullets were cast to shoot him in a mutiny; the hard rude natures of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage which was not like that of a common man. He has written the account of one of his northern voyages himself; one of those, by the by, which the Hakluyt Society have mutilated; and there is an imaginative beauty in it, and a rich delicacy of expression, which is a true natural poetry, called out in him by the first sight of strange lands and things and people.

To show what he was, we should have preferred, if possible, to have taken the story of his expedition into the South Seas, in which, under circumstances of singular difficulty, he was deserted by Candish, under whom he had sailed; and after inconceivable trials, from famine, mutiny, and storm, ultimately saved himself and his ship, and such of the crew as had chosen to submit to his orders. But it is a long history, and will not admit of being mutilated. As an instance of the stuff of which it was composed, he ran back in the black night in a gale of wind through the Straits of Magellan, *by a chart which he had made with the eye in passing up*. His anchors were lost or broken; the cables were parted. He could not bring up the ship; there was nothing for it but to run, and he carried her safe through along a channel often not three miles broad, sixty miles from end, and twisting like the reaches of a river. For the present, however, we are forced to content ourselves with a few sketches out of the north-west voyages. Here is one, for instance, which shows how an Englishman could deal with the Indians.

Davis had landed at Gilbert's Sound, and gone up the country exploring. On his return, he found his crew loud in complaints of the thievish propensities of the natives, and urgent to have an example made of some of them. On the next occasion he fired a gun at them with blank cartridge; but their nature was still too strong for them.

"Seeing iron," he says, "they could in no case forbear stealing; which, when I perceived, it did but minister to me occasion of laughter to see their simplicity, and I willed that they should not be hardly used, but that our company should be more diligent to keep their things, supposing it to be very hard in so short a time to make them know their evils."

In his own way, however, he took an opportunity of administering a lesson to them of a more wholesome kind than could be given with gunpowder and bullets. Like the rest of his countrymen, he believed the savage Indians in their idolatries to be worshippers of the devil. "They are witches," he says; "they have images in great store, and use many kinds of 'enchancements.'" And these enchantments they tried on one occasion to put in force against himself and his crew.

"Being on shore on the 4th day of July, one of them made a long oration, and then kindled a fire, into which with many strange words and gestures he put divers things, which we supposed to be a sacrifice. Myself and certain of my company standing by, they desired us to go into the smoke. I desired them to go into the smoke, which they would by no means do. I then took one of them and thrust him into the smoke, and willed one of my company to tread out the fire, and spurn it into the sea, which was done to show them that we did condemn their sorceries."

It is a very English story—exactly what a modern Englishman would do; only, perhaps, not believing that there was any real devil in the case, which makes a difference. However, real or not real, after seeing him patiently put up with such an injury, we will hope the poor Greenlander had less respect for him than formerly.

Leaving Gilbert's Sound, Davis went on to the north-west, and in lat. 63° fell in with a barrier of ice, which he coasted for thirteen days without finding an opening. The very sight of an iceberg was new to all his crew; and the ropes and shrouds, though it was midsummer, becoming encompassed with ice,—

"The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted

—whereupon, very orderly, with good discretion, they entreated me to regard the safety of mine own life, as well as the preservation of theirs; and that I should not, through overbouldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses.

"Whereupon, seeking counsel of God, it pleased His Divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I hope shall be to His glory, and to the contentation of every Christian mind."

He had two vessels, one of some burthen, the other a pinnacle of thirty tons. The result of the counsel which he had sought was, that he made over his own large vessel to such as wished to return, and himself, "thinking it better to die with honor than to return with infamy," went on, with such volunteers as would follow him, in a poor leaky cutter, up the sea now called Davis's Straits, in commemoration of that adventure, 4° north of the furthest known point, among storms and icebergs, by which the long days and twilight nights alone saved him from being destroyed, and, coasting back along the American shore, discovered Hudson's Straits, supposed then to be the long-desired entrance into the Pacific. This exploit drew the attention of Walsingham, and by him Davis was presented to Burleigh, "who was also pleased to show him great encouragement." If either these statesmen or Elizabeth had been twenty years younger, his name would have filled a larger space in history than a small corner of the map of the world; but if he was employed at all in the last years of the century, no *vates sacer* has been found to celebrate his work, and no clue is left to guide us. He disappears; a cloud falls over him. He is known to have commanded trading vessels in the Eastern seas, and to have returned five times from India. But the details are all lost, and accident has only parted the clouds for a moment to show us the mournful setting with which he, too, went down upon the sea.

In taking out Sir Edward Mitchellthorne to India, in 1604, he fell in with a crew of Japanese, whose ship had been burnt, drifting at sea, without provisions, in a leaky junk. He supposed them to be pirates, but he did not choose to leave them to so wretched a death, and took them on board, and in a few hours, watching their opportunity, they murdered him.

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference; it was the chance of the sea, and the reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-

like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambushade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few indeed of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not labored. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink; and so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men, and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peaceful life was not what they desired, and an honorable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the Theban poet lived again in them:—

"Θανεῖν δ' οἰσὶν ἀνάγκη
τὶ καὶ τοῖς ἀνώνυμον γῆρας ἐν σκότει
καθήμενος ἔλοι μάταν, δαπάνων
καλῶν ἔμμορος."

"Seeing," in Gilbert's own brave words, "that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue is immortal; wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

In the conclusion of these light sketches we pass into an element different from that in which we have been lately dwelling. The scenes in which Gilbert and Davis played out their high natures were of the kind which we call peaceful, and the enemies with which they contended were principally the ice and the wind, and the stormy seas and the dangers of unknown and savage lands; we shall close amidst the roar of cannon, and the wrath and rage of battle. Hume, who alludes to the engagement which we are going to describe, speaks of it in a tone which shows that he looked at it as something portentous and prodigious; as a thing to wonder at—but scarcely as deserving the admiration which we pay to actions properly within the scope of humanity—and as if the strength which was displayed in it was like the unnatural strength of madness. He does not say this, but he appears to feel it; and he scarcely would have felt it, if he had cared more deeply to saturate himself with the temper of the age of which he was writing. At the time, all England and all the world rang with it. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people—it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength, than the destruction of the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them. Hardly, as it seems to us, if the most glorious actions, which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those 300 Spartans who in the summer morning sate “combing their long hair—for death” in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen.

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victualers, and two or three pinnaces, were lying at anchor under the island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half their men disabled by sickness, they were unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which they had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore; the ships themselves “all pestered and rommaging,” with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of 53 men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the Admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow; of her crew of 190, 90 being sick on shore,

and, from the position of the ship, there being some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. “He was of great revenues,” they said, “of his own inheritance, but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars,” and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood eating, he had volunteered his services to the Queen; “of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down.” Such he was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast, and then, with no more than a hundred men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative and follow it in his words) “to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship.”

“But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alledging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way, which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing: notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.”

The wind was light; the *San Philip*, “a huge high-carged ship,” of 1500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

"After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many enterchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the *Armadas*, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune."

A little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honor due to the brave English heart who commanded the *George Noble*; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphur clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries." "But as the day increased so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped."

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, 40 out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the

rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head; and his surgeon was killed while attending on him. The masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and "having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him," "commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented. But such *δαρμονία ἀπερή* was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men, at least than men were then. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 men were killed, and the Spanish Admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, "doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them knowing his dangerous disposition." Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it, gained over the majority of the surviving crew; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honorable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed. And "the ship being marvellous unsavourie," Alonzo de Bacon, the Spanish Admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied, that "he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him."

The Admiral used him with all humanity, "commending his valor and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved." The officers of the rest of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him, and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the "Portugals," each claiming the honor of having boarded the *Revenge*.

"In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or other such like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no

man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him."

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the *Vengeur*; nor did it end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before." A fleet of merchantmen joined the armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only 32 ever saw Spanish harbor. The rest all foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail, and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TOUCHING THE IDENTITY OF JUNIUS.*

"Si quid novisti rectius ista
Candidus imperti: si non hoc utere mecum."

Hor. Epist. ad Numicium.

It is not true, as some may be disposed to think, that the puzzle of Junius has lost its interest, and become an obsolete matter. This writer has connected himself with the governmental history of his day in England in a manner too striking to permit the mere lapse of time to nullify him. He waged war with the Government of George the Third before the Thirteen Colonies did, for nearly as long a space, and on something of the same consti-

tutional principle. This alone would give him claims to an undying consideration, and such consideration is further secured by the mystery which has always a power of fascination over the human mind. If we were disposed to forget his powerful pen, his provoking mask would not let us. Then, posterity must always be anxious to know who it was who left behind him some of the most elegant and masterly specimens of epistolary literature in the language.

The successful concealment of Junius strikes us as a *prima facie* proof that he was a man of high consequence, not a secretary or other hireling. From the care he took of his secret, we may guess the importance of it to

* "JUNIUS: including Letters by the same Writer under other signatures; to which are added, his confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters to H. S. Woodfall; with an Analysis, by the late Sir Harris Nicholas, and New Evidence, by John Wade." Bohn, London.

himself in his life-time, and also to his family after him. No inferior man would take all these precautions—would push away from his name for ever the celebrity of the letters. Everything points steadily and conclusively to some distinguished man; one who would also belong to the aristocracy of England. It is not alone by handwriting, or the tall gentleman with the cloak in Ivy-lane, punctuation, capital letters, favorite words, dates, and so forth; nor even by what Junius is pleased to say of himself or others in his public or private letters, that we should be guided in looking for him. All these are false or frivolous guides. The whole subject should be regarded at a distance, and in all its bearings. And because the secret was the result of a comprehensive scheme—because the writing of the letters must have had causes covering a large surface, we should try to make our means of detection comprehensive in proportion, and gather our conclusions from a wide circle of facts—from the chief political characters and questions of that memorable time, when great things were done, and great men walked the stage; when the Toryism of the house of Brunswick began to supplant the Whiggery of the Revolution, and the North American Colonies began to agitate all minds with the first impulses of their immortal rebellion. We do not get grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. The lofty and overbearing literature of Junius, so full of genius and passion, never could come from any understrapper; it was the fruit of one of the most self-sustained and lordly intellects of the time. All who look for Junius must look up for him, not down. Hitherto the eyes of the great majority of the searchers have been turned in the latter direction—

“Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dared not glow.”

The critics have repeatedly come close to him—have seen his large vestiges in the sand: have been within reach of him, with only a cobweb, as it were, between them and him. But that has been as successful in averting discovery, as was the miraculous spider-work, which, lying across the mouth of the cave of Thor, hindered the Koreish from laying hands on Mahomet. The filmy influence in this case is chiefly, we think, made of traditionary feelings and national prepossessions. A good deal of it is certainly due to the Machiavelian art with which Junius draws his cloud about him; but foregone conclusions and historic preoccupations have been more effec-

tive in warding off detection than anything else. Therefore it is that people have mostly gone to look for the secret among clerks and secretaries, not permitting themselves to suspect the right man.

About eighty years ago, Junius boasted, with the confidence of Isis in the old temple of Sais, that nobody should ever be able to lift his mask; that he was the sole depository of his secret, and that it should perish with him. Since that time a hundred books and a vast number of articles have been written by men desirous to point out the real author of the letters: and a crowd of undoubted and rejected Juniuses have rewarded the curious infelicity of the inquirers. Most of these *nominis umbræ* have strutted their hour upon the stage, and then passed off to be talked of no more. As it is, there are not “six Richmonds in the field,” out of so many. Mr. Wade, in Bohn’s edition of Junius, gives a list of these involuntary candidates, to the number of thirty-five, to wit:—Colonel Barré, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Bishop Butler, Lord Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, Earl Shelburne (“Shelburne meek holds up his cheek” with the rest), Lord Camden, Earl Temple, M. Delolme, Dunning, Lord Ashburton, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, E. Burke, E. Gibbon, W. G. Hamilton, C. Lloyd, J. Roberts, Sam. Dyer, George and James Grenville, W. Greatrakes, Duke of Portland, Rd. Glover, Sir W. Jones, Jas. Hollis, General Lee, Laughlin Maclean, Lord George Sackville, Rev. P. Rosenhagen, J. Wilkes, J. H. Tooke, John Kent, Dr. Wray, Horace Walpole, Lord Loughborough, Sir Philip Francis. The claims advanced for the great majority of these are ridiculous, and prove nothing so much as the principle of diversity and dissent existing in the human mind, and the power which a hypothesis will have, at times, over the poor Frankenstein that has made it.

Among those spoken of with most confidence, when the letters were coming out in the *Public Advertiser*, was Edmund Burke; and there was some appearance of truth in the assumption; for Burke was the only Whig writer of the day whose intellectual powers seemed to bear any comparison with those exhibited in the letters. We say *seemed*; for the two authors differed widely; and their writings afford intrinsic evidence of this. Burke was a generalizer, and dealt very much in abstract principles, following out his conclusions by long chains of reasoning. Junius was all for particulars: he went directly and dictatorially to his mark, with an impatience of all ratiocination; he would not waste time

in the tediousness of outward flourishes. Burke had not the fierce heart of Junius; he would wage war with pomp and circumstance. As for Junius—

“He had nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.”

Burke's dramatic hostility against Warren Hastings was a different thing from the bloody personal assaults upon Grafton, Bedford, or Mansfield. Burke used a bright and chivalrous rapier; Junius came on with a tomahawk—not, however, without its own beautiful lightnings, as he swung it round his head and brought it down with an unmerciful sway, right, centre and left. But Burke himself has set this question at rest. He told Dr. Johnson, of his own accord, that he was not Junius. Mr. Butler, of the *Reminiscences*, says that Burke spoke of the letters with disgust; and the latter said to Dean Marley, “I could not write like Junius; and if I could, I would not.”

Gibbon was also spoken of; but he had nothing in common with the Man in the Mask but a splendid style. The historian's rhetoric is never colored by the warm blood of cotemporary politics or statesmanship. The date of his mind was many centuries anterior to the age of Wilkes and liberty; and it concerned itself more with the Constantines than the Georges—with the Arians and Ebonites, rather than the Whigs and Tories.

The erudite Dr. Parr thought Charles Lloyd, George Grenville's private secretary, was Junius, beyond any reasonable doubt. Writing, in 1822, to Mr. Butler, the Doctor says—“I tell you, peremptorily, the real Junius was private secretary to George Grenville. The name of Junius was Lloyd. This will, one day, be universally acknowledged.” The points in Lloyd's favor were, that he always praised George Grenville, and that at the period of Lloyd's death Junius ceased to write. Lloyd died three days after the date of Junius's last letter. But the following seems to do away with this hypothesis. Six weeks after the death of Lloyd, Woodfall made his usual signals for Junius. Now, Woodfall knew Lloyd, and must have heard of his death. He also suspected, if he did not know, who his famous correspondent was; and it is not to be supposed he would make overtures to a dead man. The claims of Lloyd, in spite of the large credulity of Parr, have always been considered very feeble. Lord George Germaine was also

suspected, when Junius first appeared. He was a Whig, had reason to be angry with the Marquis of Granby for his share in the court-martial and disgrace which followed the battle of Minden; and, as a military man, would be likely to exhibit the knowledge of the War-Office visible in the letters of Junius. Lord Chesterfield too was set up and sworn by, for a while; so was W. Gerard Hamilton; and so was Horace Walpole. But a person is forced to smile when he speaks of these four fastidious members of the aristocracy in the same breath with Junius. The style of Lord George was bald and debilitated in the extreme; he himself was pigeon-livered, and lacked the gall of that truculent masquer. Chesterfield, though really something more than a high priest of “the Graces—the Graces,” could be Junius as little as the cynical, finical Horace Walpole. As for Hamilton, he is almost knocked down by the breath of imputation which makes him *nominis umbra*. There is a sentence in one of Junius's letters to Grafton, in which the writer speaks of a man who had travelled through every sign of the political zodiac, from the Scorpion, in which he stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury, &c. “If I had written such a sentence,” shrieks Single-Speech (Horace Walpole, in his letters, shows that this is a misnomer, after all), “I should have thought I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition for ever.” Hamilton's good taste in composition has long ceased to be outraged by the suspicion of the world.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, has been advocated. But at the time the letters first appeared, Dunning was Solicitor-General, and continued such for some time after. This argument, however, is not so strong as another which may be used, to wit, that he could not write the letters. This is, in fact, an argument which overturns the pretensions of every one of the claimants, save the right one. General Lee was once confidently put forward as Junius; and he certainly was Junius; but with a difference. During the years 1769, 1770, and 1771, he wrote in the *Public Advertiser*, under the signature of “Junius Americanus.” He also wrote the Preamble of the Bill of Rights for the citizens of London; and in a letter to Wilkes, the real Simon Pure says that his American namesake is plainly a man of abilities. In 1803, a Mr. Rodney, in a letter which appeared at Wilmington, in America, said Lee confessed to him, in 1773, that he was Ju-

nus. Lee, doubtless, played off his *equivocal* upon his auditor; but it made a great sensation, and people said *Nominis Umbra* was a Yankee, after all. Mr. Newhall, of Massachusetts, has written a book to show that Junius was Richard, Earl Temple, brother of George Grenville. It was generally considered that Junius was in some way connected with the Grenvilles; and in 1827, a report was spread which seemed to strengthen that conviction. It was stated in a London magazine that Lord Nugent and the Duke of Buckingham, rummaging in the library at Stowe, found a secret parcel of documents which contained MS. originals of a few of Junius's letters, among which was the famous letter to the King. It was further said, Earl Grenville was conscience-struck on this discovery, and begged a respite, as he was very old, promising to leave a true statement of facts at his death, and admitting, at the same time, as much as implied that Junius was connected with his family, which meant to lead to the idea that he was Lloyd, George Grenville's secretary. But the whole thing was a hoax. The idea that Junius would go putting the useless MSS. of his printed letters into holes and corners is too childish to be entertained for a moment. But this report made quite a sensation, showing that the public interest in that literary riddle has not at all died away.

Influenced a good deal by the foregoing report, and by the opinion of the best critics, among whom is the writer of an article in vol. xlv. of the *Edinburgh Review*, that Junius was a Grenvilleite, Mr. Newhall tries to find in Earl Temple some lineaments of Junius. But after all is said and proved, we find that, like the clothes of a giant on the body of a dwarf, the hypothesis is too large for the man. The Earl had neither the genius nor the fervid political blood which could give birth to that strong, anonymous literature. Nothing in any part of his career justifies the belief that he could have written the letters. The only considerations in his favor, are those which would countenance the claims of Chesterfield, Shelburne, and the other peers: to wit, high rank and wealth, such as would naturally give the tone of loftiness that belongs to Junius instinctively, and is as palpable in his smallest notes to Woodfall as in his letter to the King; and would also afford the pecuniary means of successfully guarding such a perilous secret.

Among the latest original attempts to unmask Junius was that made, four or five years ago, by Mr. Britton. This gentleman thinks Col.

Barré was the man, or rather he makes Junius a sort of epistolary Geryon—"three single gentlemen in one;" viz., Barré, Dunning, and Lord Shelburne. He shrewdly suspected this triumvirate would be most likely, if not sure, to cover all the conditions of Junius—the legal and constitutional knowledge, the military evidences, and the lofty anti-Toryism of the celebrated letters. He fails in his grand argument, founded on a "Letter to an Honorable Brigadier-General." He assumes, and tries to show, that Barré wrote, or may have written it; and thinks it carries a resemblance to the style of Junius. Now, it must be remembered that Barré began his career in Parliament by a bitter attack on Chatham—a man for whom Junius evidently, in spite of appearances, entertains a strong feeling of attachment. Mr. Britton's man can't stand.

The claims of Wilkes, Tooke, and all the rest—the Glovers, Boyds, Dyers, Macleanes, &c., are no longer debateable. They have been given up, and nobody thinks of recalling them. To be sure, a late critic in the *North British Review*—Sir David Brewster, we believe—leans to the belief that Maclean was the secret writer. But his argument carried very little conviction with it. Maclean was skulking about London, and trying to get out of his gambling difficulties, when Junius was in the midst of his great business—

"When, like an eagle in a dove-cote, he
Fluttered the Volsci in Corioli!"

made the King, Lords, and Commons tremble at the sound of his scourge; and the former was Collector at Philadelphia in 1772, at a time when the letters still continued to come forth.

Sweeping the board clean of all this rubbish of falsified pretension, we find two men left, between whom, certainly, lies the truth of this mystery. These are, Lord Chatham and Sir Philip Francis. ONE OF THEM WAS JUNIUS, and the other knew it. Such is the conviction to which a steady survey of Junius, in connexion with his era, should lead every investigator, and which, we believe, will be the general conviction in a little time. The claim of Sir Philip Francis has been confidently supported for a long time; and, in a dissertation accompanying Mr. Bohn's edition of Junius, Mr. Wade continues to put it forward—

"A past, vamped, future, old, revived, new claim."

We thought Mr. Barker had completely laid

it; but it still walks. It is not likely to resist Mr. Wade, however; and we suspect that, in a little time, if our own hypothesis be not adopted, people must honestly chime in with Lord Byron, and admit—

“That he whom Junius we are wont to call,
Was really, truly, nobody at all!”—

a conclusion, by-the-bye, which Sir Harris Nicholas, in the book about which we write, says, comes as easy to his apprehensions of the matter as any hypothesis extant.

The acquaintance with the War-Office so visible in Junius's letters, seems to tell very much in favor of the advocates of Sir Philip Francis. Mr. Francis was a chief-clerk in the War-Office at the time Junius began to write, in 1767; and continued there till 1772, when the letters ceased. Favorable mention is made of Francis in the Miscellaneous Letters, and Lord Barrington is denounced for dismissing him. Several of the miscellaneous letters are in sarcastic denunciation of Lord Barrington for his appointments, and written in the way young Francis would be supposed to write, if he wrote on such a subject. Again, in 1813, Mr. Taylor, who published a book, called “Junius Identified,” puts Sir Philip's case in another way. He argues from the fact, that young Francis reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham in the House of Lords. Now, a number of sentiments, metaphors, and peculiar phrases, which appear in these speeches (published by Almon in 1791), are also to be found in Junius's letters, forming a remarkable portion of their style and character. Of course, argues Mr. Taylor, either of two things must have happened—that Francis adopted these things from the speaker, and used them as his own; or, that, from the affluence of his mind and manners, he clothed the meaning of Chatham with his own phraseology, figures, and so forth—did for the speeches what he did for the letters—poured the Franciscan characteristics over both! This likeness between Lord Chatham's reported matter and the letters is so strong, so startling, that Mr. Taylor comes to the obvious conclusion, that Francis was Junius! He had no other alternative, of course.

Nevertheless, we are not yet convinced. There are one or two objections so rugged and indefensible, that Mr. Taylor, *e sequaci sui*, must get along without us. The first—and we think it all-sufficient—is that, at the time the first of the Miscellaneous Letters

was published (that signed “Poplicola”), Francis was just twenty-seven years old—an insignificant clerk in the War-Office. There is no difference in power or style between this letter and those of the later Junian series. The beginning of the series bears as plainly the stamp of Junius as the close of it; the vivacity and power of the extraordinary author are visible everywhere alike. Now, we do not think it possible that a young man of twenty-seven could write these letters—could exhibit the high political decision—the consummate literary strength and science conspicuous in every one of them. The tone of them does not belong to that period of any man's life; and it is to little purpose that Lady Francis, in a letter to Lord Campbell, talks of Sir Philip's early experience in embassies, bureaux, and so forth. This negative evidence has demonstrative power enough to carry all the special pleading of Sir Philip's advocates away before it.

There is another good argument, inferior to the foregoing, but forcible, nevertheless. It is not possible that a young man, who began life under the patronage of William Pitt—who received his appointment in the War-Office from Lord Holland, Pitt's Paymaster of the Forces—who was the Private Secretary of Pitt for some time, and professed for him, ever after, the highest veneration and gratitude, would begin a series of letters with an outrageously exaggerated assault on the character and general policy of his benefactor—the highest genius and the most popular man in the realm. The masked writer was a Whig. Is it likely he would begin by assailing the venerable and recognized champion of Whiggery? Such a supposition is too violent to be countenanced. Furthermore, in all that he achieved in his life-long career, Sir Philip gave no proof that he possessed the mind—the large intellectual mould in which the lava-literature of Junius took shape—none whatever. In everything he wrote, an imitation of Junius can be detected; and thus many have been cheated into the belief that he was the anonymous writer. Whether it was the influence of his early admiration, disposing him to copy a certain living model which had won his enthusiasm, or some secret design which influenced him throughout all his after-life, we perceive Sir Philip Francis always trying to regulate his style and manner after the forcible rhetoric of Junius. But he moves, like Ascanius by his father's side, *haud passibus equis*; he always proves that he is an

imitator—that he never was the great original.

Who, then, wrote these letters? No doubt, somebody whose antecedents were as striking and as full of power as the epistles themselves are seen to be; one who did other things as great as these. His celebrity, we think, was not confined to the pen; it will be found equally recognized under another aspect in the politics and statesmanship of that age. We must not take Parr's, Taylor's, Brewster's, Wade's word for it, and look for Junius among the understrappers and pelling, petty officers of the day. We must look among the foremost and most towering characters in the nation—the men of the quarter-deck, who used trumpets for their talk, and directed the ship of the State through the rough waters of the time.

To find Junius we must look to the picture painted by Copley, and lying on the wall of the House of Lords. THERE is old *Nominis Umbra!* with his flannels on his gouty legs, his crutches falling out of his hands, and he himself sinking into the arms of the Duke of Cumberland: "The Pilot that weathered the Storm" on one side, and Lord Mahon on the other; there he is, after having protested against the independence of America, and the diminution of that "ancient and noble monarchy" which he himself had said and done so much to establish—and about to be carried away to Hayes, where, in eleven days, he shall die, and make no sign of Junius! It is only in William Pitt, Lord Chatham, that we can find the anonymous letter-writer. In him alone, of all the great characters of the time, can we find the full requirements of the authorship. He alone could have written the letters. He alone had the compelling motives to write them—as a perusal of his career will conclusively show—and the bitter vigor to keep up the epistolary war for five years. The only Whig of the time who came near Chatham in intellectual power, was Burke. When the latter is set aside, the grim Earl stands alone, as the secretary did before. To suppose Junius to be *only* Junius—a man of mean antecedents, or none at all—who did nothing in his lifetime to equal, in another way, the merit of this epistolary achievement, or show himself capable of it, is a very violent assumption. The letters give evidence of an intellectual energy which could never be bounded to the production of them. They are, so to speak, aerolitic fragments of some great revolving body which research must find out. Junius must have been something more than Canny

Elshie, of Mucklestane Moor, with large head, and great strength, but stunted in all other respects.

To come to a just conclusion on this matter, we must, we repeat, take a broad view of things. We must look to the life of the man whose character presents a well-defined likeness of that shifting and shadowy apparition which has disconcerted so much admirable logic.

William Pitt was born in 1708, and educated at Oxford, where he had the name of a good scholar, an excellent debater, and a writer of very elegant verse. After leaving college, he travelled on the Continent, and on his return was made a cornet of horse. In 1736 he went into Parliament for the borough of Old Sarum. The gout, which seldom left him untormented during his life, and, certainly, helped his vehement politics to exacerbate his mind, obliged him to—

"Forego the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue."

As a soldier, we can easily conceive how Pitt would have rivalled the celebrity of Marlborough. In parliament he was distinguished for a bold and original style of oratory, which amazed and offended Sir Robert Walpole and his supporters; and the exclamation, "will no one muzzle that terrible cornet of horse!" shows the minister's perplexity, and, perhaps, something of his admiration. From the beginning, Pitt set his face against the ascendancy of Sir Robert Walpole, in the irrelative, intrepid spirit which Junius afterwards exhibited in his assaults upon the ministries of Grafton and Buta. He thwarted George the Second long before he called George the Third "the falsest hypocrite in Europe;" but in 1746, the high and popular character of Pitt obliged George the Second, much against his will, to admit the orator into office; and he was made Paymaster of the Forces. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and the Grenvilles always acted in concert, from the beginning; and their league was occasionally strong enough to overpower the royal antipathies, and the intrigues of the Court party. They were dismissed from the Ministry in 1755; but, in 1756, the want of Pitt was so grievously felt, in the midst of ministerial incapacity and national disaster, that the King sent the Duke of Newcastle to treat with him. The latter heartily refused to accept any situation with the Duke. He refused another overture made by the Duke of Devonshire; till,

at last, in 1756, Pitt obtained the concession of all his demands, and mounted over the benches into the Ministry, with the Grenvilles behind him, as Mahomet the Second may be supposed to have entered Roman Constantinople, at the head of his Spahis. The new Minister insisted on having an almost dictatorial control of the government and the national armaments; and thus single-handed, in a great measure, undertook to restore the failing fortunes of the monarchy. And this he did with the most consummate ability and success. His three years' ministry was the most triumphant on British record, and his fame was trumpeted wherever his power was felt—that is, in every habitable quarter of the globe.

But Pitt was to pay the penalty of his lofty ambition and success, and prove the truth of the lines suggested by another aspiring genius to the noble poet of the last generation—

"He who ascends the mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below."

The Leicester-House faction, the guiding spirit of which was the Princess Dowager of Wales, joined the Court in cordial hostility against the dictatorial Minister, who exercised so potent a Whig influence on the Government and the Crown. The mother of George the Third resolved that, when her son should ascend the throne, the King of England should be no longer subject to that power which had confined the royal prerogative ever since the Revolution. Though agreeing in little else, the self-willed old German and his daughter-in-law were of one mind as regarded William Pitt. The minister's power was a source of discontent and alarm to the royal family and the Court parties; and while his glory was greeted by the popular applause, and recognized throughout Europe, a crowd of hireling writers were encouraged to assail his character and general policy, through all the channels of the press. His war-projects that had effected so much to restore England to a sense of security, were denounced for the bloodshed and heavy expense of them; and as he had, in 1761, accepted a pension for himself and a title for his wife, he was vituperated as a renegade from his former principles—a man merely ambitious of rank, and avaricious of royal largess. All the advocates of prerogative were let loose upon him; and his temper, never of the meekest, and always sharpened

by the gout, was vehemently chafed by the eternal buzzing and stinging of his adversaries.

After the death of George II., a systematic proscription of all Whiggery commenced. Pitt's Parliament was dissolved, and his friend, Mr. Legge, dismissed from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. At the same time, John Stuart Earl of Bute, the King's sometime tutor, was added to his council; and Lord Barrington, whom Junius so fiercely denounces as "bloody Barrington," put into the place of Legge. In 1761, the Grenvilleite league, that sustained Pitt so long, was overpowered in the council. Being outvoted there, on the question of declaring war against Spain, Pitt and Earl Temple resigned their seats. In a short time the former gave up the reins of government, and his memorable administration terminated. In the meantime the paper war against Pitt and the Whigs raged furiously. Flying pamphlets darkened all the air. Smollett wrote for prerogative and Toryism, and Wilkes charged for Whiggery and Liberty. Pitt and Temple, in 1765, refused overtures from the Duke of Cumberland, on which Rockingham and his *Fidus Achates*, Burke, went in and tried to fortify themselves in the ministerial citadel. But, at the end of a year and a day, they beat the *chamade*, and marched out, scarcely with the honors of war. Pitt, now Lord Chatham, once more got a *carte blanche* from his Sovereign, and hoped to propitiate the fortunes of the by-gone decade. But in vain. The genius of Whiggery was fated to sink before the Toryism of George III., then mounting to its long and steady ascendant. Chatham soon seemed to feel that the omens were against him. But he did his best, and made a ministry, which Burke has termed the mosaic administration—"a tessellated pavement, without cement"—a "queer hotch-potch and coalition," which began to fall to pieces from the moment it was set up. Lord Chatham himself was Lord Privy Seal in this administration, and the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Charles Townsend, and Mr. Conway, filled the chief offices of it. Lord Camden was Lord Chancellor. It was an eminently disastrous Ministry; and Chatham's efforts to form it from the discordant political materials about him, and, afterwards, to keep it together, tortured him far worse than the gout. He had accepted the task of making it, without carrying Earl Temple along with him, according to their old "family compact," the source of Pitt's former

power. He had accepted it, too, under a Butean influence; and the remorse of these things aggravated the perplexity of his efforts to carry on his administration. The overtures he was obliged to make to the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Bedford, and other meaner men, and the rebuffs and refusals he received, were gall and wormwood to the high, unchastened spirit of Chatham. The refusal of the Duke of Bedford inflicted upon it its sorest wound. The Duke had been instrumental in undoing what Pitt had done, in his former ministry—he had signed away at Paris, in 1763, the fruits of Pitt's organized victories. To be forced to make overtures to him, and have them refused by the angry Duke, was a dire humiliation—such as was retorted in the fiercest invectives, three years afterwards, in the twenty-third letter of Junius.

Such were the circumstances in which Chatham found himself in the 59th year of his age. He had been struggling with Toryism from his youth upward—had “always been in a triumph or a fight.” His political views and plans of government were systematically opposed, and the King's friends were incessantly bent on pulling him down from his elevation. The stern pride and inflexibility of his character had only the effect of sharpening the animosity of his opponents, without conciliating to his side those who would be disposed to engage in his quarrels and strengthen his influence. Among the people his popularity was great—he was generally admired and venerated. But in the government region, the Lord Privy Seal stood alone—a political Lear—while the storm blew pitilessly all about him. This enmity against the government policy, and the parties who were supplanting the Whig influence in the State, was necessarily strong and deep-rooted. His personal feelings and his political ambition had been alike outraged and thwarted. In his letter to George III., Junius expresses Chatham's sentiments on the policy of the King's reign:—“To the same early influence (that of the Earl of Bute) we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne, *the whole system of government was altered*—not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessors.” This alteration, which began with ~~Pitt's~~ dismissal from power in 1761, always clung to his memory, like the poisoned shirt to the back of the

Centaur. In fact, from a fair consideration of Chatham's antecedent career—of his political sympathies and antipathies, we can very readily conceive how he would participate in all the warfare waged by Junius for five years against the Tory powers of England, for the re-establishment of Whiggery upon its old ground.

The same similarity to Junius is seen in the intellectual features of Chatham's character. Pitt was always vehement and bold of speech, full of assurance, invective, vernacular idiom, metaphor, and so forth. A letter written by Horace Walpole, in 1755, will give us a general idea of what he was, on most occasions. Walpole speaks of a meeting that took place at the Cockpit, in that year; “Pitt surpassed himself, and then, I need not tell you, he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, labored cabinet orations, cut *vis-a-vis* his manly and dashing eloquence! *I never suspected Pitt of such a universal armory.* . . . On the first debate (on the Hanoverian and Russian Treaties) Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had ~~termed~~ as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt, attacked him for his *eternal invectives*. Oh! since the last philippic of *Billingsgate memory*, you never heard such an invective as Pitt ~~delivered~~! Campbell was annihilated. Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think what a charming ridicule that must be that lasts, and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a-half!” The sarcastic humor and happy raillery displayed in some of Junius's miscellaneous letters, are at once recognized to be what Walpole has thus described: and the loftiness of Pitt's character cannot hinder any one from conceiving how he could descend to satirical comedy and the ridicule of “little Shammy, the wonderful Girgashite,” &c. In his place in parliament he often gave specimens of this extraordinary quality. He turned upon Lord Mansfield once, in the House of Lords, and cried out he had a few words to say to him; but they should be daggers. Then, after staring with the face of a thundercloud at the grandest and gravest functionary in the realm, he added, in a tone which Kemble never could have equalled, “Judge Felix trembles! He shall hear from me some other day,” and then sat down! People gathered a notion, from his peculiar manner, that Chatham's head also was touched with the gout; “men

stood abseigh, and ca'd him mad." Those who shrink from allowing him the *erve* and vituperative spirit of Junius, must be completely ignorant of the intellect and passions that went to constitute the man. Some argue that Chatham was too old and feeble for the bitter vivacity of Junius; but age can hardly wither some minds. Lord Brougham is an older man than the Junian Chatham, and the agile vigor of his mind has very lately appeared to be as great as ever it was. In 1770, "Nerva," writing to Lord Chatham, in the *Public Advertiser*, speaks of the "presumption, insolence, absurdity, meanness, folly, ignorance, and rancor" of his lordship's conduct in the House of Peers. All this is, doubtless, exaggeration; but there must have been something in Chatham's words and demeanor to which "Nerva's" language, in his own opinion, was not wholly inapplicable; and we can easily suppose that some of the old Pitt characteristics had again exhibited themselves. Chatham was now sixty-two years of age. But "Nerva" further meets the doubts of those who believe the Earl was a broken-down old man at that time. He ~~says~~, "you possess, with the cold heart of age, *the hot brain of rash and intemperate youth*." Lord Chesterfield gives us a few more Junian features: "Lord Chatham," he says, "was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and ~~of contradiction~~ *ing*. He had manner and address, but one might discern through them ~~to~~ *a* great a consciousness of his own superior talents. His eloquence was of *every kind*; his invective terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction and such dignity of countenance, that he intimidated those most willing and best able to encounter him." It is in such an original, energetic, passionate man as this, alone, that we can expect to find the identity of the daring Junius. To no feebler or tamer order of intellect can that anonymous assaulter ever be traced. And this consideration should be the guide of all our inquiries.

Following the fate of the *mosaic* Ministry, we may the more clearly perceive how naturally and necessarily Chatham converts himself into Junius. It was scarcely framed, when the Earl went away to Bath, to drink the waters for the gout that just then seized him, as if it were Tory, too, and tormented him on principle. At the close of the year 1766, Lord Chesterfield, writing from Bath, says of him, "Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here with a real gout, and not a political one, *as is often suspected*." This suspicion was very

often a true one. About a year subsequently, Chesterfield wrote from the same place:—"Lord Chatham's physician had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it over his body, and it fell particularly on his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vaporish. He would neither see nor speak to anybody while he was here; *for the last eight months* he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends. He would receive no friend, nor so much as open any packet about business." Eight months before the date of this letter, Junius printed his first letter, signed "Poplicola;" after which followed, in all the modes of hostility—sarcastic, vehement, or comic—a series of attacks on the heterogeneous ministry which Chatham's strange absence had left at sixes and sevens, complaining with its several voices of his want of participation. In the beginning of 1767, Lord Charlemont, writing from London, says—"Lord Chatham is still minister; but how long he may continue so is a problem that would pose the deepest politician. The opposition grows more and more violent, and seems to gain ground; his ill-health as yet prevents his doing any business. The ministry is divided into as many parties as there are men in it." In another letter he says, that no member of the opposition speaks without abusing Lord Chatham, and none of the Earl's friends take his part. "Is it possible," he exclaims, "such a man can be friendless?" The silence of his nominal friends just then is not so difficult to be accounted for. They felt his opinion of them, and his conviction that he could do no good with them. His reserved and splenetic nature was very unfit, at any time, to make for him strong personal friends. Now he had none. He was in the predicament of Byron's "scorpion girt by fire." It repented Chatham that he had made the Ministry, and we hold that, in his exasperated solitude, he addressed himself to the task of destroying it—just as a master of a house, with original ideas, may be found to pull down his own tenement in a rage, if evil occupants make it intolerable. On his way up to London, the violence of Chatham's disorder obliged him to stay for some time at Hampstead, to which place the King sent every day to inquire after his health. The Ministry was now falling to pieces, and his Majesty fearing some dead-lock in the government, wrote the Earl a letter, asking his advice about further changes in it. Whereupon the tormented statesman sent back a verbal message, to say that the King need expect no further advice

or assistance from him, such was the miserable state of his health. In January, 1768, Lord Chesterfield says—"Lord Chatham is at his re-purchased house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; many think his worst complaint is the head, which, I am afraid, is too true."

Chatham was now baffled and powerless, and must have felt the growing strength of Toryism, and the sinking of the Whig cause. Both in the Cabinet and in Parliament, the odds were irresistibly against him; while the coolness of his friends, and the heat of his enemies, rendered his discomfiture the more galling and complete. But his resources were not yet exhausted. He had still left one more battle to bring up. He was a *strategos*, in the old sense in which Pericles, Themistocles, Agis, and Napoleon were such. He had the power and genius to direct the armaments of the nation as well as to sway its councils—

"Chatham, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

He could do more. If, with one hand he could smite the house of Bourbon, he could with the other wield the democracy of England. He now betook himself to the latter resource. He resolved to make an appeal once more to the English people, such as they would not willingly let die. Beaten from the holds of government, he fell back upon the masses, with whom he was always a favorite for his highly popular opinions. The House of Lords was not the Agora from which he could address his *oi polloi*. It was a secret conclave, in a great measure; and to publish its debates was legally punishable. William Pitt looked elsewhere for his *pou sto*, and he found it in the public press. Indeed, it is not improbable that Chatham had availed himself of the anonymous aid of public letters long before those of Junius had come forth to the world. It is also not improbable, that the idea of making use of such a regular system of political warfare, was working for a long time in his brain before 1767. In 1757, the Rev. Dr. Brown published a pamphlet, in which the characters of Pitt and Junius were outlined in what we should call a spirit of prophecy, if we did not suspect it came from an intimate knowledge of men and things, or was inspired by foregone conclusion. At that time Pitt was about to take the reins of his glorious Ministry. After speaking of the general corruption of society

and the deterioration of the national interests, Dr. Brown goes on:—"Necessity must, in such a case, be the parent of reformation. Effeminacy, rapacity, and faction will be then ready to resign the reins they would now usurp; virtue may rise on the ruins of corruption, and a despairing nation may yet be saved by the wisdom, the integrity, and unshaken courage of some great minister." The writer, of course, alluded to Pitt. When he proceeds and writes the following, we cannot but feel as if some unexpected light were coming upon us. Dr. Brown must have known the "great minister" well, and known all the sides of his mind—known that he could be as powerful with the pen as in the tribune. He says:—"There is another character, I mean the *political writer*. He would choose an untrodden path of politics, where no party man ever dared to enter. The undisguised freedom and boldness of his pen would please the brave, astonish the weak, and confound the guilty. He would be called arrogant by those who call everything arrogance that is not servility. As he would be defamed by the dissolute great without cause, so he would be applauded by an honest people beyond his deservings." That is either a wonderful *prophecy*, or a knowledge of facts and tendencies. It is most likely the latter. So that we have Pitt and Junius brought together by a very striking piece of circumstantial evidence.

Lord Chatham was now resolved to maintain the cause of constitutional liberty, after a new mode, which would also give him the cherished opportunity of wreaking his personal revenges. His main object of assault was the power of the Crown, which, to use the words of "Mnemon," in the Miscellaneous Letters, "revived the doctrine of dispensing power, state necessity, arcana of government, and all that machinery of exploded prerogative which it had cost our ancestors so much toil, and treasure, and blood, to break to pieces." The undertaking was a great one, and required all the malevolence of William Pitt's general character, aggravated by his individual causes of hatred and indignation, to carry out equably and effectively. It required, at the same time, a caution only equal to the daring of it. The mode of controversy he meditated was such as he would not have identified with his character and fame; and he resolved it should be guardedly anonymous. This was an indispensable premise in the business; he would otherwise have been attainted or assassinated in a week. Having taken his resolution, he pre-

pared his precautions; and we find them of a piece with his determination. He knew he might conceal his name, and compromise some of his opinions to an unimportant extent; but he could not conceal his style without crippling those free powers of mind on which he should depend for his effect. To meet this difficulty, and mislead all suspicion *in limine*, he had, in the first place, whether suffering from the gout or not, kept all the world at a distance, and encouraged reports that he was a moody, feeble, incapable old man, moping about on crutches, and suffering from a disordered brain. In the next place, he made the first of the Miscellaneous Letters, signed "Poplicola," an attack upon Lord Chatham, couched inferentially and in a curious conditional phraseology. Under such circumstances, suspicion was effectually warded off from the Earl. Though some may have considered the hand, the style, like Esau's, certainly the voice, the utterance seemed that of some Tory Jacob entertaining a strong enmity against the Lord Privy Seal. Public curiosity was thus dexterously led astray; and the grim Earl, goaded by revenge, ambition, and the gout, was left unsuspected and unmolested in his retreat, to weave his web and fling out his lines, like a powerful Whig spider, waging war with all the Tory Beelzebubs of the land.

In all the main courses of politics, adopted and followed by Junius, he was one with Lord Chatham. They thought alike on everything great and essential. Junius was a Whig, and he addressed himself, of set purpose, to the popular ideas of the English nation. That such a writer should *begin* by striking at the most glorious and venerable Whig in the kingdom, one whom the democracy most delighted to honor, is a fact strongly suggestive of our suspicions. It would be such in any case. But *here*, where we are to guard against seemings, and look for *ambages* at every step, it appears to present a very strong "evidence of design." It adds vastly to the weight of the testimony in this case, though some *literal* people interpret it the other way—swallow, with innocent consciences, this first demonstration of the most cunning strategist in all literature!

If we closely consider the letters denouncing Lord Chatham, we shall suspect the invective to be hollow; from its exaggerated tone, in the first instance, and next, from the fact that after a few epistles, it dies away into meaningless and sidelong allusions to "crutches," and "lunatics," and "the miserable understrappers of Lord Chatham."

After which the way is clear for the formidable, real purpose of the Letters. In the first letter, "Poplicola," without ever mentioning Chatham, says, "But *if*, instead of a man of common mixed character," &c., "a nation had confided in a man *purely and perfectly bad*." Again, "As the *destruction of the constitution* would be his great object," &c. The suspension of the law by proclamation is also denounced. Likewise that "masterpiece of treachery," fomenting discord between England and her colonies, "that both may become a *prey to his own dark machinations*!" The writer well knew that all this would only have the force of Priam's javelin on the buckler of Pyrrhus. The people would not credit a word of it. They knew Chatham was always the *champion* of the constitution, and that the proclamation was issued by him and Lord Camden, to prevent, for a little time, the exportation of provisions from the kingdom in a period of great scarcity. In the same letter, Camden, the most constitutional lawyer in England, and Chatham's closest friend, is called "an apostate lawyer," for his share in the business. In his next letter, "Poplicola" allows that the "suspension" was *necessary*; but that, because these noblemen did not sufficiently impress or allow the actual *illegality* of the thing, they deserved detestation, contempt, and the gibbet, as there was no Tarpeian rock to throw them from! Such assaults, for such causes, are preposterous—unimaginable, in fact, except on the hypothesis here put forward. However, it is curious to remark how the enmity of the letter-writer against Chatham dies away by degrees. He wonders, in the third letter, the Earl's "spirit and understanding" would permit him to hold office under "a pernicious Court minion" (Bute). He says, a pension and a title were considered by the rest of the world "beneath Chatham's acceptance;" though he would have hanged him for a traitor in the preceding epistle! "But," says Anti-Sejanus, "to become the stalking horse of a stallion!" and so forth. The coarse and bloody ferocity of this blow at the Princess Dowager's favorite, shows the true aim and *animus* of the writer. Chatham or Camden is only made use of to prepare the way for his operations against the Court and the Tories. There is one little circumstance which strikes us a good deal. One of the Miscellaneous Letters called forth W. D. (Sir William Draper) in defence of Lord Chatham. But "Poplicola" was so little interested in that Earl, that he did not even recollect the initials of the man who wrote

for him. He alluded, in his next letter, to the defender as C. D.; he knew or cared so very little about the man or his initials! In every one of his projects, Chatham was accustomed to look to the accessories as well as to the prominent parts of it. There seems to be a consummate cunning in that little *trait* we have quoted.

He was still Privy Seal, but towards the close of 1768 the office having been put in commission, in consequence of his absence (one of the Miscellaneous Letters satirizes the three commissioners), he sent it back, by Lord Camden, to the man who, he subsequently declared in the House of Lords, had duped him. Three days afterwards, a letter signed "Atticus," satirized the King's cabinet all round, with the exception of Camden. When "Atticus" comes to Chatham (whose resignation was not yet announced,) he stops short with a *Quos ego*—"Of Chatham I had much to say, but it were inhuman to persecute when Providence has marked out the example to mankind!" Implying, of course, that his Lordship was come to be a helpless old driveller, incapable of doing anything, and not worth talking about!

Almon's "Anecdote's of Chatham" show a vast number of passages in his lordship's speeches curiously similar to others occurring in Junius. Mr. Taylor, in his "Junius Identified," has rather violently wrested this similarity to his own purpose, in arguing for Sir Philip Francis. It is far easier to adduce it, according to its natural bias, in support of our hypothesis. Not being able to presume on space sufficient to quote these passages, we refer the reader to Taylor's book, if he cannot find time to make the comparison for himself. The speeches spoken by Chatham in the Lords, and the letters written by Junius, will afford in sentiment, figure of speech, or peculiarity of phrase, the most striking proofs of the identity of the utterer and the writer. We cannot believe that Sir Philip Francis, reporting his lordship's speeches, either plagiarized from them, or gave his own form and coloring to the orator's ideas. As we have already stated, there is no mark of an understrapper's pen upon these beautiful and formidable specimens of literature. The writer was certainly a man who performed a remarkable part on the stage of the time—who had an intimate and personal interest in the object of the letters, who had confronted, upon equal or superior terms, the distinguished men whom he vituperated. His elegant and polished style, magisterial one, and general intrepidity of speech, show

him to have been as lofty in station as in intellect—an aristocrat of the noblest style. At the time of the publication of the letters of Junius, such seems to have been the opinion of the shrewdest judges. Horne Tooke, in his reply to Junius, July, 1771, says—"The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded has not concealed him. Because Lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the King, and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is to be the pillow on which Junius will rest all his resentments, and the public are to oppose the measures of Government from mere motives of hostility to the Sovereign." It was in reply to this dangerous thrust that Junius introduced his curious eulogy on Lord Chatham, in his fifty-fourth letter. It is, like the invective of "Poplicola," *compulsory*. He praises Chatham, to mislead those who may suspect him to be the Earl himself, and who would naturally suppose, that in such a case, he would not venture to speak of his lordship in eulogy.

Wilkes seems to look to Junius, as to some grave, powerful, and dignified being. The little squinting scoffer, who girded at everything else—who was *cultor Deorum parvus et infrequens*—almost falls down and worships the veiled *eidolon*. He says, in 1771, in reply to Junius: "I do not mean to indulge in the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our time—the author of Junius. I will not attempt, with profane hands, to tear the veil of the sanctuary. I am disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica (Wilkes's grandiloquence for *Athenians*), to erect an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." And again: "I did not go to Woodfall to pry into a secret I had no right to know. The letter itself bore the stamp of Jove." This could scarcely be the stamp of the "good Juvenal," Francis, or the threadbare Macleanes. See also the manner in which Woodfall receives the commands of his shadowy correspondent, and how he reverences him! He buys a franchise, and humbly begs that the shadow of a name will tell him how to vote. Woodfall certainly knew who Junius was: George Grenville also knew it, and Sir Philip Francis. Burke undoubtedly suspected it, and, if put to the test, would have pronounced the right name. His very figurative and flighty speech on the subject of Junius, in the House of Commons, shows that he did not think himself speaking of any private secretary, Franciscan or other-

wise. The wild boar, or the bird, was not, in his opinion, to be sought for among the "small deer" of the political world. Having finished the boar, the orator comes to the bird: "While I expected, in his daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down, souse, upon both Houses of Parliament! Yes, he did make you his prey, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. In short, after carrying our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury!" Not the fury of young Philip Francis, certainly! The idea of cause and effect, in connexion with *him*, would be as incongruous as that implied by Horace (*ad Pisones*)—

"Humane capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit."

The shrewd men we have quoted (not including Flaccus) certainly looked for Junius among the most potent and lordly spirits of the day. And it was after no long criticism of handwriting, idiom, form of words, dashes above and below C, and such-like, that they reached their conclusion.

It may be argued that Junius must have been in the War-Office. But Chatham, who knew all the departments of State, who had also been a soldier, and, in his palmy days, the director of armaments in their magnitude and *minutiae*, knew the War-Office as well as his own house. His great interest in the business of it is particularly accounted for by the dismissal of his friend, General Amherst, from his Government of Virginia. The "bloody" Barrington, for whom Legge was dismissed, was Secretary at War; and the blows he would feel most would reach him through his office. Chatham, who assailed the Ministry "along their whole line," found the War-Office a convenient and vulnerable point, and aimed many of his strokes there. Again, it may be objected, that the great Earl would scarcely pay such attention as Junius has paid, to the party business of the city of London; but Pitt was always proud of the support of the city, and conscious of the value of the Livery to the cause of constitutional liberty. In the House of Lords, in 1770, Chatham said: "When I mentioned the Livery of London, I thought I saw a sneer on some faces; but let me tell you, my lords, though I have the honor to sit in this house as a peer of the realm, coinciding with these honest citizens in opinion, I am proud of the honor of associating my

name with theirs; and let me tell the noblest of you all, it would be an honor to you. The Livery of London was respectable long before the Reformation. The Lord Mayor of London was a principal among the twenty-five barons who received Magna Charta from King John; and they have ever since been considered to have a principal weight in all the affairs of government." Lord Chatham was deeply interested in such an excellent friend and ally as the city of London often proved itself to be, and may again.

Respecting the treatment of America, it would seem that the opinions of Junius and Chatham differed; but it is not easy to state the sentiments of either of them on the matter. Junius (*Poplicola*) blames Chatham for encouraging the colonists; yet, in the first of the Junian series, he says the question of taxation should have been "buried in oblivion." Again, in 1771, he considers the right of the British legislature to tax the colonies as *merely speculative*. Chatham seems vacillating too; he agreed with George Grenville in the attempt to tax the Americans—if they would permit it; seeing they would not, he was afterwards against it. Then he rejoiced that America had resisted; and perished in an effort to hinder her independence! Junius and Chatham are found to agree on this question, quite as often as they seem to differ.

Chatham's dislike of Grafton, Bedford, Mansfield, and the rest, was countenanced by many causes. Grafton, from being an adherent and parasite of the Earl, had deserted him, and gone over to the enemy—the Court party. Such insolent ingratitude the Earl never pardoned. Grafton was the man whose defection most injured the cause of the Whigs. If he had remained faithful, observes Mr. Almon, and scorned an alliance with the Bedfords and the King's friends—the Grenvilleites, Newcastle, and Rockingham Whigs would have carried all before them. Fearfully did Grafton expiate this sin against Lord Chatham, as Junius attests. The Earl's dislike of the King was no secret. George hated William Pitt as heartily as his father did before him. Chatham declared in parliament that the King had duped him; and Wilkes says to Junius, "Lord Chatham told me, the King was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." The letter to the King speaks out the very soul of the Whig Earl. The latter hated Mansfield, with a hatred which began in their youth, and only increased with their years. The estate left by Sir William Pynsent to Mr. Pitt was litigated;

and Mansfield decided in favor of the Pynsent family, who claimed it. His judgment was reversed, however—proving that the Chief Judge leant more against Pitt than to the claims of justice in the matter. The causes springing from their different politics were strong enough to account for their hostility; but, perhaps, after all—such is human nature—this personal business of the property would file Chatham's mind for Mansfield as sharply as the highest constitutional motive. The last words of Junius—the last lingering look of patriotic menace is directed against Lord Mansfield. He has “dragged him to the altar,” and majestically leaves Camden to put the knife into him.

The perfect secrecy with which the conveyancing part of this anonymous business was carried on, and which has covered the authorship till now, is surprising. Junius says he did his business alone, and alone held his secret. But the feminine character of the handwriting, differing in the letter to the King from that of the others, shows he must have had assistance. No one, single-handed, could have carried on such a correspondence, for such a period. The privacy of another person or two would have perilled the secret—would, at least, have destroyed the confidence of the writer in his own incognito, and thus impaired the will to continue the letters for any length of time, except in some very peculiar instance; and such an instance was the case before us. Lady Chatham, sister of Richard Earl Temple, was a woman of strong understanding and fine accomplishments. She wrote with great ease and spirit, and was the Earl's amanuensis, whenever the gout kept him in bed, swaddled in flannels, or otherwise incapacitated him from taking a pen in his hand. Aided by such a wife, the secret writer could work in safety, and the chances of detection would be almost entirely done away with. Her ladyship's hand—which, of course, she would try to disguise as much as possible—would not run a very great risk of recognition. All that Wilkes and his friend could make out of it was, that it was the hand used by ladies at the beginning of the century; and the former said it strongly resembled the writing, on a card of invitation, which he had had from the Countess Temple, *mother of Lady Chatham*.

Junius's knowledge of what passed in Court circles, in the penetralia of the Palace, was calculated to excite a good deal of astonishment. But our hypothesis removes all wonder from the matter. Lord Chatham's

sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, was keeper of the Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of George III., and the woman, of all her sex, whom Junius hated most. Mrs. Pitt, a spinster, passed her life in the very atmosphere of courtly gossip, and was in the way of knowing all the secrets of royalty. She resembled her brother, and was of a certain voluble and masculine spirit, yet not without a fascination of manner that made her society greatly sought after; and her reunions were attended by the wittiest and most fashionable people of the day. Bolingbroke used to call her *divinity Pitt*, in her earlier years. We now see the source of Junius's curious information (concerning the Palace) conveyed in his notes to Woodfall. He tells the latter how the King takes cordials when his mind is upset by any *contre-temps*, and lives for a week on potatoes; how “our gracious Sovereign is as callous as a stockfish to everything but the reproach of cowardice; that alone is able to set the humors afloat; after that, he won't eat meat for a week;” how the Duke of Bedford scolded the King in his closet, and left him in convulsions; how Garrick had told Mr. Ramus, the King's page, that Junius would write no more; how the Princess Dowager “suckled toads from morning till night,” for the cure of a cancer in the breast, of which she ultimately died. That last piece of information could only come through a woman.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Junius should keep himself concealed with the utmost exertion of will and means. He speaks truly when he declares that, if discovered, he should not survive three days—that he would be attainted by bill. How strange the idea that Junius had been in the King's cabinet, and, by proxy, in the King's palace! And yet, we think it a true one. It explains at once the terror of such an intrepid being in the prospect of detection. Nothing could make such dread of discovery reasonably accountable, but the rank and position of Junius and his family. In a private secretary, or any such character, this fear would be as ridiculous as that of Dennis the critic, who retreated hastily from a watering-place lest the ships of the King of France (on whom he had cast some reflections in his tragedy) should make a sudden descent on the coast, and carry him off! The celebrity attending the discovery would more than compensate any of the Lloyds, Dyers, or Francisces for the danger of it. But it would be different in Chatham's case.

A cry of aristocratic execration would assail the peer and privy councillor, his sister, the courtier, and all his family; and the evil fame of his anonymous truculence would be likely to stick for ever to his name, and tarnish the honor of it. As for the renown of the literature, it could not weigh against such considerations; and he could easily afford to forfeit it.

Francis always did his best to look like Junius. This pretension can be traced in a hundred passages of Sir Philip's life, sayings, and writings. In 1811, he published a pamphlet on the Regency, written very much in the Junian style. The motto of it was a part of one of Chatham's speeches, delivered in 1770:—"There is one ambition which I will renounce but with my life. It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have received from my ancestors." Francis then commences:—"After the noble speaker of these words, no one has so good a right to make use of them as I have." He wishes to make the world suspect, that, *as the sentiment is also found in Junius*, he made the Earl, whom he reported, a present of it. In no other way can we understand what *right* he has to it. Elsewhere, he says Lord Chatham made a certain assertion—or *it is recorded for him*—hinting that the reporter may have put into the poor orator's mouth, fine things the latter never spoke! Nobody, who peruses Francis with attention all over, can fail to be struck with his indirect meanings and demonstrations, tending to make people suspect him for Junius. But as Lafontaine's old rat said to the cat, who whitened herself with flour for a purpose, "*Rien ne te sert d'être farine*," so people may have said to Sir Philip, "It is of no use to make yourself Junius."

Mr. Wade, who has furnished a dissertation for Bohn's edition of Woodfall, adopts Mr. Taylor's exploded hypothesis. Both are greatly embarrassed by the prominence of Lord Chatham in the business. Taylor tries to get rid of him by saying, that when Francis reported his lordship's speeches, he powdered them all over with the flowers of thought and language from his own more affluent resources. Mr. Wade makes a more determined effort to push that stern old nobleman out of the way. He says, positively, that Francis (this wonderful Juvenal!) made some of Chatham's speeches—gave the faded orator a new coat of freshness! "He certainly composed many of his lordship's speeches," says Mr. Wade. In a copy of Belsham's

History of Great Britain, Sir Philip Francis made a MS. note:—"I *wrote* this speech for Lord Mansfield, as well as all those for Lord Chatham, on the Middlesex election." Wade proves too much here—

"He o'erleaps his sell,
And falls on the other side."

He shows that Junius furnished Mansfield with a speech! He says, furthermore, that Lords Holland and Chatham, the Grenvilles, Mr. Calcraft, and Doctor Francis, *pere*, were the sources from which information flowed to the "Juvenal." "A body of intelligences, it must be owned," he adds, "amply sufficient to produce the letters!" But that is not all. The strong necessity of the old Earl is upon him, and he next says, that Chatham was the *ally* of Junius—a fraction, as it were, of that epistolary Iron Mask—not the whole of him! He also quotes Justice Hardinge, to show how Junius spoke of a matter known only to Chatham, Temple, and Camden; and "says very wisely," that it must have been Temple who went and told it to the able young scribe—no other way of accounting for it. He quotes from Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors a very inconsequent letter from the widow of Sir Philip Francis. She declares Sir Philip never said he was Junius, even to her; and yet, she goes on to assume that he was, by saying that after the Junian letter to Sir William Draper, a *new and powerful ally* came to Sir Philip's assistance; meaning Lord Chatham, who hampered the poor lady just as much as he has done the critics. Wade says that Sir Philip (Junius) submitted some of his letters to Chatham. The declaration—"I am the sole depository of my secret," is thus thrown out of the window very summarily. Lady Francis thinks her husband was Junius, because he gave her a beautiful copy of the letters after their marriage (the copy in vellum, eh?) and was always very much interested in them.

Mr. Wade who, like a moth, sings his wings in hovering about the light, admits that to restore Chatham to power was the object of Junius, who would write no more, seeing that the Whig cause was lost when Lord North came to the helm of affairs. He further says, it was because Francis was known to be Junius that he got his lucrative Indian post—that the King, Lord North, and the Government, knew the secret of Junius from his own confession! Poor Lady Francis! She would have given her little finger to be able to say her husband had told her

he was the immortal Mask. But she could not say it. Never did he whisper the secret into *her* ear, as her head rested on his pillow, though he could go tell it to the King, to Lord North, and the Government! Mr. Wade believes, that though the Ministry gave Junius £10,000 a-year in India, it was *not* with the understanding that he was to write no more against the Government. Not at all. Francis took the matter as his due, merely, and did not promise one way or the other.

Lord Chatham's powers of the pen were, according to Mr. Wade, very feeble. Though most effective in oratory, he was "careless in literary composition, inexact, loose, and repetitious." Great orators are, and have been, in the habit of first writing down their points, illustrations, and pet parts of speeches before speaking them. We have evidence enough that Pitt's oratory was terse, vigorous, and highly impressive. He who spoke like Pitt could hardly write loosely or inexact, seeing that a man's written language is usually closer and more correct than his speeches. In the Chatham Correspondence, recently published by the grandsons of the Earl, there is visible an uneasy feeling, that the founder of their house is open to a suspicion of the truth in this matter, and an attempt is made to put young Francis *between Lord Chatham and the conclusion*. Mr. Wade, who leans to the evidence of the Correspondence, tries to show that, because Francis was intimate with Calcraft (Chatham's friend and retainer), it was through this last that Junius communicated with his lordship, and got intelligence from him. As we have said, Lord Chatham is terribly in the way of all the Franciscans. The Earl's grandsons and his family would do everything in their power to set aside any suspicions tending in the direction of their progenitor. A couple of letters appear in the Correspondence, purporting to be from Junius to Lord Chatham! But they are not to be relied on. They are but a part of that subtle *machinery of deception* which the masked writer employed for the purpose of preserving a perpetual secrecy. They are as much to be relied on as the declaration that Junius had no personal knowledge of George Grenville. The man who planned the system of the epistles would not think himself perfectly guarded without some such documents as these letters to himself.

To account for the undeniable marks of Chatham visible in the letters of Junius (for—

"The trace of Lord Chatham is over them all")—

Mr. Wade says, Francis admired the great Earl with such enthusiasm that he adopted his political sentiments and imitated his style. But the notable difficulty presented in the first letters of the miscellaneous series—the terrible assault on the Earl—how does he get over that? Easily enough; he cuts the knot with a single stroke. The first five or six letters are spurious. Junius never wrote them! But there are more difficulties to be waded through. He anticipates them, and says, "With the fire of a Chatham in his bosom to electrify the senate, with the acumen, knowledge of human nature, and mastery of language of a Hume, a Robertson, or a Gibbon to adorn and invigorate history, Sir Philip was destined to leave as his avowed productions only a pile of well-nigh forgotten speeches, protests, pamphlets, manuscript notes on book-margins, and fugitive verses." But he answers such objections with readiness. Admitting that Sir Philip shows himself very inferior to Junius in everything else he wrote, he says, "Francis was certainly a person of *precocious gifts*." From the age of 27 to 82, in fact, he came out vigorously, but afterwards (being exhausted, probably) faded away into a maker of still-born pamphlets, forgotten letters, and fugitive verses—a mere moonlight reflection of his former self!

We pause here, in the sudden suspicion that Mr. Wade is laughing at the public, and that we are hoaxed. However this may be, the only effect produced by his essay on those convolutions that were already leaning to Chatham, is to confirm them. Balaam-like, he reverses his mission, and after reading his proofs, we are more steadfast believers in Pitt than ever.

Indeed, it is not improbable that young Francis was the unconscious means by which Chatham received, through Calcraft, some of his knowledge of War-Office details. It is highly probable Francis knew who Junius was, without, however, being in the confidence of the latter. And it seems highly probable the Earl would encourage the idea that Francis was Junius. We can very well conceive that when, in 1772, Chatham found the cause lost, and was resolved to write no more, he would, as a master-stroke, arrange a *coincidence* which should be one of the chief guards of his secret then, and, he hoped, for ever. He would convey a hint to Lord North, that if young Francis were sent away there would be an end of Junius! Also, in

his own venerable person he would use what influence he possessed to procure the Indian situation for his sometime secretary and reporter. The gift of ten thousand a year to a young man who had only £500 a year in the War-Office, seems unaccountable, except on some supposition of this kind. And this cunning winding-up of the whole system of false appearances would be only of a piece with the astute policy of the anonymous writer. Perhaps, also, this arrangement was well understood by the young man, who would do all in his power to guard, if not to keep honorably, the secret of one he revered and esteemed so much; a secret, too, by which he profited so considerably. And, indeed, the imitations and pretences to which we have already alluded may, after all, be only the evidences of Sir Philip's gratitude to the Earl, and not those of his own personal or literary vanity.

Every view of this curious case of concealment presents the agency of Lord Chatham, or some reference to himself or his cause. Others may be put in the foreground, but the grim, gouty chieftain of the Whigs is always moving in the background of the picture, more or less distinctly—

"Toujours lui; lui partout;
Toujours le noir géant qui fume à l'horizon,"

as Victor Hugo says of Napoleon, comparing him to Vesuvius. This is a very suggestive consideration, and is supported by the strongest circumstantial evidence. Except a few very significant feints, all the blows of Junius were struck in Chatham's battle.

A sort of fear, or prejudice, or reverence, or what you will, seems to prevent people from seeing Junius in the elder William Pitt—the latter is such a venerable historical character. Their ideas of Chatham are gathered from his grand prominent features—his great speeches in the senate—his vigorous statesmanship—his sublime fall in the midst of the peerage of England, sinking like old

Earl Siward of Northumberland, in harness. But Walpole and others have given us a true notion of what Pitt was in reality; what a versatile, restless, passionate, faulty man—goaded eternally in the head by ambition, and in the feet by the gout. The very passions which invigorated the genius of Chatham, linked him and his modes with the common "red earth" and the mass of his species. Such is mostly the case with men of genius; they show themselves more like common men than others. Weeds and tares spring up vigorously in rich soils; and we hold that the rage and vituperation of Junius are not at all inconsistent with the lofty, masculine mind of Chatham. Splenetic people must delight in splenetic acts. Such was the case with the moral and sententious Dr. Johnson, who loved to maltreat people. "We had a good conversation to-night," he cries out to sycophant Boswell, after coming, in high spirits, from a feast of reason and flow of soul, at the Club. "Yes, sir," replied the latter, "you tossed and gored several persons." Chatham also, being provoked, loved to toss and gore, but was not the less Chatham for that.

In the foregoing observations, the salient points of proof only have been touched. The amount of evidence which could be accumulated in detail on Chatham's side in this argument, would require a book, instead of a hasty article. What we have said may lead others to look in the right direction. Junius is either Chatham, the —, or, as Byron says, Nobody. The dust thrown by "Poplicola," on first setting out, into the eyes of the many, and by Junius in the first letter of the regular series, has effectually served the purpose of that Ulysses of the pen. But this cannot be so much longer. One of the most polished and vigorous writers in the language, the cotemporary of Burke and Cowper, cannot remain a riddle to the end of time. The motto of the man will soon be turned into *Stat Nomen Umbra*.

TRANSFER OF PROF. LIEBIG.—The government of Bavaria has been endeavoring for some time to bring about the removal of Prof. Liebig, the eminent chemist, from the University of Giessen to the University of Munich; and the effort is likely to prove successful. The latest intelligence from the Bavarian capital announces the commencement of his labors in that city at the opening of the winter session. This will be a heavy blow to Giessen; and the government of Hesse Darmstadt will regret the loss of so eminent a man. Political considerations

can have had but little influence with him; for he will still be, as he has been, under the reign of absolutism. The only difference between the two governments that an honorable man would be apt to notice, is, that the King of Bavaria has not been quite so faithless to his promises or pledges as his prince brother at Darmstadt. It is very possible that Prof. Liebig may have new facilities for prosecuting his researches, and that science may have reason to rejoice in the change.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD CLARENDON'S FRIENDS.*

On the 29th of November, 1667, Evelyn of the Sylva went to visit Lord Chancellor Clarendon in Piccadilly: "I found him in his garden at his new-built palace, sitting in his gout-wheel chair, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spake very disconsolately. After some while deploring his condition to me, I took my leave. Next morning I heard he was gone." He was, indeed, gone for the last time, leaving his scarcely finished palace, and saw that splendid building, the very joy of his heart, no more;—the finest piece of domestic architecture, in Evelyn's opinion, which had been raised in England, and far surpassing Audley End, with which he compares it;—in the simpler language of Pepys's cockney admiration, "a most beautiful house, and most strongly built in every respect; and as if it had, as it hath, the Chancellor for its master." Twelve months afterwards Evelyn dined there with Clarendon's son, Lord Cornbury, and took especial note of the grand ornament of the place, "the pictures of most of our ancient and modern wits, poets, philosophers, and learned Englishmen; which collection of the Chancellor's I much commended, and gave his Lordship a catalogue of more to be added."

The forming of this famous portrait-gallery had been one of the Chancellor's magnificent passions. It was a pursuit which suited his historical imagination,—the "anthropologous" turn of his mind, as his Oxford constituents might have called it; his fondness for dwelling on individual characters, and bodying them forth in classical delineations; his strong sympathy with all that was noble, chivalrous, and distinguished. It must have cost him a sad pang to quit it; and we can conceive the disgraced statesman echoing the bitter regrets of his old acquaintance, Mazarin, when summoned six years before to a still heavier parting: "Ah mes ta-

bleaux, mes chers tableaux, que j'aime tant . . . et qui m'ont tant coûté!"

It is alleged, however, that the taste for these expensive luxuries was not quite so extravagant in Clarendon as an humble collector might find it. Though a French marshal of Napoleon could undoubtedly cover his walls at a cheaper rate than an English Chancellor even under the Stuarts, still it has been whispered, that when Hyde held the seals, the days of Bacon were not so far gone by as to have rendered the comfortable practice of propitiating the dispenser of justice and patronage by donations wholly obsolete. "That picture saved an honest man's life," observed Soult to a visitor, pointing out a "gem." "Yes," whispered his aid-de-camp, "Soult threatened to shoot its owner, but let him off in consideration of the picture." Possibly, it is hinted, there may still have been suitors, in Lord Clarendon's time, simple enough to imagine that they could procure a place, or even save an estate, by a similar sacrifice. We are treading here on delicate ground: for such is the proud attachment of members of English families to names possessing for them hereditary or even party interest, that the fair fame of a great man of two centuries ago may be still the subject of earnest and even irritating debate. The late Lord Dover excited considerable scandal by the paradoxical onslaught which it pleased him to make some years ago, in his "Historical Inquiries," on that of Chancellor Clarendon. In reference to this matter of the pictures, Lord Dover brought forward as part of his indictment the allegations of Lord Dartmouth: one whose accusations no man ought to repeat without fully warning the reader of the character of their author: "one whose splenetic humor," says Mr. Hallam, "makes him no good witness against any one." This unmerciful scandal-monger says that Lord Clarendon "undertook the protection of those who had plundered and sequestered the others; which he very artfully contrived, by making the king believe it was necessary for his own ease and quiet to make his enemies his friends; upon which he brought in most of

* *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. Illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery.* By Lady THESSA LEWIS. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1852.

those who had been the main instruments and promoters of the late troubles, who were not wanting in their acknowledgments in the manner he expected : which produced the great house in Piccadilly, furnished chiefly with cavaliers' goods brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they came into possession." Against this libel Lady Theresa Lewis resolutely defends her eminent ancestor : and less partial critics will probably pronounce it a gross invention of the profligate set who procured his disgrace : men, whose common preface to an impudent piece of begging was to lay the ruin brought on them by their own debaucheries at the door of the Roundheads and their protector Clarendon. But we are not sure that her Ladyship's plea altogether negatives the minor offence of taking an occasional present. Indeed, she candidly quotes the language of Evelyn, who loved the Chancellor, his memory, and his gallery very dearly, but who confirms on this point the popular belief :—"When Lord Clarendon's design of making this collection was known," he says in a letter to Pepys, "everybody who had any of the portraits, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by presenting them. By this means he got many excellent pieces of Vandyke, and other originals by Lely and the other best modern masters." None of the heavier charges of corruption, profusely vented against Clarendon, have ever been brought home to him : but *tout homme est homme*, and a collector most of all ; and we can scarcely doubt that Evelyn gives the real origin of one portion of Clarendon's pictorial wealth, though Lady Theresa, with very great truth, suggests that of another.

"There is, however, no difficulty in accounting for the facility with which the Chancellor and many other collectors of the period may have become possessed of portraits that had once been prized and cherished by their original owners. The Royalists were not the only sufferers during the civil wars. Many houses were pillaged on each side, and large collections of pictures were thrown into the market both by plunder and by the necessity for money. The Duke of Buckingham lived for a time on the profits arising from the sale of his father's gallery."

Lady Theresa might also have specified Lord Arundel's, which perhaps was greater still. But that of Charles himself furnished the greatest windfalls of all. His various collections comprised, according to Mrs. Jameson, not less than 1387 pictures, of which the catalogue is preserved ; but num-

bers more were wasted in the confusion as unregarded trifles,—given away, among other things, to the King's old servants by way of arrears of wages ; as appears from the statement of Mrs. Hutchinson, also quoted by Lady Theresa, that her husband paid no less than 2000*l.* to some of these people for pictures, and "bought such good pennyworths, that they were valued at much more than they cost." That heroic lady seldom provokes a smile ; but we cannot help being a little amused at her indignation when the Secretary of State, after the Restoration, reclaimed the aforesaid pictures, "in spite of the Act of Oblivion," forgetting on the other hand himself to repay the Colonel the cash which the latter had actually advanced for these unlucky "pennyworths."

In truth, from the first sack of Imperial Rome until the great European catastrophe which made the fortune of the Marshals aforesaid, no better opportunity was ever afforded to the collector than that produced by the English civil wars ; and the gallery of Clarendon House must indeed have been a noble spectacle. Lady Theresa has endeavored, with affectionate industry, to catalogue its contents ; but the attempt is only partially successful. The lists given by Evelyn, obviously incomplete, mention about seventy by name, besides 'all the late 'Chancellors and grave Judges in the reigns 'of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., several 'of the clergy, and others of the former and 'present age ;' and so forth. Lord Hyde's inventory in 1750, comprising only a portion, but with some later additions, gives nearly 150. But the quality of the collection was more remarkable than its number : for it was not made at hap-hazard, but selected by design, under the eye of one by whom all that was eminent in English story was thoroughly known and appreciated, and comprised what he considered the *élite* of the nation during the most stirring years of all its annals, from the Armada to the Restoration.

On the demolition of Clarendon House, the pictures were removed to Cornbury, the country-seat of the ex-Chancellor. The second Lord Clarendon was constantly in pecuniary difficulties, 'which, how contracted, remains yet a mystery,' says Evelyn, 'he being no way a prodigal ;' but the truth is, he seems to have been one of those dull, steady men, who are always in debt from mere want of strength of mind to keep out of it. The first inroads on the collection seem to have been made to meet these demands. Nevertheless, the bulk of it passed

to his brother Lawrence, Lord Rochester, when the latter took from Lord Clarendon a private conveyance of Cornbury to clear his debts. This circumstance saved it from the dispersion which must necessarily have taken place if it had descended to the third Lord Clarendon, the notorious profligate and spendthrift, whose picture, in the disguise of a woman, is said by Lady Theresa to be in Sir John Pakington's house in Worcester-shire, being the costume in which he, when governor of New York, was wont to startle the sober Dutchmen in his nightly frolics. The title ultimately passed to the younger branch, the lineage of Lord Rochester. Another unworthy descendant of this race, Henry, Lord Clarendon, having again greatly encumbered the property, Cornbury was sold in 1749 to the Duke of Marlborough; but the pictures remained the property of the Hyde family. The son of the last Hyde Lord Clarendon, Lord Hyde, died in 1751, in the lifetime of his father, whose whole property had been transferred to him for the honorable purpose of discharging the debts. Lord Hyde left all his property, real and personal, to Lady Charlotte Capel, eldest daughter of his eldest sister, the Countess of Essex, the pictures being specially left as heirlooms. He died in 1753, at Paris.

Lady Charlotte Capel married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and the ancestor of the present earl. But, unfortunately for the lovers of art and history, the precious portrait-gallery did not pass without injury through the ordeal of household arrangements and lawsuits. The Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Essex's younger sister, was by no means pleased with the settlement which transferred all this property to her niece; and the eccentric duchess was not one of those self-denying people who are born to act the part of family martyrs. She poured out the vials of her utter scorn on all her sister's family, and especially on her niece's husband. 'Could they not find the puppy a collar,' she exclaimed, when the barony of Hyde was conferred on Thomas Villiers by George II., 'without giving him the honors of my ancestors?' After ten years of Chancery, her Grace succeeded in defeating Lord Cornbury's attempt to preserve the collection, and obtained half of it. The Queensbury portion was removed to Amesbury: and thence (by the last duke) to Richmond, where Horace Walpole saw it in 1786. 'I went yesterday to see the Duke of Queensbury's palace at Richmond, under the conduct of George Selwyn, the con-

cierge. You must imagine how noble it looks, now the Amesbury gallery are hung up there. The great hall, the great gallery, the eating room, and the corridor, are covered with whole and half lengths of royal family favorites, ministers, peers, and judges, of the reign of Charles I., *not one original, I think, at least not one fine*, yet altogether they look very respectable.' After the last Duke of Queensbury's death, this collection passed, with other property, to Lord Douglas, and is now (with considerable diminution) at Bothwell.

Lady Jane Capel's half forms at present the collection at the 'Grove,' of which her descendant, Lady Theresa, has now made herself the special historian; adding thereby an appendix of no common interest to the work of Mr. Lister, on the life of Lord Clarendon himself.

Either Horace Walpole was much mistaken as to the value of the pictures at Richmond, which, with submission to Lady Theresa, we think unlikely, or Duchess Kitty was egregiously circumvented in the choice of her half, although it seems that the selection was left to herself. For although it is true, that the Chancellor seems to have formed his collection much more with regard to completeness in the choice of subjects, than to merit in point of art, yet the gallery at the Grove is assuredly rich in noble specimens of the second great era of portrait painting. It affords a favorable opportunity for studying the second-rate painters of that time—such as Van Somers, and especially Jansen, who has scarcely had justice done him in the exclusive homage paid to the name of Vandyke. But not less than twenty works of Vandyke himself are catalogued by Lady Theresa as now at the Grove; and these include most of the great noblemen of Charles the First's Court and time—the heroes of the History of the Rebellion. They were painted mostly, as it would seem, during *il pittore cavalleresco's* second visit to England. They are of very various degrees of merit: but among them are as fine examples of the artist as any which this country affords; and the following passage, to which we must reluctantly limit the pictorial part of our extracts, will show how much appreciation of art Lady Theresa has derived, together with her biographical learning, from the subjects of her favorite gallery.

'All anecdotes connected with the private history of Vandyck, or the exercise of his art, have been so carefully collected by various writers, and

the doubt, so interesting to the English, at length cleared up, as to the time and duration of his early visit to England, that it would be as unnecessary to enter upon his biography here as to dwell upon his excellence as an artist and as a portrait-painter. But those who have been led to make his works an object of interest and pursuit, are naturally struck with the heavy burden which is laid upon his reputation in the very large number of indifferent pictures which, through ignorance or dishonesty, are attributed to his pencil. Flowing locks, and collars trimmed with lace turned flat upon a dark costume, seem often to be the only foundation on which an ill-painted picture claims the right to be called "a Vandyck;" the worst copies are stoutly maintained to be originals, and names of persons are assigned to portraits, in proof of authenticity that violate all possibility as to date or place; those who were dead before Vandyck was born, and those who were born after his death, are alike supposed to have had the honor of being portrayed by the great Apelles of the seventeenth century.

'Pretensions such as these are, in fact, the homage which fame and excellence provoke, and spring from the natural desire to possess, or be thought to possess, what the world has agreed to value highly: but whilst gross pretensions may excite ridicule, and interested frauds call forth the indignation of the zealous admirers of a favorite master, it must also be allowed that considerable difficulty arises even amongst competent judges and honest witnesses in determining the originality, or rather, perhaps, the degree of originality, in several of Vandyck's pictures.

'It is clear that from his studio many more portraits emanated than could have been executed by him alone during the few months of his first visit to England in 1620, or in the nine years of his second residence, beginning in 1632. It is well known that he had working for him scholars, such as David Beck, John De Reyn, and others, who successfully imitated his painting when employed under his direction to copy his pictures or paint from his designs, and into whose work he could always introduce his own handling of the more important parts, and add those peculiar touches that set at once his own mark on the performance, and thus raise it from the rank of a copy to the dignity and value of a duplicate production. Consequently, the repetition of a portrait from the studio of Vandyck furnishes no evidence by which to solve the question of copy or original. When, therefore, the unequal excellence of the picture affords room for doubt, the point of how much or how little was the work of the master's own hand, can only now be divined by the skill of the connoisseur. To these difficulties must be added the more common-place ones occasioned by the injuries of time and disguises effected by picture-cleaners' repairs.

'On the other hand, there are no works which afford greater facilities, both artistic and historical, to be recognized as proceeding from his studio than Vandyck's English portraits. They were chiefly the portraits of persons distinguished by their rank or position; and of many there are

prints, either contemporaneous or nearly so, with the name of "Vandyck pinxit" inscribed on the engraving. Again, the age of the persons represented, being known, will be found to correspond or not either to the time of his first or his second visit to England; and the dissimilarity of the costume of these two periods offers another means of testing the correspondence of the apparent age of the person depicted and the time when Vandyck could have painted him. When the subject of a portrait is represented as bearing the insignia of any particular order of knighthood, the date of his admission into that order, being compared with that of Vandyck's first or second visit, affords another guide as to the period at which it was painted; unless, as may have happened in some cases, the garter or ribbon were added by a later artist. Another mark of Vandyck's studio is the frequent introduction of certain curtains which probably belonged to him, and became favorite pieces of furniture for the purpose of backgrounds, and of which the pattern as well as color are so carefully painted as to render them at once familiar to those who have been accustomed to look attentively at the composition of his pictures. It would be tedious to narrate all the instances in which the favored rich damask curtains appear, and how the same pattern may be traced sometimes hanging down, sometimes folded transversely, sometimes drawn tight—giving the effect of an oak panel; but there are the curtains, sufficiently well defined to leave no difficulty to any one in recognizing and identifying them as easily as the well-known furniture of his own house.

'There are many peculiarities in the composition of Vandyck's pictures which characterize his pencil, and which mark what in art may be termed his "feeling" in composition, his arrangement of light and shadow, and the form of his designs. The frequent introduction of a small portion of landscape in the background—the mass of shadow produced by some object introduced on one side of the picture—the extraordinary delicacy of his half tints, and even the peculiar blue hue which his pictures assume when faded—the pointed hand, the arm resting on the hip or on a ledge, so as to relieve the straight line of the standing figure by the introduction of a triangular form on the side, or the foot raised on a step, to produce the same effect by the bended knee—the rich satin in his costumes—the precision of touch without hardness, of elaborately worked lace—the often repeated roses in the hand or on the table, with his female portraits—the favorite attitude of the hand clutching the skirt of the gown—the simplicity with which he imparted force and dignity to his portraits of men, of cold serenity to those of women, and of well-bred demureness to his children—are so many types by which the hand of Vandyck may be traced. The imitators of this great master may have adopted, with more or less success, some of the marked characteristics of his style and composition; but due attention paid to his peculiarities, combined with a careful comparison of the age, decoration, and other circumstances of the persons represented, will tend at least to save the error of attributing portraits to

Vandyck that do not tally with the period of his second residence in England, when the style by which he is best known in this country was confirmed." (Vol. iii. pp. 241. 244.)

Of the three worthies whom Lady Theresa selects in the present volumes as representatives of the Chancellor's troop of illustrious friends, we pass over Lord Falkland as a personage familiar to every one, and the subject of a thousand delineations, from the literary portraits by Clarendon and his copyists, down to the sulky likeness in plaister which stands sentinel in Mr. Barry's magnificent avenue to the House of Commons. We pass on without reluctance to a less known character, but scarcely less deserving to be known—the gentle giant, Lord Capell, the Ajax of Charles' army for personal valor and honest simplicity of purpose, without one scruple of the obstinacy and arrogance that sully the high qualities of the Homeric hero. Brave as a paladin, yet modest as a woman and gentle as a child, great in his absolute sacrifice of self and in the perfect unconsciousness of his own greatness, there is no one of the champions of Royalism in the great rebellion to whom we turn in memory with feelings so nearly resembling those of personal attachment.

Arthur Capell lost both his parents early in life, and was brought up by his grandfather, "a gentleman of great estate, and one who followed the old mode of our nation;" an "old courtier of the Queen's," with the prejudices as well as good qualities of that venerable character. In the long peace of the early Stuart reigns, the "grand tour" was almost as common a stage of education as it became again in the last century; but old Sir Arthur negatived it in the case of his grandson, and set forth a paper of "Reasons against the travelling of my grandchylde, Arthur Capell, into the parts beyond the sea," which would probably have tempted Sydney Smith to pronounce the author a "foolometer" of exquisite accuracy for the year 1622.

"Imprimis. His callinge is to be a country gentillman, wherein there is lyttell or no use of foreane experience.

"2. Item. If God visitt him w^h sicknes, he shall not have those helpes abroad that he shall have at home in his owen country. And there lyethe a greate penalty upon his deathe: for his brother is so younge, as in all probabylty he is like to be a warde, w^h will be a greate hindrance unto the family, boathe by the impoverysinge the estate of the next heyer, and by the ill p^roviding for the younger children, his sisters, both for their educatyons and hopes for their preferments in maryage.

"3. Item. His tyme maye be better spent at home than abroad in regard that he may study the lawes of the reime, maye be made acquaynted with his estate in his grandfather's lyfetime, whereby he shall be better able to governe it after. Allso, if he will applye himselfe, he maye be a good stave and helpe to his owlde and weak grandfather, whereby many of the name and family, as yet but in meane estate, maye be the better provided for.

"4. Item. It is to be feared that throughe the wycked prests and Jesuites in those forane partes he may be perverted to the idolatrous Romane relygion: and if it be answered that he is so well grounded in trewe relygion already that there is no fear thereof, it may be replyed agayne that he is very younge, and they subtyle and industrious; and that it is a safer waye by abstayninge from travell to avoyde the meanes, then for a man to thrust himself into the peryll w^h out any necessary occasyon." (Vol. i. p. 250.)

Arthur Capell staid at home, and acquired the celebrated property of Cashiobury by marriage with the heiress of Morison. He was already in middle age when the Long Parliament was summoned, having been born in 1603: but he entered it with all the popular zeal which, the reader will observe on examination, was generally most prevalent among men who had attained that particular age; men on whom the blow inflicted by the illegal conduct of Charles in the first year of his reign had fallen in the vigor of their youth, when their susceptibilities were strongest, and whose youthful resentment was as it were prolonged and kept alive by ten years of repression. Lady Theresa doubts as to the particular motive and crisis of his conversion to Royalism; we have no doubt it was caused by the execution of Strafford. His share in it was the one sin of which he accused himself on the scaffold—the one act of cowardice of a brave and virtuous life: "which" (he said to Bishop Morley) "I did against my conscience, not out of any malice to the person of the man, but out of a base fear," (they were his own words), "and carried away with the violence of a prevailing faction, and for which I have been and am heartily sorry, and have often, with tears, begged, and, I hope, obtained, pardon of Almighty God." He went through the usual trials of loyalty, battles and marches, sequestration and plunder, without any of its common rewards, for his modesty seems to have brought him only the constant postponement of his claims to those of others: there is no trace of honor or reward achieved by him, and his very peerage (as Lady Theresa inclines to suppose) was only conferred as a mode of raising money from him. He waived

rank to which he was entitled, command in which he might have been eminently successful, in order that the rapacity of the Grenvilles and Gorings might be for the moment appeased. He, with Lord Hopton (his uncle by marriage), Hyde, and Culpeper, formed the council to which was entrusted the special management of the affairs of the young Prince of Wales; and had not their strong advice to keep him on English ground been overruled by the greater influence of the Queen and Mazarin over the unfortunate King, England might probably have avoided her Republic and her Restoration.

The readers of Clarendon will not forget one of the most charming parts of his narrative, though not a little disfigured by the writer's characteristic vanity—that which describes the life of retirement led by himself, Hopton, and Capell in Jersey, after the close of the first civil war. Of the three, Capell alone ventured home, to place his sword once more at the service of his King, in a last desperate struggle, where a darker prospect than that of a soldier's death lay ominously before him. Shut up with the other authors of the unsuccessful Kentish rising of 1647 in Colchester, he took part in that gallant defence which is among the best remembered incidents of our civil wars. This was a life and death struggle on the part of Parliament as well as the Royalists; for the forces of Fairfax were actually inferior in number to the besieged, though greatly superior in effectiveness, and a repulse might have set England in a flame. It is to this circumstance, much less than to a ferocity of which Fairfax was incapable, that the harsh military measures resorted to by the Government must be attributed. Lord Capell's son, a boy of sixteen, was seized in his mother's house, and sent down to Fairfax's army, to be dealt with by way of surety for the committeemen of Parliament captured in the town. Lord Capell wrote to the Roundhead leader, that "he might murder his son if he thought proper to do so, and he would leave his blood to be avenged as Heaven might think fit." But the better feeling of Englishmen prevailed, and the youth was restored to his mother.

The surrender of Colchester was at discretion—"mercy or no mercy." Nevertheless, after the military execution of the two chiefs, Lucas and Lisle, whose gallantry and misfortune must not make us overlook the fact that they suffered as leaders in an insurrection against a successful party in a pacified coun-

try, there was, at first, little indication of intended severity against the remaining captives. A vote passed the Lords for the banishment of Lords Holland, Norwich, and Capell; but before the assent of the Commons could be obtained, the vote was reversed, under the pressure of that military conspiracy which was then rapidly advancing to its consummation by the execution of the King. Lord Capell, though confined in the Tower, seems to have had full information of the impending fate of his sovereign. Restored to the use of the pen, "an instrument," as he terms it, "not suitable to his genius," he employed it to address an enthusiastic remonstrance to Cromwell, with whom, personally, he seems to have been on terms of courteous acquaintance. This letter ends with the earnest appeal—"I would to God my life could be a sacrifice to preserve his! Could you make it expedient to serve that end, truly I would pay you more thanks for it than you will allow yourself for all your other merits from those you have most obliged, and die your most affectionate friend." A phrase chiefly remarkable, as Lady Theresa observes, from the singular misuse made of it by Horace Walpole, who says that Capell, in writing to Cromwell, subscribes himself "your affectionate friend." If any one is curious enough in such matters to wish to establish the exact social terms which subsisted between the two, he may observe that the short note to Cromwell, in which Capell enclosed this address, is simply subscribed "your humble servant."

If he could not die for his King, he was doomed to form one of the body guard of faithful followers first dispatched to wait on his *manes*—being brought before Bradshaw's High Court of Justice, in the course of the month after Charles's execution. But his constancy was yet to be tried by many vicissitudes of hope and resignation. He escaped from the Tower—not without connivance, perhaps—but was re-captured at Lambeth, being discovered by the waterman who ferried him from the Temple—his gigantic stature alone having sufficed to make him a notorious personage among the people. He was reconducted to prison and tried. And here we are tempted to dwell a little more on the closing scene, because we cannot altogether share in Lady Theresa's view of it, and think the case of Lord Capell one in which natural sympathy with a sufferer, and a distinguished ancestor into the bargain, has led her to do a little less than justice to his opponents.

Lord Capell's defence arose out of the

transactions which took place between Fairfax and the Royalist generals at the surrender of Colchester, which, he argued, amounted to a guarantee of his life. Lady Theresa, adopting that defence, brings forward as a somewhat parallel instance the case of Marshal Ney. We will not here urge the considerations, that the Marshal's plea of the 12th article of the Convention of Paris was, as Lady Theresa herself observes, a mere afterthought—that impartial judges have, we believe, repudiated it—and that the Duke of Wellington's stern and short solution of the difficulty seems the only practical one—such conventions bind none but those who make or ratify them. But in truth the two cases seem to us entirely different. The 12th article of the Convention to which Marshal Ney appealed, undoubtedly did profess to guarantee life. The surrender of Colchester was simply a surrender at discretion. Lord Capell relied, not on the terms of the surrender, but on the language of a letter of the general, Fairfax, which he regarded as qualifying that surrender. Now, not to mention the absurdities which would follow from considering the expressions of mere personal correspondence as modifying solemn documents, Fairfax himself plainly did not so understand his own language. His own letter to Parliament, announcing the surrender, and written before any question had arisen as to its extent and meaning, was perfectly distinct: "As for the Lord Goring, Lord Capell, and the rest of the persons rendered to mercy, and now assured of quarter, he did render them to Parliament for public justice and mercy as they should see cause." This letter was read in Court on the trial, and in strict justice could not but be conclusive. That the Court, therefore, still strained a little at the objection raised by Lord Capell, and ultimately, while it condemned both him and Norwich, referred their fate, as well as that of Lord Holland and others, back to "the mercy of Parliament," is really in fairness attributable to the influence of their many friends, and to the little appetite for blood of the republican party in general, and not to any consciousness that wrong had been done.

The reference to Parliament was a protraction of anguish. To one prepared to die, it would have been almost better to face the appellate decision of a body of determined enemies, than that of a wavering assembly of irresolute and comparatively careless partymen, few desirous of his blood, but many indifferent to it, and most of them chiefly anxious to keep on good terms with the ruling

faction. The destiny of every man comprised in the sentence seemed to hang on the chance of a compromise between their several partisans, "striving to cast away those they were not concerned in, that they might save their friends." Lady Theresa, following Clarendon and other secondhand authorities, has not quite accurately reported the particulars of this sitting of the House.* Lord Norwich, she says, was saved by Speaker Lenthall's casting vote, Lord Holland condemned by the same, the petition in favor of Lord Capell rejected by three or four votes. The first of these statements only is correct, as the Commons' Journals show. The petition in favor of Lord Capell was negatived without a division. His fate was sealed, if Lord Clarendon is to be believed, through the staunch hatred of Ireton, backed up by a hypocritical speech from Cromwell—but Clarendon's authority is worth very little in this case; as we think Lady Theresa should have remembered, before she fixed on the Protector in particular "the stain of unjust judgment, the uncalled-for, unmerited, and unmerciful condemnation of Lord Capell."

"Thus died Lord Capell," says Carlyle, "the first who complained of grievances; in seven years' time there are such changes for a man; and the first act of his drama little knows what the last may be." His death was emphatically that of a Christian and a hero. Though to the last maintaining the injustice of his condemnation, he bore himself as one who had no remembrance for his own wrongs; who had sacrificed all, even to his own personality, in absorbing devotion to a cause. Several accounts of his last moments are cited by Lady Theresa; Bishop Morley's in the State Trials, Lord Clarendon's, from hearsay of course, and reading too like a piece of classical composition; that published "by authority," to gratify the popular craving for last dying speeches; and Whitelocke's, short and impressive; but all concur in the main features; the brief and almost stern abruptness of the old soldier,—the simplicity of the hero, utterly unconscious that he had a part to perform,—the devotion, which neither vented itself in rhetorical forgiveness of enemies on the one hand, nor, on the other,

"Call'd the gods, in vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;"—

* Vol. ii. p. 118, &c. Why does Mr. Carlyle, in his version of the same story—unless it be for his favorite purpose of introducing a picturesque touch—call it "a thin house?" A division of sixty was rather a full one at that time.

but was fixed first on the great coming account, and next on the sure prospect of passing at once from a suffering cause and Church to the same cause and Church triumphant. "Lord Clarendon's conclusion needs no comment, nor admits of any addition: 'He was a man that, whoever shall after him deserve best of the English nation, can never think himself undervalued when he shall hear that his courage, virtue, and fidelity is laid in the balance, and compared with that of Lord Capell.'" (Vol. ii. p. 157.)

Like most of the great royalists of that day, he was scarcely fortunate in his issue. The vein of rich ore in his lineage seemed arrested by a sudden "fault." Cashiobury Abbey Lands, thought some, claimed their expiatory process of misfortune, not completed by the hero's violent death. His eldest son, the first Capell, Earl of Essex, perished miserably and mysteriously in the Tower. His daughter, Theodosia, married Lord Cornbury, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon; she died very young, and her death is the subject of one of the best authenticated stories of Scottish second sight on record; it is to be found in the correspondence annexed to Pepys's Diary. Henry Capell, the other son,—a successful personage enough, but certainly not through the steady adherence to an unfortunate cause which had distinguished his father,—was childless. We need not remind our readers of the dispersion of this temporary cloud on the fortunes of the house of Capell, nor how, as has been already noticed, much of the inheritance of Hyde himself ultimately passed to the female descendant of his own illustrious friend.

We must confess that we cannot so readily adopt Lady Theresa's taste in the choice of the third member of her triumvirate as one of the *élite* of the Chancellor's list,—namely, that most wet-brown-paperish of noblemen, to use a phrase of Horace Walpole, William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, and Duke of Somerset. The Muse of History certainly has a malicious pleasure in mocking her sister of Romance. The situations in her narratives, which are the most enchanting to the novelist, are generally filled by the most common-place of mortals. The history of William Seymour's ancestral fortunes, and his own, resembles one of those great Trilogies in which Greek genius conducted a connecting Fate through a series of generations. Great grandson of the daring Protector, grandchild of Edward Seymour and Katherine Grey, whose hapless union was blasted by the persevering jealousy of Elizabeth, himself

the offspring of a second unhappy marriage, and of an unjustly persecuted mother, he became at nineteen the hero of that touching episode which connects the kingly tragedy of the Stuarts with the drama of his own line. "The loves of William Seymour and Arabella Stuart, the secret marriage, the discovery, the imprisoning, the flight, and its disastrous consequences, would supply ample materials for one of those popular tales where historical events form but the skeleton on which feelings, motives, words, and even added incidents, are wrought according to the taste and skill of the writer." Once more, after many years of seclusion, he was called to a post where the eyes of the world were fixed upon him; called to save, if possible, from the consequences of its own misgovernment, that royal race which had visited him and his house with so much relentless tyranny. He held a high military station in the army of Charles I., attended him with unwearied loyalty in his last vicissitudes, was one of the four (the Duke of Richmond, Earls Southampton and Lindsay being the others) who obtained permission of the ruling powers "to perform the last duty to their dead master, and to wait upon him to his grave," bore his coffin from his bed-chamber at Windsor to the vault of Henry VIII., and lived to pay homage to that sovereign's restored son, and to receive such reward as could be bestowed on his constancy in the removal of the bar of illegitimacy arbitrarily drawn across his father's scutcheon by Elizabeth, and the restoration of the dukedom forfeited by the Protector.

And yet, as we have said, the subject of this lofty story was but a very ordinary being, amidst events which turned men of vulgar fortunes into heroes. He seems to have sauntered through his eventful times,—yet, what an age of thoughts and passions was experienced by one who knelt at the feet of Elizabeth at his introduction into life, and of Charles II. before quitting it,—taking nearly as little share as he could help in the mighty changes which were going on in society around him. Cowed into servility in early life, he settled, after a brief period of aristocratic liberalism, into a steady loyalty, quietly brave, and respectably conservative, but with as little real appetite as might be for either fighting or politics, or anything else but his books and his ease. Even his boyish amour gives little evidence of genuine feeling. At the very time when his unhappy Arabella, in the only letter to her husband which has been preserved, breaks into the tenderest expressions of passion, and assures him that

"nothing the State can do with me can trouble me so much as the news of your being ill doth;" he is content to represent to the Privy Council his own attachment as of a much more business-like character, "myself being but a younger brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge anything but my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavors, and she a lady of great honor and virtue, and as *I thought, of great means.*" And, while the late Mr. Disraeli, inclining to the romantic side, set down these expressions of poor Mr. William Seymour to the score of "dissembling his love," Lady Theresa cruelly, we do not doubt justly, declares "that there seems no occasion to search for hidden motives or disguised feelings by which to interpret his own very plain and straightforward explanation otherwise than as he gave it!" A year after his wife's miserable death, we find him a successful suitor, with the gracious permission of Majesty, for the hand of Lady Frances Devereux; and serving on for years more, though under "many and continued disobligations from the Court," in the various functions belonging to his rank and to the great estates which he inherited on succeeding to the peerage. We can scarcely make up our minds, with Lady Theresa, to admire the "christian-like forgiveness" exhibited by one who so evidently "lacked gall to make oppression bitter."

That Charles should have appointed to high military command one so utterly destitute of military qualities, at a time when the salvation of his crown depended on the latter, and that the appointment should have been popular, is only to be accounted for by that intense love of irreproachable mediocrity, in men of high lineage and good estate, which marks the English character—and which, as some say, has saved the English Constitution more than once from the danger it might have run at the hands of clever and low-born eccentricity. His command was distinguished by nothing but perpetual tracasseries with the King's unruly nephews, against whose encroachments, and the weak partiality of Charles, he had not sufficient personal force of character to defend with success his mortified dignity. Yet he stuck to the Court as long as a Court existed; and he, who had been Lieutenant-general of the West, and was still the first nobleman of his party, was finally worsted by the Queen in a contest for the important office of "Groom of the Stole" to a monarch whose life was

passed on horseback. His sterling qualities remain depicted, perhaps too partially, in the pages of Clarendon; but the only traces of romance which we detect in his career are, that he called his eldest daughter Arabella, probably to the mortification of her mother, the Lady Frances; and that at the siege of Weymouth, he thought proper to challenge his opponent, the Earl of Bedford, to single combat; an offer which the Parliamentary leader "reasonably declined." Once only we find him placed in a situation where his steady, commonplace principle, amounted to dignity. This was when Cromwell made advances to him, relying probably on the traditional persecution of his house by the Stuarts. But all which the Protector's cajolery could draw from him was only reiterated advice to restore the heir to the crown, and assurances of safety in doing so. (Vol. iii. pp. 122, 123.)

The remainder of Lady Theresa's volumes is occupied with slight biographical and family notices of all the principal personages whose portraits remain at "the Grove," interesting especially as bearing on their alliances and connexions; for the Chancellor's family was distinguished, besides its famous union with the royal line of Stuart, by intermarriages with a great number of the highest, especially the courtly, families of the day. There is a fascination it is difficult to account for in such genealogical pursuits, when they are followed, as in these volumes, not in the spirit of a herald, but of an historian; and it is perhaps increased by the great complication of family changes characteristic of the period; the short duration of English houses, the transitory character of English honors, which are peculiarly striking when we trace the descents of titles and property under the Tudors and Stuarts. All is vicissitude in the annals of the great majority of eminent families of those days; a Romance of the Peerage, if vicissitudes constitute romance,—court favor and court enmity, civil and foreign war, personal thrift and extravagance, being constantly at work to make fortunes wax and wane,

"Come il volger del ciel della Luna
Cuopre e discuopre i lidi senza posa."

Out of all the noble company assembled on the walls of the Grove, our memory points out only four whose honors have descended from them to the present time in the male line—Burleigh, Pembroke, Capel, Arundel. Even a descent of four males in

direct succession was comparatively uncommon. This unquestionable fact may be traced to several co-operating causes,—political changes being the most obvious; but the mischievous feudal habit of over-early marriages perhaps the most effectual. Undoubtedly, in heraldic eyes, our nobility stand, in this respect, far below the stately lines of neighboring continental realms; of Germany, for instance, and even of France; still more of stationary countries, like Spain and Italy, where families can, in more instances than is commonly supposed, be traced with reasonable certainty back into ages of remote and fabulous antiquity. There is something which awes the imagination in those great autochthonic races, rooted in the soil like the mighty trees to which botanists now assign almost geological periods of life. In a remote canton of Tuscany there is a river, the Cecina, which has borne the same name ever since history began; and on its banks, as Mr. Dennis informs us, there flourished even from the beginning a family of the same name, until within the last twenty years, when it died out in the person of a priest. The rock tombs of the valley are full of urns inscribed with the Etruscan name of *AULE CECINA*. The modernized *Cæcinæ* of republican and imperial Rome were a race tolerably well known to history; two are familiar to readers of Cicero,—one commanded against Arminius,—one in Otho's civil war,—one (*Cæcina Pætus*) was the husband of the courageous *Arria*. *Decius Albinus Cæcina*, of that ilk, occupied a villa on the banks of his ancestral river, when *Rutilius*, the poet, passed that way, A. D. 417. Two centuries ago it was still said of the family of Cecina on the same spot, “nobilitate sua viget;” and a Don Lorenzo Aulo Cecina was excavating Etruscan antiquities in 1740. This were indeed a descent to be proud of, if hoar antiquity conveys honor—a descent fit to dazzle the eyes of the antiquary, and make a pedigree in an English

county history appear, in Johnsonian language, like the “biography of an ephemeron.” But the course of English destiny, and the progress of our society, required this inferior durability in the atoms of which that society is composed. The rapid succession of properties and families in this country has been at once the effect and the cause of continual improvement—of the innovating and remodelling temper of our people, “ever working something new.” As land is exhausted by repeated crops, so the law of nature seems to ordain that the inherited vigor of families shall generally die out by too long duration in the male line. Let us leave it to such writers as *Spelman*, and the successors of *Spelman* in the present day—admitting the fraction of truth which exists in their philosophy also—to designate such vicissitudes of titles and estates as visitations of Providence, whether on sacrilege in particular, or generally on rash and irreverent innovation; and let us believe, on the contrary, that these changes are among the very instruments through which Providence has raised this community to its present high position. The first House of Clarendon enjoyed its well-earned honors for even less than the ordinary period allotted to a family—dying out in less than a century from the first creation. Those honors devolved, just a century ago, on another line, of opposite political associations, which is even now in the full bloom and vigor of its destiny. *Absit omen*, and may they long preserve their dignity, connected as they are at once with the triumphs of the past, and the hopes of the future, and owing allegiance, by separate descents, at once to the cause of conservatism and that of progress. But the natural prospect to which the previous course of English social history bids us look is, that they also shall decline whenever their day of usefulness is past, and another period in the march of human affairs shall call its appropriate actors on the scene.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PARIS IN 1814, ON THE FALL OF NAPOLEON.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

ALTHOUGH considerably weakened by the disasters of the Russian campaign in 1812, by the lost battles of 1813 in Germany, and by the protracted warfare in the Peninsula, attended by repeated defeats, the French armies still maintained their deserved reputation for intrepidity and professional prowess, and the prestige of Napoleon had lost nothing of its magic influence. His name alone was still a host in itself, and inspired the allies with an awe they would not have felt had they been acquainted with the pent-up feelings of the inhabitants of France. In spite, then, of the invasion of his empire, by the united forces of all Europe, on its northern, southern and eastern boundaries, in spite of the daily breaking up of some portion of his political fabric, so accustomed had men become to behold his almost fabulous fortunes ever on the ascendant, few could be brought to believe that they were about to be closed in discomfiture and ruin.

It was the 30th of March, at four in the morning, the day after that in which the deluded inhabitants of Paris had been lulled into fancied security by a lying proclamation of Joseph Bonaparte, the titular King of Spain, recently arrived after his disgraceful flight from Vittoria, and appointed the Emperor's Lieutenant in the capital, when they were startled from their slumbers by sounds which told but too plainly that "grim-visaged War" had reached their cherished hearths, that for the first time for three centuries past Paris was beleaguered by a foreign foe. The day of retribution was at last come, the day in which France was to expiate years of unjust aggressions; when her capital also, like Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, Lisbon, Madrid, all of which, with many more, she had visited in her wrath and rapaciously mulcted and despoiled, was now, in its turn, to undergo the direful pains and penalties of a conquered city.

Napoleon had been out-marched and cut

off from his capital, and every one felt, as if by instinct, and as he himself must have done, that Paris, once lost, his empire had passed away. The struggle before the walls was long and bloody. The little army under Marshals Marmont and Mortier did its duty gallantly during that eventful day, fighting desperately against fearful odds, till five in the afternoon, when, to save the "Capital of Civilization" from being taken by storm, or entered by force of arms, Marmont, the senior in command, in accordance with a resolution of the municipal authorities of Paris, signed a capitulation, by which that city was to be delivered up to the allies on the following morning. Ere the capitulation, however, had been entered into or even thought of, Joseph had decamped, together with the Empress Maria Louisa, her infant son, the imperial ministers and the great officers of state, and taken refuge at Blois.

Few of the Parisians slept that night. The excitement produced by the deadly contest of the day was succeeded by apprehensions for the morrow, when Paris, that Paris so idolized by Frenchmen, the centre of arts, taste, fashion, of all worldly enjoyments and pleasures, was to be given up into the hands of men whom they designated as "barbarians." The *barbarians*, however, kept their faith to the letter, and, though flushed with success and in possession of several entrances to the city, not one allied soldier crossed the *Barrière*. The town remained perfectly tranquil, as if stunned by the unthought-of, the incredible, the "impossible" fact, that it had become the captive of despised enemies; and the few National Guards, which had been most reluctantly called out in January by Napoleon (for he disliked and mistrusted the institution), were sufficient to maintain order in the absence of all other police. On the heights of Montmartre gleamed the watch-fires of the allies, and from thence proceeded during the night sounds of triumph and

revelry, to the dismay of the bewildered Parisians.

For a lengthened period the public mind of France had been undergoing a remarkable change. The undisguised despotism of the Imperial Government; the constant action of an inquisitorial police; the total subjection of the press and the deprivation of all civil liberty; the absence of parliamentary discussion; the collapsed state of trade and commerce, and the drain upon the agricultural population by repeated and cruelly enacted conscriptions, were so many causes that successively tended to dissipate, even among the corrupt and the servile, the illusions hitherto entertained on behalf of Bonaparte. Then the interminable Spanish war, commenced by him in treachery, carried on with ruthless barbarity, and closing in defeat: the loss amid the snows of Russia of the most numerous and finest army of modern times; finally, the invasion of the French territory, hitherto unpolluted by the presence of an enemy, contributed greatly to lessen his influence over the nation, as these latter events proved that he had ceased to command success. Nevertheless, the machinery of his arbitrary government worked so well as to repress any attempt at a public expression of the universal feeling. In the Legislative Assembly were found, indeed, some few enlightened and patriotic men, who ventured to make one effort in favor of the country, to hint at the necessity for peace. Their resolution, although embodied in an address couched in timidly cautious terms, was received with insult and contempt. These "legislators," alas! had for years remained utterly mute, in the way of remonstrance or appeal. So long as success attended Napoleon, so long as the cannon of the *Invalides* continued announcing some conquest or some victory, they were not backward in their applause and adulations; they could see no injustice in his aggressions and usurpations, and acquiesced in all his nefarious acts. But now that the thunderbolt recoiled upon themselves, these inert men began to entertain scruples. They apprehended, instinctively, that their master was wilfully working out his own ruin, and thus endangering the possession of the good things they themselves enjoyed. It was too late for such a body to presume at becoming the spokesmen of the nation, or the defenders of her outraged freedom. And well he made them understand as much. In his gross language he told them, contemptuously, that "they should wash their dirty linen at home, and not in public," and added,

"that he alone had a right to speak, for he alone was the *representative of the whole people*."

This insolent rebuke the poor legislators perhaps deserved, but it had, nevertheless, the effect of alienating the public mind from their ruler. The nation began to examine and to scrutinize into what it had gained by seconding the insatiable ambition of an individual who arrogantly trampled on all its liberties, spurned at advice in a most critical moment, and insultingly sent to the right about the pitiful semblance of a national representation that yet remained.

Still the public mind was quite in an unsettled state as to what form of government was to supersede that of the empire, if it should fall. A Republic was certainly not thought of. Republicanism, it was felt, had been effectually crushed under fourteen years of military despotism, and its advocates, few in number, had no rallying point from whence to direct their aims, if so disposed. The elements for a second Republic were to arise at a later period, and then only as an ungrateful requital for the enjoyment during four-and-thirty years of free and liberal institutions, under enlightened and patriotic monarchs. Some there were who imagined Napoleon's empire might be continued under his son and the regency of the Empress; but it was more generally thought, that, Napoleon once overthrown, and his own personal influence no longer exercised, there remained but little chance for the perpetuation of his race on a usurped throne. On the other hand, for some time past a feeling had gone abroad, and was gaining ground, that a return to legitimate monarchy would be the only means of closing the abyss of woes formed by the Revolution, of restoring peace and prosperity, and of reconciling France with outraged Europe. This feeling was not confined to the breasts of those who eagerly yearned for the restoration of the House of Bourbon, it had occurred to thinking men of all shades of opinion as "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Bonaparte himself had a presentiment that such aspirations in favor of the Bourbons were in embryo, and sought to awe them into terror, for on retaking Troyes, in Champagne, from the Russians, a few weeks only before the fall of Paris, he ordered three or four old French officers, who on the first entrance of the Allies into that town had appeared in the streets wearing the badge of the order of St. Louis, to be immediately shot. Apart from the natural causes for alarm in a beleaguered city, the anticipations entertained

by those who were friendly to a Restoration were ardent enough during the night of the 30th of March. No preconcerted plan of any importance had been, or could have been, entered into, but each individually was resolved to seize the best opportunity for expressing and acting upon his own settled opinion.

The sun rose in splendor on the never-to-be-forgotten 31st of March. At early dawn, a few light troops and Cossacks showed themselves in the streets, staring about and stared at in their turn; their wild, uncouth appearance amusing the gaping Parisians, all on tip-toe to witness the grand entrance of the Allied Sovereigns and their armies. At about ten o'clock were seen, coming from the Porte St. Martin, along the Boulevards, riding abreast, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Austrian Generalissimo Prince of Schwartzemberg, and the British Ambassador, the Earl of Cathcart, representing the four great powers of Europe, united in one common cause. A numerous and brilliant staff attended them, and then followed an immense army. For successive hours the armed hosts poured along those Boulevards: the soldiers all bearing green boughs in their caps and helmets, marched on in deep silence, and uttered no shouts of triumph or defiance. From the monarch to the private soldier, all seemed impressed with an undefined awe: as if they felt that they were only the humble instruments of Providence, in effecting some vast change in the destinies of the civilized world.

And now, as the imposing mass moved on, were to be seen numerous groups of men, some on foot, others on horseback, displaying white cockades, and shouting "Vive le Roi;" whilst from balconies, windows, and open carriages, ladies decorated with white favors, re-echoed the loyal cry. No marked notice of these demonstrations appeared to be taken by the allies. But what seemed to give the Royalists encouragement, was an accidental circumstance unconnected with this display. The allied armies, composed of many different nations, had during the campaign, in order to an easy recognition of each other, agreed to wear a white scarf on the left arm. This badge was now interpreted as a sign favorable to the Royalist cause. At the most it could only be looked upon as a token of friendly intentions; but the chord had been struck, the impulse given, and after twenty-five years of proscription, the ancient cry of "Vive le Roi," again rung through the capital of France.

All that day the enthusiasm for the Bourbons was manifest; it spread and increased, and with the rapidity attendant on any impetus given to public feeling, it was speedily known that a general meeting of Royalists would be held that same night. In the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, a few doors from the present site of the British Embassy, resided a widow lady of great wealth. Madame de Morfontaine was the daughter of M. Lepelletier de St. Fargeau, a member of the National Convention, and a regicide. Dining one day at a *restaurateur's* in the Palais Royal, M. Lepelletier was accidentally met by a *garde du corps*, who, stung with indignation at the sight of one who had voted the King's death, stabbed him to the heart. Upon this event, the National Convention passed a decree, by which the daughter of the murdered regicide was adopted as *La fille de la Nation*, and endowed with an ample fortune, although she inherited a considerable one from her father. Some years afterwards she married a M. de Witt, son of the Ambassador of the Dutch Republic, who died a few months after. She then married a cousin of her own, M. Lepelletier de Morfontaine, and a second time was left a widow. Now, this lady, daughter of a regicide, the child by adoption of a Republic, and wife by her first marriage of an hereditary Republican, was nevertheless a most decided and confirmed Royalist, and her hotel was fixed upon for the general rendezvous of that party. In its vast and elegant apartments was congregated a numerous assemblage of men of all classes and degrees. A memorial to the Emperor Alexander was drawn up on the spot, and handed about for signature by the fair hostess herself, beseeching his majesty to proclaim the restoration of the royal family of France. This memorial, we believe, was never sent. As might have been expected, great excitement prevailed in the motley assembly, and no little confusion. In the course of the evening, some one having hinted that the municipal council was then sitting at the Hotel de Ville, with the intent perhaps of thwarting the wishes of the Royalists, wild cries of "*A cheval!*" "*Aux armes!*" "*Vive le Roi!*" arose from a score or two of young men, who hastily rushed out of the hotel in anger and alarm, and the assembly broke up in the greatest disorder. It has been surmised that the unfounded rumor which caused the alarm and sudden dispersion of the company assembled at Madame De Morfontaine's house, was circulated by a secret agent of Talleyrand, who was by no means desirous of any inter-

ference with the plans he had concocted to bring about the Restoration, so as to suit his own purposes. In fact, no decided result could be expected to ensue from any unorganized manifestation in favor of royalty, however general and sincere.

The restoration required to be effected in a more ostensible and official manner. The Municipal Council of Paris took the lead in the movement, by a proclamation disclaiming all further allegiance to Napoleon, and recording a unanimous vote for the return of the King. A Provisional Executive was appointed to act during the interregnum, and Talleyrand named its president, who forthwith convened the Senate in solemn assembly.

Napoleon, although overpowered, was still to be dreaded. He might, in despair, yet continue the fruitless struggle. His advanced posts were within twelve miles of Paris when the capitulation was signed. Notwithstanding the proclamation of the Allied Sovereigns, purporting that they would treat no more with Napoleon or any of his family, and calling upon the nation to adopt a government of its choice, a momentary cloud of alarm seemed to overshadow the rising hopes of the emancipated French people. But the impulse given by the capital, and sanctioned by the public bodies, produced its due effect. The little army that had fought the last battle was the first to tender its submission to the Provincial Government, and to rally round the standard of the *Fleur de lis*. This example was soon followed by the marshals and generals who surrounded Bonaparte, and among these none was more peremptory than Marshal Ney in pressing upon him the necessity of an immediate and unconditional abdication; but they all honorably stipulated for the safety of his person, and for a suitable provision being made for his future maintenance. At length, on the 6th April, Napoleon signed the act of abdication, and departed for the residence so injudiciously assigned to him in the Island of Elba. When this became known, confidence returned, and the Parisians now looked forward with eager impatience for the arrival of some member of the Royal Family. The nearest at hand was Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, the King's brother, who had entered France from the eastward, and was hastily journeying towards Paris.

Whilst the inhabitants of Paris were for the most part indulging in anticipation and hope—some few, no doubt, suffering from apprehension or regret—but all influenced by great excitement, a private and melancholy scene was being enacted in a magnificent

hotel in one of the *fauxbourgs*: a sad but characteristic episode of that eventful period. Without a friend or relative near him—unattended save by one of those mortal ministering angels a Sister of Charity—lay on a couch of torture and anguish, one who but lately had been a high-spirited officer of dragoons. In the engagement of the 30th March, he had been twice wounded. Besides a severe sabre cut which he had received on the shoulder, a bullet had struck him on the head, laying open the brain, and this latter wound left him in a hopeless state. Better for him had he died on the battle-field. The father of this young officer, a nobleman of ancient race, was a pitiable instance of the debasement into which the weak may sink through servility, and his case exhibits a striking example of the thorough subjection under which the iron rule of Bonaparte had broken the spirit of the men around him, even to the perversion of the feelings of nature. Though born to a dukedom, with the title of prince, he had accepted with alacrity from Napoleon the inferior dignity of count, and undertaken the humble office of chamberlain. In the exuberance of his zeal, he followed, with all his household, in the train of the Empress Maria Louisa, at Blois, having left no one but a porter within his gates. This nobleman had had three sons, all of whom he devoted to the military service; that being the most acceptable method of paying court to his new master. The eldest fell in Spain, the second in Russia. On the latter occasion, Napoleon was considerate enough to notice the bereaved father, and, with something of feeling, said to him, "*Ah! Monsieur de —, votre fils est mort; au moins, c'est avec gloire.*"—"Sire," was the ready rejoinder of the fawning courtier, holding by the hand a lad of eighteen, "*je vous en amène un autre.*" Bonaparte himself could not reply to this, and passed on. The *autre* was his last son, his only child, and it was that son who now lingered out the last hours of his young life in solitude and agony, without a relative or friend to soothe his dying moments. Almost unconscious of what passed around him, he scarcely listened to the kind words of the Sister of Charity by his side, and heard but imperfectly the pious orisons which, on bended knees, she offered up for her young charge to the throne of mercy. On a sudden, a distant sound, becoming more distinct as it neared his dwelling, seemed to arouse him to a sense of external things. A smile came over his pallid features, his eyes opened with a faint gleam of joy. "A drum! the trum-

pet!" shouted he; "ah, *vive l'Empereur!*" and before his attendant could restrain him, he leapt up from his couch, and, with one bound, reached the window. There for a moment he stood aghast, as if transfixed with amazement, then, wildly raising both his hands to his head, he tore his hair in frenzy, and uttering a piercing shriek, fell upon the floor a senseless corpse. The sight of a division of Prussian troops marching in triumph through the capital of his country had produced this fatal crisis.

The cause of the Restoration received a most signal service at this conjuncture, in a publication emanating from one of the brightest lights of the age. This production—the first and most glorious fruit of the now emancipated press—was Chateaubriand's celebrated pamphlet, "*De Bonaparte et des Bourbons*;" and in spite of some excusable tendency to exaggeration—written as it was on the impulse of a thrilling moment—it deserves to be remembered as the outburst of a free and loyal heart, whose yearnings had been long suppressed. The timely appearance of this publication produced a wonderful effect on the public mind, and its reasonings and revelations served as well to unveil the monstrous tyranny of the Imperial Government, as to display to the mortified vanity of the French, the abject degradation

into which they had so inertly sunk, from their prostrate submission to its decrees.

Nothing was now talked of but the expected arrival of Comte d'Artois. Bonaparte appeared to be completely forgotten. It seemed, indeed, as if he had never existed. The feeling of irritation inseparable from the presence of foreign troops considerably declined, and was fast fading away; thanks to the admirable conduct, the forbearance, and the discipline they observed, and the courteous behavior of the officers, most of whom spoke French with fluency, and increased the impression in their favor. Above all, the tokens of unfeigned good will towards the French nation expressed and made manifest by the Allied Sovereigns, especially by the Emperor of Russia, added largely to the hopeful anticipations for the future. Thus the most undisguised satisfaction seemed to animate all classes of the community. Carnot himself, a stern republican, actually declared that "the whole nation was in a perfect delirium of joy." Such, then, was the state of Paris on the morning of the 12th April, 1814, which dawned with seeming auspicious brilliancy on the return to his native land, after three and twenty years of exile, of an amiable and well-intentioned Prince, destined, alas! in a few more years, to experience in his own sovereign person the vicissitudes of revolution.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.*

ANY work which casts light upon the history and habitudes of the Chinese people must be interesting to Europeans—to ourselves peculiarly so, because our relations with "the flowery land" have been intimate and important. The civilized and Christian world gazes with astonishment at that singular race, who, while they arrogate a heavenly origination and attributes, and look with supreme contempt on all other people, combine, at the same time, all the peculiarities of both ancient and modern barbarism. They

are altogether a distinct world. The great antiquity of their empire, their peculiar customs, the wearisome idioms of their language, and the exceeding ingenuity and imitative cleverness of the entire people, entitle them to the respectful attention of the ethnologist. For many ages the Chinese empire has been a *terra incognita* to Europeans. Thither the thoughts of mediæval statesmen and merchants were directed. The adventurer, wearied by the monotony of home-life, and seeking a new field of pleasure or advantage, dreamed of that "far Cathay," where, it was thought, gems and gold were to be had almost for asking; where the people lived amid scenes of beauty and joy; and wher

* *The Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China; with Memoirs of the Court of Peking.* By the late Rev. Charles Gutzlaff.—London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1852.

the rulers of the land passed an elysian life in a happiness undisturbed by cares of state, and free from the common disquietudes and sorrows of humanity. Not a few goodly barques and their mariners perished in endeavoring to reach that sunny land whose realities were expected to surpass all the conceptions of romance; or—a circumstance by no means unusual in the history of the time—they who had sailed on that bold adventure cared not to return and to tell of their pains and disappointments. The Portuguese seem to have arrived at the earliest knowledge of the celestial land, and a few of them gained a footing in the empire; but, generally, until within the present century, China and its people were almost unknown to the rest of the world. There can be no doubt, however, that the Chinese had approximated towards civilization, while the greater portion of mankind still slumbered in the night of ignorance and barbarity. After making all allowance for the characteristic exaggeration of the national chroniclers, it is clear that their records, such of them as are in existence, date from a very remote antiquity, and the traces of an early partial civilization are even now clearly discernible among them. Every year increases our knowledge of this remarkable nation; and, probably, when the influence of Christianity has been more powerfully exerted upon them—that silently but mightily-working leaven which gradually transforms the mass into which it is infused—we shall obtain information of the history, philosophies, and habits of this people, quite as full and as satisfactory as that which we are already gaining of the races of the Indian peninsula.

The lamented Dr. Gutzlaff has bequeathed us a charming volume, which we venture to assert will be a favorite with all who interest themselves in the present condition, and who speculate upon the future, of the Chinese people. The work, dedicated to Sir George Staunton, "the constant friend and patron of all sinalogues," is simply and effectively written. Its excellent author was not permitted to see the publication of his book:—death overtook him in the prime of life, at Hong-Kong, in the August of last year; and it will be some gratification to the friends of this accomplished and revered laborer in the missionary field to learn that his widow is preparing to publish a memoir of her lamented husband. No one was more qualified than Dr. Gutzlaff to add to our scanty knowledge of Chinese affairs. He was for many years a resident in the country, was in daily

intercourse with its people, had all sources of information open to his view, and in the present volume we have ample evidence that he was thoroughly at home in his knowledge of the Chinese polity, of the method of administration, and indeed of the minutæ of the imperial system. We heartily welcome this graceful addition to our oriental literature, which gives us an insight not merely into the system of the administration of the government, but casts considerable light on the home-life of the Chinese people.

The Emperor of China is an absolute ruler; his will is law to the three hundred and sixty-five millions of people whom he rules; his mode of life, his habits, his predilections, become the standard for his people; he holds the lives and property of his subjects in his own hands, and is responsible to none. An autocrat of the largest magnitude, the Emperor is, however, in complete vassalage to the traditional usages of the state. Nowhere does one find the idea of toryism so completely developed as in the system of the Chinese government. An unchangeable conservatism, a slavish copying of ancestral practices, a fixed belief in the divine right of the ruler to do as he will with his own, a complete slavery on the part both of the monarch and of his people to court etiquette and to the traditional conventionalisms received from a barbarous age, the monarch's reigning as the head and front of the national religious system, as heaven's incarnation and the people's pattern; these are the distinctive elements in the Chinese imperialism, and, with but slight modification, in all toryism whatsoever; for toryism is the same in principle, whether it have place in the believers in Dalai Lama or in the bucolic English squire. In such, and in all among whom it obtains, it is neither more nor less than a concentration of the grossest selfishness which can disgrace humanity. In the highest state of humanity toryism will not be possible. It can live only where the masses of the people calmly tolerate the selfishness and cupidity of the few. Its fitting soil is in the degraded East, in Pekin and in Ava, rather than in London or Washington.

The late Emperor of China, Taou-Kwang, was the son of Keaking, a frivolous and dissipated ruler. During his youth, Taou-Kwang bore the name of Meening; and that period of his life was passed by the young prince in martial exercise, and in self-preparation for the possibilities of the future. Economical in his habits, and disgusted at the scenes of drunkenness and debauchery which abounded

in his father's court, he lived in comparative seclusion. His father, dreading that, according to a not unfrequent practice of the East, he might suffer assassination from his children or other kinsmen, murdered many of them; and his whole reign was that of a terrible tyrant, always sanguinary when he was not intoxicated—demoniacal in his sobriety, and beastly in his drunkenness. Keaking's wrath vented itself in peculiar ferocity on those of his subjects who embraced the creed of the Roman Catholic church. He greatly feared these converts from the national orthodoxy; and, like many western despots, he determined that his subjects should be of one mind in matters of religion. It was not an easy matter to convince the heretics of their grievous fault. Persuasion, moreover, is a tedious proof, involving argumentative processes in which the imperial mind might achieve, it were possible, but little; and to save himself from any derogatory exertion, he commanded the executioners to do their bloody work throughout the empire. It is probable that Meening would never have attracted the favor of his father, but for an insurrection of the Pe-lien-kean, or 'sect of the water-lily.' Seventy of these rebels attacked the palace with the intention of destroying the dissolute and bloody ruler; but they were repelled by the valor, for the most part, of the young prince, who, in return, was nominated by his father heir to the throne. We will quote the imperial edict under which he was appointed successor to his father, which is very much after the style of Nebuchadnezzar:

'The great emperor, who received the empire from revolving nature and Heaven, was three years instructed by his father. A good administration consists in venerating Heaven, imitating the ancestors, diligence in government, and love to the people. In the beginning of my government, the robbers of three provinces were still in full array; but after four years the world was at rest. I was always an enemy to strange opinions. I have suppressed the same, and inculcated true principles as the best means to support human society. All the evils that fell upon my subjects I instantly removed, and I remitted all arrears on my sixtieth birth-day. When I was recently going out hunting, I found some difficulty in ascending a mountain; the phlegm of my chest rose to my throat. In my days of health, however, I had appointed a worthy successor, and inscribed his name on a piece of paper preserved in a chest. This prince had killed two robbers when they attacked my palace; the remainder were thereby terrified, and I gave him the cognomen of Wise. The present sickness is likely to end my life, and I, therefore, confer the empire of the world upon this my son, on account of his great virtues. Do

thou, my son, have intercourse with virtuous persons; foster thou the black-haired nation, and follow up my measures.'—pp. 40, 41.

Meening ascended the throne in his thirtieth year. He had none of those personal advantages which are commonly supposed to be possessed by imperial and regal personages. His figure was lank and stunted; his face was haggard, and of a mournfully-thoughtful aspect. Altogether, it was that rather of a boor than of a prince. It is usual in China that the monarch, on assuming the government, should no longer be known by the name which he bore when only a subject; and in the observance of this custom, Meening, on ascending "Heaven's Throne," took the name of Taou-Kwang, or "the light of reason." The new emperor, receiving with reverence the charge of Heaven's great concerns, bade his people prepare for his coronation. It would be unjust to our numerous readers to withhold the account of this grand proceeding, as it is related by Dr. Gutzlaff.

"As the day for celebrating the ceremony of Taou-Kwang's ascending the throne approached, great were the preparations made, and the Board of Rights published a whole pamphlet on the subject. It would be useless to repeat all the minutes, which have attraction only for a Chinese. To a foreigner the pageantry would be well worth seeing, because all the splendors that Asia can afford are displayed to most advantage by Chinese skill. There were elephants, horses, chariots, guards, and servants, ministers and courtiers without number, and the whole imperial pageant present at Pekin to do homage to their chief. It was indeed a crowded assembly, as gay as silks, satin, and embroidery could make the mandarins. The important act itself is prescribed in the following manner:—"The President of the Board of Rights shall step forward, kneel down, and beseech his majesty to ascend the imperial throne. The emperor shall then rise from his seat, and the procession moving on in the same order as above described, to the imperial palace of peace, his majesty shall ascend the seat of gems, and sit down in the imperial throne, with his face towards the south. At Woogah the bells shall then be rung, and the drums beaten." The proclamation is afterwards read, the seal delivered over; there is no end of kneeling and knocking the head, burning incense, and going through divers rites, until the paper prepared for the occasion is read in a loud voice. When on the throne, Taou-Kwang said—"In consequence of all the kings, nobles, great statesmen, the civilians, and military officers having said with one voice: Heaven's throne must not long be unoccupied, it is incumbent that, by the consent of the imperial manes of the gods of the land, a sovereign do early assume the sway; I have yielded to the general voice, and interrupting for a short

time my keen sorrow, I announce this circumstance to heaven and earth, and to my imperial ancestors, and sit down on the imperial throne. Let the next year be the first of the reign of Taou-Kwang."—Ib. 48-50.

What a striking caricature is here upon the regal pomposities of the West! How much this pageant resembles the magnificent pomp of European coronations, the court-mummery, the sycophant adulation, the almost divine assumption on the part of the monarch! The truth is, that man is the same creature in all climates. Under all phases of development, the results of diverse national institutions and educational processes, the darker parts of his nature always come prominently to view, only these are perhaps of a deeper shade in the Asiatic than in the European. The principles which are impulsive to evil deeds have an inherence in all men. Civilization, and indirectly, perhaps, Christianity, have to some extent modified these in the western world, but in the East, from the seraglio to the marketplace, they are in full and terrible potency.

Unlike his predecessors, Taou-Kwang restricted himself to one wife, upon whom he conferred the title of empress; and shocked at the licentiousness and debauchery which had prevailed among the courtiers in the days of his father, who was accustomed to keep his unruly satellites in order by the frequent use of the whip, he determined to purify the court, by abolishing the harem, that source of constant evil to the oriental world. He endeavored, by politic cunning, to govern entirely as an autocrat, which even in China seems to be less possible than in France; but he could not break through the ancient customs of his government, and there remained no alternative but to choose advisers. Considerable popularity attended the accession of the new emperor, whose characteristic frugality, with the change of his rank, grew into hard and cruel avarice. His love of money was boundless, and that love increased with every additional year of his rule; so that it became at length the great business of his existence to amass silver, and it was his greatest pleasure to feast his eyes with the glittering heaps. Many of his subjects, who knew his ruling passion, either to avoid his helping himself to their resources, or to obtain favor and promotion at his hands, sent him large masses of silver ore; and thus, in a few years, the emperor accumulated so much sycee silver, that the currency was greatly injured, and incalculable misery was brought upon the people by

his avarice. His successor, the present emperor, according to the almost invariable law in such cases, will soon send all the hoarded wealth into circulation.

Taou-Kwang's father had objected, during the whole course of his reign, to any religious innovations. Perfect religious freedom is impossible under any form of political despotism; and Keaking, in repressing all tendencies towards dissent from the national orthodoxy, only acted after the manner of the order to which he belonged. Tyrants will always tyrannize, and they who are politically autocratic are not satisfied with anything short of absolutism in religion. He waged fierce war with all his subjects who differed from the "orthodox standard." Towards the close of his reign, he received that conviction, which sooner or later impresses itself upon all tyrannical hierarchs, that the more he persecuted, the more obstinately the people adhered to their new ideas. Taou-Kwang had long seen the absurdity of attempting to enforce a uniform system of religious belief and practice upon a nation; and when he ascended the throne, he resolved not to take notice of any new sects which might arise, nor of the Christian missionaries, who had already penetrated into the empire. The Chinese are generally much attached to what with them is "the orthodox system" of religion, which has been handed down from their fathers. New religious ideas do not find favor with them, although their political sects are numerous, and have resisted all the attempts of the government to put them down. To these political sectarians the Chinese emperor showed no mercy.

The first four years of Taou-Kwang's reign were passed in much tranquillity. There were no rebels on the land and no pirates on the sea—circumstances which, without doubt, have been very rare in the imperial experience. But speedily after that period, the turbulence of the people manifested itself; and foreign wars and intestine dissensions brought the empire to the brink of ruin. These rebellions repeatedly occurred. Indeed, the wicked system of government, the universal corruption of persons in office, the heartless and unceasing exactions of the mandarins, inflamed the masses of the people almost to madness. Unity of language alone gives coherence to the Chinese empire. Between the governed and their rulers there can be no sympathy; and in no other country, it is probable, is there so much strife and rebellion as in China. Whole districts will suddenly break out into

frenzied riotousness, and even at the present hour a very large section of the empire is in rebellion against the imperial government. The people are refractory simply because their rulers are oppressive. Hunger and demagogues are always at hand to fan the fire of sedition. Secret societies enlarge the circle of rebellion, and, over many leagues of country, labor rises against property. Towns and villages are given to the flame. The mandarins are not seldom roasted alive. The government finds its mercenary soldiers utterly unavailing to quench the flame of revolt. Enormous bribes are a never-failing remedy; and when the weak and cowardly government has put down the revolt, the cruelties it perpetrates on its prisoners are so dreadful and so peculiar, that we believe they are unequalled in any other country of the world.

In 1834, the emperor was greatly disquieted by the arrival of Lord Napier as the chief superintendent of trade at Macao. The British representative, after some delay, went up to Canton, and the Chinese government was alarmed by the "barbarian eye placing himself in the flowery land." Taou-Kwang was greatly averse to have any friendly intercourse with the western world. Aware of the inefficiency of his army, and the utter uselessness of his fleet, he had no wish that these should be brought into contact with European forces. His navy was in a deplorable condition; and his favorite idea with regard to it was, that the ships should be "stationed like chessmen" in the inner seas, when, if it were reported that his admirals had allowed any of the enemy's vessels to escape, he upbraided and disgraced the commanders. They, in their own defence, asserted that "the foreign ships sailed with the swiftness of the shuttlecock, and that it was impossible to intercept them."

In 1840, Taou-Kwang, and, indeed, his whole empire, were greatly alarmed by the menaces of the British, who were prohibited by imperial edict from trading with the natives in opium. The emperor, in his emergency, called to his councils the Commissioner Lin. Possessed of much energy and of consummate tact, Lin knew that it was utterly vain to trifle with the outside barbarians. The whole coast was rapidly put into a state of defence. The choicest Chinese warriors were marched towards the sea-board for the utter extermination of the presumptuous barbarian eye. The generals who, in the earlier part of Taou-Kwang's reign, had gained successes, although rather

by bribery and treachery than by the display of military skill, were deputed to destroy the hateful English. But in vain. The sons of the flowery land were powerless before Anglo-Saxon skill and valor. Chusan was taken, and, to the consternation of the imperial court, the British fleet appeared off the mouth of the Pei-ho. The emperor then selected Keshen, his most astute diplomatist, to induce the fleet to withdraw to the eastern waters. He was successful; and the withdrawal of the fleet was regarded by the Chinese as a triumph to the empire, and throughout the whole land the cry resounded, "Destruction to the barbarians!" Keshen and Elepoo, the wisest of the imperial counsellors, were degraded, and the command of the forces was given to Yukeen, who made immense preparations to repel the English. He announced to his soldiery, that he desired nothing more than to meet the outside barbarians in battle.

"The preparations for receiving the barbarians had been immense; but the vigorous measures of Lord Gough, Sir William Parker, and Sir Henry Pottinger, defeated all the plans. Amoy fell; Chusan came again into the hands of the English, and Yukeen finally had his heart's desire—an engagement with the barbarians. He wished them to come close to the muzzle of his guns; but before this gratification had been afforded him, the fortifications were demolished by cannon and bombs, and his forces defeated; he himself being the first to flee to save his life. On his retreat he repented of his precipitancy, and attempted to drown himself to avoid the imputation of cowardice; he was, however, drawn out of the water by a poor fisherman; but he afterwards swallowed some gold-leaf, and thus committed suicide."—pp. 176, 177.

Other generals were defeated; the wretched soldiers were led only to slaughter; the English steam-ships spread havoc and ruin on the coast; and the emperor began to tremble for the safety of his capital. Had the attacking force been larger, and had the expeditionary force been furnished with small iron steam-vessels of light draught, and suitable for river navigation, there can be no doubt but that Peking might have been approached, and the haughty monarch compelled to sign a treaty of peace and indemnification in his own capital. That is an event which will occur in the course of a few years. The British occupation of the Chinese sea-board—especially since our Transatlantic kinsmen and rivals have had an eye to Japan—is simply a matter of time.

Towards the close of 1841, Taou-Kwang became convinced that he was not equal to a contest with the outside barbarians. Some

members of his court, who had gleaned a little intelligence as to the locality and resources of Great Britain from Chinese sailors, colonists, and others, suggested that the war should be carried from China into Great Britain. The plan of operations suggested was this:—To build a fleet thrice as strong and as numerous as the English fleet, and to station these huge vessels off Singapore and Angeer to intercept and destroy in detail the British ships, and also to march an army of three hundred thousand men through Siberia and Russia upon London! The unfortunate emperor admired the grandeur of the idea, but doubted its practical application. Hou-Chun, the officer commanding at Peking—the Marshal Ney of China—came forward to the relief of his master in his difficulties, with the happy suggestion of building a steamer which could carry six thousand men, half divers, and half gunners. With this enormous ship he professed himself ready to fight the whole English fleet. The gunners were to fire their terrible broadsides, and the divers were to bore holes in the men of war, and thus the fortune of the flowery land was to be restored. Many steam-vessels had been attempted, in imitation of the English ships; but, although the vessels in every particular seemed to resemble those of the British, it was found impossible to move the paddle-wheels. At length the British fleet rode triumphantly in the Yangtse-Kiang, and Taou-Kwang, convinced that he could not resist the barbarian eye, gave *carte blanche* for the conclusion of a treaty. The particulars of that treaty are well known to our readers, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to state them here. It not merely brought peace to the discomfited and terrified Chinese, but it also secured religious toleration for all foreigners residing in the empire. A Roman Catholic dignitary, desirous of benefiting his own sect only, interpreted this permission as extending solely to those foreign religionists who told their beads, and adored the cross; but the interference of Sir H. Pottinger removed the proposed restriction, and secured religious freedom for all the outside barbarians. On the conclusion of the war,

so disastrous to the Chinese interests, and so humiliating to the imperial divinity, Taou-Kwang retired from the affairs of state almost into private life. A haggard and worn old man, he clung to life with remarkable tenacity. The wretched heathenism in which he believed could cast no cheering ray upon the murky future, and fearful of death, he hoped he might live as long as his forefathers, to rule his vast empire. Thus, the more his years increased—although he had almost entirely withdrawn from affairs of state—the more active he appeared in public, the more gorgeous was his style of dress and equipage, and the more readily he manifested to the public that he had a vigor beyond his years. But his days were numbered. On February 11th, 1850, an edict “in the vermilion pencil” appeared,—“Let Yih-Choo, the imperial fourth son, be set forth as heir-apparent.” This was his last public act, and he speedily “went on his long journey.”

Altogether, we have been much pleased with this little volume, which is interesting, not merely as it gives some satisfactory knowledge of Chinese society, but because it is a living voice, addressing us from among the teeming millions of China. What the new emperor's reign will be, we cannot discern; but it is very clear that a great change is at hand in the condition of the people. Evidently, the democratic influence in the empire is gaining ground—the divine attributes of the emperor are becoming daily more absurd in the eyes of his people. Christianity, too—that mighty leaven which, sooner or later, dissolves unholy powers—is beginning to exert a great influence on the people. Political changes will, without doubt, accelerate the advent of religious enlightenment upon the heathenish masses of the Chinese empire, and we may confidently expect that the labors of our missionaries in that benighted land will have a happy issue. The present volume cannot be perused without profit, and, as it will convey much satisfactory knowledge in relation to the condition of the inhabitants of China, we commend it to the attention of our readers.

From the Quarterly Review.

ART AND NATURE UNDER AN ITALIAN SKY.*

It is fortunate that, at a time when cheap postage has enabled too many people to write badly with the greatest ease, the effusions of returned tourists should be less in vogue than formerly. All the information that aspires not above the useful, with much more beside, is now admirably arranged and condensed in the *Handbooks*; and whoever would snatch a grace beyond them must bring no common abilities as well as opportunities to the task. In short, nothing but a new country can now carry down a poor book. This is as it should be. Yet it is no less true that, however old the theme, a new mind will freshen it—however over-described the region, one good description more is always welcome. This, we do not hesitate to say, the work before us offers. A grand-daughter of Beckford's, while travelling in his steps, had a claim of no common kind to be heard, and she has fully justified her claim. We will not say that she is deficient either in the knowledge or poetic feeling of her grandsire, though she makes a display of neither; but her merits rather consist in turning to unusual account that weakness in which lies a lady-tourist's strength, namely, the absence of that medium of acquired lore which, in the best hands, will as often intercept as enhance the prospect. Descriptions of Italy by time-honored names—scholar, poet, and painter—rank among the highest works in the English language, and he or she must be bold who would compete with them on their own ground; yet we may unreservedly own that some of them present as little of real Italy as Dr. Johnson does of real Scotland. In this elegant volume the slight element of personal association, if not worth much, is soon swept away, and nothing remains between our mind's or memory's eye and a most unusually distinct view of Italy itself.

There are as many creeds in scenery as in religion, and as exclusive too. The thorough, out-and-out Highland-worshiper, for instance,

is seldom converted to any other form of natural beauty; but, though our authoress's life seems to have been chiefly cast among Scottish scenes, she is truly catholic in her love of nature, and depicts every gradation, from the rugged to the soft, with a kind of joyful precision we have seldom found surpassed. A lively sketchy chapter of Introduction prepares the reader for that stamp of traveller least likely to feel fatigue herself or to impart it to others. She hoists the banner of real enthusiasm at once—begins with a thrill of delight at 'the Rhine! the Rhine!' and takes us on in rapid stages of ecstasy at the first sight of the Alps, along the Lake of Geneva, and over the Simplon Pass, till she culminates in an appropriate transport at the sudden transition to the southern beauties of the Val d'Ossola.

The entrance into Genoa is the occasion of another burst, and also the scene of an adventure.

"The approach to Genoa greatly delighted me. Villas and gardens full of orange-trees and flowering shrubs on either side of the road, with trellised vines supported upon ranges of stone pillars. These are often placed tier above tier, and their rich ornaments contrast beautifully with the craggy rock from which they seem to spring. Altogether there is something peculiar and appropriate in this approach, preparing one, so to speak, for the magnificent scene which greets the traveller, when, on turning one of the abrupt declivities which jut upon the road, *Genoa la Superba* bursts upon the view! It is built nearly in the form of a crescent, at the foot of mountains of various heights, some of the lower eminences being crowned with forts and ramparts, and their sides gay with palaces and terraced gardens. At each end of the crescent-shaped city are two noble piers, with light-houses terminating both. One is particularly fine, rising between three and four hundred feet from the solid rock. Splendid houses line the principal streets, which, though narrow, convey no idea of gloom, while the shade they afford from the glare of the noonday sun is most grateful. I was delighted with Genoa, even by the time we reached the *Albergo d'Italia*, a very good hotel, with a most attentive and obliging landlord. Our rooms were quite charming, but at such a height! Nos. 65 and 66! However, the heat was so in-

**Art and Nature under an Italian Sky.* By M. J. M.D. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1852.

tense, we were glad to have large airy apartments, even at the expense of climbing up to them. We arranged to go out and see the church of *L'Annunziata*, and return to tea before going up to our nest again. Well may people talk of the extraordinary magnificence of this church. It is one mass of gold and blue and gorgeous marble of every color. Bright pictures set in golden panels look down from the roof, and lapis lazuli is the ground wherever they are not. In the dome, which is lighted by windows all round, are paintings which, at that distance at least, are perfectly beautiful. The windows are set in massive gold frames, and the effect of crimson silk curtains, on which the setting sun was shining, was nothing less than glorious. . . . We looked in vain for a painting I had heard was in this church, and which I wished to see. Observing a priest walking in one of the aisles, I ventured to accost him, asking him if he could tell me where was the *Cena*. He replied that he was himself a stranger, but, pointing to a door not far from where we stood, he told me I should there find the sacristan. We followed his directions, and, passing down a long dark passage, unhesitatingly opened a door which seemed to terminate it. Not finding this the case, and seeing no one, we still advanced until we came to a large stone hall; this was empty, and we were just about to turn back when, through a partially opened door, I perceived a monk sitting at a table writing. Concluding him to be the sacristan, I advanced towards him; at the sound of footsteps he raised his eyes, and instantly starting up, uttered a most vehement exclamation of horror. His sudden motion completely startled me, and I stood where I was, in vain attempting to make known our request. His gesticulation became so violent, and his screams—for indeed I cannot call them words—so wholly unintelligible, we could only gaze at his frantic excitement with surprise. At length the oft-repeated '*la Signora*,' threw some degree of light upon the subject, and my immediate retreat produced a more soothing effect than all my efforts at explanation. In fact, I had unconsciously entered the sacred precincts of the monastery belonging to the church; and his horror at seeing a woman where probably none had ever appeared before, had taken from him all presence of mind. His distress, however, was so real, that I could only most humbly express my regret, informing him that a priest had directed us to seek the sacristan by the door at which we had entered. He seemed pacified when he learned these particulars, and yet more so when he saw us fairly into the church. When all was over we enjoyed a hearty laugh."—p. 58.

We should like to know *what* place is sacred from the innocent audacity of an exploring Englishwoman! Let them laugh who can; we are inclined to take part with the poor monk thus recklessly tricked into transgression and out of peace. Nor is this by any means a singular example. We know another most charming Englishwoman driven

out of a garden where, of course, she had no business, with this emphatic repudiation of her society—*qui non ci rogliono donne—sturbano la nostra tranquillità!* But it is of little use shutting the convent door after the lady has been in. Doubtless, if the truth were known, the repudiation came too late for the *tranquillità*. We resume where we broke off.

"As we were leaving the church, however, we saw a party of strangers, accompanied by a man who proved to be the sacristan. He took us to a small dark corner behind one of the aisles, and pointed out the painting we had sought. I was exceedingly disappointed, having heard this Last Supper by Procaccini was much celebrated. I am afraid I may sometimes seem almost presumptuous in thus venturing to form my own opinion of these famous works of the old masters;"—[We were not aware that this *Cena* was a famous work, or Procaccini an old master, whom it was any heresy not to admire];—"but, in the first place, I can only speak of the impression they make on my own mind, and, moreover, I never can admire anything because I am bid. I once overheard a party discussing various paintings. They evidently wished to do their duty scrupulously; but one of them ventured to express a doubt as to the degree of admiration to be bestowed on a very dark, fearful-looking picture—one an artist might appreciate, but which none else could possibly regard with pleasure. The very doubt seemed to astonish the rest of the party, and one exclaimed, 'Oh! how can you? Murray says so.' Many a time since has the expression occurred to me, 'Murray says so;' and therefore perforce it must be 'beautiful! exquisite!' &c. But to return. We retraced our steps to the hotel, and greatly enjoyed a really comfortable meal after the wretched fare of the last few days. The heat, even during the night, was overpowering, and, combined with the torments of *living animals*, effectually put sleep to flight. I rose and looked out between one and two o'clock in the morning upon a strange and beautiful spectacle. The lights sparkling like gems all round the bay; the rich glow of the ruby beacon-light upon the Molo Vecchio, like a star watching over the slumbering city—the phantom-like vessels dimly revealed in the darkness, with here and there a twinkling light on the waters; the marble whiteness of the houses near, and the utter stillness around; nothing to be heard save the breaking of the swell against the rocks."—p. 59.

We have purposely left those two ominous words in italics standing. A few pages further on we are indulged with an amplification of the same theme. The lady describes a night of horrors rather minutely—succeeded of course by a burst of injured innocence from the landlord next morning:—"Madame was the first person who had ever seen anything of the kind in his house." The subject is not

attractive, but it is curious. These protesters of injured innocence are like the Devil-worshippers. "They cannot, it is true, conceal the existence of their idol (would that they could!); but they deny it as religiously. Differences of climate, country, and race vanish before the mysterious bond which unites all landlords and landladies in one un-failing falsehood—they are one people, speaking one language all over the world. No matter where the traveller may be assailed—in Naples, Archangel, Madrid, or London—on couch, divan, French bed, or four-poster—the same wonderfully concerted answer meets your ear the next morning;—host or hostess are ready to pledge their souls that you are the first person ever so disturbed under their roof. You protest that you never closed your eyes—they are perfectly unmoved: you show the burning fires which the enemy have kindled in their passage—fires, alas! which no ingenuity can quench until they expire of themselves—your friends suggest gnats or ants;—finally, you display a trophy of fallen foes—but the defence is ready—you brought them with you! The stronger your evidence, the bolder their denial. Never was there a community whose unity was so complete, or whose idol so abominable! You may possibly hope to reclaim a cannibal, convince a Brahmin, or convert the Pope; but you need never dream of inducing one of these detected householders to own the truth.

The departure from Genoa is another beautiful moving panorama, set to music too. .

"On leaving Genoa we entered upon the loveliest drive, I believe I may say, in the world! the Riviera di Levante. The road begins almost immediately to ascend after passing the environs of the city, and from the first summit of the overhanging mountains, there is a magnificent view of Genoa with its harbor and ships, its towers, domes, and spires, with thousands of white houses dotting the sides of the hills which surround it. We stopped here and looked back on the proud city below, and out upon the blue Mediterranean, impressing that panorama on our memory as perhaps lovelier than we had ever seen or were likely to see again! and yet, as we proceeded, new scenes of beauty opened upon us, such as do indeed baffle description, though one cannot help at least trying to convey an idea of what has given such intense enjoyment. The sides of the hills, abruptly sloping to the coast, are covered with the brightest vegetation, and shrubs that seem more suited to tropical climes, grow in the richest profusion. There are olive and fig trees, with their many sweet and scriptural associations, carrying one's mind to the times of our blessed Lord—his beautiful parables and lessons of heavenly wisdom;

vineyards casting garlands and festoons from tree to tree, and giving added grace to each; orange and lemon groves, with their dark green leaves and golden fruit; pomegranates and palms; cy-presses, like tall spires, towering above; and the stone pine, beautiful in itself, but still more so from its associations in one's mind with the lovely landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Hedges of the swordlike aloe, and everywhere the cactus or Indian fig grow in the greatest luxuriance on the very edges of the rocks which rise from the sea-shore. Here and there the rich berries of the *Arbutus* appear like bunches of coral, while sweet roses bloom from every little nook; and all this but as the minute finishing of the grander features of the landscape. One lovely bay succeeds another:—some soft and still, with a pebbly beach on which the waves seem to flow gently, as though whispering sweet music; others again have bold and rugged shores, overhung with dark rocks and precipices, the hidden breakers underneath only revealed by the angry foam of the receding waves, urged by the swell of the sea upon them; while the hardy pine hangs over the very brink, as though vainly seeking its reflection in the troubled waters below. Stretching far away, in its calm bright loveliness, till lost in a flood of dazzling light, is the blue, the ever beautiful Mediterranean. The houses and villages, with gay and painted gables, scattered here and there, stand sometimes so high on the mountains, that it seems a marvel how human power could have placed them there. The terraced gardens, with statues peeping out from the flowers and other gay decorations, strike one at once as so in harmony where all is bright, and where sky, and earth, and sea seem enjoying a continual holiday. Onward we went through this paradise, till, after climbing a very steep part of the mountain, we stopped at a little inn most beautifully situated on the side of a wooded bank, with a grove of acacias before it. Here the view already enjoyed as we ascended, opened out still more magnificently; such a panorama of varied picturesqueness I never looked on. The air, too, not only breathed fragrance, but seemed pouring forth its joyous notes. It was just twelve o'clock when we reached the village inn, and all the bells of the churches were chiming."—p. 66.

Rome and Naples, with all the beauties and wonders in and around each, pretty much divide this volume. There is plenty of temptation to quote, but we must content ourselves with this description of an angry *Vesuvius* by night, witnessed, it may be, by many, but seldom described so accurately. Prognostications of a coming eruption had been afloat for some weeks—the mountain had been uneasy, rumbling noises had been heard, the wells at Resina were dried—and, at length, on the 31st of January (1846), a stream of lava was reported to have burst forth on the side next Naples. This was the time for English spirit and daring to inspect the menacing volcano, and accordingly a party was

arranged to ascend and remain above till the darkness of night. The day was misty, but as they approached the Hermitage, the smoke from the descending lava became visible.

"Leaving our animals upon the level platform above the Hermitage, to which has been given the name of the Sala di Cavalli, we started amid the good-humored cheers of the guides on our toilsome way. About a fifth of our ascent from this point had been accomplished, when, on pausing and looking upwards, we could very plainly both hear and see the slow downward progress of a body of lava, hissing and rattling among the loose cinders, as it overwhelmed or dislodged them, and occasionally sending huge pieces bounding down the steep declivity in a way that endangered not a little those below. Soon after, we came opposite the lower end of this smoking stream, and approached cautiously to obtain a nearer view of it. Even here it was of a glowing red heat upon the surface, though often so covered over with floating cinders and enveloped in smoke, that the actual deep red of the fire was obscured. On looking to the summit we could see against the sky—as one does on looking from below up to the *shoot* of a cataract above—the stupendous torrent slowly lipping over the edge of the large crater, like a huge, hissing, fiery snake, deliberately crawling forth from its lair down upon its victims beneath. The motion is peculiarly steady and slow, even where the angle of its descent is most abrupt, and accompanied, from the movement of the loose cinders which impede or attend its progress, with a kind of tinkling sound, somewhat resembling that caused by fragments of ice hurstling each other in a half-frozen river. On reaching the summit we found a considerable change in the appearance of the large crater since our former visit. Instead of the comparatively level platform of hard lava, lying 10 or 12 feet lower than the edge on which we stood, and extending to the cone of the active crater in the centre, we found the whole surface greatly elevated, broken up and heaved into irregular piles, evidently from the recent throes of the volcano beneath. Across this space, slowly winding among its chasms and irregularities, on came the moving lava towards the outer verge, where, after making a circuit almost beneath our feet, it swept round the mound on which we were stationed, and poured over the edge, sending up a heat and a sulphuric atmosphere almost intolerable within a few yards. After a little breathing space here, we went round the verge to a spot at some distance from the running lava, where the surface was not too hot to tread on, and there bivouacked comfortably, producing our basket-stores wherewith to beguile the remaining hours till sunset. After this event takes place, an Italian twilight does not long try the patience of those who long for darkness, as on this occasion we did. And now it was we found the fog amid which we had ascended an advantage to the scene. As evening drew on, the darkness was rendered by it doubly obscure, and the reflection of the lava upon the misty atmosphere, dispersing a fiery tinge above and all around, was beautiful and grand be-

yond description. Hitherto, during the time we waited, the volcano itself had been peculiarly quiet and inactive—only one slight explosion occurring—so much that we feared a disappointment, and a party who had arrived before us actually took themselves off in despair. A hint from our good friend Salvatore made us act more wisely, and we were abundantly rewarded.

"At six o'clock we were startled from our resting-place by a tremendous outburst, which seemed the beginning of a continued series for the whole evening. We sprang to our feet, and stumbling with great difficulty over the jagged masses of lava, scarcely half-cooled, and through an atmosphere at times pungent and stifling to an intolerable degree, we traced the fiery stream to its fearful source. Taking up our position immediately below the crater, we stood in breathless admiration, watching its convulsive throes succeeding each other at intervals of one or two minutes. At times it seemed to pause a little as though for breathing space, then to increase in fury, sending up its roaring volleys of blood-red stones and dazzling meteors five or six hundred feet into the deep black night of the sky, rendered yet more black and dark by the smoke of the volcano, which at this hour usually collects in murky clouds about the mountain top. These brilliant messengers, after describing a graceful parabolic curve, fall round the sides of the cone in a shower of splendor, mingling much of the beautiful with the terrible. The scene and our position were extraordinary indeed, and the feelings of awe, fascination, and subdued excitement, such as are likely to be but seldom called forth in the same degree during a lifetime. Again and again the idea arose, 'Can we ever forget the sensations of this moment?' And yet there was little mingling of fear or nervous apprehension, though surrounded by objects that might well have caused such. We were conscious rather of an elevation of spirit corresponding in some degree with the sublimity of the scene, and the vastness of the power whose operation we witnessed—a more than ordinary realization of the presence of Him to whom earth and air, fire and water, yea, all the powers of heaven and earth, are but ministers of His will! Yet it were presumptuous to say that there is no danger to spectators in such a position; danger there must always be from the perfect uncertainty at what moment or in what place the volcano is next to find a vent. We were made to feel this especially as we stood on a little mound of lava near the mouth of the crater. On one side of this mound, and not above eight or ten feet from us, the eye looked directly into a cavern of fire, not of flame, but of clear, quivering, glowing fire, like the heart of a fierce furnace seven times heated. This aperture might be about six feet in diameter; its depth, that of the mysterious world of terrors below! It was not a little appalling to discover, by looking at the ragged edges of this opening, how thin and slight is the crust interposed between the foot and the abyss over which it treads. Indeed, this had already been evident from the innumerable rents and chasms that seamed the surface over which we had passed, and through which the red

fire was often visible, at the depth of not more than two inches; and yet so firm and metal-like feels the resistance to one's step, that without this awful proof the fact could scarcely be believed. From somewhere between this mound and the foot of the volcanic cone, although invisible for a few yards from what must have been its actual source, oozed forth, slowly and quietly, with a motion and consistency not inaptly likened to that of thick honey, the deep red glowing river of lava winding its deliberate but irresistible way over the black rugged surface of the large old crater, which, as already explained, forms the whole table summit of the mountain, creeping over the precipitous ledge, and then down, down, far into the thick darkness of the world below. No description, no painting can give an idea of the intense and glowing red of this molten lava, as it issues fresh from the bowels of the earth. Liquid metal flowing from the furnace of an iron foundry is the only thing that conveys an idea of it, yet falls short of its vivid glare. A thin white vapor rose from the surface, and the light reflected from it, and coloring its ascending wreaths with a deep, rich, ruddy tint, as it rose into the darkness, marked its downward course, rendering it visible from a great distance, and lending a strange, wild, awful character, powerfully affecting the imagination. One can approach as near the running lava as the overpowering heat will permit, without the slightest apparent danger. We approached quite to the edge of it, and holding the ends of staves, with which we were provided, to the lava, they flamed even before touching the liquid fire. One of our party availed himself of it to light a cigar; another did his best to roast an apple, but found the heat too great to complete the operation. Of course, in our cautious movements over the crackling surface, we were implicitly led and assisted by our guides, who bore flaming pine torches to light our footsteps—little needed, indeed, while the artillery of the mountain was flashing in the sky, but very necessary in the deep darkness of the intervals. Strangely picturesque were the figures of these men, seen in the flickering torchlight, standing in various attitudes upon the little eminences around, leaning on their long white staves, or grouped together round some fiery chasm, the ruddy glare of the fire thrown upwards on their swarthy visages and strange dresses. At times, too, one of them would start the first notes of a simple air, and then those around would catch it up, and conclude each verse with a burst of one of those wild and most musical choruses which characterize the old native airs of Italy."—p. 154.

Nothing can take from the impressiveness of this description, the reality of which gives only a wider field for the imagination: we may, therefore, venture to wind it up with a *finale* in a very different key—namely, the descent from the mountain on an earlier and that a daylight visit:—

"Every one knows there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this every one

must have experienced who has made the usual descent from Vesuvius. The guides conducted us to a place where there was no lava or cinders, but only loose sand, in which the feet sank deep, and which yielded under the step. It is as nearly perpendicular as the place of ascent. The manner in which we set off, by the direction of the guides, who *must* have all done according to use and wont, was more like the act of casting one's self headlong from a stupendous precipice than anything else; yet, in truth, it is an act of wisdom, and of some degree of pleasure too. One has but to throw the feet forward, and the downward impetus of the body does the remainder of the work. The soft yielding sand completely breaks the shock. The fresh exhilarating air seems half to bear you on its wings. The sensation is one something between skating and flying, and, while strength and breath endure, decidedly a pleasant one. This is the poetical part of the proceeding to those actually engaged in this *Rasselas*-like adventure. But to a looker-on—the foolish, frantic, headlong pace—the involuntary, but most lunatic-like gesticulation of arms and legs—the breezy fluttering of ladies' dresses, dishevelled hair, and bonnets with cracking strings straining to be left behind—the giant strides, streaming coat-tails, and clenched teeth of the sterner sex—all laughing, shouting, leaping, and anon precipitated helplessly on each other's shoulders, forms a picture of the most unmingled absurdity."—p. 112.

As a describer of "Nature under an Italian Sky," our authoress is sufficiently vindicated. The refreshing difference between Nature and Art, in the mental power of judging of each, is that with the first no one can admire amiss. All that glitters with her is gold. She has nothing meretricious to mislead the eye. We may not admire enough—we never can admire enough; but though our homage reach but to our great mother's commonest gifts, they are sure to be more than worth the tribute. Knowledge, therefore, though it may immeasurably increase our pleasure by widening our view, yet can never be called strictly necessary in a study where there is no wrong road. But where the judgment is to be applied to Art, education becomes indispensable because discernment is so, for, wherever man has part, the false is sure to mingle with the true. Here there are traps for the ignorant, delusions for the ardent, and false coin for the rash. We are caught at first with that which we learn afterwards to despise; and though a fine natural taste may frequently discriminate those objects deserving homage, yet, as a rule, whatever the ignorant admire in art, and all its branches, is generally, if not the wrong, the inferior thing. The lady's "Art beneath an Italian Sky" is therefore not to be compared with her "Nature," though by no means without

its merits—for the gallery at Hamilton Palace, and doubtless other opportunities, had not left her totally untaught. Nor will her taste be arraigned for having been caught by a style of art which has recently attracted great popularity here. We allude to those two examples of what Eustace calls “the patient skill of the sculptor”—the *Pudor* and the *Disingannato*, by Corradini, at the chapel of S. Severo at Naples. The *Pudor* will be recognized as the original of those “veiled figures” so much admired in the Great Exhibition, though those have carried what may be called the *trick* much further than their model. Where the effect is so pleasant to the eye it is difficult to persuade ourselves that it requires no great art, and therefore presumes no high merit, to produce it—but whoever observed these heads very attentively will have discovered that the apparently mysterious process is a very simple one. A head is modelled by the sculptor in a general form, and strips of clay in the shape of folds disposed at intervals over it, leaving cavities between, through which portions of the features are seen, but which the eye, carrying on the idea suggested by the folds, imagines to be covered with the most transparent medium; whereas they are covered with nothing at all, but only duly deficient in sharpness. A highly-finished and well-expressed head thus concealed would be labor lost;—in point of fact, therefore, instead of overcoming the difficulties inseparable from a fine work of art, the sculptor has only avoided them: the veil is much easier to execute than the human countenance divine. The “patient skill” is more properly attributable to the other figure—a man enveloped in the meshes of a net; yet this again is only

intended to conceal the absence of a higher artistic power, for the sculptor was not capable of modelling a figure correctly, and therefore cast this covering of mere labor over his ill-understood forms. The covering, it is true, is a marvel of labor and manual dexterity, but, if this be art, the workman in Bacon's studio who carved a bird in a cage has as high a claim to the title of artist, and the Chinaman who sends us a nest of balls, one within the other, and each with a surface of the most exquisite fret-work, a better claim still.

In treating of pictures tourists would do well to acquaint themselves a little with the usual phraseology. “The Madonna Seggiolo” has no meaning whatever, and “The Ascension of Mary,” instead of “The Assumption of the Virgin,” is a needless novelty, and might be called a profane one, since the word Ascension is only applied to our Lord. A little attention to correcting the press also is not beneath such an able writer's notice. The “lingua Toscano in bocca Romano” might induce an ill-natured reader to think she did not know better.

We would remind a tourist also, that nothing requires greater discretion than the introduction of private persons and affairs into a narrative intended for the public. Individuals may be very interesting and dear, but unless they are famous for something more than rank they should never be directly paraded, but treated rather as abstract beings, with no more of personality attached than just to whet the curiosity of the reader.

But these errors in judgment will be soon forgotten by this lady's readers:—not so the vivid impressions of reality which she well understands to conjure up.

GEN. GASCOYNE.—The *Liverpool Albion* narrates that General Gascoyne, a member of Parliament from that city in years past, once betrayed his imperfect education in a very amusing manner. In some debate touching the extension of political privileges to the Dissenters, one of the orators had dwelt eloquently upon the beauty of harmony between different *sects*. Gascoyne rose to do a bit of bigotry for his friends, and thus commenced his reply: “I hate to hear all this cant about the harmony and union which ought to exist

between different *sexes*.” He got no farther. A regular “hurra” of laughter burst from every corner of the House. The same worthy was once dreadfully puzzled when a schism occurred among the leaders of toryism. On that occasion he wrote to a leading friend in Liverpool: “Dear —, I cannot as yet see my way clearly, or make out which section will prevail and obtain the government. Until that is decided, I shall vote *according to my conscience*.”

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MARIE DE MEDICIS.*

ANY one, who knows what it is after listening to a solid lecture, or after enduring a long colloquy on business with a worthy man, to enjoy an hour's conversation with a clever and accomplished woman, may form an idea of the pleasure which Miss Pardoe's volumes will give him, after he has burdened his brains with some of the regular historical productions of our learned lords of the creation. Women are incomparably the best biographers, especially when the subject of the biography is a woman. They have a vivacity and a dramatic power surpassing those of the sons of Adam. They appreciate details better than we do; they hunt out more inquisitively, and group more effectively the thousand little nothings, that make up the something (and often the everything) of life, for princesses and queens, as well as for ordinary mortals. They are at least our equals in depicting great catastrophes, when the number of figures on the canvass is small, and when the feelings of individuals, rather than great national impulses, are to be displayed. They beat us out and out in anatomizing the secret springs of action, and in tracing the petty jealousies and vanities, the desires, the hopes, and the fears, that so often have been the originating causes of the most important vicissitudes in the history of states and empires.

Miss Pardoe excels in all these qualifications for a biographer, and she is moreover free from the besetting weakness of some lady-writers of lady-lives, which leads them into violent political disquisitions, not at all required by their subject, and which, we venture to add, are not exactly suited to their capacity.

The life of Marie de Medicis is a subject which could hardly fail of being interesting, even in less skilful hands than those of Miss Pardoe. We first are introduced with her to the gay and dissipated court of Henri Quatre, in whom she found a remarkably faithless husband, even considering the lax morality of the age. The feuds between Queen Marie

and Madame de Verneuil, who was Henri's principal favorite after the death of La Belle Gabrielle, fill many an animated page, which is only saddened by reflections on the cruel injustice to which poor Queen Marie was subjected, and the exceeding shabbiness with which the chivalrous Henri could behave, when his selfish passions prompted him. After his death Marie appears as Regent; and then comes the strange story of the rise and fall of her Italian favorites, Concini, afterwards Maréchal d'Ancre, and his wife, who came to France as Leonora Galigai, in the train of Marie de Medicis. After that period the bitter series of persecutions commences, which Queen Marie was destined to undergo from her son, the saturnine Louis XIII., and his favorites De Luynes and Richelieu. An infinite number of episodes are introduced in the narrative, each of which illustrates the character and the career of some of the distinguished personages of the period; and we believe that, independently of the interest which attaches itself to the narrative of the chequered fortunes of Marie de Medicis herself, every part of the book will be found attractive to the desultory reader, as well as to the more regular student.

We select as favorable specimens of Miss Pardoe's powers, part of her description of the great catastrophe in the fortunes of Queen Marie, when Louis XIII. and his favorite Du Luynes destroyed the Concinis, and completely overthrew the domination which Marie, as regent, had exercised.

Du Luynes and the young king had arranged everything for the assassination of the maréchal, without the suspicions of their victim, or of the queen-mother having been awakened. Miss Pardoe remarks,

"There is something singularly appalling in all the circumstances which formed the prelude to this contemplated tragedy. Hitherto the Queen-mother had created dangers for herself—had started at shadows, and distrusted even those who sought to serve her; while her son, silent, saturnine, and inert, had patiently submitted to the indignities and insults which had been heaped upon

* *Life of Marie De Medicis*, by Miss Pardoe.

him, as though he were either unconscious or reckless of their extent; and the Italian adventurer had braved his enemies, and appeared to defy fate itself. Now, however, when the blow was about to be struck; when the ball and the blade were alike ready to do their deadly office, all the principal personages in the bloody drama had suddenly assumed new characters. Marie slept; the boy-king had become the head of a conspiracy; and the *Maréchal d'Andre*, enriched and ennobled beyond the wildest dreams of his ambition, was preparing to quit the country of his adoption, and to seek rest and peace in his own land. Another month, perhaps another week, and he would have left France, probably for ever.

"History presents few such anomalies; and it appears scarcely credible that so ill-organized a plot, hatched moreover under the very eyes of those who were to become its victims, and revealed to upwards of a score of persons, many of whom were incited to join it from merely venal motives, should ever have attained its accomplishment. The fiat had, however, gone forth; and the unfortunate Concini, whose tragical fate compels sympathy despite all his faults, entered the court of the Louvre at ten o'clock in the morning of the 24th of April, 1617, there to meet his death.

"An hour or two after dawn one of the gentlemen of the royal bedchamber announced that the king having been indisposed throughout the night, the great gates of the Louvre were to remain closed, and the public excluded, in order that his Majesty might not be disturbed. This order did not, however, affect the *Maréchal d'Ancre*, as he was no sooner seen to approach, followed by a numerous retinue of gentlemen, and attended by several of his friends, than the bolts were withdrawn, and he was permitted to pass the barrier, which was instantly reclosed, to the exclusion of the greater number of his suite. A man who had been stationed over the gate then waved his hat three times above his head; upon which Vitry, who had until that moment been seated in one of the windows of the guard-room calmly conversing with the officers on duty, immediately rose, and drawing his cloak closely about him, hurried down the staircase, at the foot of which he was joined, as if accidentally, by *du Hallier* and others of the conspirators, who, apparently, engaged in conversation, slowly approached their intended victim. Among the persons who surrounded Concini there chanced to be several who were acquainted with Vitry, and, greatly to his annoyance, he was compelled to allow the *Maréchal* to pass on while he returned their greetings; in a few instants, however, he again found himself at liberty, when he discovered that amid the crowd he had lost sight of the Italian.

"'Where is he?' he inquired hurriedly of one of his confederates.

"'Yonder,' was the reply; 'he has stopped at the foot of the bridge to read a letter.'

"Vitry bounded towards his prey; and as Concini, absorbed in his occupation, still read on, he felt the grasp of a strong hand upon his arm, and, on looking up, he saw the captain of the guard standing at his side. Before he had time to in-

quire the meaning of this affront, Vitry had already uttered the ominous words: 'I arrest you in the King's name.'

"'Arrest me!' exclaimed the *marechal* with astonishment, as he clutched the hilt of his sword.

"'Yes, you,' replied Vitry, haughtily; and while he spoke he made a signal which was instantly responded to by the simultaneous report of three pistol shots. As the sounds ceased, Concini dropped upon his knees, and fell against the parapet of the bridge. Several weapons were then thrust into his body; and finally, Vitry, with wanton and revolting cruelty, gave him so violent a kick, that he extended his body at full length upon the pavement, where it was immediately pilfered of every article of value; among other things diamonds of great price and notes of hand to a large amount were abstracted from the pockets of his vest.

"A few of his followers endeavored to interpose; but in a second or two all was over, and they were warned by the bystanders instantly to sheath their swords, and to beware of opposing the orders of the King. They had scarcely had time to obey this bidding, when Louis presented himself at the window of a closet joining the guard-room, to which, from its height, he was obliged to be lifted by *M. d'Ornano*; there, by the advice of those about him, the young King appeared with a smile upon his face; and, as the members of the cabal raised a cry of '*Vive le Roi!*' he shouted to his captain of the guard—'I thank you, Vitry; now I am really a King.' Then showing himself, sword in hand, successively at each window of the guard-room, he cried out to the soldiers who were posted beneath, 'To arms! comrades, to arms!'

"Meanwhile Vitry, by the direction of *de Luynes*, proceeded to the hall occupied by the body-guard of the Queen-mother, and demanded their weapons, which they refused to deliver up without an express order to that effect from their own officers; upon which the latter were commanded, in the name of the King, to withdraw their men, and to remain in the ante-chamber of their mistress. The royal guards then took possession of all the avenues of the Louvre; and horsemen were despatched with instructions to traverse the streets of the capital, and to apprise the citizens of the death of Concini. A dense crowd soon collected in the court of the Louvre, and cries of '*Vive le Roi!*' resounded on all sides.

"A murder had been committed, and the ovation was one which would only have befitted a victory. Louis XIII. had proclaimed himself a king; and the hand with which he grasped his sceptre was steeped in blood. Louis 'the Just'—we append to his baptismal appellation that which was gravely conferred upon him on this occasion by both clergy and laity—stood, an undisguised assassin and a moral matricide, before the people who were about to be subjected to his rule."

"But it is now time that we should return to the Queen-mother.

"Alarmed by the report of fire-arms within the boundary of the palace, Marie de Medicis, who

had not yet completed her toilette, desired Caterina Salveggi to throw open one of the windows, and to demand the cause of so singular and unpardonable an infraction of the law. She was obeyed; and the Italian waiting-woman no sooner perceived de Vitry advancing beneath the apartments of her royal mistress, than she inquired of him what had occurred.

"The Marechal d'Ancre has been shot," was the abrupt reply.

"Shot!" echoed Caterina; "and by whom?"

"By myself," said de Vitry composedly, "and by the command of the King."

"Madame!" exclaimed the terrified attendant, as she rushed to the side of the Queen-mother, "M. le Marechal has been killed by order of his Majesty."

Marie de Medicis started from her seat; her cheeks were blanched, her lips quivered, and she wrung her hands convulsively, as she gasped out, "I have reigned seven years. I must now think only of a crown in heaven."

"Her attendants, stupefied with terror, rapidly gathered round her; and ere long she learnt that her guards had been disarmed, and replaced by those of the King. She listened vaguely to each successive report, and paced the room with rapid but uncertain steps. At length she exclaimed vehemently, 'I do not regret that my son should have taken the life of Concini, if he believed it necessary to the safety of his kingdom; but his distrust of myself in concealing such a project from my knowledge is more than I can bear.'

"When the first violence of her emotion had subsided, she sank into a seat, and with clasped hands and drooping head, appeared to be absorbed in deep and bitter thought; for at intervals the blood mounted to her brow and burned there for a time; after which she again became as pale as ashes, and as motionless as a corpse. She was still in this attitude when one of her confidential servants imprudently approached her, and inquired how the melancholy event was to be communicated to the Marechal d'Ancre? 'Perhaps,' he incautiously suggested, 'your Majesty will condescend to acquaint her with it yourself.'

"Marie de Medicis suddenly raised her hand, swept back her dishevelled hair from her face, and fixing her flashing eyes upon the officious gentleman, passionately replied: 'I have other things to attend to at this moment. If no one can tell the marechal that her husband has been killed, let them sing it to her. Let me never again hear the name of those people. I told them long ago that they would do right to return to Italy. Yea,' she continued, more particularly addressing the dowager-Duchess de Guise, the Princess de Conti, and the other ladies who were standing near her; 'they have at last accomplished my ruin: I foresaw it; I warned them; but they would not be convinced. I told Concini that he had no time to lose; but with his habitual self-sufficiency he declared repeatedly that the King became more courteous to him every day. I was not deceived, however; I charged him not to trust to appearances, for that Louis never said all he

thought. He disregarded my words, and he has now involved me in his own destruction."

Perhaps the person in this tragedy with whom we sympathize the most, is Concini's wife, the Marechal d'Ancre, to whose dreadful fate Marie de Medicis, absorbed in her own sorrows, was cruelly indifferent. Madame d'Ancre, formerly Leonora Galigai, was tried and doomed by a packed tribunal to suffer death for treason and sorcery. Miss Pardoe thus relates the closing scenes of her life.

"Whatever might have been her faults while she continued the favorite of fortune, Leonora Galigai was grand in her adversity; and one of her judges was so much overpowered by his conviction of her innocence, that on recollecting the pledge which he had given to de Luynes to decide upon her guilt, he fainted, and was carried from the court. When accused of treason against the state, the prisoner replied by reminding her accusers of her total estrangement from her husband during the last two years, throughout which period he had been all-powerful with the Queen-mother, and her own consequent loss of influence; and when questioned as to the nature of the sorcery by which she had so long governed her royal mistress, she answered that it was simply the magic exercised by a strong mind over a weak one. To the other charges she responded with equal composure and conclusiveness; and many among them were of so puerile a character that, despite the fearful position in which she was placed, she could not suppress a smile of mingled pity and amusement.

"She was foredoomed, however; and on the 8th of July the sentence was pronounced. It was in truth a frightful one! Both the husband and the wife were declared guilty of *lèse majesté* divine and human; and she herself was condemned to lose her head, and to be afterwards burned; their house was to be levelled with the ground; their property, not only in France, but also all that they possessed at Rome and Florence, was to be confiscated to the crown; and their son deprived of his rank, and rendered incapable of holding any office in the kingdom.

"When this sentence was declared, the wretched woman, who had never anticipated a more severe fate than exile, exclaimed in a piteous voice: 'Oimè poveretta!' but shortly recovering herself, she resumed the same calm courage which she had previously evinced.

"It is painful to reflect upon the position which the marquise had filled, and to see her thus shaken and withered both in mind and body; abandoned by the protectress to whom she had clung so long and so confidently; widowed by violence; separated from her only surviving child, and compelled to drain her cup of bitterness to the very dregs. Not a pang was, however, voluntarily spared to her. She might, in consideration of her rank as the wife of a marshal of France, and out of respect for the Queen-mother,

of whom she had not only been the foster-sister, but also the familiar friend, have been conveyed to the place of execution in a covered carriage, and thus have been in some degree screened from the public gaze; but no such delicacy was observed. The condemned cart, with its ghastly faggot for a seat, was her ordained conveyance; but her step did not falter as she ascended the vehicle which had been previously tenanted by the vilest and most degraded criminals. Never had there been seen so dense a crowd in the Place de Grève; and as she glanced hurriedly

around, unaware of the popular reaction of feeling, she cowered for an instant panic-struck, and murmured helplessly, 'Oh, what a multitude to gaze upon a miserable woman!'

"Not a word, not a gesture of vengeance or of hate, escaped, however, from the populace. Her deportment had been so dignified, her courage so great, her piety so perfect, that those who were once her bitterest enemies, looked on her through their tears.

"Her head fell—her body was burned—and her ashes were scattered to the wind."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FATHER OF THE FRENCH DRAMA.*

NATIONAL poetry, more especially that branch which includes all the diversified forms of dramatic composition, is usually referred to as the most faithful index by which to estimate the taste, habits, manners, and other peculiarities of the people, with whom it is identified. The abstract question may be looked upon as settled beyond dispute, but its practical appliance is involved in contradiction. According to many elaborate reasoners, poetry is formed by, and emanates from, national character; while others hold that national character is created by poetry. Sometimes this important agent is set down as an originating cause, and sometimes represented as a reflected consequence. It cannot be both, although alternately described as either, in defiance of the established rules of logic, and the ordinary laws of consistency. But let this point be decided as it may—in all ages and in all countries, poetry has exercised an essential influence on the existing state of society. In opposition to this argument, Malherbe, whose life had been devoted to the art, declared on his death-bed, (as related by his pupil and biographer, Racan), that a poet was a useless excrescence, of no more value in the state than a good player at nine-pins. Edward the First thought differently, and despaired of the conquest of Wales, until he had exterminated the bards, considering them more formidable enemies than his armed opponents. Dean Swift, when advocating popular rights in Ireland,

said, "Give me the ballad-singers on my side, and I care little for the laws or the press." The idea was suggested by a similar saying of Cardinal Mazarin. Napoleon, at the summit of despotic power, admitted that a lampoon or a pasquinade was more to be dreaded by the imperial government, than an organized rebellion or an invading army.

Poetry is the oldest of the fine arts, and the first fixed form in which language was perpetuated. Minstrels and singers can trace back a more remote pedigree than historians, philosophers, and men of science. The exact date of the invention of poetry, is uncertain; but, like printing, it came forth in full maturity of perfection, at a very early stage. The Song of Moses, on the safe passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, is considered to be the most ancient piece of poetical composition the world has ever seen, and is not to be exceeded in sublimity. The epic of Homer, now nearly three thousand years old, still maintains supremacy over every subsequent effort of human genius in the same class. It is true, Dr. Johnson says of Milton, "his 'Paradise Lost,' is not the greatest of epic poems, only because it is not the first." The subject selected by Milton is certainly more sublime, more instructive, and contains a more salutary lesson; but it admitted not the rapid succession of incident, the endless exuberance of description, the multiplied diversity of character which that of the earlier poet enabled him to embrace.

* Corneille and his Times. By M. Guizot, 8vo, 1852.

M. Guizot, the celebrated ex-minister of the late King Louis Philippe, has long been

before the public as an author, remarkable for profound philosophy of thought, accuracy of research, and clearness of reasoning. These qualities are strikingly exemplified in his notes on Gibbon, in particular, and in his other essays on grave political and polemical subjects. But we were not prepared for a work combining so much conversational ease, brilliancy of anecdote, and variety of lighter material, as we find united in the volume he has just published, which, under the title of "Corneille and his Times," supplies a very agreeable and instructive summary of the rise and progress of French dramatic poetry. The information here comprised could not be otherwise obtained unless by referring to many authorities, and wandering through a whole library of heavy investigation. Economy of time and trouble constitutes a prominent advantage of all similar treatises, which deal generally with the particular literature of a defined epoch. In the history of the origin and advancement of the classical drama in France, novelty is blended with interest. Except through the impassioned declamation of Mademoiselle Rachel, the modern English public are but little acquainted with the genius of the father and founder of French tragedy, the Shakspeare of France; as Corneille is occasionally, and rather ambitiously designated, by those who mistake power of condensed expression, with command of vigorous and flowing language, for the high imaginative faculty which scorns subservience to settled rules, and of whose exclusive possessor it was truly said—

"Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

We cannot recognize any uninspired writer but Shakspeare, to whom this comprehensive eulogium may be applied without exaggerated flattery. The versification of Corneille is grand, impressive, and sonorous, full of nerve and meaning, and not always deficient in tenderness and even pathetic feeling; but his spirit was manacled within the narrow fetters of the unities, and made no effort to escape and soar into loftier regions of inspiration. He bowed to the established opinion of the age in which he lived, attempted no reform beyond his strength to accomplish, and made the best use he could of the materials placed within his grasp. In the present day he is little read, and less frequently acted. Theatrical attraction in 1852 lies in a differ-

ent path. The dramas of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, Voltaire, and Regnard, stand in gilded bindings on the shelves of many libraries, but, except for occasional reference, to verify a quotation, or to enlighten a solitary student, they are as seldom disturbed as the volumes of Heywood, Marlowe, Shirley, Ford, or Webster. All these are talked of liberally, by learned oracles, who are often as little acquainted with them as are the inattentive listeners they are endeavoring to astonish and mystify by an affectation of superior knowledge and deeper reading. We do not mean to say that the French and English dramatists of the seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth centuries, are entirely pushed aside as useless lumber, but their productions are not generally palatable in the present refined state of literary epicureanism. It is not denied, that almost all educated and travelled persons, in these latter, glowing days, of universal improvement and rapid locomotion, speak or read French, Italian, and German, or, at least say, or think they do; and would consider it a sin against conventional decorum not to bestow rapturous plaudits on a French, Italian, or German play. The approbation is accorded because the commodity is exotic, and therefore of a superior quality. This in most cases is an act of obedience to popular opinion, rather than an impulse of intelligence. We frequently yawn where we affect to admire, and run the risk of applauding in the wrong place, rather than it should be suspected we do not understand. As Hamlet recommends to his mother, we "assume a virtue when we have it not." But whatever may be the cause, it cannot fail to be observed, that an English audience, especially an aristocratic one, appears to be more warmly excited at a second or third class foreign play, expounded (as the modern critics have it) by performers of the same weight of metal, than at the exhibition of one of Shakspeare's finest creations, even when embodied by our ablest native artists. If this is merely homage to all-controlling fashion, the mistake is venial; but if it proceeds from deliberate conviction, it must be deplored as an error in judgment, and a degeneracy in national taste, equally injurious and unaccountable.

The name of the English translator of M. Guizot's volume is not announced in the title-page, but he has no reason to shrink from acknowledging his task. He has executed it well and gracefully, with care and fidelity, retaining the full spirit of the original, undim-

figured by that slavish adherence to French idiom, which is the usual, and damaging characteristic of exact translation. We can scarcely bestow higher praise than in saying, it reads throughout like an original work. The author has divided his book into three distinct sections: Poetry in France before the time of Corneille;—the life and writings of Corneille himself;—and lastly, an account of his contemporaries. This arrangement greatly assists the reader, and keeps him clear in his chronological references. By the preface we learn that the first sketch of this publication appeared nearly forty years ago, but has been greatly modified and enlarged, until it has assumed its present more complete and comprehensive shape. M. Guizot says he has made many changes, and was tempted to make many more. "Perhaps," he adds, "I ought to have re-written my work. I did not wish to do so. A book must exist and last out its time as it is. This book is, if I mistake not, a faithful image of the spirit which prevailed, forty years ago, in literature, among the men who cultivated it, and the public who loved it." We do not entirely feel the force of this reasoning, as far as we can understand it. The author says truly, "many years, and such years, develop in the mind entirely new views upon all subjects." We should therefore have thought he would have rejected the opinions of early enthusiasm for those stamped by long and chastening experience. The subject of which he treats is in essence unchanged, and what it always was; but the manner in which it is received now, is of more importance to him than the impression it made formerly, and its perfect coincidence with the tastes of the generation which has faded from the world since the year 1813.

The earliest French dramatists of whom we have any authentic knowledge, appear to have been Jodelle, Hardy, and Mairet. All these are better known by their names than their works, although Hardy, with a muse almost as prolific as that of Lope de Vega, could dash off a comedy of two thousand lines in twenty-four hours. The Spaniard, it was said, made little of writing a three-act play before breakfast. Of Hardy's numerous dramatic offspring, exceeding six hundred in number, only forty-one are now extant. He was considered the father of the French stage, and reigned supreme in credit, until dethroned by the superior genius of Corneille. But long before his era, even under the rule of the mysteries and moralities, the French language could boast of

more than one excellent farce. "Les Morts Vivants" is as old as the sixteenth century. "L'Avocat Patelin" is supposed by Fontenelle to date as far back as the time of Louis the Twelfth,* and, according to all circumstantial evidence, is the very earliest production of the French stage. Broadly humorous and farcical, but not in the least obscure or unintelligible, either in language or construction, "L'Avocat Patelin" is very familiar to the English public under the title of "The Village Lawyer," almost a literal translation, even to the "ba-a-ing" of Sheepface, which moves the galleries to a perfect ecstasy of merriment. "The Village Lawyer" was sent to Colman anonymously, and was first acted at the Haymarket for Edwin's benefit, in 1787. All the actors predicted its failure, considering the humor trivial and dangerous, but it was received with unqualified approbation, and has remained on the stage as a stock farce ever since. It is an odd coincidence that neither the author of the French original nor English translation is correctly known. In "L'Avocat Patelin" occurs for the first time the phrase, "*revenons à nos moulons*," which has since passed into universal adoption as a proverbial saying, expressive of "let us resume our discourse." To create proverbs, and give new words to language, are evidences of very unusual success. "Patelin," an accidental name, like "Tartuffe," has become a generic term for a flatterer or cajoler, as "Tartuffe" is used to signify a religious hypocrite. It has, in addition, a family of descendants, which "Tartuffe" has not produced, such as "Pateliner," "Patelinage," and "Patelineurs." In the unrivalled gallery of theatrical subjects at the Garrick Club, is a scene from the "Village Lawyer," by Dewilde, exhibiting admirable portraits of Bannister and Parsons, as Scout and Sheepface.

Cardinal Richelieu, who wished to be supreme in everything, in letters as in political power, established the Academy, in the first instance, for the sake of having a learned

* In his "Histoire du Théâtre Français," he gives a long extract, which he considers not unworthy of Moliere, and mentions that Pasquier has another. This little comedy was at first written in quaint rhymes, and antiquated style. After some time it was modernized, and converted into prose. In this state it has been attributed to Palaprat, and published with his name, although not included in the entire collection of his dramas, which appeared with those of his friend Brueya. It was certainly in existence before Palaprat was born. Rabelais alludes to "Patelin," and he died in 1553, ninety, seven years before the birth of Palaprat.

body to protect and govern. But with progressive strength, they soon rose beyond the necessity of individual patronage, and vindicated their right to be what they became, an integral part of the nation. After a few years they belonged to France, rather than to their original founder, or his more liberal successor, Louis the Fourteenth. M. Guizot remarks justly of the great Cardinal, "He granted to literature an active protection, the influence of which upon the literature of his own time has, perhaps, been exaggerated, but the effect of which upon succeeding generations cannot be disregarded." The letters patent, which gave to the Academy position and permanence, were registered by the Parliament of Paris in 1637. From that date, this erudite body assumed a dictatorship as arbiters and dispensers of literary fame, but always subject to sarcasm and deduction from disappointed applicants, who failed to obtain admission into their ranks. Like all other public institutions, they were not invariably impartial or judicious in the selection of members. Piron being excluded, revenged himself, by a keen irony in the form of an epitaph :—

"Ci git Piron, qui ne fût rien ;
Pas même—Académicien."

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen in 1606. He was intended for the bar, but he fell in love, and so (according to his nephew, Fontenelle) became a poet. His present biographer attaches little importance to this alleged source of his genius. He says, "Love taught him merely to rhyme, and to string rhymes together was a very small matter for Corneille." The extraordinary success of his first dramatic attempt, "*Mélite*," established his name, and determined the color of his future life. Celebrated now as the first tragic writer of his country, he commenced his career by a succession of six comedies, long since forgotten. "*Mélite*" appeared in 1629, when Corneille was only in his twenty-third year. At this time Shakspeare had been dead nearly thirteen years, and Lope de Vega had retired from the field, exhausted with the labor of eighty hundred dramas. Speaking of Corneille's pretensions at this early period, M. Guizot observes, "His mind enlarged daily, but he had not yet discovered the great and legitimate use of his increasing powers; instead of turning his attention to that inexhaustible source, the observation of nature, he wasted his strength in efforts to make the

best of the barren field which he had chosen. He daily acquired greater industry, but his art remained stationary at nearly the same point; and Corneille had as yet succeeded only in showing what he could do in a style of composition in which excellence could be attained by no one." In 1635 appeared his first tragedy, "*Medea*," which contains more than one indication of the energetic conciseness, and close comprehensive reasoning, which soon became distinguishing features of this celebrated writer. A single passage of intense power and simple expression, in the words of Voltaire, "announced the advent of Corneille." It seems strange, that after this decided movement in advance, he should fall back into comedy, of which "*L'Illusion Comique*" affords a very inferior specimen. This fall is the more remarkable, as it occurred when his mind must have been busy with the "*Cid*," which was produced in 1636. That event constituted an era in the dramatic history of France, and fixed the superiority of Corneille on a foundation which has never been undermined. He was then thirty, in the meridian of mental vigor, and this effort of his genius has been held up by many able critics, not only as his master-piece, but as the pride and boast of their national drama. The success of its reception was most enthusiastic; it entirely occupied the conversation of general society; passages committed to memory were in everybody's mouth; and "that is as fine as the *Cid*" soon became a colloquial expression for any thing of unexpected excellence. It was not likely that such a triumph should pass on without exciting the envy and jealousy of a host of distanced competitors, who were unwilling to subside quietly into oblivion, under the extinguishing blaze of a more brilliant light than their own. A petty feeling, unworthy of the abilities or high position of Richelieu, but instigated by literary self-love, induced him to give countenance to this useless cabal. The famous criticism of the French Academy, equally unjust and severe, was suggested by his influence, prepared under his supervision, and suspected to have been composed in part by himself. The servile complaisance of the Academy in this instance must be recorded to their enduring shame:

Corneille was not slow in discovering his own strength, as much from the bitterness his success created, as from innate perception and comparison.* But he was poor, strug-

* Soudéry, Bois-Robert, Claveret, and a host of

gliding for subsistence as well as fame, and in receipt of a pension from the Cardinal. He dared not vent his indignation openly against the caprices of the power by which he was alternately patronized and persecuted. We are not therefore surprised to find affixed to many of his pieces, dedicatory epistles to Richelieu, his niece the Duchess D'Aiguillon, and other grandees of the court, composed in a strain of fulsome adulation, which Dryden could scarcely have surpassed. A hard condition, too frequently imposed by fortune on indigent genius. For the dedication of "Cinna" to M. de Montauron, Corneille was said to have received the large sum of one thousand pistoles, accompanied, however, with considerable obloquy; so much so, that praises of this kind, furnished upon specific terms, were called thenceforward, dedications *à la Montauron*. "It is always possible," says M. Guizot, "to determine by the nature of the homage which Corneille pays, the amount of the reward he received for it; and the excessive character of his eulogies will never prove anything but the excess of his gratitude." Even on the death of Richelieu, he smothered up his resentment of injuries, under the consciousness of obligation, in these ingeniously turned lines:—

"Qu'on parle mal ou bien du fameux Cardinal,
Ma prose ni mes vers n'en diront jamais rien :
Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal ;
Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien."

After the triumph of the "Cid,"—"Horace," "Cinna," "Polyeucte," and "Pompée," followed in rapid succession, and carried the reputation of Corneille to its highest pinnacle. In "Rodogune" and "Heraclius," there was scarcely any perceptible descent, although the plot of the latter is so intricate and involved, that it requires a second and even a third perusal, with undivided attention, before it can be satisfactorily unravelled. In the "Menteur," he far exceeded his earlier efforts in comedy. This superiority arises less from the actual merits of the play, than from the simple fact that it is more natural than the others, and the leading character taken from the scenes of every-day life. At the age of forty-seven, Corneille, beginning to fancy his reputation

with the public was on the decline, from the cold reception of "Pertharite," determined to give up writing for the stage. "It is just," he says, "that, after twenty years of labor, I should begin to perceive that I am growing too old to continue in vogue; I take leave of the public before they entirely take leave of me." It would have been well for his literary reputation if this resolve had been irrevocable, but after six years of retirement he returned to his vocation, with diminished powers, and evident symptoms that his lamp of poetic inspiration was burning low. Perhaps he had a more powerful incitement in the pressure of worldly affairs and the want of money, than even in the flattering encouragement of Fouquet. When Boileau congratulated him on the success of his tragedies, and the glory he had gained thereby; "Yes," answered Corneille, "I am satiated with glory, and famished for money." In "Nicomede" and "Sertorius," there are passages still worthy of his name, "Othon" contains one speech which will always continue to be quoted, and even "Agésilas" has a scene which could not easily have been written by any one else. The general inferiority of the last-named play, followed by "Attila," written respectively at the ages of sixty and sixty-two, drew from the satiric pen of Boileau this cutting epigram, which M. Guizot has inserted in a note.

"Après l'Agésilas,—Helas !
Mais après l'Attila—Holà."

Corneille, unwarned by failure, continued to write up to seventy, to the unavailing regret of his honest admirers, the satisfaction of his enemies, and the detriment of his fame. He reached the almost patriarchal age of seventy-eight, in a state of melancholy despondency, with a total incapacity and aversion to business of every kind, and finally expired on the 1st of October, 1684, having survived the loss of his faculties for nearly a year. Remarkably distinguished in these particulars from Shakspeare, who died suddenly at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, in the full enjoyment of bodily health and intellectual energy, and whose latest productions are ranked among his best. Racine, who succeeded Corneille by the legitimate inheritance of kindred ability, volunteered the office of eulogist, and Voltaire, by a similar right, became the commentator of their illustrious predecessor. If, in some touches of refinement, in a more cultivated

the small fry of literary pretenders, now forgotten, endeavored for a time to preserve the balance of public opinion; but Corneille, by the unaided superiority of his talents, was able to vanquish the perverted taste of his age, the competition of his rivals, and the envy of the all-potent minister.

style, and minutely delicate strokes of the pencil, they surpassed their model and teacher, let it not be forgotten that the first praise is due to the master who leads, rather than to the scholars, who, through his labors and example, have improved the path to excellence. They derived advantage from his faults while they drew inspiration from his genius, learning at the same time, and from the one source, what to avoid, and how to amend. In the brilliant youth of the disciple, the former achievements of the aged preceptor are frequently and unjustly forgotten. The first hardy pioneer who forces a passage through a mountain, untrod before, has accomplished a feat of greater difficulty than the followers in his train, who have rendered the rugged opening smooth and agreeable.

The private character of Corneille appears to have been honest, simple, and generally unassuming, with certain occasional inequalities of temper, from which human nature is never exempt. His actions are to be found in the history of his works. The lives of poets and scholars are usually barren of incident, separated from the bustling scenes of the world, and removed from the arena of dangerous ambition. Cervantes and Camoens form eminent exceptions. Each were gallant warriors, visiting distant lands, and braving wounds and captivity in the course of military service. Calderon, too, "had been a soldier in his youth," and Lope de Vega, on the loss of his first wife, sought consolation in the perils of the Armada. Corneille created and embellished heroes with his pen, and makes them dilate loftily on the duties of chivalry and the laws of honor, but he had no fiery spark in his own composition, and held it quite unnecessary to illustrate his theory by personal example. When challenged by Scudéry, out of spleen at his superior popularity, he rejected the appeal to arms with philosophic contempt, and replied to the rhodomontades of his angry rival by a sarcasm. "There is no necessity," said he, "for knowing how much nobler or more valiant you may be than myself, in order to judge how far superior the 'Cid' is to the 'Amant Liberal'" (one of Scudéry's worst comedies).

Corneille reformed much that was rude and defective in the dramatic taste of his country, but he made no effort to break through the trammels of the unities, within which the French stage has been invariably restricted. He acknowledges them as indispensable, in this short but emphatic sentence

in his "Essay upon Dramatic Poetry;" "Il faut observer les unités d'action, de lieu, et de jour; personne n'en doute." This rule so distinctly admitted by Corneille, continued binding on the tender Racine, the fiery Crébillon, and the elegant Voltaire.

"La Motte," says Voltaire, "a man of wit and talent, but attached to paradoxes, has written in our time against the doctrine of the unities, but that literary heresy met with no success; had Shakspeare been equally bigoted to scholastic rules, we should have had no 'Macbeth,' 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' 'Tempest,' or 'Lear.' Dennis, in his celebrated criticism on 'Cato,' which Dr. Johnson gives at full length in his 'Life of Addison,' shows, with unanswerable truth, the absurdity of confining the action of a play to one particular place. Dennis was a snarling, waspish animal, full of crotchets and absurd prejudices, but in this he is right. In 'Cato,' the scene is laid, with scrupulous attention to the unities, in the great hall of Cato's palace at Utica. Here the conspirators meet to lay their plots, and, says Dennis, 'How could they be such fools as to select the most unfitting place in the world to discuss a matter which involved their heads?' But let no one suppose that this absurdity occurs in 'Cato' alone. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine afford examples enough that the authors found themselves compelled to violate the laws of probability and common sense, in order to adhere to those of Aristotle. In 'Cinna,' he and Maximus conspire in the Emperor's cabinet, and there Amelia shouts forth her resolution to assassinate him; and, to make the matter more glaring, Cinna is quite aware of their egregious folly, for he says,

'Amis, dans ce palais on peut nous écouter;
Et nous parlons peut-être avec trop d'imprudence,
Dans un lieu si mal-propre à notre confidence.'

Corneille and Racine may be distinguished as the Homer and Virgil of France. The former was deficient in tenderness, in dramatic construction, and in the art of moving the passions; but he surpassed in grandeur, in distinct identity of character, and in the power of saying much in a few words. In refinement, in delineating the passion of love truthfully, and in harmony of versification, Racine is unequalled. Corneille injured his fame by writing too much and too long. He suffers more by comparison with himself, than when viewed in conjunction with any other writer. It is almost impossible to be-

lieve that the "Cid" and "Pertharite," or "Surenna," could proceed from the same source. Critics of his own nation, headed by Voltaire, have condemned more than twenty of his dramas, and confined his claims to superior excellence, to half a dozen. No foreign reader is likely to verify or refute this censure, as either course would entail the necessity of perusing them to an end. We cannot entirely agree with M. Guizot, in the opinion he has adopted from earlier authorities, than the heroes and heroines of Corneille are Greeks and Romans, Indians or Spaniards, according to the age and country in which they are placed. To us they still appear indigenously Parisian, although less palpably one family than those of Racine and Voltaire.

The French are fond of comparing Corneille and Shakspeare. We are fully alive to the merits of the great foreign writer, and have no wish to depreciate from national partiality; but we cannot see how the comparison can hold good, except in the one point, that each was a master in his art, and looked upon as a foundation-stone, on which the structure of dramatic excellence has been subsequently erected.*

The credit of Corneille rests exclusively on his tragedies, while his comedies are obsolete. That of Shakspeare is so equally poised between the two, that it is difficult to decide from which he has derived the greatest share of his renown. He vibrates from one to the other, like Garrick, when claimed by the contending Muses in Sir Joshua's picture. Corneille confined himself strictly to classic rules. Shakspeare treated them with sovereign disregard. Of Corneille's thirty-two dramas, not more than four or five retain possession of the stage. Of Shakspeare's thirty-six, above three-fourths are in requisition, and seldom fail to prove attractive when adequately represented. The recent success of "King John" at the Princess's Theatre, affords a memorable corroborative instance. The most devoted worshipper of Corneille, if called upon to select a trial specimen of his characteristic excellence, would in all probability pause upon the torrent of reproaches with which Camille overwhelms her brother, thus provoking him to murder, when he returns victorious from the combat with the Curatii in which her lover has been slaughtered. Those who have

witnessed Rachel in this agony of passion, will not easily forget the effect she produced, by a most extraordinary union of intellectual intensity, and physical execution. We subjoin the speech entire for the purpose of a distinct parallel.

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant !
Rome, qui t'a vû naître, et que ton cœur adore !
Rome, enfin que je hais parcequ'elle t'honore !
Puissent tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondemens encore mal assurés ;
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'orient contre-elle a l'occident s'allie ;
Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers,
Passent pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers ;
Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains, déchire ses entrailles !
Que le courroux du Ciel allumé par mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !
Puisse je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en
poudre,
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seul en être la cause, et mourir de plaisir."

Let us now request our readers to turn to the curse which Lear hurls on his daughter Goneril, and read or recite that tremendous imprecation immediately after the other. Here are two masterly passages from mighty spirits, in the same vein, each illustrating a similar effect of human feeling under circumstances of harrowing excitement. Perhaps it is not necessary to express our individual opinion as to which of the two the palm of superiority should be awarded.

"Hear, nature, hear ; dear goddess, hear !
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility !
Dry up in her the organs of increase :
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live
And be a thwart, disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !—Away, away !"

The final division of M. Guizot's work is occupied by very interesting details respecting Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron, three contemporaries of Corneille, whose productions are little familiar to the generality of readers. Chapelain devoted twenty years of his life to the composition of twelve cantos of a poem on the Maid of Orleans, which

* The French point to the illustrious name of Pierre Corneille, as affording to the history of their theatre, the mighty landmark which Shakspeare gives to our own.

met with so little encouragement, that he never published the conclusion. Rotrou possessed the greatest talent of this triumvirate, but the name of Scarron is better known and remembered, from his having been the first husband of Madame de Maintenon; from his constitutional humor, interminable *facetia*, and excellent digestion, which bade defiance to physical suffering and poverty; and from his "Roman Comique," and "Virgile Travesti," which may still be looked over and laughed at in spite of their incongruous extravagance. On closing the

volume, we feel convinced that our ancestors, two hundred years ago, were more easily amused and instructed than are the present generation: and that the influence of the "Belles Lettres" on society, is rapidly fading before the spread of utilitarian doctrines, and the reiterated discovery of gold diggings. Whether this revolution has improved the social system or increased the happiness of the human family, is a question more easily discussed than decided, and opening too many arguments to be entered on within the limits of a restricted article.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALPHONSE KARR.

For some time past, it has been our intention to devote a few pages to the examination of twenty-five volumes of tales, essays, novels, and drolleries, which occupy, under the initial K, a corner of our French bookcase. We know not whether M. Alphonse Karr's works are as much read in England as those of some of his popular and mischievous contemporaries; but we suspect that they are not. He is of a different school from those clever miscreants, whose glittering pages, vivid with attractive colors that conceal the most pernicious tendencies, make his writings appear, by contrast, pale and monotonous. Some time ago, when incidentally mentioning his very charming novel of *La Famille Alain*, we extolled the propriety of many of M. Karr's works; and, indeed, when compared with the poisonous doctrines of Eugene Sue, that reckless pander to the worst passions of the populace, with the profanity and impurity of most of Madame Sand's novels, and with the unclean and anti-social lucubrations of minor scribes too numerous to mention, there are few of his books but seem innocent and unoffending. Comparative praise must not, however, be mistaken for unqualified approval. Grave faults are to be found in some of his earlier works; and we fear it must be admitted that, with the exception of *La Famille Alain*, and of one or two others, the books upon which he has apparently bestowed most pains are, upon the whole, the least unobjectionable. Two of his longest works—written,

it is true, fifteen or twenty years ago, when their author was a very young man, but over which he has evidently lingered with love and painstaking—are not only unpleasant in tone and untrue to nature, but in parts immoral and licentious. Of his more recent writings, the shorter and slighter are generally the most exempt from anything likely to shock English readers. It is an unfortunate peculiarity of M. Karr's that he apparently goes out of his way to deface his fairest pages. In France he has a high reputation as a man of *esprit*; but *esprit* includes good taste as well as wit, and to the former quality he sometimes forfeits his claim. One feels vexed at the eccentricity or perverseness which lead him to blot, by license and triviality, the most interesting of his books. When he steers clear of these shoals, his delineations frequently possess both feeling and delicacy; whilst the shrewdness and knowledge of human nature he often exhibits, prevent our believing him the dupe of the sophistry and misanthropy that sometimes flow from his pen. Desiring to judge him as favorably as he will permit us to do, and at the same time to give an instance of the bad taste of which we complain, we turn to the set of novels included under the eccentric title of *Ce qu'il y a dans une Boutelle d'Encre*. We may here observe that M. Karr's books are generally remarkable for the oddity of their names. Some of these, such as *Fort en Thème*, *Pour ne pas être Treize*, *Une Folle*

Histoire, although pithy enough in French, translate but lamely into English. Others are German, as *Am Rauchen*, "Whilst Smoking," or, more freely, "Over a Pipe;" and *Einerlei*, the name given to a collection of tales, and touching whose appositeness, which is not very clear, M. Karr is perfectly inexplicit. The novels composing the "Ink Bottle" set are plainer in their appellations. One of them, called *Clotilde*, is clever but disagreeable. It contains some well-drawn characters, but all the most prominent of these are either vicious or fools. *Genevieve* is another of this series, and one of the best of the author's productions. And yet the chances are that the reader throws it aside before he has got through the first fifty pages, and denounces it as one of the common run of loose French novels, in which morality is sneered at, or at least lost sight of. In reality, the chief fault of the book—almost its only one—lies in those first fifty pages. Could we strike out or remodel them, *Genevieve* would be a very charming novel. As it is, it begins with a blemish; its commencement is in M. Karr's worst style. The substance of the offending portion may be inoffensively given in very few words. Monsieur Lauter is a German, good, kind-hearted, generous, and resident at Châlons-sur-Marne. An affectation of a stoical and unbending character is his principal weakness. His wife, Rosalie, a blooming Frenchwoman seventeen years younger than himself, has rendered him the happy father of two beautiful children, son and daughter. A few years after their birth he detects her in an intrigue with an empty coxcomb, a new comer to the town. Rosalie's character, although tinged with coquetry, was previously unsullied. Lauter forgets his stoicism, puts a pistol-case under his arm, and walks out in the gray of the morning with the seducer. From that day forward neither husband nor lover are seen or heard of. This last sentence brings us to page 50, where the scene changes; a leap is taken over three years; and one reads far into the book before conjecturing the necessity of the preliminary incident. And when its intimate connection with the plot of the novel at last appears, we are under the charm of a most engaging narrative, delicately told; and the cynical levity of the commencement, already wellnigh forgotten, flashes upon our memory as doubly offensive. The incident could hardly have been dispensed with, but it might have been very differently told, with a gravity and conciseness that would have greatly increased its effect. The manner is here the offence.

Doubtless there are very few of the weaknesses and sins to which humanity is liable of which the novelist may not rightfully avail himself, with the laudable view of pointing a moral and warning from vice. But he should beware of missing his aim, and making that from which it is his duty to deter, appear, even for the moment, venial or attractive. The handling may constitute all the difference between a wholesome lesson and a repugnant and dangerous picture.

"Let us talk a little," says M. Karr, by manner of heading to his tenth chapter, after effecting, in the last line of the ninth, the disappearance of M. Lauter and his rival, "of M. Chaumier, bourgeois of the little town of Fontainebleau." And here we pause to remark that nothing can be more capricious and fantastical than the general arrangement of M. Karr's books. His chapters are of all lengths, from six lines to any number of pages. We could point out some of two lines, and of a line and a half, and that are considerably shorter than their argument. Sometimes he devotes a chapter to a letter to Jules Janin, or some other friend, or to the narration of an incident personal to himself, and entirely unconnected with the book, or to gossip about a dog, a flower, or a lizard—in short, to anything that comes uppermost. At first one smiles at the oddity of these digressions, and admires the neatness and independent point that some of them possess; but after a time they become wearisome, the reader considers them as knots upon the thread of the story, and wonders why they are introduced, unless with the purpose of swelling the volume—to the attainment of which the three line chapters, made a pretext for three pages of white paper, very considerably contribute. And doubtless many of M. Karr's readers, puzzled to explain his vagaries, his occasional crude sophisms and impertinent assertions, end by imputing to him either an immoderate share of affectation, or a slight derangement in the cells of his brain, insufficient, however, to neutralize his amusing qualities as a writer. If he has his defects, he, upon the other hand, carefully avoids many to which his contemporaries are prone. He is conscientiously brief in his descriptions, and scruples not to quiz Balzac unmercifully on his long-windedness in this particular. A satirist by profession, the editor of the *Guettes* gives his brother novelist the full length of his lash. Fortunately poor Balzac's broad shoulders were pretty well used to the thong, which is applied, moreover, with all good humor. Nobody

will mistake the object of the following bit of parody, extracted from *Une Histoire In-vraisemblable*. A friend has been reproaching M. Karr with a brevity too great for his own interest. "When you write romances," he says, "are you not paid, like other people, by the line, the page, the sheet?"

"Certainly," replies M. Karr; "why should I not conform to the established custom in such matters?"

"Conform to established custom as much as you like, but at least study the masters of the art, and learn of them not to squander your subject. Recollect that, paid by the line, Laroche-foucauld, if he had lived in our days, and lived by the produce of his pen, would have obtained by his *Maxims* scarcely a fortnight's subsistence. You have already brought upon the scene an innkeeper, half-a-dozen travellers, a conscript and his family, all of which were portraits to paint. And the inn! do you think one of the masters I speak of would let off the inn as cheaply as you have done? Far from it. Every saucepan would have paid him toll to the tune of ten *sous*, at the very least. And the chimney! he would not give the chimney for fifteen francs; and there is also a carriage from which you might have extracted a profit."

"Would you have had me stop it on the road?"

"No; but that carriage owes you ten francs, which you might have paid yourself."

And the friend proceeds with caricatures of the verbose style of various literary celebrities. Thus instructed, M. Karr watches an opportunity to profit by the valuable hints he has received. Presently casual mention is made of a fan. The chance is too good to be lost. "This time," he exclaims, "the fan shall not escape toll-free; the fan shall not pass without paying a ransom. It is a fan in white satin, with golden spangles. Upon it are painted shepherds, but what shepherds! trees, but what trees! sheep, but what sheep! The shepherdess has a sprinkling of powder on her hair; a boddice of pink satin, with green ribbons; a petticoat of the same, puffed out over enormous hoops, and elegantly turned up with green bows, like the boddice. On her feet she has little shoes, with high heels; in her hand a crook, adorned with ribbons; she is seated on blue grass, beneath the shadow of lilac trees," &c. &c., to the extent of a page and a half. "I do not know many of my cotemporaries," M. Karr then observes, "who, having caught a Watteau fan, would

let the reader off so cheaply. *The most fertile of our novelists*, [Balzac is here meant,] who, after all, is a man of great talent, once built a house with the price of the description of a chest of drawers. There was nothing deficient in the house, except a staircase, but that must not be attributed to the insufficiency of the drawers, but to the absence of mind of the author, who, being his own architect, had omitted the stairs in the plan he gave to the masons—a circumstance which I neither invent nor exaggerate." This is the sort of sarcastic gossip and caricature indulged in by M. Karr, to an extent sometimes nearly as tiresome as Balzac's interminable descriptions of chairs and tables. To return, however, to M. Chaumier, of Fontainebleau, the brother of Madame Rosalie Lauter, who had married against his will, and with whom he had since held no communication. Here is his house, as described by M. Karr, who, himself an enthusiastic lover of the country, of gardens, trees, and flowers, is very happy in sketches of the kind. "The entrance was through an alley of acacias, with thick and tufted foliage, at the extremity of which was a little dark green door, where hung a deer's foot, by way of bell-handle. When the door was opened, you entered a court, each of whose flags was surrounded by a fringe of grass. In one corner was a well, so old that the stone brim was worn away, and covered with reddish-green moss. At the bottom of the courtyard stood a two-story house, reached by a small flight of steps, with a rusty iron railing; the ground-floor comprising the dining-room, M. Chaumier's bed-room and study, and the kitchen. On the first floor were the bed-chambers of little Rose Chaumier, of her brother Albert, and of Dame Modeste Rolland, M. Chaumier's confidential housekeeper. The upper story served as fruit and store-room; the linen was spread there to dry, and sometimes Honoré Rolland, Modeste's husband, and a soldier by profession, occupied it for the rare intervals during which the state could dispense with his services. In rear of the house was a large garden, of wild and uncultivated aspect. Before M. Chaumier bought the property, the garden had been perfectly cultivated; but since then, thanks to neglect, thistles, nettles, and other weeds, had choked the delicate flowers; the trees alone and a few vigorous plants had resisted, and had even attained a remarkable size. Two large apple-trees, a service-tree, over which a clematis twined, lilacs, enormous moss-grown ro-

trees, formed the principal riches of the garden; poppies sowed themselves every year, and at the angle of the coping of the wall, blossomed a bright cluster of wall-flower." Add to the persons mentioned in this description Madame Rosalie Lauter and her two children, Leon and Genevieve, and we at once group together all, save one, of the prominent characters of the book. Three years after her husband's disappearance, Madame Lauter writes to her brother. Herself ignorant of Lauter's fate, she has lived repentant and retired, devoting herself to her children. "By selling all I have," she says to M. Chaumier, "I shall realize about thirty thousand francs. Will you let me go and live with you? You shall guide me in the employment of my little fortune, and in the education of my children; I will replace, for yours, the mother they have lost—and thus surrounded, we will grow old in peace and affection. Your answer, my good brother, will restore me to happiness or plunge me into deepest discouragement." In spite of the manœuvres of Modeste Rolland, who purloins the letter from her master's pocket, and does all she dares to prevent compliance with its request, M. Chaumier, who, although a negro-emancipator and theoretical philanthropist, is not quite dead to the more practical sympathies of humanity, welcomes his sister and her children. Madame Lauter has over-estimated the probable proceeds of her little property. It yields but twenty thousand francs; and as she dares not, and will not, be a tax upon her brother, she sinks this little sum upon her life, justifying the act in her own eyes by the reflection that it will enable her to give her children a good education, which leads to everything.

The four cousins grow up together. The development of their respective characters; the description of their happy life in the little country-house and its wild old garden; the envy, hatred, and malice of Modeste Rolland, who racks her spiteful invention to devise annoyances for Madame Lauter, to whom she has vowed eternal detestation; the long-suffering of Rosalie, who, humbly penitent and anxious for her children, courageously and patiently submits to the petty insults of her persecutor rather than disturb the tranquillity of her brother's house—these and other domestic matters furnish M. Karr with several charming chapters, tolerably free from those unseasonable digressions and speculations with which, however, he never can entirely abstain from interlarding and deteriorating his volumes. Leon and Albert

go to study at Paris; Madame sells her last trinkets, that her son may have the same allowance as his cousin. In her letters she urges him to work hard; but Leon takes this for a mere matter-of-course recommendation, and attends more to music than to books. He has a fine voice, and in a short time he becomes a proficient on the violin. This pursuit, and the recollection of his pretty cousin Rose, his childish partiality for whom is merging in manly love, preserve him from the dissipation indulged in by Albert, who is of a more volatile and frivolous character. Rebuffed by a pretty widow, whose conquest, in his boyish vanity, he fancied he had made, Albert retreats to rustication at Fontainebleau. And now begin poor Genevieve's sorrows. She loves her cousin with the purest affection, and is repaid by indifference. Albert never dreams of regarding her otherwise than as a sister, and is wholly unaware of her sentiments towards him. He tortures her by carving upon the trees of the forest the initials of his disdainful Parisian beauty, and returns to Paris for his last year of pretended study and real idleness. All this time Leon dreams of Rose, neglects his law books, and plays concertos. He is on the way to become a first-rate musician and no lawyer. An unexpected letter from Genevieve gives him a terrible shock. Madame Lauter is dead, during the absence of her brother, to whom on the eve of her decease she dictates a letter, commending her children to his care. Two days after her funeral, M. Chaumier's fortune is trebled by the favorable termination of a long-pending law-suit. He promises Genevieve and Leon to be a father to them, and keeps his promise tolerably well, until Leon one day declares his rooted aversion to the law, and his intention to adopt music as a profession. Whereupon his uncle desires him to reckon no longer on his support, and to keep away from his house—which Leon accordingly leaves, after declaring his love to Rose, and obtaining an assurance that it is reciprocated.

Besides his cousin Albert and his student comrades, Leon has one intimate who is almost a friend. This is a fellow-lodger named Anselmo, a *fanatico per la musica*, who, attracted by Leon's musical skill, has sought his acquaintance, and occasionally visits him to smoke a pipe and listen to his violin. He makes long absences from Paris, and Leon has not seen much of him, but has nevertheless conceived a sort of affection for him, founded on the simple but distinguished manners of Anselmo, on the interest he

seems to take in his affairs, and on the encouragement he gives him to struggle bravely along the up-hill road of life. Indeed, Anselmo shows a degree of good feeling and sympathy, naturally captivating to a young and generous heart. After his rupture with his uncle, Leon at once proceeds to consult his friend, and to inform him of his project, or rather of his resolution.

M. Anselmo encouraged him, and, without ceasing to be his assiduous auditor, entirely changed his manner of listening. It was no longer a personal satisfaction he sought when Leon played on the violin; he no longer gave himself up to the charm of melody. He judged, criticised, found fault, insisted on numerous repetitions of the same passages. Then, when there was an important opera, a good concert, or a great artiste to be heard, M. Anselmo always had, by chance, in the pocket of his old brown coat, a ticket for the concert or theatre. One day he said to Leon—"I am very intimate with M. Kreutzer; he will be most happy on my recommendation, to give you the few lessons you still need; call upon him to-morrow with a letter I will give you." Kreutzer gave no lesson under twenty francs; it was a piece of good luck Leon would never have dared to hope for. He could not help admiring the punctuality and exactness of the professor, who never abridged the lesson even by five minutes. And what equally astonished him was, that whilst Kreutzer thus faithfully fulfilled the duties of a friendship such as is rarely met with, he never inquired after his friend. One day Leon and M. Anselmo met Kreutzer in the street. "To whom did you bow?" said M. Anselmo to Leon.

"Did you not recognize him?"

"No."

"It was your friend, M. Kreutzer."

"I did not see him."

"It is surprising."

"Very surprising."

"He passed close to us; but neither did he seem to recognize you."

"One morning M. Anselmo said to Leon—'It is time for you to earn money; you have a fine talent; my friend Kreutzer will be so obliging as to give you a few more lessons, and any advice you may need. But whilst thus perfecting yourself, you must make yourself heard, and give lessons in your turn. Here is the address of a pupil with whom you will commence the day after to-morrow; he will give you ten francs a

lesson. The price is almost ridiculous for a young professor; but you should give no lessons at a lower rate. There are few real connoisseurs, and the majority estimate music only by what it costs.' Leon knew not how to thank M. Anselmo; but M. Anselmo said to him—'You owe me no thanks; one of my friends, a very rich man, wishes his son to learn the violin. He asked me to tell him of a good professor; you were at hand; I must have gone out of my way not to render you this little service; and, besides, I know few professors whose play pleases me as much as yours. I am off to Germany, and shall not return till spring. Write to me sometimes, and tell me of your success, for I am sure you will succeed. Farewell.'

M. Karr here skips over a year in three pages, occupied by gossip about an ink-bottle and a barcarole. In the interim, Genevieve had been forbidden to see her brother, had declined obeying, and had gone to live with him. Leon, whose reputation daily augmented, and who earned a tolerable income, occupied a little apartment in the Rue St. Honoré. His musical talent made him much sought after in society; and his uncle, to whom he never failed respectfully to bow when they met at a ball or concert, was not sorry sometimes to say: The young man is my nephew. "Once, when M. Chaumier had said this, he found himself puzzled to reply to the very natural question—'Why do we never meet him at your Sunday parties?' It was impossible to say—'Because I forbade him my house; and I did so because he *would* be a musician, and acquire the talent you applaud, and of which I myself cannot help being rather proud.' So, one day M. Chaumier beckoned Leon to him, and said—'Nephew Leon, there is mercy for every offence. I may have thought it right to punish an outbreak of youthful wilfulness, but I did not mean to banish my sister's children for ever from my house. Rose and Albert—when we see Albert—speak of you two every Sunday, when there are always two places empty at table, which I do not like to see. Come, then, next Sunday, with your sister, and let us forget our little differences.' By an involuntary impulse, Rose threw her arms round her father's neck, to thank him for this good thought, which he had confided to no one. Leon thanked M. Chaumier aloud, and Rose with her eyes and heart. Thenceforward Genevieve and Leon dined every Sunday at their uncle's.

"Albert had bought a solicitor's practice, and left everything to his head clerk, whilst he himself thought only of amusement."

"M. Anselmo had written twice to Leon, who had forgotten to answer him."

Perhaps the reader may already have his suspicions concerning this M. Anselmo, who, notwithstanding the shabbiness of his only coat, abounds in opera and concert tickets, and has interest to procure, gratis, music-lessons usually paid at twenty francs apiece. About this time he returns from Germany, in the same threadbare garb and ancient hat; traces Leon to his new lodgings, secures a room in the same house, and becomes acquainted with Rose. His arrival was opportune to raise the spirits of the brother and sister. It was a Sunday evening; they had been to dine as usual at their uncle's, and had found no one. M. Chaumier and Rose had gone upon a party of pleasure. As to Albert, he had not been seen at his father's for a week. Genevieve and Leon looked mournfully at each other. For them the Sunday was the festival that supported them through the privations and monotony of the other six days. But their concern was more for each other than for themselves. Under all disappointments, the tenderest fraternal love supported them. M. Anselmo happened to have opera tickets in his pocket. And this time, by a lucky chance, it was a whole box, instead of two places; so that Rose accompanied her brother and his friend, who soon, by his kindness and attention, became her friend also. One morning he came early to visit them. "'I have a walk to propose to you,' he said. 'I am the agent of Baron Arnberg, a rich German nobleman, who proposes residing at Paris, and I am having a house built for him in the Champs Elysées. He has given very exact instructions on all the principal points, but he leaves the details to me.' The house is just finished, but wants decorations, and the garden has to be laid out. M. Arnberg has a son and daughter, whom he tenderly loves. Their apartments must be fitted up, but I am old, and have forgotten what pleases a young man; and I am entirely ignorant as to the tastes of a young lady. I want you, therefore, to help me in my undertaking with your advice. We will breakfast together at the Champs Elysées, and afterwards we will visit the baron's future habitation.' On his return from the house, where, having received *carte blanche* as to expense, he and Genevieve have exhausted their imagination to devise the most tasteful adornments for

the apartments of the wealthy baron's children, Leon perceives, in the Champs Elysées, then crowded with gay equipages, Rose Chaumier in a carriage with some fashionable friends, and attended by a young exquisite, assiduous for her favor. Rodolph de Redeuil galloped at the carriage door; the vehicle passed so rapidly that Leon could not be sure whether Rose had recognized him and his sister. Then, notwithstanding M. Anselmo's philosophical commonplace, Leon felt all the painfulness of his poverty. Rodolph galloped by the side of Rose! He had no horse, he never should have one; and yet he was a good horseman, skilful and bold. He glanced at his clothes, which, for cut and freshness, could not vie with those of Rodolph. Rather unjustly, his vexation reflected itself on Rose; he felt angry with her, because Rodolph de Redeuil had a fine horse and a coat made by . . ."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE AUTHOR INTERRUPTS HIMSELF—TOUCHING THE DIFFICULTY OF WRITING HISTORY, AND THE MULTIPLICITY OF INFORMATION ESSENTIAL TO THE HISTORIAN.

"The deuce take me if I know who was the fashionable tailor at that time."

The last fifteen words we have written from an entire chapter of M. Karr's book, and we have given it as an example of his trivial and impertinent oddity. In chapter xlv. we are informed that Anselmo bitterly lamented having torn his coat against a nail in the baron's new house. The concern he testified quite dissipated a suspicion of Genevieve's, who fancied she had seen him give a piece of gold to a poor German tailor out of work.

If Leon is sad at Rose's coquetry, Genevieve is not without her sorrows. She receives an advantageous offer of marriage, and Albert almost breaks her heart by praising the good qualities of her suitor, and urging her to accept him. Blind to the jewel that lies upon his path, her insensible cousin turns aside after tinsel. She hears of his squandering his fortune and his time upon an actress. Then, to repair his extravagance, he makes a rich marriage, and poor Genevieve cannot refuse to be present at his wedding—the funeral of her happiness.

We cannot trace a tithe of the incidents and episodes of this book, which is a sort of history or chronicle of a family, extending over several years. Early in the second

volume there are a couple of chapters relating to Albert's intrigues, which had been as well omitted. Then we have some ludicrous scenes in an artist's painting-room. Here M. Karr is perfectly at home. His peculiar humor finds full scope in depicting the frolics of a party of young painters (a very numerous class in Paris) who imagine they study art whilst in reality they do nothing but smoke long pipes, make bad puns, cut jokes on their *rapin* or color-grinder (a boy of fourteen, with long hair and a gray blouse, up to every kind of villany, and christened Gargantua, on account of his prodigious appetite,) and devise means of torturing their landlord, who occupies a floor in the same house, and has the impertinence to ask for his rent. In a sitting held to deliberate upon this grave offence, and apportion a proper punishment, a variety of resolutions are adopted, and a great deal of untranslatable fun is introduced. Leon calls, and is forthwith taken to task by his brother artists for the shabbiness of his dress, and for his defection from their parties of pleasure. The truth was that the summer, by taking his pupils out of town, had sadly diminished his income; and Leon, whose affection for his only sister was a species of idolatry, stinted himself of the very necessities of life that she might enjoy its superfluities. In reply to the humorous and good-humored, but point-blank attack of the embryo Parisian Apelles, Leon affected a rakish tone, talked vaguely of disorder, debt, dissipation, &c., &c.

"When he might have said:

"I am badly dressed, but my sister Genevieve lacks nothing;—her satin shoes are of the best maker, and set off her pretty foot to the best advantage; her dresses are made by the most renowned milliner; I have no cloak, but she has wood in abundance to warm herself; my sister Genevieve wants for nothing; hideous poverty approaches her not, to blight her blooming youth with its mortal breath."

Genevieve was far from suspecting the straits to which her unselfish brother was often reduced. Nevertheless she invented every sort of economy to save his money; whilst Leon, on the other hand, who trembled with grief and rage at the mere idea of her suffering a privation, invented wants for her, in order to satisfy them. "One day he found Genevieve busy repairing an old gown. That very morning he had seen upon the Boulevards various actresses and loose women magnificently dressed and

drawn by superb horses. 'Good Heavens!' he had said to himself, 'what does Providence reserve for a good and virtuous girl like Genevieve, when all that is rich and beautiful in the world is lavished upon such creatures as those? The thought had haunted him all the day; and the work on which Genevieve was engaged embittered his regrets. He sat down beside her and said: 'Why do you make up that old worn-out dress?'

"Indeed," said Genevieve, 'I assure you it will do me much honor this summer.'

"Less than a new one, though?"

"A new one would be expensive, and our means—"

"Who told you that, my dear girl? Do you share the vulgar notion that an artist is an unfortunate wretch, doomed to live in misery and die in a hospital? The sister of a musician should be on a par with the proudest. I earn money—a great deal of money. It is my wish you should always be elegantly dressed. Give that old frock to the servant; after dinner, we will go out and buy a new one."

"And as they passed along the Boulevards, he took her to Tortoni's to eat ice. Near them sat several ladies whose carriages waited hard by. A flower-girl came to offer a bouquet of remarkable beauty.

"What is the price?" said one of the ladies.

"Ten francs."

"It is too dear."

"The woman offered her flowers to the other ladies, and received the same answers from all. But when she came to Leon, he threw two five-franc pieces upon the table, and presented the bouquet to Genevieve. The ladies and their male companions looked at the artist's sister with an air of curiosity.

"What folly!" said Genevieve to her brother, as they left Tortoni's.

"Not at all," replied Leon. "Are you not much prettier than all those women with their impertinent looks? I was glad to vex them a little."

"And they entered a shop, where Leon selected the best of everything for his sister.

"The same night before going to bed, he inked the seams of his only coat."

There is a quiet naturalness about this passage that pleases us much. We see the true artist-character; proud, generous to prodigality, self-denying and susceptible. M. Karr is happy in traits of this kind. By an accidental circumstance Genevieve dis-

covers the poverty her brother so carefully conceals. On the eve of a dinner at the house of a pupil, she witnesses, without his knowledge, the inking of the seedy coat, the refolding of the worn cravat—all the manœuvres, in short, resorted to by the shabby-genteel. "Genevieve noiselessly retreated; she passed a sleepless night; her brother's generosity and self-sacrifice were, for the first time, revealed to her. The next day she said nothing of her discovery; but as she passed through the room in which the old coat hung over a chair—that old coat for which many despised Leon—she stooped and kissed it with respect." And although, since the day of Albert's marriage, a low fever mined her health, and at times, in spite of her piety and resignation, she suffered from terrible attacks of despondency, the courageous girl vied with her brother in generosity and devotedness. She dismissed their only servant—a charwoman—who, for a few francs a week, came each morning to do the housework.

"I dare not think but that God cast an approving glance on Genevieve, when in the morning, an hour before daybreak, she gently got up and lit her candle. Then she began the most menial toil: she washed the dishes, swept the rooms—anxious above all things not to disturb Leon, who would be grieved to see her labor thus, and would insist on her ceasing to employ the only means she had been able to devise of contributing to the household expenses. But what she did with the most touching care and respect was to brush Leon's clothes. How she cherished that poor old coat, which recalled all the self-imposed privations he had borne for her! With what care she put in a stitch whose necessity she had perceived in the daytime, but of which she had not spoken, because she felt it would be adding to Leon's sorrows to show him that he succeeded not in deceiving his sister! An old coat, indeed, but an old coat more respectable than richest purple—a work nobler than the embroidery of idle women on tissues of gold and of silver.

"Genevieve had delicate hands, white and tapering, with nails of a tender pink; and, with those pretty hands, she cleaned even her brother's shoes; then she put everything in its place, exactly as the charwoman did. Her work done, she prepared breakfast; then she dressed herself, and combed and braided her beautiful hair, that Leon, when he left his chamber, might find nothing in her appearance to make him suspect the

task she had fulfilled. Every morning it was the same labor and the same care.

"One night Leon wished to give her money, but she showed that she still had much more than was probable;—poor girl, how happy she was that night! Leon then thought he might perhaps afford a new hat, his old one having long been kept together only by the most extraordinary attention. The next day he passed five or six times before the latter's door, without daring to enter; at last the sight of his hat in a mirror decided him, and he went in, ashamed, for others, to have worn his hat so long—ashamed, for himself, not to wear it a little longer."

On the second anniversary of Madame Lauter's funeral, Leon and Genevieve went to Fontainebleau, and were astonished to find, in place of the wooden cross that had stood there a year previously, a slab of black marble covering their mother's grave. Her name was upon it, and various dates—one being that of her death, and another of her birth. To the others they could attach no particular meaning. The tombstone was surrounded by an iron railing: they could not ascertain who had erected it. Men had brought marble and railing from Paris, saying they were sent and paid by the family of the deceased lady.

Genevieve fell ill, and was obliged to recall the charwoman she had dismissed. Leon summoned a physician, who would not say there was no hope, but who shook his head gravely in reply to his questions, and could not deny that there was danger, although he declared it not imminent.

"One morning Leon went out, saying to Genevieve—'I will be back early, and bring what the doctor ordered.' For the first time he left her without money; Leon had none at all; but he had to give a lesson to a lady, who already owed him for tuition, and, according to custom, she would that day pay him.

"In the middle of the lesson, M. Rodolph de Redeuil was announced. Rodolph came in, kissed the lady's hand, and bowed to Leon with a protective air of such extreme impertinence that Leon had some difficulty in returning the salutation—yet more cavalierly. Leon was there as a paid professor; Rodolph, had he even been Leon's friend, would not have had the courage to own it under such circumstances; but as it was, both of them, whenever they met, neglected no opportunity of showing their mutual dislike. Rodolph, who had less wit than Leon, had not often the advantage of his adversary—notwith-

standing the superiority of position behind which he intrenched himself; and his aversion became more bitter at each meeting.

"M. de Redeuil," said Madame de Dréan, 'will you allow me to continue my lesson?'

"Leon felt himself change color: it was asking Rodolph whether he was to be sent away or not. Rodolph bowed in silence; but before he could speak, Leon had resumed his seat at the piano, and had pitched the key for Madame de Dréan. She sang, and when she had finished, Leon said: 'That is not very well sung.' Rodolph sprang from his seat, exclaiming, 'Delightful!' Leon pretended not to hear him, and pointed out to Madame de Dréan the faults she had committed; then, as the manner in which Rodolph had paid his compliment was more than disobliging to him, he added: 'There are persons who would consider it well sung, but you are too happily endowed to be satisfied with vulgar mediocrity.'

"Madame de Dréan asked Rodolph if he was musical. 'No,' was his answer, 'but for a year past I have a *poor devil* of a piano-master, who walks a league a-day through the mud to give me a lesson I hardly ever take. I have lately adopted the plan of making him play something droll to amuse me; I give him his ticket, and he takes himself off.'

"'Poor devil, indeed!' murmured Leon, 'to be obliged to submit to that.'

"'You should follow my example,' said Rodolph; 'M. Lauter plays very nicely on the violin—it would amuse you.'

"'I am well aware,' replied Madame de Dréan, 'of M. Lauter's talent. *He was so good* as to enable us to judge of it at my last party, to which *he was kind enough* to come.'

"Leon thanked Madame de Dréan in his heart; Rodolph bit his lips. 'Why did you not come?' added Madame de Dréan.

"'I do not care for music,' replied Rodolph, 'and your note informed me that your party was entirely musical: besides, I had promised—' Here Leon interrupted by a prelude upon the piano, and asked Madame de Dréan if she would sing an old ditty, to which she was particularly partial. An angry cloud crossed Rodolph's brow. Madame de Dréan got up and began the song. Whilst she sang, Rodolph, his elbow on the piano, his head on one side, ogled her with all his powers of fascination. 'Pardon me, sir,' said Leon, 'but your elbow upon the piano takes away a great deal of the sound.'

"The lesson was at an end, but, before Rodolph, Leon would not do like the *poor*

devil of a piano-master, who received his ticket and *went away*;—besides, it was not thus that he was in the habit of acting with Madame de Dréan. Leon was perfectly well-bred, and a man of the world, and his pupils were generally glad to treat him with proper consideration. I except a few persons who, in their worship of gold, never really believe that what is given for money, however precious it may be, is actually worth the money exchanged for it, and who always think themselves the benefactors of those to whom they give money, however little they give, and whatever the value of what is given them in exchange; for, after all, say they, *it is not money*.

"It was nowise astonishing or unusual, therefore, that Leon, the lesson over, took a chair and remained to chat. There is nothing more disagreeable for a man than to be detected by another in ogling and looking languishing. This was the kind of vexation Leon had occasioned Rodolph when he politely begged him not to put his elbow on the piano. Madame de Dréan talked of music; Rodolph made several nonsensical remarks.

"'In France,' said Leon, 'music is strangely understood; it is *taken* like an intermittent fever. For five or six years nobody thinks of music; then it suddenly comes into fashion again; everybody loves it and talks of it, and is transported when listening to it. Young men crowd the stalls of the Italian Opera, and exclaim; *Bravo, Roubine! Brava, la Grise!* whilst Rubini and Grisi sing, so that neither they nor the rest of the audience can hear the singers thus applauded. It is a pity to see the most lovely thing in the world, the most divine of arts, thus rendered ridiculous; it is a pity to see persons affecting, for want of a proper appreciation of music, an admiration, grotesque by its exaggeration, for strollers to whom they pay a thousand times more homage than to the great men of genius whose works they sing.'

"'Monsieur Lauter,' said Rodolph, 'who is now at the head of our young violinists?'

"It was impossible to ask a more malicious question; it was saying to Leon: I do not reckon you—you, a mere second-rate performer. Leon understood all the impertinence of the inquiry, and replied coldly—

"'I am, sir.'

"Rodolph thought to answer by an ironical smile. But Madame de Dréan, almost in spite of herself, cried out, 'Bravo, M. Lauter!'

"'By the by, continued the lady, 'your de-

•lightful talent is no reason for my not paying your lessons; for when they are paid, I am still most grateful to you for giving them. I am in your debt since the last. You have my tickets, have you not?"

"That morning Leon had counted the tickets four times, to be quite sure he had not forgotten any, and to run no risk of delaying their payment; and before entering Madame de Dréan's house, he had put his hand on his pocket to make sure they were there. But the idea of receiving, in Rodolph's presence, the money for his lessons, was unbearable, and he told Madame de Dréan, he had not got his tickets. It was no consequence, she said; he could bring them another day: she was quite sure she had given him the twelfth the last time he came, and she would give him his money at once. And she went to her writing-desk.

"Money! there was money, so near to Leon's hand; money due to him, which belonged to him, which they were about to give him, which he might touch and grasp and put in his pocket—money which, in so small a compass, includes so many pleasures, so much happiness and independence, exercises such wondrous power, and dries so many tears.

"And Leon said, 'No, thank you, you can give it me some other time; it would inconvenience me to take it to-day.'"

"Inconvenience him! poor fellow, might it not be thought his pockets were crammed with coin! Alas! his poor pockets were completely empty: if he left Genevieve nothing, it was because he had nothing left."

We wish it would occur to some man of heart and genius, familiar with the subject, to write a novel founded on the struggles and tribulations of a professional musician in the nineteenth century. There is far less favor—we had almost written mercy—shown to this class of artists in England than in France and Germany; and the consequence is, that their standard of manners and respectability is here unquestionably lower than on the Continent. We speak of the class—individual exceptions are of course to be found. M. Karr's father was a pianist of some eminence, and from him the son may have inherited his quick perception of the slights and mortifications which men of real talent and keen feelings are frequently compelled to endure with a smiling countenance, if they would not lose the bread they have qualified themselves to earn by long and diligent cultivation of an art which we call "fine," but whose professors we too often

treat on a level with dancing-masters and French cooks. Independently of hereditary sympathies, M. Karr is himself more than half an artist. We do not say this because we infer from passages in his writings that he cultivates, as an amateur, both music and painting, but because the artistical tone of his mind is repeatedly evident in his pages. Most of his books are admirably adapted for illustration, which some of them have obtained. They contain passages which are of themselves pictures, just as they contain pages and chapters which are very pleasing poetry, although their author has thought proper to have them printed as prose. M. Karr's love of the beauties of nature is most enthusiastic; and probably many of his readers will quarrel with him for sometimes lingering too long over their description. He loves to dilate on a flower, a tree, or a landscape, and he does it well, and with a poet's feeling. He has even written two bulky volumes, entitled *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*—a series of letters or essays, botanical, entomological, floricultural, ornithological, sprinkled with reminiscences, classical, historical, and artistical—a perfect medley, in short, including anecdotes, *jeux d'esprit*, and burlesque inventions à la Karr, such as could proceed from none but the whimsical editor of the *Guepes*. We will take a page as a specimen. It is apropos of the fragrant rocket or dames-violet, which, in French, has the prettier name of *julienne*.

"Here is the white *julienne* with its long sprays of flowers: you must stop to enjoy its perfume; at night only does it exhale its fragrance afar. This was one of the favorite flowers of the unfortunate Queen Maria Antoinette. She was shut up in the worst room of the Conciergerie, a damp room that smelt badly. There, in the same chamber, a gendarme, separated from her only by a screen, quitted her neither by day nor by night. The queen's sole garments were an old black gown, and a pair of stockings which she mended herself—remaining with bare feet the while. I know not whether I should have loved Maria Antoinette, but who could help adoring so much misery and misfortune! A woman—her name is less known than it deserves to be—devised a joy and a luxury for whom it was forbidden to name otherwise than as widow Capet. Madame Richard, portress of the prison, daily brought her nosegays of the flowers she loved: pinks, *julienues*, tuberoses, thus changing into perfume the putrid miasms of the prison-house. Thus the poor queen had something to gaze

at, other than the damp walls of her dungeon. Madame Richard was denounced, arrested and put in prison; but they dared not persecute her further for her pious transgression,—and they set her at liberty.

"Subsequently, Danton, in his dungeon, exclaimed, 'Ah! if I could but see a tree!'

"The *julienne* remains Marie Antoinette's flower; to the two others still older souvenirs were already attached; the great Condé, a prisoner at Vincennes, cultivated pinks. The scent of the tuberose was formerly believed to be mortal to women in childbed. Mademoiselle de la Vallière, still a maid of honor, found herself in that predicament; upon the morrow the queen, who had her suspicions, would pass through her apartment, where she had pretended an indisposition in order to remain. She had her bed-chamber filled with tuberosees."

We laugh at some of his letters, at others we could almost cry, and a third class we are apt to treat contemptuously, as trivial and nonsensical, until it occurs to us to ask ourselves if we have not sometimes read much greater nonsense under a far duller form. Read letter xxiii. on board a Swiss steamboat, and say if it does not, although no imitation, smack of the quaint tenderness and graceful fancy of Lawrence Sterne. See, two chapters later, how many interesting things are suggested to the author by an old wall, and how well he says them; and read—without a smile, if you can—the quiet satire of letter xxxiv. It is very short—only a few pithy lines—and we will translate it.

"There is something haunts me of late. I have spoken to you of the house, covered with moss-grown thatch, and crowned with flowering iris, that one discovers from a particular part of my garden. For several days it remained constantly closed. I asked my servant if the woodcutter no longer dwelt there.

"No, sir, he has left these two months. He has grown rich; he has inherited six hundred francs a-year; he has gone to live in the town."

"He has grown rich!

"That is to say, that with his six hundred francs a-year he has gone to live in a little room without air and without sun, whence he can see neither sky, nor trees, nor grass; where he breathes a nauseous atmosphere, and where his best and only prospect is a dirty yellow paper, embellished with chocolate-colored arabesques.

"He has grown rich! That is to say, he has been obliged to get rid of his dog, which

he had had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers in the house.

"He lives in a sort of square box; he has people on his right and on his left, above and below him.

"He has left his pretty cottage, and his beautiful trees, and his rich carpets of green herbage, and the song of the birds, and the scent of the oaks.

"He has grown rich! Poor man!"

To us, who have almost as great a foible for flowers as M. Karr himself, the pages of his *Journey round my Garden* offer most attractive passages. His rambling digressions prevent the least monotony. He wanders hither and thither with or without pretext. A magnolia takes him to China, a caprice carries him to Peru, thence he steps across to the Brazils, and tells a story of a prince who, on his return from distant travel in savage lands, was reproached by a pretty cousin with not having brought her some outlandish costume. He repelled the charge of neglect, and declared he had brought home the complete costume of an Indian queen, which was much at her service if she liked to wear it. The lady was delighted; evening came, and the travelled prince came also, bringing a box, whence he took a very pretty and very odd necklace. It passed from hand to hand, and everybody admired it. The princess put it on, and all present were in raptures to see how it became her. She turned to the traveller:

"Well?" said she.—"What?"

"The next thing?"

"What next thing?"

"Yes: the remainder of the costume."

"There is nothing else. That is the entire costume of the queen in question."

The princess blushed crimson, and took off the collar as if it burned her neck.

We should like to extract the very charming chapter suggested by the death of a blackbird, the leader of the author's garden choir, slain by a troublesome friend, whose pointer has already ravaged the flower beds; but upon the whole, we think it better to return to Genevieve, and complete the sort of outline we have commenced of that interesting novel. We left Leon in Madame de Dréan's music-room, engaged in a wordy skirmish with M. Rodolph de Redeuil, which subsequently became so bitter—although veiled by courtly terms, out of deference to the lady's presence—that when the two young men left the house together they exchanged a challenge almost before reaching the street. They then parted, and Leon's

first thought was to seek a second and a pair of swords, but he remembered that the day was more than half gone, and that he had left Genevieve without money. He thought of that he had just refused, and he cursed the vanity that led him to refuse it:—he cursed himself for forgetting his sister. And he went to his friends the painters, who had often had recourse to his purse, intending to borrow money of them. On reaching the painting-room, he found the joyous, reckless artists in high glee and full conclave. The execution of the sentence pronounced against the offending landlord had commenced. The culprit's bell-rope had been cut, and was to be recut as often as renewed; his caricature had been painted on his door, on the common staircase, and on sundry walls; a number of different persons had called at his house in the course of the day, to enquire with grave faces, "if it were true that poor M. Vasselín had gone out of his mind," &c. After waiting some time for an opportunity to take a friend aside and ask a loan, Leon left the *atelier* with his purpose unaccomplished. He had a new idea. He fetched his violin, which he had left at a pupil's house, and hurried to a pawnbroker's. But it was a Sunday, on which day the *Mont-de-Piété* closes early. Leon was too late. Weary and despairing, and again reproaching himself for the ridiculous vanity that had made him refuse money of which he had so great need, he bent his steps homewards.

"As he crossed the *Champs Elysées*, he saw a number of persons collected together. They formed a dark compact mass, but a fitful light shone between their feet and legs. At that moment Leon's thoughts were so gloomy that, by a sort of instinct, he joined the crowd in order not to be alone. He then discovered the cause of the assemblage—it was a man playing on the violin, and the light he had seen from afar proceeded from four ends of candle, which burned upon the ground in front of the musician. At the moment when Leon joined the circle, the man put his violin under his arm, and with hat in hand made a tour of the audience. Leon walked away, for he had nothing to give, and entered the dark shadow of the trees. 'That man,' said he to himself, 'has just received money which would make me very happy; he is going to take his wife and children their supper. And I—and Genevieve!'—A sort of shudder came over him at a thought that then presented itself confusedly to his mind, and which he dared not attempt to fix before his eyes;—he walked on

with hasty steps,—then he stopped short. Again he continued on his road,—then turned back again; he could not quit the *Champs Elysées*. Once more he stood still and said to himself:—'Have I not done enough cowardly things for one day? What am I more than that man? Is not he, on the contrary, more than I am; he who, for his family, conquers his pride and plays in the street? What do I fear?—to be despised?—Is it more contemptible to beg than to let one's sister suffer? And what do I do each day of my life? Do I not play up on the violin for money?—Shame?—it is pride I ought to feel in playing to get money for my sister. In my whole life I shall never have done anything so great and so noble;—so much the worse for him who despises me; he will be a man without feeling, and what matters to me the scorn of such a man?' Again he strode along in great agitation—'Oh! my God!' he exclaimed, 'I thank thee for the talent thou hast bestowed on me! Oh! my sister, forgive me for having hesitated!'

"Leon's eye flashed; he felt himself great and strong; his heart was big with a noble pride. He took his violin from its case,—rested his back against a tree, and played a sacred and beautiful melody, to which angels might have listened with quivering wings and humid eyes. What first suggested itself to him was the grand, the divine music of Beethoven. His bow had incredible power. The astonished promenaders stopped. Leon then played Weber's *Last Thoughts*, that sad and poignant music which seems to pierce to the very heart. The listeners looked at him, and exchanged remarks in a low voice and with an air of respect.

"'He is well dressed.'

"'He has a distinguished air.'

"'His eyes are very fine.'

"'What a pity!' &c.

"A pretty woman, first of all, stooped down and placed—without throwing it—a five-franc piece in Leon's hat. She rose again, blushing, and beautiful with a divine beauty. Ah! dear lady,—if the man of your heart beheld you at that moment, you will be recompensed;—all his life long he will repay your charity with love and adoration, as God repays it you in grace and in touching beauty.

"Several persons followed the example shown them. One man pressed through the crowd, and fumbled in his pocket; but he looked at the musician, and exclaimed, 'Leon!'

"'Anselmo!' cried Leon, and they fell in each other's arms.

"The crowd pressed curiously around

them. Anselmo picked up Leon's hat. 'Give me this money,' he cried, 'good and noble young man; give it me, that I may hoard it as a precious relic! Fain would I treasure it in my heart!'

"Anselmo called a hackney coach, and got into it with Leon. As they drove along, Leon told Anselmo all his misfortunes. Before going home they purchased what was wanted for Genevieve.

" 'I am very late, my poor Genevieve,' said Leon.

" 'I did not notice it,' said Genevieve, who had passed four hours weeping. 'I have been asleep; my eyes are still quite heavy.'"

Anselmo has just returned from one of his long journeys. After seeking his cousin Albert in vain, Leon asks Anselmo to second him in his duel with Rodolph. His friend regrets the necessity for the meeting, but ultimately consents, and repairs by appointment, early the next morning, to Rodolph's house, to settle preliminaries with his second, a young officer, who proposes swords as the weapons to be employed.

" 'Swords let it be,' replied Anselmo, 'since M. de Redeuil desires it; although the choice of arms belongs to M. Lauter.'

" 'You appear very expert in such affairs, sir,' said the officer.

" 'I, sir! I never fought but once in my life, and that was breast to breast, one pistol loaded, no witnesses, on the bank of a river, into which the survivor was to throw his antagonists corpse. It was not an ordinary duel.'

" 'At what hour the meeting?'

" 'Ah! that is the question,' said Rodolph. 'I am compelled by a most important affair to call this morning upon the envoy of a German court. It is already late, I should like to put off the affair till to-morrow.'

" 'I have no instructions to object to such delay.'

" 'To-morrow, then, at seven in the morning.'

Anselmo's reference to his duel confirms suspicions previously excited, that the benevolent old German is the father of Leon and Genevieve. The reader is not equally prepared to discover what is soon afterwards revealed; namely, that Anselmo Lauter, the widowed husband of the erring and unhappy Rosalie, is identical with Baron Arnberg, the wealthy minister and confidential friend of a German sovereign. At the baron's house in the Champs Elysées, that same day, all the chief personages of

the tale are assembled—Leon to wait upon a new pupil, Genevieve to seek some needlework which the poor suffering girl had begged M. Anselmo to procure for her, M. Chaumier and Rose to hand over the title-deeds of the house and garden at Fontainebleau, sold to a stranger, who has tempted M. Chaumier by a high price. Thanks to his own and his son's extravagance, Rose's father is a poorer man than before he won his famous lawsuit. Albert too appears at the house in the Champs Elysées—the same concerning whose decoration Genevieve and Leon were consulted—in custody of bailiffs who have arrested him on the suit of Baron Arnberg for non-payment of a bill of exchange. And Rodolph de Redeuil comes, his ordinary assurance greatly abated, humbly to crave a favor of the noble and influential ambassador. We have not room for further details. The *dénouement* is good, and the probabilities are throughout well sustained. In the termination of the book, the cheerful and the sad are happily blended. The interest felt for the generous, unselfish, and courageous Leon, is all along in no way less strong than that inspired by the mild, patient, self-denying Genevieve. And Leon's happiness consoles the reader in some degree for the untimely fate of his sweet sister. Rose and Leon are of course married, but Genevieve—poor Genevieve, heart-stricken in her bloom, droops and falls like a frosted flower. The air of the world was too chilly for her tender soul. To the last, she was unaware of her approaching death, and sweet smiles decked her wasted features as she fondly anticipated the joy of embracing her brother's child, as yet unborn. Before the infant saw the light, the flowers grew fresh and fair upon Genevieve's grave.

The reperusal of M. Karr's works, some of which we had not opened since their first appearance, many years ago, has confirmed our previous conviction, that few French writers of the present day, even of the more refined and less wilfully-mischievous class, can be unreservedly recommended to English readers. Few even of the best of them can always avoid the introduction of offensive sentiments and descriptions. With the majority the propensity to occasional levity and irreverence, and sometimes to profanity and indecency, is quite irresistible. We are disposed to acquit M. Karr of any deliberate and intentional evil tendency. He writes according to his perceptions, and for a French public, and there is nothing in his books

likely to shock his countrymen, most of whom would doubtless laugh heartily at the Britannic prudery, that could take exception to the highly colored and revolting narratives of the dissolute Stephen, and of the feeble and unprincipled Maurice. On the other hand, with some of his tales and sketches, only the ultra fastidious will find fault, and

some will be deemed harmless even by the most rigid. If we have weighed upon his defects, it has been to neutralize the too favorable impression that might be conveyed by our extracts, which are all specimens of his happier manner. Examples of his worst style would not suit our pages.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SCOTCH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

AN EPISTLE TO THE REV. AUGUSTUS MERIVALE, B.A.

MY DEAR MERIVALE,—When you called on me about a fortnight since, I was immersed in the bustle of the Assembly, and was unable to pay you a tithe of the attention which, in more peaceful times, I should gladly have bestowed on so old and valued an acquaintance. You had ocular demonstration that our great annual ecclesiastical convention differs somewhat from the archidiaconal or diocesan meetings of your Church, and that altogether it has more earnestness than your gathering at Canterbury and York; and finally, that its business is not so rapidly got through as are the transactions of your convocation of bishops and presbyters. I gave you credit for sincerity when you informed me that you knew all about our Assembly, and that, therefore, there was no occasion for your accepting of my invitation to remain for a few days, in order that you might study the sacerdotal institutions of the North; it was with something like contempt that you *pooh! poohed!* the whole affair. But ever since Dr. Johnson visited us, we presbyterians have been accustomed to "that sort of thing," and accordingly I took your indifference in good part, and in good time I enjoyed my revenge. You would hurry off to the railway, although I warned you that you would find the streets all but impassable; but blocked up by whom? A vulgar, covenanting, pedestrian rabble,—what were they to you? A vigorous cabman would speedily dash through them, and in a few minutes you would be free from the din of the mob. Well, out you went, bag and baggage; and

you found the streets lined with infantry and artillerymen, while dragoons pranced to and fro with nodding plumes and glittering sabres; bells were ringing and people shouting; the uproariousness of youthful merriment mixed with the more subdued joy of adult life; the streets swarmed, and window, balcony, and bartizan teemed with spectators; the gorgeous equipage of his Grace the Lord High Commissioner glided past; provost, baillies, and town-councillors followed, in all the bravery of chains and scarlet cloaks; and you stood amazed. You wished some explanation of all this, but there was no time for it, my good friend; you were going to the railway, and I had to fall into the procession—for, be it known to you, that an erring presbyterian brother had entrusted his case to me, and dreading the wrath of his ecclesiastical superiors, he clung to me with the tenacity of an oyster. But what I could not accomplish orally, I now proceed to do in writing,—my object being, not to give a history of the Kirk, but to note down a few of those points in which you, as an Englishman, and more especially an English clergyman, may be presumed to be more particularly interested. Some of these points will perhaps be new to you, for it is a tendency of our nature to be attracted by distant phenomena, and to neglect that which lies at our very door; and I have little doubt that you know more about the rites of the Greek Church, or the vagaries of Joe Smith, than you do about the principles and practice of the Kirk of Scotland.

At the outset I must remind you that I

am no presbyterian bigot, no hater or contemner of the Church of England, and that I do not, at the present moment, take up the pen with any intention of instituting a comparison between the two churches, or of suggesting that you should borrow any hints from our uncanonical platform. I venerate the hierarchy of the Anglican Church, and its literary and theological champions; and as to its worship, I plead guilty to an occult regard for its liturgical service, its pealing organs, and vaulted roofs. I cannot, therefore, with these likings, be supposed to cherish any ill-will to episcopacy; but if you ask me why I do not renounce Geneva and adopt England, why I cling to the cloak while the better cloth of the surplice may be laid hold of—I answer, that I was born a presbyterian, that it is the established religion of the country, that it suits the climate, and that I believe all the needful blessings of the Christian dispensation may be obtained through the medium of its humble ritual. Having thus cleared my conscience, I shall now go on with my explanations of the Assembly of the Kirk, and of its subordinate judicatories.

You must know, then, that Scotland is divided into some nine hundred parishes, each of which has at least one minister. Mass John is assisted in his parochial duties by some dozen or half-dozen lay assistants, who are called elders; and these, at the discretion of the minister, are convened for the despatch of business, under the designation of the *Kirk Session*. All parochial offenders, and all ecclesiastical business lying within the limits of the parish, are disposed of by this tribunal; but there lies an appeal from its decisions to the *Presbytery*—which latter court consists of a minister and elder from each parish situated within a given district. There are seventy-nine presbyteries, and the number of members in each may average about twelve. The presbyteries not only review the decisions of kirk sessions, but they examine and license candidates for the ministry, take cognizance of schoolmasters, and of ecclesiastical fabrics, in which last two matters their decisions are final; but in all other procedure, including the important and vexed act of admitting presentees to charges, they are subject to the control of the *Synod*, which, in its turn, consists of a congeries of presbyteries. Of synods the number is sixteen, and their strength varies from three to eight presbyteries. The synod, again, in its routine, is subject to the review of the *General Assembly*, which is a representative body,

embracing the whole potentiality of the Kirk, and so long as it keeps to topics strictly within the sphere of its functions, the decision of the 'Venerable Court,' as it is called, is final and complete. The kirk sessions meet as often as occasion requires, the presbyteries generally meet monthly, the synod half-yearly, and the Assembly annually; but as presbyterians always sleep with their ears in their necks, and are ever on the outlook for danger (very possibly from their reminiscences of Drumclog and other similar experiences), they never think of waiting a year, half a year, or even a month, in order that they may prepare for any impending calamity. The moderator of the presbytery, synod, or assembly's commission may call any of these bodies together on a day's notice, and thus we have a speedy safety-valve for our ecclesiastical distempers—the brethren pass strong resolutions regarding the impending catastrophe, and then retire in peace to their respective places of abode; and so that hot-blood which you bottle up, passes away from us by an effervescent process, which is of great sanatory value.

The Assembly, I have said, is a representative body, and differs from inferior courts, which are merely collective; it consists of lay and clerical delegates from each presbytery, according to its size, and of delegates from the royal burghs and universities situated within the bounds. These, together, constitute a body of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred, the ecclesiastical portion of members decidedly preponderating. It is not compulsory on burghs to return representatives, and where dissent happens to leaven any town-council they decline sending a delegate. In former times almost every nobleman, judge, lawyer, landed proprietor, or professional person of note sat as lay elders in the General Assembly. For lawyers it was, as we shall afterwards see, an excellent arena for forensic display; and, even after the honors of the bench had descended on lucky advocates, they still loved to linger on the floor of the Assembly, and to carry, by force of argument, that weight amongst its members, which, in their own courts, they could enforce by mere position. The qualification for the office of elder was very slight in the olden time: candidates had to be ordained as members of the kirk session of any parish whose minister or ruling elder was on friendly terms with them, and then they were qualified to be the representative of any presbytery, burgh, or college which took pity on

them, for although, correctly speaking, elders should have some local connection with the places which they represent, yet, as it was not convenient, on the score of expedience or convenience, that Orcadians from Kirkwall, or Celts from Glengarry, should come South to attend the Assembly, the Kirk winked at non-residence, and allowed geography to be no bar to election. The result of this was and is, that Edinburgh lawyers, writers, and other professional men, form more than one half of the laic wisdom of the 'Venerable.' Sir Walter Scott was a member of Assembly, and qualified for office by being ordained an elder of the neighboring parish of Duddingstone—you will not find this fact stated in Lockhart's *Life*, but you may nevertheless rely on its authenticity. Sir Walter was not a member of the Kirk, for although a constituent member of two of its extreme judicatories, he was a stanch adherent of your church, Merivale; but the kirk having a regard to its national character, tolerated other kinds of Christians within the pale of her courts—a practice which may now be said to have thoroughly ceased, as some years ago the reforming party enacted that no person should sit as a lay elder of Assembly who was not a *bona fide* acting elder in some given parish. This ukase struck at prelatial elders like the author of *Waverley*, and forthwith they retreated to the nearest episcopal chapel, and were no more heard of; but still you will say that nobles, judges, and crown-officers remained who 'prayed without book;' true, but then in the interim the Assembly and the Court of Session came into collision, and judges and law officers felt it awkward to have to discuss the self-same questions in the Court and in the Assembly, to roll Philipps against a minister on the opposition benches one day, and the next to grant an interdict against him; to debate with a brother on Monday, and then rebuke him at the bar on Tuesday; these were anomalies, and so judges and law officers have long ceased to adorn the Assembly; and even lawyers in active practice, contrary to the example of their fathers, have also given up attendance at its sederunts.

Having thus imperfectly described the constitution of the Assembly, I shall now glance at those royal and civic antecedents, which seemed to astonish my dear friend Merivale so much. Somewhere about the 1st of May the following notice appears in the *Gazette*.

"The Queen has been pleased to appoint Reginald Lord Tobermory, of Tobermory and Glen Sky, to be Her Majesty's Commissioner

to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland."

The Tories of course appoint a Tory commissioner, and the Whigs a Whig plenipotentiary; but the church and people of Scotland care little about the politics of the commissioner, provided that he is largely imbued with the apostolic virtue of "being given to hospitality." The Chancellor of the Exchequer slips two thousand pounds into the hands of the commissioner, who forthwith courageously sets his face towards his native north. Arrived there, he selects a purse-bearer and chaplain, and devolves on the former functionary the getting up of the commissariat department, and something more. Contracts are entered into for dinners and wines on a large scale, although not always with sufficient distinctness, as the records of the Court of Session can testify; estimates are also taken for chariots and horses, beef-eaters, javelin-men, pages, and the other *et ceteras* that go to make up a lord mayor's show on a limited scale. Then the military are summoned forth from their slumbers—for in Scotland the office of the sword is a sinecure—the half regiment of infantry in the Castle are ordered to hold themselves in readiness, the quarter legion of cavalry at Piershill are commanded to groom their horses, and the handful of artillery at Leith Fort start up with alacrity to sponge their solitary gun. The pensioners smell the battle of preparation afar off, but as each member of that valiant corps receives a shilling for each day that they are on the field, their services, from motives of economy, are dispensed with. At the old palace of Holyrood the same warning voice of preparation sounds with equal loudness. Soap, soda, and the dusting-brush are in active requisition; the grim old portraits of Scotland's hundred kings are bereft of spiders' webs and charcoal deposits, and where lustration does its best and still reveals hideous deformity, a few yards of scarlet cloth, a hammer, and a packet of brass nails so conceal ungainliness, that in a trice the upholstery of Holyrood is equal to that of any modern circus.

The Assembly uniformly meets on the fourth Thursday of May—a most inconvenient time, seeing that it is the season when the Modern Athenians *fit*—that is, migrate from one tenement to another, an amusement for which they have ever been famous, conceiving likes and dislikes towards their earthly dwelling-places which have neither rhyme nor reason to justify them. But this by the way. On the Wednesday preceeding the Assembly,

the Commissioner's Carnival may properly be said to commence—for then the authorities, by a legal fiction, are supposed to be aware for the first time that his Grace has come to town, although the public prints may have told them that he has been taking his ease in his hotel for some eight days before. The provost, baillies, and their satellites march down to the palace, and humbly present the silver keys of the city, which his Grace touches and courteously returns. Of course the keys are symbolical, as Edinburgh has had neither walls nor gates for many years—experience having satisfied the citizens that their lives and properties are better guarded by the police and Chubb and Sons than they were in days gone by, when ram-parts and sentries prevailed. The key farce being over, the burgomasters and some other leading officials dine with the Commissioner, and generally pass the evening very harmoniously together.

Next day (Thursday) furnishes the grand display, and consists of a levee, a sermon, the Assembly opening, and concludes with a dinner at the palace. At the levee, as each name is pronounced, the purse-bearer, who has an eye to the becoming, selects about three hundred out of the thousand presented, and invites them to dinner; while an officer in waiting, who keeps a single eye towards the purse-bearer, steps forward and presents a dinner ticket to every one on whom the light of the purser's smile has descended. The uninwitted laymen of the first day are favored with invitations on subsequent occasions, and the balance of the clergy receive their cake and pudding in the routine of their synods. Mr. Burnet, who has long been purse-bearer, has always been gracious to me, and I now receive his invitations as a matter of course; and I am certain, Merivale, that had you been with me, Mr. B. could not have failed to have given you a first-day invitation. Your manly figure, well-fitting clothes, graceful deportment, &c., would have contrasted so strongly with the ungainly shuffle, the awkward habiliments, the matted hair, the big shoes, and other inelegancies of some of our North British theologians, that there would have been no room for doubt as to your having found favor at our mimic court. I do not blame our presbyters for the deficiency of polish which they occasionally exhibit, for how can the case be otherwise? Look you, Merivale; the Scotch clergy rejoice in annual incomes of 233*l.* per annum, plus glebes worth 20*l.* each, and this pittance is likely to be further reduced by

the abolition of the corn-laws. The great proportion of them are married, and few of their wives are troubled with the curse of barrenness; they are exposed to hordes of visitors; they are not niggardly in entertaining them, as Dr. Johnson, Capt. Grose, Lord Teignmouth, Billings the architect, and every other tourist who has published his travels, abundantly testify; and how with the slender means at their command they are able to maintain the respectable appearance that undoubtedly they do maintain, is to me a mystery as profound as the Asian marvel, about which we hear so much in these degenerate times.

The levee over, the Commissioner and his suite proceed by a circuitous route to the cathedral church of St. Giles, where the moderator, or president, of the preceding Assembly preaches before his Grace. After divine service, the cavalcade again is set in motion and proceeds to the Assembly-hall, where the Commissioner presents his credentials, and is then accepted by the moderator as the recognized representative of the Sovereign. His Grace then addresses some patronizing sentences to the church, and winds up by intimating her Majesty's usual munificent donation of two thousand pounds for home missions, (not the same two thousand which Mr. D'Israeli gives to his Grace, that being specially intended for his Grace's culinary and equestrian disbursements,) which complimentary remarks and monies are loyally and suitably acknowledged. A new moderator is then chosen, the roll is called, the committee on bills and overtures is appointed, its province being to determine what subjects, and in what order, shall be brought before the house; and this, with some formal matters, concludes the business of the day until the important hour for dinner arrives.

I rather like the Assembly dinners; they are quiet and orderly, compared with our usual Edinburgh festivals, and above all, there are no set orations at them. The plague of your Scotchman at dinner is, that instead of modestly conversing with his neighbors, he must needs rise and make speeches, bespattering with fulsome eulogy all that happen to sit around him, in the hope, and indeed certainty, that at a later period in the evening, when the company have more wine and less wit, his own contemptible health will be proposed with similar accompaniments. The etiquette of the palace prohibits all this: the toast-master announces the toast, and the guests pledge it without being burdened with rhetorical commentaries. Of

course, in the absence of speechifying, you must see to select proper companions, otherwise so far as edifying interchange of thought is concerned, one might as well be in Timbuctoo. I have had for a companion on one side, a young cavalry officer, with a greasy moustache, who spoke about nothing but cigars and the excellent nymphs who vended that highly-taxed commodity; and on the other, a hard-favored person, who talked of nought but the fiars (*Anglicé*, the price of corn, by which clerical incomes are regulated) and quarrels with his schoolmaster; but these were exceptional cases, and generally you will find yourself brought into contact with pleasant and well-bred gentlemen.

The clergy from the highlands and islands are evidently puzzled at the esculents. "Is that green peas that I see before me?" quoth the Rev. Duncan Mac Feeble. "When I left the braes o' Balquhiddy they were just beginning to bloom on southern exposures." "I declare," shouts Dr. Ronald Macdonald, from Muck, "there's strawberries. Here waiter, tak back this partan claw!" The commissioner's entertainments raise the price of fish along the whole basin of the Firth of Forth, and greengrocers throughout the three Lothians vie with each other in furnishing early novelties for his guests. Once on a time I was in the hotel at Musselburgh, and had for companions two trading parties, whose appearance, being busy with my own affairs, I did not particularly note, till one of them having left the room, I was asked by the remaining homo if I knew the person who had just quitted us? On my replying in the negative, I was gravely told that 'that was the greatest man in Scotland, sir: that's the gentleman, sir, that buys the vegetables for the commissioner's dinners, sir!' As my informant was Celtic, and as I have ever found that race intolerant on the score of dignity, I did not laugh outright at the time, but have often done so since.

But we must hasten to the assembly. It is a curious gathering. Two students may have met in early days at the college of St. Andrew's; one has been projected to a charge at Cape Wrath, and the other feeds his flock in the sunny vale of Yarrow. The one quailing at the howlings of the Atlantic hurricane, and the second calmly gazing on mirrored pictures of field and sky in the silver bosom of St. Mary's Loch. They have not seen each other for years upon years, but they meet at last at an Assembly, and who will say that they should not signalize the meeting by a steak dinner in the Flesh-market

Close? And then, look how the Assembly levels your provincial lion—the man who is a bashaw in his session, a Boanerges in his presbytery, becomes more subdued in the synod, and in the Assembly he finds himself a very small man indeed; the concentrated wisdom of the church annihilates him, and he goes home to his mountain retirement a wiser and better man. Then the country ministers see lay friends, and sons, daughters, man-servants and maid-servants in the metropolis, and they revive old associations, and stir up the domestic affections. True, every five years show more furrows and grayer hairs on every brow, but the country minister finds himself also growing feeble, and has long since begun to note that all things herald the approach of that messenger which calls him to another home. A truce, however, to sentiment.

The functions of the Assembly are legislative as well as judicial. All the laws of the church are discussed and passed by this court, but from its republican character, and the possibility of its being led away by passion or prejudice, a safeguard exists in what is called the Barrier Act, a statute which enacts that before any act passed by the Assembly shall become binding as a law in the church, it must be sent down to the different presbyteries throughout the country, and receive the sanction of a majority of their number; and as the process of homologation, or rejection, cannot be accomplished in less than a year, there is a sufficient check interposed against crude legislation in the heated atmosphere of the court of last resort, a further and additional precaution consisting in the circumstance that even before any new enactment is brought up to the Assembly, the subject has, in all likelihood, been thoroughly ventilated in the inferior courts.

But whilst the legislative regulations may be passable, I am by no means satisfied with the judicial procedure in our presbyterian system. You see I am frank, Merivale, and I therefore tell you candidly that were I an ecclesiastical delinquent, I had rather be tried by one of your bishops than by our Assembly. James I. was wont to talk of the five hundred kings in the House of Commons, and we may, with equal propriety, shrug our shoulders at our three hundred judges in the General Assembly. Clerical discipline with us originates in the radical court, and it were well if it did no more than originate with the presbytery; but unfortunately the presbytery are accusers, judge, and jury; they draw the libel, collect evidence, examine witnesses,

deliberate as to guilt, and but for the wise institution of appellate jurisdiction in the upper courts, they would at once pass sentence of extreme condemnation. But even the power of appeal does not entirely mend the matter. The Assembly does not re-examine witnesses—it simply adjudicates on the evidence which has been collected by the presbytery; and as the clerical mind seems wofully deficient in its perceptions of the law of evidence, irregularities are tolerated in the Assembly which would be scouted in the humblest civil tribunal in the land. Then the Kirk has of late adopted purist notions about clerical propriety, which, if persevered in, will go far to abridge the just and lawful liberty of the cloth. Some seven presbyters were last year cut off from the office of the ministry, and, doubtless, they had committed offences justly punishable with the highest ecclesiastical sentence; but both in the previous and in the late Assembly, principles were laid down and practices followed which, in cases of prejudice and bad feeling, might involve many a worthy, but mayhap thoughtless, brother in serious consequences. You, Merivale, would account it no sin to take an extra glass of wine when an old friend like myself visits you; but really, as matters presently appear to be tending, it will speedily be a case for the presbytery if any Scotch pastor should be known to mix up more than one tumbler of that hot generous liquid, which alone seems capable of thawing a Caledonian soul.

This abuse should be remedied, and three grave and learned seignors of the Assembly ought and should be invested with judicial functions, if the Kirk is to be saved the odium of impending Lynch law and mob convictions. Why such a palpable reform should not long ago have been adopted, is to be accounted for only on the fact that “church work is slow,” and that although Sir Roger De Coverley applied this remark to your Anglican Church, it is equally appropriate to our northern Sion.

Doubts have been entertained as to the utility to young men of my profession of pleading before the Assembly, or of taking part in its debates. I have given heed to the observations of the biographer of Francis Jeffrey on this head, and have conversed with the wise regarding it, and I have arrived at the conclusion that it is for our advantage to be there. I speak this theoretically, never having had the honor to be feed’d by any sinning presbyter, or sin-avenging congregation, to plead respectively for them in

the venerable court. The brother that I referred to at the beginning of this letter only asked my advice, and having got notice that the intended prosecution was to be dropped, I saw no more of him. I wish that his patron had been less lenient, in order that I might have had the honor and glory of getting him off. But although thus briefless in the way of pleading, I might still take a part in the debates, and especially might I point out flaws in the addresses of my brethren of the long robe. I might do all this, but unfortunately, being a bachelor and given to mirth, the ministers do not think me grave enough for an elder, and so I have never possessed the indispensable preliminary qualification. Had I lived earlier in the century, I should have found no difficulty in admission, but the age is grown picked, and I must bide my time. You know better about me, Merivale, than my own countrymen do, and I am confident that had I lived in your parish I should by this time have received a unanimous call to become a church-warden.

Every man is the better for occasionally getting rid of the ‘shop,’ by which I mean that it is for his advantage that he should enlarge his sphere of observation and thought by every available means within his reach. To plead before judges is well enough in its way, but as the grave fathers of the law seldom give way to emotions, one might as well address the sculptured heads over a Norman gateway, so far as immediate impression is concerned, whereas in the Assembly there is a large surface of human sympathy to be acted on, which if operated on by one cunning in his art cannot fail to yield responsively to your aggressions. There is, fair in front of you, the Commissioner sitting on his throne, and clad in military costume, with a tapestried canopy over his head, while pages, magistrates, and beautiful women hem him in on all sides. In advance of the vicegerent, but on a lower seat, is the moderator, to whom all your observations must be addressed. On his right hand are the benches of the moderate or Tory party, and on his left those of the evangelical or Whig party; while the outer circles and galleries are crowded with spectators of all ranks, condition and sex. To carry an audience of this kind is a triumph of forensic oratory; the occasion for such displays recurs often enough to stimulate activity and adroitness in popular harangue, but not so frequently as to induce a laxity in that directness and precision which the advocate may not dispense with.

The clergy themselves are good debaters,

but they lack the courtesy towards each other which characterizes the proceedings of the House of Commons. Before the disruption of the church, about nine years ago, the gladiatorial displays in the Assembly were better worth listening to than they are now. The leaders of the two opposing parties who then came into collision having separated from each other, comparative peace reigns in the assemblies of the established and free churches, and will continue to do so until Time, that great restorer of all, has insinuated fresh elements of disturbance into both. Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, is by universal consent allowed to have been the greatest clerical debater that ever stood on the floor of the Assembly. Chalmers was no debater; his opening speeches told with great force, but they were always written, and he rarely attempted reply. The combatants in latter times were Cook and Robertson, on the moderate, and Candlish and Cunningham, on the evangelical side; and field nights with them were treats in their way.

Except addressing a few sentences at the opening, and sanctioning the dissolution of the Assembly (it sits for eleven days), the Commissioner takes no part in the proceedings of the court. He is respectfully received on entering, but his withdrawal from the hall excites no attention, and does not even suspend the speech of the member who at the time happens to be addressing the house. During the ten stormy years, which resulted in the partial dismemberment of the church, he never once opened his mouth, except when appealed to on one uproarious occasion, and then, very likely by advice of the law officers, he made a reply so general as to have no practical bearing on the matter in hand. The demeanor of the crown, as now represented by the Commissioner, is very different in this respect from what it was in former days. Mary Queen of Scots had many sharp debates with John Knox; James I. was perpetually sparring with the Assembly; Charles I. held a written correspondence with Alexander Henderson, one of the moderators, on the subject of church government; Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, dissolved an Assembly, and locked the doors of the church to prevent any resumption of their proceedings; Charles II. subscribed the solemn league and covenant when he was a wanderer, and then attempted to thrust episcopacy on the Assembly at the point of the bayonet; James II. let loose Graham of Claverhouse on the presbyterians; but, after his short reign, William of

Orange decided that presbytery should be the established religion of the country; and, with the exception of some discussions about the re-institution of lay patronage in the reign of Queen Anne, the Crown and the Kirk have not come into contact. The law courts are ever ready to resent any encroachment on civil rights by the ecclesiastical courts, and on them devolved the whole burden of keeping the spiritual element in check during the recent controversies. The movement party in the Kirk did not acquiesce in this arrangement, because they were of opinion that the jurisdiction of the civil and church courts was co-ordinate, and that the crown or legislature should have dealt with them, and not the Court of Session or the House of Lords; but the crown and the legislature declined taking that view of the matter, and the dissentients had to leave the established church, and to form themselves into a separate ecclesiastical body. The nature of this new community, and of its assembly, should fall to be discussed here, but as *Fraser* is conservative of its space, I must reserve this for another opportunity, when I shall probably take up the subject of Scotch dissent, and point out the lamentable effects on our social system of our petty and irritating religious differences. The Assembly's decisions, as I have already hinted, when confined to points within the jurisdiction of the Kirk, is final and absolute—and what would some of your bishops not give for similar freedom to the Church of England?

It sometimes has happened that an ecclesiastical delinquent has been tried both by civil and spiritual tribunals, in which case the Assembly completely ignores the proceedings instituted by 'Cæsar,' and hears, judges, and condemns by its own rules. The effect of this has been that an offender has been condemned by civil law and absolved by ecclesiastical, and *vice versa*. Say that an irregularity has been committed—for this the Assembly may depose, although the evidence may be technically defective; while any one privately circulating reports of the charge might in a civil action be mulcted in damages in respect that there is no legal proof that the misdemeanor has been committed.

I have now, my dear Merivale, fulfilled my promise to enlighten you regarding the Assembly, and I trust I have said enough to induce you to pay it a passing visit, should you gladden my house with your presence in May, 1863.

I ever am your attached friend,

E. FITZ-PLEYDELL.

From the Westminster Review.

THE LADY NOVELISTS.*

THE appearance of Woman in the field of literature is a significant fact. It is the correlate of her position in society. To some men the fact is doubtless as distasteful as the social freedom of women in Europe must be to an eastern mind: it must seem so unfeminine, so contrary to the real destination of woman; and it must seem so in both cases from the same cause. But although it is easy to be supercilious and sarcastic on Blue Stockings and Literary Ladies,—and although one may admit that such sarcasms have frequently their extenuation in the offensive pretensions of what are called “strong-minded women,”—it is certain that the philosophic eye sees in this fact of literature cultivated by women, a significance not lightly to be passed over. It touches both society and literature. The man who would deny to woman the cultivation of her intellect, ought, for consistency, to shut her up in a harem. If he recognize in the sex any quality which transcends the qualities demanded in a plaything or a handmaid—if he recognize in her the existence of an intellectual life not essentially dissimilar to his own, he must, by the plainest logic, admit that life to express itself in all its spontaneous forms of activity. It is very true that ink on the thumb is no ornament; but we have yet to learn that stains upon the blouse or the dissecting sleeves are ornamental; few incidents of work are. What then? Moreover, we confess it is very awkward and uncomfortable to hear a woman venture on Greek, when you don't know Greek, or to quote from a philosophical treatise which would give you a headache: and something of this feeling doubtless lies at the core of much of the opposition to “learned

women;” the men are “put out” by it. The enormity seems equivalent to the domestic partner of your joys assuming the privilege of a latch-key! “Where is our supremacy to find a throne if we admit women to share our imperious dominion—Intelligence?” So reasons the intellectual Jones. But one might quietly ask him whether he professed any immense delight in the society of the *man* who threw Greek and philosophy at his head? Pedantry is the ostentation of learning, the scholar's coxcombry; no one likes it, any more than he likes other forms of obtrusive self-assertion. Therefore we may say with Mademoiselle de Scudéry: “Je veux donc bien qu'on puisse dire d'une personne de mon sexe qu'elle sait cent choses dont elle ne se vante pas, qu'elle a l'esprit fort éclairé, qu'elle connaît finement les beaux ouvrages, qu'elle parle bien, qu'elle écrit juste et qu'elle sait le monde; mais je ne veux pas qu'on puisse dire d'elle: *c'est une femme savante*: car ces deux caractères son si différents qu'ils ne se ressemblent même point.”*

One may admit that much folly is spoken and written on the subject of “woman's mission” and “emancipation:” folly *pro*, and folly *con*; one may admit that literary women are not *always* the most charming of their sex (are literary men of theirs?)—but let us leave all such side questions and definitely ask ourselves, What does the literature of women really mean? To aid us in arriving at something like distinctness, it will be well to settle a definition of literature itself.

Literature must be separated from philosophy and science; at least for our present purpose. Science is the expression of the forms and order of Nature; literature is the expression of the forms and order of human life.

All poetry, all fiction, all comedy, all *belles lettres*, even to the playful caprices of fancy, are but the expression of experiences

* 1. *Œuvres Complètes de George Sand*. Paris.
2. *The Novels of Miss Austen, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Jewsbury, and Miss Lynn*.

3. *Jane Eyre: an Autobiography*. By Currer Bell. London: Smith and Elder.

4. *Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life*. London: Chapman and Hall.

and emotions ; and these expressions are the avenues through which we reach the sacred adytum of Humanity, and learn better to understand our fellows and ourselves. In proportion as these expressions are the forms of universal truths, of facts common to all nations or appreciable by all intellects, the literature which sets them forth is permanently good and true. Hence the universality and immortality of Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière. But in proportion as these expressions are the forms of individual, peculiar truths, such as fleeting fashions or idiosyncrasies, the literature is ephemeral. Hence tragedy never grows old, for it arises from elemental experience ; but comedy soon ages, for it arises from peculiarities. Nevertheless even idiosyncrasies are valuable as side glances ; they are aberrations that bring the natural orbit into more prominent distinctness.

It follows from what has been said that literature, being essentially the expression of experience and emotion—of what we have seen, felt, and thought—that only *that* literature is effective, and to be prized accordingly, which has *reality for its basis* (needless to say that emotion is as real as the Three per Cents.), and *effective in proportion to the depth and breadth of that basis*.

It was M. de Bonald we believe who gave currency to the famous definition, so constantly accepted as accurate, "Literature is the expression of society." To make it acceptable, however, we must depart very widely from its direct meaning. The most cursory glance at literature on the one hand and at society on the other, will detect the glaring discrepancy. So far from literature being a mirror or expression of society, it is under most aspects palpably at variance with society. Idylls flourish on the eve of violent social outbreaks (as we see in Florian, Gesner, and George Sand) ; chivalry finds a voice as chivalry is passing from the world ; wild adventurous novels agitated with hairbreadth 'scapes solace a money-making society "so eminently respectable ;" love in a cottage makes the heart flutter that is about to sell itself for a splendid match. The remark is as old as Horace—

"Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui : mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

Not only so, but our novels and plays, even when pretending to represent real life, represent it as no human being ever saw it.

If, however, instead of regarding literature as the expression of society, we regard it as the expression of the emotions, the whims, the caprices, the enthusiasms, the fluctuating idealisms which move each epoch, we shall not be far wrong ; and inasmuch as women necessarily take part in these things, they ought to give them *their* expression. And this leads us to the heart of the question, What does the literature of women mean ? It means this : while it is impossible for men to express life otherwise than as they know it—and they can only know it profoundly according to their own experience—the advent of female literature promises woman's view of life, woman's experience ; in other words, a new element. Make what distinctions you please in the social world, it still remains true that men and women have different organizations, consequently different experiences. To know life you must have both sides depicted.

"Der Mann muss hinaus
Ins feindliche Leben,
Muss wirken und streben !"

Let him paint what he knows. And if you limit woman's sphere to the domestic circle, you must still recognize the concurrent necessity of domestic life finding its homeliest and truest expression in the woman who lives it.

Keeping to the abstract heights we have chosen, too abstract and general to be affected by exceptions, we may further say that the Masculine mind is characterized by the predominance of the intellect, and the Feminine by the predominance of the emotions. According to this rough division the regions of philosophy would be assigned to men, those of literature to women. We need scarcely warn the reader against too rigorous an interpretation of this statement, which is purposely exaggerated the better to serve as a sign-post. It is quite true that no such absolute distinction exists in mankind, and therefore no such correlative distinction will be found in authorship. There is no man whose mind is shrivelled up into pure intellect ; there is no woman whose intellect is completely absorbed by her emotions. But in most men the intellect does not move in such inseparable alliance with the emotions as in most women, and hence although often not so great as in women, yet the intellect is more commonly dominant. In poets, artists, and men of letters, *par excellence*, we observe this feminine trait, that their intellect

habitually moves in alliance with their emotions; and one of the best descriptions of poetry was that given by Professor Wilson, as the "intellect colored by the feelings."

Woman, by her greater affectionateness, her greater range and depth of emotional experience, is well fitted to give expression to the emotional facts of life, and demands a place in literature corresponding with that she occupies in society; and that literature must be greatly benefited thereby, follows from the definition we have given of literature.

But hitherto, in spite of splendid illustrations, the literature of women has fallen short of its function, owing to a very natural and very explicable weakness—it has been too much a literature of imitation. To write as men write, is the aim and besetting sin of women; to write as women, is the real office they have to perform. Our definition of literature includes this necessity. If writers are bound to express what they have really known, felt, and suffered, that very obligation imperiously declares they shall not quit their own point of view for the point of view of others. To imitate is to abdicate. We are in no need of more male writers; we are in need of genuine female experience. The prejudices, notions, passions, and conventionalisms of men are amply illustrated; let us have the same fulness with respect to women. Unhappily the literature of women may be compared with that of Rome; no amount of graceful talent can disguise the internal defect. Virgil, Ovid, and Catullus were assuredly gifted with delicate and poetic sensibility; but their light is, after all, the light of moons reflected from the Grecian suns, and such as brings little life with its rays. To speak in Greek, to think in Greek, was the ambition of all cultivated Romans, who could not see that it would be a grander thing to utter their pure Roman natures in sincere originality. So of women. The throne of intellect has so long been occupied by men, that women naturally deem themselves bound to attend the Court. Greece domineered over Rome; its intellectual supremacy was recognized, and the only way of rivalling it seemed to be imitation. Yet not so did Rome vanquish Pyrrhus and his elephants; not by employing elephants to match his, but by Roman valor.

Of all departments of literature, Fiction is the one to which, by nature and by circumstance, women are best adapted. Exceptional women will of course be found competent to the highest success in other depart-

ments; but speaking generally, novels are their forte. The domestic experiences which form the bulk of woman's knowledge finds an appropriate form in novels; while the very nature of fiction calls for that predominance of Sentiment which we have already attributed to the feminine mind. Love is the staple of fiction, for it "forms the story of a woman's life." The joys and sorrows of affection, the incidents of domestic life, the aspirations and fluctuations of emotional life, assume typical forms in the novel. Hence we may be prepared to find women succeeding better in *finesse* of detail, in pathos and sentiment, while men generally succeed better in the construction of plots and the delineation of character. Such a novel as "Tom Jones" or "Vanity Fair," we shall not get from a woman; nor such an effort of imaginative history as "Ivanhoe" or "Old Mortality;" but Fielding, Thackeray, and Scott are equally excluded from such perfection in its kind as "Pride and Prejudice," "Indiana," or "Jane Eyre;" as an artist, Miss Austen surpasses all the male novelists that ever lived; and for eloquence and depth of feeling, no man approaches George Sand.

We are here led to another curious point in our subject, viz., the influence of Sorrow upon female literature. It may be said without exaggeration that almost all literature has some remote connexion with suffering. "Speculation," said Novalis, "is disease." It certainly springs from a vague disquiet. Poetry is analogous to the pearl which the oyster secretes in its malady.

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

What Shelley says of poets, applies with greater force to women. If they turn their thoughts to literature, it is—when not purely an imitative act—always to solace by some intellectual activity the sorrow that in silence wastes their lives, and by a withdrawal of the intellect from the contemplation of their pain, or by a transmutation of their secret anxieties into types, they escape from the pressure of that burden. If the accidents of her position make her solitary and inactive, or if her thwarted affections shut her somewhat from that sweet domestic and maternal sphere to which her whole being spontaneously moves, she turns to literature as to another sphere. We do not here simply refer to those notorious cases where literature

has been taken up with the avowed and conscious purpose of withdrawing thoughts from painful subjects; but to the unconscious unavowed influence of domestic disquiet and unfulfilled expectations, in determining the sufferer to intellectual activity. The happy wife and busy mother are only forced into literature by some hereditary organic tendency, stronger even than the domestic; and hence it is that the cleverest women are not always those who have written books.

Having said thus much on the general subject of female novel writing, let us glance rapidly, and without pretence of exhaustive criticism, at some of the novelists; doing in careless prose what Leigh Hunt has done in genial verse in his "Blue Stocking Revels." We have been great readers and great admirers of female novels; and although it is difficult to give authors a *satisfactory* reason for not including their names among the most celebrated, we beg our fair novelists to put the most generous construction upon all our "omissions," and to believe that when we are ungallant and ommissive, there is "a design under it" as profound as that under Swift's dulness. To include *all* would obviously be impossible in these limits; and we shall purposely exclude some names of undoubted worth and renown, in order not even to seem invidious.

First and foremost let Jane Austen be named, the greatest artist that has ever written, using the term to signify the most perfect mastery over the means to her end. There are heights and depths in human nature Miss Austen has never scaled nor fathomed, there are worlds of passionate existence into which she has never set foot; but although this is obvious to every reader, it is equally obvious that she has risked no failures by attempting to delineate that which she had not seen. Her circle may be restricted, but it is complete. Her world is a perfect orb, and vital. Life, as it presents itself to an English gentlewoman peacefully yet actively engaged in her quiet village, is mirrored in her works with a purity and fidelity that must endow them with interest for all time. To read one of her books is like an actual experience of life: you know the people as if you had lived with them, and you feel something of personal affection towards them. The marvellous reality and subtle distinctive traits noticeable in her portraits has led Macaulay to call her a prose Shakspeare. If the whole force of the distinction which lies in that epithet *prose* be fairly appreciated, no one, we think, will dis-

pute the compliment; for out of Shakspeare it would be difficult to find characters so typical yet so nicely demarcated within the limits of their kind. We do not find such profound psychological insight as may be found in George Sand (not to mention male writers), but taking the type to which the characters belong, we see the most intimate and accurate knowledge in all Miss Austen's creations.

Only cultivated minds fairly appreciate the exquisite art of Miss Austen. Those who demand the stimulus of "effects;" those who can only see by strong lights and shadows, will find her tame and uninteresting. We may illustrate this by one detail. Lucy Steele's bad English, so delicately and truthfully indicated, would in the hands of another have been more obvious, more "effective" in its exaggeration, but the loss of this comic effect is more than replaced to the cultivated reader by his relish of the nice discrimination visible in its truthfulness. And so of the rest. *Strong* lights are unnecessary, *true* lights being at command. The incidents, the characters, the dialogue—all are of every day life, and so truthfully presented, that to appreciate the art we must try to imitate it, or carefully compare it with that of others.

We are but echoing an universal note of praise in speaking thus highly of her works, and it is from no desire of simply swelling that chorus of praise that we name her here, but to call attention to the peculiar excellence at once womanly and literary which has earned this reputation. Of all imaginative writers she is the most *real*. Never does she transcend her own actual experience, never does her pen trace a line that does not touch the experience of others. Herein we recognize the first quality of literature. We recognize the second and more special quality of womanliness in the tone and point of view: they are novels written by a woman, an Englishwoman, a gentlewoman; no signature could disguise that fact; and because she has so faithfully (although unconsciously) kept to her own womanly point of view, her works are durable. There is nothing of the *doctrinaire* in Jane Austen; not a trace of woman's "mission;" but as the most truthful, charming, humorous, pure-minded, quick-witted, and unexaggerated of writers, female literature has reason to be proud of her.

Of greater genius, and incomparably deeper experience, George Sand represents woman's literature more illustriously and more

obviously. In her, quite apart from the magnificent gifts of Nature, we see the influence of Sorrow, as a determining impulse to write, and the abiding consciousness of the womanly point of view as the subject matter of her writings. In vain has she chosen the mask of a man, the features of a woman are everywhere visible. Since Goethe no one has been able to say with so much truth, "My writings are my confessions." Her biography lies there, presented, indeed, in a fragmentary shape, and under wayward disguises, but nevertheless giving to the motley groups the strange and unmistakable charm of reality. Her grandmother, by whom she was brought up, disgusted at her not being a boy, resolved to remedy the misfortune as far as possible by educating her like a boy. We may say of this, as of all the other irregularities of her strange and exceptional life, that whatever unhappiness and error may be traceable thereto, its influence on her writings has been beneficial, by giving a greater range to her experience. It may be selfish to rejoice over the malady which secretes a pearl, but the possessor of the pearl may at least congratulate himself that at any rate the pearl has been produced; and so of the unhappiness of genius. Certainly few women have had such profound and varied experience as George Sand; none have turned it to more account. Her writings contain many passages that her warmest admirers would wish unwritten, but although severe criticism may detect the weak places, the severest criticism must conclude with the admission of her standing among the highest minds of literature. In the matter of eloquence, she surpasses every thing France has yet produced. There has been no style at once so large, so harmonious, so expressive, and so unaffected: like a light shining through an alabaster vase, the ideas shine through her diction; while as regards rhythmic melody of phrase, it is a style such as Beethoven might have written had he uttered in words the melodious passion that was in him.

But deeper than all eloquence, grander than all grandeur of phrase, is that forlorn splendor of a life of passionate experience painted in her works. There is no man so wise but he may learn from them, for they are the utterances of a soul in pain, a soul that has been tried. No man could have written her books, for no man could have had her experience, even with a genius equal to her own. The philosopher may smile sometimes at her philosophy, for *that* is only

a reflex of some man whose ideas she has adopted; the critic may smile sometimes at her failure in delineating men; but both philosopher and critic must perceive that those writings of hers are *original*, are genuine, are transcripts of experience, and as such fulfil the primary condition of all literature. It is not our present purpose to enter upon details, but we may add in passing that although *all* her works will be found to partake of the character of confessions, there is one wherein the biographical element takes a more definite and literal shape, viz., in "Lucrezia Floriani." Wide as the incidents of this story are from the truth, the characters of Lucrezia, Carol, and Vandoni, are more like portraits than is usual with her.

By a whimsical transition our thoughts wander to Lady Morgan, the "Wild Irish Girl," who delighted our fathers, and gave the "Quarterly" an opportunity of displaying its accustomed amenity and nice feeling for the sex. Lady Morgan has been a staunch upholder of the rights of woman, and in her own person vindicated the claims of the sex to be heard as authors. But Leigh Hunt shall touch her portrait for us:—

"And dear Lady Morgan! look, look how she comes,
With her pulses all beating for freedom, like drums—
So Irish, so modish, so *mixtish*, so wild;
So committing herself, as she talks, like a child,
So trim yet so easy, polite yet high-hearted,
That truth and she, try all she can, won't be parted.
She'll put on your fashions, your latest new air,
And then talk so frankly, she'll make you all stare."

From the same hand you shall have a sketch of Miss Edgeworth—a strange contrast to her countrywoman just named:—

"At the sight of Miss Edgeworth, he* said,
'Here comes one
As sincere and as kind as lives under the sun,
Not poetical, eh?—nor much given to insist
On utilities not in utility's list.
(Things, nevertheless, without which the large heart
Of my world would but play a poor husk of a part).
But most truly within her own sphere sympathetic—
And that's no mean help towards the practice poetic.'
Then, smiling, he said a most singular thing—
He thanked her for making him 'saving of string'!!

* Apollo.

But, for fear she should fancy he didn't approve her in
Matters more weighty, praised much her 'Ma-
nœuvring ;'
A book, which, if aught could pierce craniums
so dense,
Might supply cunning folks with a little good
sense.
And her Irish (he added) poor souls! so im-
pressed him,
He knew not if most they amus'd, or distress'd
him!"

Miss Edgeworth possesses in a remarkable degree the peculiarly feminine quality of *Observation*, though but little of that other quality *Sentiment*, which distinguishes female writers, and which, combined with observation, constitute the staple of novels. Indeed one might class novelists thus—1st, Those remarkable for *Observation*. 2nd, Those remarkable for *Sentiment*. 3d, Those remarkable for the combination of the two. *Observation* without *Sentiment* usually leads to humor or satire; *Sentiment* without *Observation* to rhetoric and long-drawn lachrymosity. The extreme fault of the one is flippant superficiality; that of the other is what is called "sickly sentimentality."

Miss Burney, for example, had a quick *Observation*, notably of ridiculous details, and with a certain broad vulgar gauge of human nature, contrived to write one or two novels that admirably reflected the passing manners of her age; but when—as in the "Wanderer"—she attempted to interest by *Sentiment*, her failure was hopeless. L. E. L., on the other hand, was essentially deficient in that which made the reputation of Fanny Burney, but her quick emotive nature, trembling with sensibility, enabled her to write passages of exquisite beauty, which were not, however, more durable than mere emotion is. Mrs. Gore, again, who might perhaps, with more care bestowed upon her works, have been the Fanny Burney of our age, exhibits in every chapter the marvellous finesse and quickness of *Observation*, winged with a certain airy gaiety of style which, if it be not wit, has half the charm of wit; and this faculty of *Observation* has allowed her to write heaps of fashionable novels, as fugitive as the fashions they reflect, yet as gay and pleasant. But who does not miss in them that element of serious *Sentiment* which gives to other novels their pathos, their poetry, their psychology?

We might run through the list of female writers thus contrasting them, noting the strong sarcastic observation of Mrs. Trollope and the wearisome sentimentality of

Mrs. Marsh, (who has, nevertheless, written one most powerful tale, "The Admiral's Daughter," and whose most popular work, "Emilia Wyndham," we are willing to take upon trust, not having read it), but the excursion would carry us beyond our limits. Enough, if we have indicated the point of view.

Two celebrated women whose works have produced an extraordinary "sensation"—the authoress of "Jane Eyre," and the authoress of "Mary Barton," owe their success, we believe, to the union of rare yet indispensable qualities. They have both given imaginative expression to actual experience—they have not invented, but reproduced; they have preferred the truth, such as their own experience testified, to the vague, false, conventional notions current in circulating libraries. Whatever of weakness may be pointed out in their works, will, we are positive, be mostly in those parts where experience is deserted, and the supposed requirements of fiction have been listened to; whatever has really affected the public mind is, we are equally certain, the transcript of some actual incident, character, or emotion. Note, moreover, that beyond this basis of actuality these writers have the further advantage of deep feeling united to keen observation. The presence of observation is more apparent in "Mary Barton" than in "Jane Eyre," as it is possibly more predominant in the mind of the authoress; and this is why there never was even a momentary doubt as to the writer's sex—a woman's delicate hand being visible in the strongest pages; whereas "Jane Eyre" was not only attributed to a man, but one of the most keen witted and observing of female writers dogmatically pronounced upon internal evidence that none but a man could have written it. The force and even fierceness of the style certainly suggested doubts, but what man could have drawn Jane herself; above all, what man could so have drawn Rochester? The lyrical tendency—the psychological and emotional tendency which prevails in "Jane Eyre" may have blinded some to the rare powers of observation also exhibited in the book; a critical examination, however, will at once set this right, the more so when we know that the authoress has led a solitary life in a secluded part of Yorkshire, and has had but little opportunities of seeing the world. She has made the most of her material.

The deep impression produced on Europe by George Sand, has naturally caused many

imitations—notably in Germany and France. As to the Germans—*palmas qui meruit ferat!* let the most gifted bear away the palm—and the palm of bad novel writing certainly belongs to them. However, as the names of these Indianas and Lelias have scarcely crossed the German Ocean, we will leave them in untroubled emancipation.

“non ragioniam di lor
Ma guarda e passa.”

The name of Daniel Stern (pseudonyme for the Comtesse d'Agoult) has had more attention. Her first appearance was in “Nélida,” a novel in which she idealized herself, and branded her truant lover, Franz Liszt. It had a certain “succès de scandale.” The assumption of a man's name, and the abiding imitation of Madame Sand, lessened perhaps the admiration the novel would otherwise have excited, because it claimed a standard to which, in no sense, could it be compared. Since that, Daniel Stern has earned a more serious reputation as a political and historical writer. Her “History of the Revolution of 1848” is the best that has been written on that subject.

Appropos of “Nélida,” and of Lady Bulwer Lytton's novels, it may be pertinent to distinguish between writing out your actual experience in fiction, and using fiction as a medium for obtruding your private history on the sympathies of the public. We hold that the author is bound to use actual experience as his material, or else to keep silent; but he is equally bound by all moral and social considerations not to use that experience in such forms that the public will recognize it, and become, as it were, initiated into the private affairs of his characters. If he avow himself as the Juvenal or Aristophanes of his age, and satirize his friends and foes, he has, at any rate, the excuse, that every one is on guard against avowed satire. But if he have been mixed up in some deplorable history which has become notorious, and if he take advantage of that notoriety to tell his version of it under the transparent disguise of fiction, then we say he violates all principle of truth and of literature; because in fiction he has an immunity from falsehood. He does not profess to tell you the story, yet he gives you to understand what he wishes. He paints himself as an injured innocent; and if you object to his portrait of you, as that of an incarnate demon, his answer is ready—“That is a character in my novel; who said it was a portrait of you?”

It was notorious, for example, that Mad-

ame Sand had lived for some years with Chopin, and that Madame d'Agoult had children by Liszt, and that both women had finally separated from their lovers. Now, although we hold that if Madame Sand or Madame d'Agoult wished to write, they were bound to go back for material to their own personal experience, it is quite clear that, in so doing, they were bound by the very notoriety of their histories to work up that material into shapes so unlike the outward form of these histories, that no one should detect the origin. Instead of doing so, they both take the public into confidence, and manage to paint themselves as victims, and their lovers as insupportable. We are touching upon a delicate distinction, but the moral sense of every impartial reader easily distinguishes between the legitimate and illegitimate employment of experience.

As examples of the legitimate employment, let us name the works of Geraldine Jewsbury and Eliza Lynn, two writers in whom the influence of George Sand is traceable, and in whom, although we know that actual experience is taken as the material used, no one ever pretends to recognize private life. Recurring to our rough classification, we should cite Miss Jewsbury as one in whom Observation and Sentiment were about equal; but although she possesses, in an eminent degree, both qualities, she does not work them harmoniously together. Her keen womanly observation of life gives to her novels the piquancy of sarcasm, and her deep womanly feeling of life gives to them the warmth and interest of sentiment; but—there is a but!—the works seem rather the offspring of two minds than of one mind; there is a want of unity in them, arising perhaps from want of art. Curious it is to trace the development of her mind in the three novels she has published at wide intervals: “Zoe,” in which the impetuous passionate style clearly betrays the influence of George Sand; “The Half Sisters,” in which the style is toned down to a more truthful pitch; and “Marian Withers,” in which there is scarcely any trace of the turbulence and fervor of “Zoe.” If we look closely we shall find that age and experience have had their customary influence, and while subduing the exuberance of Sentiment, have brought into greater prominence the strong characteristics of Observation. Miss Jewsbury excels in subtle and sometimes deep observation of morals as of manners; and we look to her for still finer works than any she has yet written.

Miss Lynn occupies a strange and defiant

position. In her first work, "Azeth," she astonished by the recondite reading exhibited in her Egyptian coloring, and by the daring voluptuousness of her eloquence. In her second romance, "Amymone," she quitted Egypt for Greece, showed an equal amount of laborious study and of exuberant rhetoric, but assumed a still more hostile position against received notions by a paradoxical defence of Aspasia. In "Realities," a novel of our day, the antagonism was avowed, incessant, impetuous; it was a passionate and exaggerated protest against conventions, which failed of its intended effect because it was too exaggerated, too manifestly unjust. Splendor of diction, and a sort of rhythmic passion, rising oftentimes into accents of startling power, have never been denied her; but one abiding defect of her novels we must allude to, and that is, the want of that Observation which we have insisted on as a requisite in fiction. In "Realities," this want was singularly apparent, and gave it the air of unreality so detrimental to such a work. The realm of imagination is better suited to her powers than that of fact; she feels deeply, paints vividly what she feels, but she sees dimly.

Miss Muloch has also a great gift of elo-

quence, and considerable power in the dramatic presentation of character. "The Ogilvies," "Olive," and the "Head of the Family," may be compared with Miss Jewsbury's three novels, as indicating the rapid progress in observation, and a more subdued employment of sentiment; although sentiment, after all, remains her forte. Not so the authoress of "Rose Douglas," and the "Two Families," in whom we recognize a wonderful truthfulness of touch in the portraiture of quiet village life, and quiet village character. The authoress of "Margaret Maitland" excels in delineation of character of greater range and depth; and her pictures of Scottish life are among the most memorable and agreeable we know. They place her beside the charming Madame Charles Reybaud, whose novels, we may parenthetically add, are among the few French fictions admissible into the libraries of young ladies.

But we must cease this rapid flight over the large field of female literature. We have done enough if in this bird's-eye view we have indicated the most characteristic details; and we have proved our case if we have proved the right of Woman to citizenship in the Republic of Letters.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE HUNCHBACK OF STRASBOURG.

In the department of the Bas-Rhin, France, and not more than about two leagues north of Strasbourg, lived Antoine Delessert, who farmed, or intended farming, his own land—about a ten-acre slice of "national" property, which had fallen to him, nobody very well knew how, during the hurly-burly of the great Revolution. He was about five-and-thirty, a widower, and had one child, likewise named Antoine, but familiarly known as Le Bossu (hunchback)—a designation derived, like his father's acres, from the Revolution, somebody having, during one of the earlier and livelier episodes of that exciting drama, thrown the poor little fellow out of a window in Strasbourg, and broken his back. When this happened, Antoine, *père*, was a journeyman *ferblantier* (tinman) of that city. Sub-

sequently, he became an active, though subordinate member of the local Salut Public; in virtue of which patriotic function he obtained Les Prés, the name of his magnificent estate. Working at his trade was now, of course, out of the question. Farming, as everybody knows, is a gentlemanly occupation, skill in which comes by nature; and Citizen Delessert forthwith betook himself, with his son, to Les Prés, in the full belief that he had stepped at once into the dignified and delightful position of the ousted aristocrat, to whom Les Prés had once belonged, and whose haughty head he had seen fall into the basket. But envious clouds will darken the brightest sky, and the new proprietor found, on taking possession of his quiet, unencumbered domain, that property has its

plagues as well as pleasures. True, there was the land, but not a plant, or a seed thereon or therein, nor an agricultural implement of any kind to work it with. The walls of the old rambling house were standing, and the roof, except in about a dozen places, kept out the rain with some success; but the nimble, unrespecting fingers of preceding patriots had carried off not only every vestige of furniture, usually so called, but coppers, cistern, pump, locks, hinges—nay, some of the very doors and window-frames! Delessert was profoundly discontented. He remarked to Le Bossu, now a sharp lad of some twelve years of age, that he was at last convinced of the entire truth of his cousin Boisdet's frequent observation—that the Revolution, glorious as it might be, had been stained and dishonored by many shameful excesses; an admission which the son, with keen remembrance of his compulsory flight from the window, savagely endorsed.

"Peste!" exclaimed the new proprietor, after a lengthened and painful examination of the dilapidations, and general nakedness of his estate—"this is embarrassing. Citizen Destouches was right. I must raise money upon the property, to replace what those brigands have carried off. I shall require three thousand francs at the very least."

The calculation was dispiriting; and after a night's lodging on the bare floor, damply enveloped in a few old sacks, the financial horizon did not look one whit less gloomy in the eyes of Citizen Delessert. Destouches, he sadly reflected, was an iron-fisted notary-public, who lent money, at exorbitant interest, to distressed landowners, and was driving, people said, a thriving trade in that way just now. His pulse must, however, be felt, and money be obtained, however hard the terms. This was unmistakably evident; and with the conviction tugging at his heart, Citizen Delessert took his pensive way towards Strasbourg.

"You guess my errand, Citizen Destouches?" said Delessert, addressing a flinty faced man of about his own age, in a small room of Numéro 9, Rue Béchard.

"Yes—money; how much?"

"Three thousand francs is my calculation."

"Three thousand francs! You are not afraid of opening your mouth, I see. Three thousand francs!—humph! Security, ten acres of middling land, uncultivated, and a tumble-down house; title, *droit de guillotine*. It is a risk, but I think I may venture. Pierre Nadaud," he continued, addressing a black-browed, sly, sinister-eyed clerk, "draw a

bond, secured upon Les Près, and the appurtenances, for three thousand francs, with interest at ten per cent."—

"Morbleu! but that is famous interest!" interjected Delessert, though timidly.

"Payable quarterly, if demanded," the notary continued, without heeding his client's observation; "with power, of course, to the lender to sell, if necessary, to reimburse his capital, as well as all accruing *dommages intérêts*!"

The borrower drew a long breath, but only muttered: "Ah, well! no matter! We shall work hard, Antoine and I."

The legal document was soon formally drawn: Citizen Delessert signed and sealed, and he had only now to pouch the cash, which the notary placed upon the table.

"Ah ça!" he cried, eyeing the roll of paper proffered to his acceptance with extreme disgust. "It is not in those *chiffons* of assignats, is it, that I am to receive three thousand francs, at ten per cent.?"

"My friend," rejoined the notary, in a tone of great severity, "take care what you say. The offence of depreciating the credit or money of the Republic is a grave one."

"Who should know that better than I?" promptly replied Delessert. "The paper-money of our glorious Republic is of inestimable value; but the fact is, Citizen Destouches, I have a weakness, I confess it, for coined money—*argent métallique*. In case of fire, for instance, it"—

"It is very remarkable," interrupted the notary with increasing sternness—"it is very remarkable, Pierre" (Pierre was an influential member of the *Salut Public*), "that the instant a man becomes a landed proprietor, he betrays symptoms of *incivisme*: is discovered to be, in fact, an *aristocq* at heart."

"I an *aristocq*!" exclaimed Delessert, turning very pale; "you are jesting, surely. See, I take these admirable assignats—three thousand francs' worth at ten per cent.—with the greatest pleasure. Oh, never mind counting among friends."

"Pardon!" replied Destouches, with rigid scrupulosity. "It is necessary to be extremely cautious in matters of business. Deducting thirty francs for the bond, you will, I think, find your money correct; but count yourself."

Delessert pretended to do so, but the rage in his heart so caused his eyes to dance and dazzle, and his hands to shake, that he could scarcely see the figures on the assignats, or separate one from the other. He bundled them up at last, crammed them into his

pocket, and hurried off, with a sickly smile upon his face, and maledictions, which found fierce utterance as soon as he had reached a safe distance, trembling on his tongue.

"Scélérat! coquin!" he savagely muttered. "Ten per cent. for this moonshine money! I only wish—But never mind, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I must try and buy in the same way that I have been so charmingly sold."

Earnestly meditating this equitable process, Citizen Delessert sought his friend Jean Souday, who lived close by the Fossé des Tanneurs (Tanners' Ditch.) Jean had a somewhat ancient mare to dispose of, which our landed proprietor thought might answer his purpose. Cocotte was a slight waif, sheared off by the sharp axe of the Place de la Revolution, and Souday could therefore afford to sell her cheap. Fifty francs *argent métallique* would, Delessert knew, purchase her; but with assignats, it was quite another affair. But, courage! He might surely play the notary's game with his friend Souday: that could not be so difficult.

"You have no use for Cocotte," suggested Delessert modestly, after exchanging fraternal salutations with his friend.

"Such an animal is always useful," promptly answered Madame Souday, a sharp, notable little woman, with a vinegar aspect.

"To be sure—to be sure! And what price do you put upon this useful animal?"

"Cela dépend"—replied Jean, with an interrogative glance at his helpmate.

"Yes, as Jean says, that depends—entirely depends"—responded the wife.

"Upon what, citoyenne?"

"Upon what is offered, parbleu! We are in no hurry to part with Cocotte; but money is tempting."

"Well, then, suppose we say, between friends, fifty francs?"

"Fifty francs! That is very little; besides, I do not know that I shall part with Cocotte at all."

"Come, come; be reasonable. Sixty francs! Is it a bargain?"

Jean still shook his head. "Tempt him with the actual sight of the money," confidentially suggested Madame Souday; "that is the only way to strike a bargain with my husband."

Delessert preferred increasing his offer to this advice, and gradually advanced to 100 francs, without in the least softening Jean Souday's obduracy. The possessor of the assignats was fain, at last, to adopt Madame Souday's iterated counsel, and placed 120

paper francs before the owner of Cocotte. The husband and wife, instantly, as silently, exchanged with each other, by the only electric telegraph then in use, the words: "I thought so."

"This is charming money, friend Delessert," said Jean Souday; "far more precious to an enlightened mind than the barbarous coin stamped with effigies of kings and queens of the *ancien régime*. It is very tempting; still, I do not think I can part with Cocotte at any price."

Poor Delessert ground his teeth with rage, but the expression of his anger would avail nothing; and, yielding to hard necessity, he at length, after much wrangling, became the purchaser of the old mare for 250 francs—in assignats. We give this as a specimen of the bargains effected by the owner of Les Prés with his borrowed capital, and as affording a key to the bitter hatred he from that day cherished towards the notary, by whom he had, as he conceived, been so egregiously duped. Towards evening, he entered a wine-shop in the suburb of Robertsau, drank freely, and talked still more so, fatigue and vexation having rendered him both thirsty and bold. Destouches, he assured everybody that would listen to him, was a robber—a villain—a vampire blood-sucker, and he, Delessert, would be amply revenged on him some fine day. Had the loquacious orator been eulogizing some one's extraordinary virtues, it is very probable that all he said would have been forgotten by the morrow, but the memories of men are more tenacious of slander and evil-speaking; and thus it happened that Delessert's vituperative and menacing eloquence on this occasion was thereafter produced against him with fatal power.

Albeit, the now nominal proprietor of Les Prés, assisted by his son and Cocotte, set to work manfully at his new vocation; and by dint of working twice as hard, and faring much worse than he did as a journeyman *ferblantier*, contrived to keep the wolf, if not far from the door, at least from entering in. His son, Le Bossu, was a cheerful, willing lad, with large, dark, inquisitive eyes, lit up with much clearer intelligence than frequently falls to the share of persons of his age and opportunities. The father and son were greatly attached to each other; and it was chiefly the hope of bequeathing Les Prés, free from the usurious gripe of Destouches, to his boy, that encouraged the elder Delessert to persevere in his well-nigh hopeless husbandry. Two years thus passed, and matters were beginning to assume a less dreary aspect,

thanks chiefly to the notary's not having made any demand in the interim for the interest of his mortgage.

"I have often wondered," said Le Bossu one day, as he and his father were eating their dinner of *soupe aux choux* and black bread, "that Destouches has not called before. He may now as soon as he pleases, thanks to our having sold that lot of damaged wheat at such a capital price: corn must be getting up tremendously in the market. However, you are ready for Destouches' demand of six hundred francs, which it is now."

"Parbleu! quite ready; all ready counted in those charming assignats; and that is the joke of it. I wish the old villain may call or send soon!"—

A gentle tap at the door interrupted the speaker. The son opened it, and the notary, accompanied by his familiar, Pierre Nadaud, quietly glided in.

"Talk of the devil," growled Delessert audibly, "and you are sure to get a whisk of his tail. Well, messieurs," he added more loudly, "your business?"

"Money—interest now due on the mortgage for three thousand francs," replied M. Destouches with much suavity.

"Interest for two years," continued the sourly-sardonic accents of Pierre Nadaud; "six hundred francs precisely."

"Very good, you shall have the money directly," Delessert left the room; the notary took out and unclasped a note-book; and Pierre Nadaud placed a slip of *papier timbré* on the dinner-table, preparatory to writing a receipt.

"Here," said Delessert, re-entering with a roll of soiled paper in his hand, "here are your six hundred francs, well counted."

The notary reclasped his note-book, and returned it to his pocket; Pierre Nadaud resumed possession of the receipt paper.

"You are not aware, then, friend Delessert," said the notary, "that creditors are no longer compelled to receive assignats in payment?"

"How? What do you say?"

"Pierre," continued M. Destouches, "read the extract from *Le Bulletin des Lois*, published last week." Pierre did so with a ringing emphasis, which would have rendered it intelligible to a child; and the unhappy debtor fully comprehended that his paper-money was comparatively worthless! It is needless to dwell upon the fury manifested by Delessert, the cool obduracy of the

notary, or the cynical comments of the clerk. Enough to say, that M. Destouches departed without his money, after civilly intimating that legal proceedings would be taken forthwith. The son strove to soothe his father's passionate despair, but his words fell upon unheeding ears; and after several hours passed in alternate paroxysms of stormy rage and gloomy reverie, the elder Delessert hastily left the house, taking the direction of Strasbourg. Le Bossu watched his father's retreating figure from the door until it was lost in the clouds of blinding snow that was rapidly falling, and then sadly resumed some indoor employment. It was late when he retired to bed, and his father had not then returned. He would probably remain, the son thought, at Strasbourg for the night.

The chill, lead-colored dawn was faintly struggling on the horizon with the black, gloomy night, when Le Bossu rose. Ten minutes afterwards, his father strode hastily into the house, and threw himself, without a word, upon a seat. His eyes, the son observed, were blood-shot, either with rage or drink—perhaps both; and his entire aspect wild, haggard, and fierce. Le Bossu silently presented him with a measure of *vin ordinaire*. It was eagerly swallowed, though Delessert's hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pewter flagon to his lips.

"Something has happened," said Le Bossu presently.

"Morbieu!—yes. That is," added the father, checking himself, "something *might* have happened, if—Who's there?"

"Only the wind shaking the door. What *might* have happened?" persisted the son.

"I will tell you, Antoine. I set off for Strasbourg yesterday, to see Destouches once again, and entreat him to accept the assignats in part-payment at least. He was not at home. Marguérite, the old servant, said he was gone to the cathedral, not long since reopened. Well, I found the usurer just coming out of the great western entrance, heathen as he is, looking as pious as a pilgrim. I accosted him, told my errand, begged, prayed, stormed! It was all to no purpose, except to attract the notice and comments of the passers-by. Destouches went his way, and I, with fury in my heart, betook myself to a wine-shop—Le Brun's. He would not even change an assignat to take for what I drank, which was not a little; and I therefore owe him for it. When the gendarmes cleared the house at last, I was nearly crazed with rage and drink. I must have been so,

or I should never have gone to the Rue Béchard, forced myself once more into the notary's presence, and—and"——

"And what?" quivered the young man, as his father abruptly stopped, startled as before into silence by a sudden rattling of the crazy door. "And what?"

"And abused him for a flinty-hearted scoundrel, as he is. He ordered me away, and threatened to call the guard. I was flinging out of the house, when Marguérite twitched me by the sleeve, and I stepped aside into the kitchen. "You must not think," she said, "of going home on such a night as this." It was snowing furiously, and blowing a hurricane at the time. "There is a straw pallet," Marguérite added, "where you can sleep, and nobody the wiser." I yielded. The good woman warmed some soup, and the storm not abating, I lay down to rest—to rest, do I say?" shouted Delessert, jumping madly to his feet, and pacing furiously to and fro—"the rest of devils! My blood was in a flame; and rage, hate, despair, blew the consuming fire by turns. I thought how I had been plundered by the mercenary ruffian sleeping securely, as he thought, within a dozen yards of the man he had ruined—sleeping securely just beyond the room containing the *secrétaire* in which the mortgage-deed of which I had been swindled was deposited"——

"Oh, father!" gasped the son.

"Be silent, boy, and you shall know all! It may be that I dreamed all this, for I think the creaking of a door, and a stealthy step on the stair, awoke me; but perhaps that, too, was part of the dream. However, I was at last wide awake, and I got up and looked out on the cold night. The storm had passed, and the moon had temporarily broken through the heavy clouds by which she was encompassed. Marguérite had said I might let myself out, and I resolved to depart at once. I was doing so, when, looking round, I perceived that the notary's office-door was ajar. Instantly a demon whispered, that although the law was restored, it was still blind and deaf as ever—could not see or hear in that dark silence—and that I might easily baffle the cheating usurer after all. Swiftly and softly, I darted towards the half-opened door—entered. The notary's *secrétaire*, Antoine, was wide open! I hunted with shaking hands for the deed, but could not find it. There was money in the drawers, and I—I think I should have taken some—did perhaps, I hardly know how—when I heard, or thought I did, a rustling sound not far off. I

gazed wildly round, and plainly saw in the notary's bedroom—the door of which, I had not before observed, was partly open—the shadow of a man's figure clearly traced by the faint moonlight on the floor. I ran out of the room, and out of the house, with the speed of a madman, and here—here I am!" This said, he threw himself into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

"That is a chink of money," said Le Bossu, who had listened in dumb dismay to his father's concluding narrative. "You had none, you said, when at the wine-shop."

"Money! Ah, it may be as I said—Thunder of heaven!" cried the wretched man, again fiercely springing to his feet, "I am lost!"

"I fear so," replied a commissaire de police, who had suddenly entered, accompanied by several gendarmes—"if it be true, as we suspect, that you are the assassin of the notary Destouches."

The assassin of the notary Destouches! Le Bossu heard but these words, and when he recovered consciousness, he found himself alone, save for the presence of a neighbor, who had been summoned to his assistance.

The *procès verbal* stated, in addition to much of what has been already related, that the notary had been found dead in his bed, at a very early hour of the morning, by his clerk Pierre Nadaud, who slept in the house. The unfortunate man had been stifled, by a pillow it was thought. His *secrétaire* had been plundered of a very large sum, amongst which were Dutch gold ducats—purchased by Destouches only the day before—of the value of more than 6,000 francs. Delessert's mortgage-deed had also disappeared, although other papers of a similar character had been left. Six crowns had been found on Delessert's person, one of which was clipped in a peculiar manner, and was sworn to by an *épiciier* as that offered him by the notary the day previous to the murder, and refused by him. No other portion of the stolen property could be found, although the police exerted themselves to the utmost for that purpose.

There was, however, quite sufficient evidence to convict Delessert of the crime, notwithstanding his persistent asseverations of innocence. His known hatred of Destouches, the threats he had uttered concerning him, his conduct in front of the cathedral, Marguérite's evidence, and the finding the crown in his pocket, left no doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned to suffer death by the guillotine. He appealed of course, but that,

everybody felt, could only prolong his life for a short time, not save it.

There was one person, the convict's son, who did not for a moment believe that his father was the assassin of Destouches. He was satisfied in his own mind, that the real criminal was he whose step Delessert had dreamed he heard upon the stair, who had opened the office-door, and whose shadow fell across the bedroom floor; and his eager, unresting thoughts were bent upon bringing this conviction home to others. After a while, light, though as yet dim and uncertain, broke in upon his filial task.

About ten days after the conviction of Delessert, Pierre Nadaud called upon M. Huguet, the procureur-général of Strasbourg. He had a serious complaint to make of Delessert, *filis*. The young man, chiefly, he supposed, because he had given evidence against his father, appeared to be nourishing a monomaniacal hatred against him, Pierre Nadaud. "Wherever I go," said the irritated complainant, "at whatever hour, early in the morning and late at night, he dogs my steps. I can in no manner escape him, and I verily believe those fierce, malevolent eyes of his are never closed. I really fear he is meditating some violent act. He should, I respectfully submit, be restrained—placed in a *maison de santé*, for his intellects are certainly unsettled; or otherwise prevented from accomplishing the mischief I am sure he contemplates."

M. Huguet listened attentively to this statement, reflected for a few moments, said inquiry should be made in the matter, and civilly dismissed the complainant.

In the evening of the same day, Le Bossu was brought before M. Huguet. He replied to that gentleman's questioning by the avowal, that he believed Nadaud had murdered M. Destouches. "I believe also," added the young man, "that I have at last hit upon a clue that will lead to his conviction."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will impart it to me?"

"Willingly. The property in gold and precious gems carried off has not yet been traced. I have discovered its hiding-place."

"Say you so? That is extremely fortunate."

"You know, sir, that beyond the Rue des Vignes there are three houses standing alone, which were gutted by fire some time since, and are now only temporarily boarded up. That street is entirely out of Nadaud's way, and yet he passes and repasses there

five or six times a day. When he did not know that I was watching him, he used to gaze curiously at those houses, as if to notice if they were being disturbed for any purpose. Lately, if he suspects I am at hand, he keeps his face determinedly away from them, but still seems to have an unconquerable hankering after the spot. This very morning, there was a cry raised close to the ruins, that a child had been run over by a cart. Nadaud was passing: he knew I was close by, and violently checking himself, as I could see, kept his eyes fixedly averted from the place, which I have no longer any doubt contains the stolen treasure."

"You are a shrewd lad," said M. Huguet, after a thoughtful pause. "An examination shall at all events take place at nightfall. You, in the meantime, remain here under surveillance."

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, Le Bossu was again brought into M. Huguet's presence. The commissary who arrested his father was also there. "You have made a surprising guess, if it be a guess," said the procureur. "The missing property has been found under a hearth-stone of the centre house." Le Bossu raised his hands, and uttered a cry of delight. "One moment," continued M. Huguet. "How do we know this is not a trick concocted by you and your father to mislead justice?"

"I have thought of that," replied Le Bossu calmly. "Let it be given out that I am under restraint, in compliance with Nadaud's request; then have some scaffolding placed to-morrow against the houses, as if preparatory to their being pulled down, and you will see the result, if a quiet watch is kept during the night." The procureur and commissary exchanged glances, and Le Bossu was removed from the room.

It was verging upon three o'clock in the morning, when the watchers heard some one very quietly remove a portion of the back-boarding of the centre house. Presently, a closely-muffled figure, with a dark-lantern and a bag in his hand, crept through the opening, and made direct for the hearth-stone; lifted it, turned on his light slowly, gathered up the treasure, crammed it into his bag, and murmured with an exulting chuckle as he reclosed the lantern and stood upright: "Safe—safe, at last!" At the instant, the light of half a dozen lanterns flashed upon the miserable wretch, revealing the stern faces of as many gendarmes. "Quite safe, M. Pierre Nadaud!" echoed

their leader. "Of that you may be assured." He was unheard: the detected culprit had fainted.

There is little to add. Nadaud perished by the guillotine, and Delessert was, after a time, liberated. Whether or not he thought his ill-gotten property had brought a curse

with it, I cannot say; but, at all events, he abandoned it to the notary's heirs, and set off with Le Bossu for Paris, where, I believe, the sign of "Delessert et Fils, Ferblantiers," still flourishes over the front of a respectably furnished shop.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

EPAMINONDAS OF THEBES AND GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

"Great men have always scorn'd great recompenses;
Epaminondas sav'd his Thebes and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses."—BROWN.

IF we search the records of the past for an example of disinterested patriotism, of public purity joined to private virtue, with scarcely a perceptible speck or blemish on either, we shall pause over the pages which detail the life of the illustrious statesman, scholar, and soldier, whose name we have placed at the head of this article. He stands in the front rank among those heroes of antiquity, of whom it was happily observed by Monsieur de la Bruyere, that it is difficult to determine whether they are more indebted to history, or history to them. If she has embellished their actions with her most splendid ornaments, they have furnished her with grounds for those embellishments. But for history, their names would have been buried in their tombs, and without these patterns of virtue, often as inimitable as they are admirable, of what would history consist? In remote ages, Cincinnatus and Epaminondas may claim pre-eminence in the list of exalted spirits who have served their country from true veneration, without personal ambition or selfish objects, uninfluenced by the inducements of fee, reward, or promotion. In more recent times, this noble example has been emulated by George Washington and William Pitt.*

* "Mr. Pitt, who was no gambler, no prodigal, and too much a man of business to have expensive habits of any kind, died in debt; and the nation discharged his debts, less as a mark of respect than as an act of justice."—*Southey*.

It remained for the O'Connells and Cobdens of our own days, to blend the advantages of pay and popularity, to convert patriotism into a commercial speculation, and balance public services with solid specie, even as Xerxes counted out his army by tens of thousands.

At a culminating period of Grecian power and civilization, Epaminondas, by the force of his individual genius, personal character, and unrivalled superiority of military endowments, elevated his country (until then taking rank but as a secondary state) to a leading position at the head of the Hellenic republics. He beat the hitherto invincible Spartans in a pitched field of battle with inferior numbers; twice displayed his army on the banks of the Eurotas, in the centre of their unfortified capital; exhibited to their women and children, a sight they boasted of never having before beheld, the watch-fires of an enemy's camp; and compelled them, as he himself said, to abandon their contemptuous laconism, and lengthen their sentences.

The domineering supremacy which Sparta had long exercised, was thus broken down, and the controlling influence transferred to Thebes. This influence she continued to exercise with unflinching grasp, until Epaminondas, at the same time her spear and shield, fell in the critical moment of his greatest victory, on the plain of Mantinea. With

him expired the short-lived power and glory of Thebes, never to be revived again. When told that his wound was mortal, but the Thebans victorious—"It is well," replied he, "I have lived long enough." He ordered Daiphantus and Iollidas, generals whom he thought capable of filling his place, to be sent for. He was informed that both were dead. "Advise the Thebans, then," said he, "to conclude a peace." The physician had declared that he would die from effusion of blood, the instant the iron should be extracted from his wound. He now directed the point of the javelin to be drawn out, and one of his officers exclaiming, in the distraction of his grief—"You die, Epaminondas! Had you but left any children!" "I leave," answered he, expiring, "two immortal daughters—Leuctra and Mantinea."* His devoted friend and colleague Pelopidas, did not live to participate in the glories of the latter battle. Had it been otherwise ordered, his energetic promptitude might have completed the triumph. But he had fallen, in the preceding year, in an imprudent combat against Alexander of Pheræ, at Cynocephalæ—a spot rendered even more famous in after-times, by the great victory of the Consul Flaminius over the last Philip of Macedon, and in which the superiority of the Roman legion when opposed to the Grecian phalanx was decisively established. There is something singularly beautiful in the uninterrupted friendship of the two great Theban leaders. Both were noble by birth, but Pelopidas was the richest, while Epaminondas was almost the poorest citizen in the state. This inequality of worldly condition had no effect on the harmony of their minds. They served together, without a feeling of personal jealousy, as Marlborough and Eugene did in the eighteenth century. Plutarch in commemorating this noble amity, says—"Among the many things reflecting glory upon both, there was nothing which men of sense so much admired, as the strict and inviolable friendship that subsisted between them from first to last in all their high stations, military and civil. For if we consider the administration of Aristides and Themistocles, of Cimon and Pericles, of Nicias and Alcibiades, how much the common interest was injured

by their private dissensions, their envy and jealousy of each other; and then cast our eyes upon the mutual kindness and esteem which Pelopidas and Epaminondas inviolably preserved, we may fairly call these, colleagues in civil government and military command—not those, whose study it was to get the better of each other, rather than of the enemy. The true cause of the difference was the virtue of these Thebans, which led them not to seek in any of their measures their own honor and wealth—pursuits always attended with envy and strife: but being both inspired from the first with a divine ardor to raise their country to the summit of glory, for this purpose they availed themselves of the achievements of each other, as if they had been their own."*

Pelopidas married into a family of rank, and had several children, including a dissolute son, who caused him much uneasiness. Epaminondas remained single. On this point all historians are agreed, with the exception of Polyænes, an inaccurate and obscure writer, who is known to few, and his weary lucubrations seldom disinterred. He assigns to Epaminondas a son, whom he calls Stesibrotus; describes as an extravagant rake, and says he fought a battle in his father's absence, contrary to orders, for which he was condemned to death by parental severity.† All this, unsupported by testimony, must be looked upon as mere assertion and whimsical fable, which, instead of illustrating history, disfigures it by falsehood. It sounds very like a confused application of the legend of Manlius Torquatus. As seven cities claimed the distinction of Homer's nativity (recorded in a well-known distich‡), so have three disputed the trifling honor of having given birth to the soldier from whom Epaminondas received his mortal wound. The Athenians assert that he fell by the hand of Gryllus, the son of Xenophon, and called upon the painter Euphranor to perpetuate this opinion in his celebrated picture of the battle of Mantinea. The Mantineans assume that he was killed by Machæriion, a countryman of theirs; while the Lacedæmonians claim the achievement for the Spartan Anticrates, to whose posterity they granted exemptions and marks of dignity; palpable

* The Emperor Julian, who may be suspected of being an actor that studied effect, had probably the death of Epaminondas in his memory, when he fell, under somewhat similar circumstances, in battle against the Persians, on his retreat from Ctæsphon. Compare his demeanor and dying speech, as recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus and Gibbon.

* Plutarch in Vit. Pelop.

† Polyani Strategemata, Gr. et Lat. Lugd. Bat. 8vo., 1691, cum notis variorum.

‡ "Smyrna, Chius, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodus, Argos Athenæ,

Orbis de patriâ certat homere tuâ."

evidences of the dread with which the name of Epaminondas had inspired them.*

The reproach of blunted intellects, and constitutional heaviness, originally cast on the inhabitants of Bœotia, by the sarcastic Athenians, in the complimentary epithet of "Theban pigs," is admitted by one of their own most celebrated writers (Plutarch), and has been perpetuated to modern times; so that the term, "a learned Theban," is even now considered synonymous with an ignorant dullard.† But they can plead in mitigation of this sweeping sentence, many imaginative associations of high poetical pretence, and authentic annals adorned with distinguished names. When we call to mind that Cadmus, the founder of their capital, was the first who introduced letters into Greece; that Amphion, the inventor of music, built the walls of Thebes to the sound of his lyre; that Hercules was born there; that the classic mountains of Helicon and Cithæron, with the fountains of Hippocrene and Aganippe, were dedicated to Apollo and the Muses, and selected as their most favorite resorts; that the oracular cave of Trophonius stands within their territory; that Bœotia, the dull, has produced such poets as Hesiod, Pindar, and the beautiful Corinna, two such generals as Epaminondas and Pelopidas, with Plutarch, the unrivalled biographer—we think they have been unjustly stigmatized; are entitled to fling back these facts as rebutting evidence in the face of their traducers; and to claim exemption from the charge of national stupidity. The Bœotians, like many other people, have, by voluntary depreciation, furnished arms against themselves. Envy, according to their own report, fixed its chosen abode at Tanagra, the thirst of illicit gain at Oropus, the spirit of contradiction at Thespiæ, violence at Thebes, covetousness at Anthedon, false politeness at Coronea, ostentation at Platæa, and stupidity at Haliartus.‡ These peculiar characteristics of the eight Bœotian cities, remind us of the similarly flattering distinction which, according to general tradition, Shakspeare attached, in rather common-place doggerel, to eight villages in his own immediate neighborhood:—

"Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilborough, hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford."

* Aristot. Pausan. Plut. in Ages.

† "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."—SHAKSPEARE—*King Lear*.

‡ See *Travels of Anacharsis*, vol. iii., 1817, quoted from Dichearchus.

Polybius, one of the profoundest of ancient historians, says, of the leading Grecian republics, particularly Athens and Thebes, that they acquired important rank, but knew not how to maintain their position. They were not intrinsically great, either by natural gifts or political institutions, but became so by fortuitous circumstances, and the superior abilities of a few eminent men: constant in nothing but in unquiet and turbulent temper, which bred continual revolutions among themselves. These remarks sound at first paradoxical and prejudiced, but reflection shows that they are based on true justice and the nicest equity; it is not, according to this judicious writer, a few brilliant actions which constitute the real grandeur of a nation; it is the consistent wisdom with which they know how to support the high degree of glory to which they have attained. The Athenians became famous under Miltiades, Themistocles, and Pericles; the Thebans under Epaminondas and Pelopidas: but the glory they then acquired was due rather to the exclusive talent of their leaders, than to their own virtue. It was the offspring of men born to command, and it died with them. When these misnamed republics submitted to be governed by the superiority of individual intellect, they were happy, powerful, and respected at home and abroad; but when they broke through the trammels of obedient discipline, and indulged their inborn tendencies to turbulence and sedition—when the lower orders, the uneducated people, occupied the supreme authority, and the spirit of ignorant democracy prevailed, they became, as states always will become, despite the flimsy sophistries of selfish demagogues—like ships without sails, rudder, compass, or pilot, certain of ultimate shipwreck, equally disgraceful and deplorable.

Epaminondas traced his descent from the ancient Kings of Thebes, but he was poor, and almost without patrimony. His father Polymnis,* although destitute of fortune or estate, possessed so highly the esteem of his fellow-citizens, that when Philip (the sire of Alexander the Great), then a youth, who had been surrendered to the Illyrians as a pledge of fidelity, by King Amyntas, was sent to Thebes for safer custody, the Theban authorities entrusted him to the sole guardianship of Polymnis. He thus became acquainted with Epaminondas, and they were brought up together under Lysis, a celebrated Pythagorean philosopher. This Lysis is supposed

* Plutarch calls him Pammenes, but this is evidently a mistake.

by Cicero, Cornelius Nepos, and others, to have been the author of the golden verses attributed to Pythagoras.* The verses, which comprise a summary of the Samian philosophy, or articles of faith, are still extant, and consist of seventy-one lines. They are mentioned by Hierocles, as also by Porphyry and Iamblichus, "*De Vita Pythagoræ*," and are separately detailed in a treatise entitled "*Pythagoræ Aurea Carmina*," printed in Greek and Latin, at Cambridge, A.D. 1684, in a collection designated "*Poetas Minores Græcos*."

Under the able preceptorship of Lysis, the young Theban acquired habits of deep thought, regularity, studious application, and unassuming reserve—ingredients very applicable to the formation of an accomplished philosopher, but not likely to compound an executive commander. We are at a loss to imagine whence his deep mastery of military science could have been derived. He became, at an early age, the most learned man in Bœotia, the ornament and luminary of all Greece. Modesty of deportment was among his most remarkable characteristics. Spin-tarus, a Tarentine, said of him, while yet a stripling, "I never knew a man who understood so much, and spoke so little." His mind, too, was deeply imbued with the peculiar superstitions of his sect. This feeling he adroitly turned to account on more than one occasion, as the Roman Sertorius did long after, by seeking to raise the hopes and courage of his army, through omens, favorable prodigies, and asserted communications from the gods. On the day of the great victory of Leuctra, he burst through his habitual self-command, and for the moment gave vent to immoderate joy. But on the following morning, he checked his swelling spirits, and appeared absorbed in grief. His dress was neglected and his air desponding.—"Nothing has happened," said he in reply to the anxious inquiries of his friends, "to cloud the public triumph. It is to bring myself down to my proper level that I thus mortify and check my personal vanity." He then declared that his chief satisfaction lay in the fact that this great success was achieved during the lifetime of his parents. A similar sentiment of filial piety is finely expressed by Lord Nelson, in a letter to his father after the victory of the Nile.

Philip of Macedon, the future conqueror and enslaver of Greece, was believed to have proposed to himself Epaminondas for his pattern. He, perhaps, studied closely that great man's activity and consummate generalship at the head of an army, which formed, in truth, the most inconsiderable portion of his character; but as for the temperance, justice, high-mindedness, mildness, and equanimity of temper, which constituted his true grandeur, the Macedonian autocrat had no share of them, either natural or acquired.*

Every reader of history knows that Epaminondas invented a system of tactics peculiarly his own, equally original and irresistible, in which skill predominated over physical courage, and by which he accomplished unprecedented successes. All have a general idea of the effect, but a very indistinct perception of the immediate process through which that effect was produced. It has been universally received that a new scheme of military science was brought into practice, but very few have troubled themselves to investigate the particulars, or inquire in what this wonderful discovery was comprised. Before his age, battles consisted chiefly in straight-forward, hand-to-hand fighting, in which the strongest and most daring prevailed. One body of combatants was drawn up opposite to another, in lines of parallel formation, and advanced to close combat under the eye and leading of the general, who, after the battle had once commenced, thought of little more than how to discharge the duties of a hardy soldier. Miltiades, it is true, had evinced some strategic skill at Marathon, and posted his inferior forces in a manner which helped to cover their weakness, and materially assisted their inherent valor. But this was an isolated instance, simple in its details, and depending much on the nature of the ground. The new system was equally simple in principle, but rather more complicated and elaborate in execution. It all lay in bringing a heavy mass to bear on a weaker portion of the opposing enemy, the weight of a condensed column against an attenuated line—a mode of action, incalculably favorable to a general, commanding an inferior army, who takes the initiative, and thereby selects his own point of attack. The column was introduced into modern warfare with great effect, by Gustavus Adolphus, at Leipzig and Lutzen. The experience of Tilly, and the sagacious judgment of Wallenstein, proved alike unequal to resist its

* Nearly all the works ascribed to Pythagoras are believed to have been written by his disciples, who introduced many additions and innovations into the original doctrines of their founder.

* See Plutarch in Vit. Pelop.

power.* Vegetius, a Latin writer of the fourth century, in a well-known treatise—"De re Militari"—lays great stress on the oblique order of Epaminondas, which he denominates, "*In similitudinem veri*." It forms the sixth of his series, and is more commended by him than any of the other seven enumerated in his book. Frederic the Great, and Napoleon, constantly carried it into operation, and gained many of their most important battles by a skilful appliance of the advantages it presents. Rosbach and Leuthen, or Lissa, two of Frederic's greatest triumphs, with very inferior numbers, may be quoted especially as brilliant modern examples of the efficacy of this system. At Lissa, the manoeuvre by which he brought an overpowering force upon the Austrian left, and crushed their army in detail, was almost a *fac simile* of the attack of Epaminondas at Leuctra.

The intention of the present essay, is less to give a life of the Theban general, to which little can be added, than to explain the masterly movements which distinguished his two celebrated victories. A very able and ingenious dissertation on the subject, will be found in the "Commentaries" of Folard; but that voluminous work has never been translated into English, and is not easily accessible, as being chiefly confined to a few public libraries. The Chevalier de Folard was an enthusiast in the study of military tactics, and a soldier of much practical experience. He served with distinguished credit under the Duke de Vendome in Italy, during the War of Succession; assisted as a volunteer in the defence of Malta against the Turks, in 1714; and fought under Charles XII. of Sweden, until the death of that prince, before Fredericks-hall, in 1718, when he returned to France and obtained the rank of colonel, with the command of a regiment. He died in 1752, leaving behind him the name of a skilful tactician, and the reputation of a judicious writer.

Xenophon says, Lycurgus distributed the Lacedæmonian forces into six divisions of foot, and the same number of horse. Each of these divisions, in either branch of service, received the title of Mora. The officers of every Mora of infantry, were a Polemarch, four Lochages, eight Pentecosters, and sixteen Enomotarchs. The number of soldiers he leaves unmentioned. Thucydides, with-

out noticing the Mora, describes the Lacedæmonian infantry thus—"Each Lochus consisted of four Pentecostyes, and each Pentecostye, of four Enomatyes. Four men fought in front of each Enomaty." The number of files was varied according to circumstances, at the discretion of the Lochage, but the usual depth was eight men. At Leuctra and Mantinea, the heavy armed infantry were drawn up twelve deep. The far-famed Macedonian phalanx of Philip and Alexander, consisted of sixteen files, the spears of the rear-rank, when levelled, protruding beyond the front. This formation entailed the necessity of a weapon for the closing files, at least twenty feet in length—a most unmanageable and ineffective incumbrance, as it proved, when brought into close contact with the open order, and more active legions of Rome.

Epaminondas, at Leuctra, was in his fortieth year, in the fullest vigor of mind and manhood. On that day, the mild disciple of Pythagoras, the retiring philosopher, the accomplished musician, whose domestic taste preferred the lute to the sword, burst upon the world as a consummate master in the art of war. It was far from being his first essay in arms; he had borne an honorable share in many hard-fought combats, in one of which he rescued his friend and comrade, Pelopidas, when stricken down and dangerously wounded. In those ages, every Grecian citizen was called upon, when the exigencies of the state required, to serve in the ranks as a private soldier. Epaminondas and Pelopidas had frequently set this noble example.

On coming into the field of battle at Leuctra, the Theban general found his right enormously outflanked by the army of Cleombrotus. According to the most reliable computation his force amounted to not more than 6,000 men, while that of the Spartan king, including allies, reckoned at least 18,000—a fearful disparity, when the comparative reputation of the troops engaged on both sides is taken into the account. Epaminondas, before reaching the ground on which he intended to fight, had formed a solid column of three thousand infantry, about half his army, drawn up fifty deep on his left, with which he purposed to penetrate the enemy's line, and then, facing to the right, to bear down opposition by superior weight and concentrated force. The sacred band of three hundred, commanded by Pelopidas, closed the flank of his column. He purposed to refuse his right, which was extended in thin files of three or four, merely as a demonstra-

* See the first volume of Folard's Commentaries, for a very minute description of the Caput Porcinum, Cuneus, or wedge of the Ancients, as contrasted and compared with the "Coin," or close column of Gustavus.

tion, and kept completely out of action, by throwing forward his left obliquely. The weak portion of his army was by this arrangement entirely held back from contact with the enemy, who, having a much greater distance to traverse, could not reach or bring them to close conflict until long after their own right would be swept away by the hostile column, against the force of which the ordinary phalanx had no physical capability of opposing effectual resistance. The sacred band consisted of noble young Thebans, the pride and glory of the state, devoted to each other by ties of indissoluble friendship, and sworn with solemn rites never to quit a field of battle unless victorious. The charge of such a gallant body was impetuous and overwhelming, bearing before them everything that opposed their progress with irresistible fury; as did, in after times, Cromwell's Ironsides and Rupert's Cavaliers. Thirty-three years subsequent to the date of Leuctra, this matchless cohort perished to a man on the sanguinary field of Chæronea.

When Philip of Macedon, after the fight, examined the slain, he paused on the spot where the three hundred warriors, who, with their light equipments, had encountered his ponderous phalanx, lay heaped together. On being told it was the band of Theban friends, his rugged nature melted into sympathy for the fallen brave, and he burst into tears in the moment of his signal triumph. As Marshal Beresford said of the British infantry, in his despatch of Albuera, "They fell in ranks as they stood, and every wound was in the front."

Let us now describe the attack of Epaminondas, and the manner in which he separated, and beat his enemy in detail.

Plutarch, in his account of the battle of Leuctra, omits many important particulars. He makes no mention of cavalry. His description is merely that of the general historian, unacquainted with military manœuvres. Xenophon, on the other hand, writes like a soldier well versed in tactical evolutions. He especially names the cavalry of both armies, and states that the Theban horse contributed much to their victory. The Spartans were indifferent riders, badly mounted. The Thebans were practiced horsemen, on far superior animals. Cleombrotus formed a first line of his cavalry, which he posted on the right, in front of his phalanx of infantry, a compact body, without intervals or divisions. This mistake operated materially on his defeat. Had he placed his horse on the extreme flank, supported by separate platoons

of light-armed foot, Epaminondas would have been compelled to have adopted a corresponding formation; and the Spartan cavalry, if driven from their ground by the charge of the Thebans, might have recovered from their disorder in the rear of the infantry. This plan of intermixing the two arms for mutual support was invariably adopted by Gustavus Adolphus, and always with success. Epaminondas having thrown his army in an oblique line across the right of the enemy, which he considerably outflanked on that side, poured down like an avalanche with the irresistible weight of his solid column and the sacred band, penetrated the Spartan lines, and threw them into hopeless confusion; at the same time his cavalry charged, and drove their opponents from the field. Cleombrotus, astonished at the rapidity and novel nature of this attack, which he was far from comprehending, moved a great portion of his phalanx to the right, to keep opposite to his adversary, but made no further dispositions. He thus divided his army in two, insulated his left wing, and left a large opening in his centre. By this injudicious arrangement, he totally threw away the advantage of his superior numbers. The battle was lost beyond recovery almost as soon as it commenced. Desperate valor might retard, but could not alter the result, which became a simple question of time and unavailing resistance. A *flank* movement in the presence of an active enemy, is one of the most dangerous evolutions in war, universally condemned by all experienced masters. Seneffe, Kollin, and Rosbach, may be quoted as good illustrations. Marmont ventured this at Salamanca, in an evil hour, for his own reputation, and paid dearly for the temerity. Massena had previously encountered the same risk after Busaco; but, being favored by accidental circumstances, he escaped unpunished. The Spartans at Leuctra were sacrificed by the incapacity of their commander. Cleombrotus expiated his errors as a general by a soldier's death. The broken remains of his army retired to their camp, carrying off the body of their king, while the Thebans exultingly erected a trophy on the field of battle. With the ancient Greek warriors, the erection of a trophy was held as the foremost symbol, and most decisive evidence of victory. The origin of this custom dates back to the barbarous ages, when it was usual for the victor in a combat to fix the head of the principal person of the vanquished on a post. As civilization advanced, a suit of armor was suspended instead of the mortal exuvise, and

this they designated a trophy. The loss of the Thebans at Leuctra was trifling. That of the Lacedæmonians amounted to four thousand men; and of seven hundred Spartan citizens present in the action, four hundred were left dead on the field. Never before had those haughty democrats received such a severe check, such a humiliating lesson; but they endured both with stoicism worthy the disciples of Lycurgus, and mourned less for the dead who had fallen with honor, than for the survivors who returned home with diminished glory.

There can be no doubt that the only effectual method of repelling such a column as that of Epaminondas would have been by opposing a similar one, with a corresponding alignment of the whole army; but to carry this into execution on the instant, would argue a general of quick, intuitive genius, equal in abilities to his opponent, and capable of at once penetrating the nature of an attack as novel as it was dangerous. The leading error of Cleombrotus consisted in losing the few moments allowed him by the rapidity of his adversary, in moving to the right, diminishing his depth to extend his front, and leaving a gap in the centre of his army, which, in spite of superior numbers, was thus exposed to be beaten in detail, and could in no one quarter oppose an equal resistance. By a quick operation, requiring no more time than that of the Theban commander, he might have wheeled on his centre as a pivot, throwing forward his left, and refusing his right simultaneously; taking advantage of his numerical preponderance to increase the depth of his phalanx, to withdraw his cavalry to the extreme right, supported by small platoons of infantry, which could have been well spared for the purpose.

Supposing there was not time sufficient, as it probably would have turned out, to execute the double movement of both flanks on the centre, Cleombrotus might still have saved his battle by a less complicated change of front. The right wing of the Theban army was too weak to be dreaded, or to risk close combat. It was not absolutely requisite to leave a large opposing body of infantry in that quarter, or to advance his own left wing. The mischief to be apprehended arose entirely from the attack of the solid column and the cavalry on the right. He could have thrown back his own right, *en potence*, according to modern military phraseology, leaving his centre in its original position, reinforcing his phalanx, and sustaining his cavalry by

divisions drawn from his extreme left, for which purpose they were perfectly available. The Duke of Wellington made a movement very much resembling this at Fuentes D'Onore, changing his front, and holding firm by his left centre in the heat of the action. He gained the battle, at the conclusion of which, a considerable part of his army occupied ground at right angles with his original position. Had Napoleon, covered by his cavalry, tried this operation towards the close of Waterloo, when outflanked by the march of the Prussians on Planchenoit, instead of venturing his last desperate charge with the Imperial guards against the British, he might have kept his army together without total discomfiture, and tried the hazard of another conflict on the following day. His ultimate defeat might still have been a matter of calculation, but time would have been gained—and in a very little space of time, as history has repeatedly taught, some unforeseen incident has often changed the issue of a battle.

Changing front during combat is a very delicate operation, requiring great steadiness and discipline on the part of the troops, and the utmost nicety of calculation in the commander. The slightest wavering would render the whole abortive, as the smallest mis-measurement in the first angle of a trigonometrical survey reduces the entire plan to a mass of error.

It must be remembered that in ancient warfare, before the introduction of artillery and fire-arms, the generals on either side could distinctly perceive every movement of their adversaries, undisturbed by noise, and unobscured by smoke—two very important advantages. The Chevalier Folard, in his ingenious and instructive commentary on the battle of Leuctra, observes that he sees no method of resisting with success an attack in column, but to engage in the same order. This principle has been borne out by uniform success, in all ages, until the great Peninsular War of our own days, when the Duke of Wellington invariably sustained, and as infallibly foiled, the impetuous advance of the French heavy columns by brigades of infantry in extended line, drawn up according to the British system, only two deep. The close fire of such a line, enveloping front and flank, poured in with the steady aim and determined resolution which British troops alone can evince under such circumstances, was never withstood by the bravest veterans who had triumphed at Austerlitz, Jena, and

Wagram.* Of this a memorable instance occurred at the decisive climax of Albuera, when the battle was almost lost to the arms of England, and retrieved by the advance of the fourth division under Sir Lowry Cole. The French, in their well-replenished annals of glory, can produce no parallel instance of a massive column scattered and driven headlong before the charge of an unsupported line. The description of Sir William Napier is so apposite and eloquent that no apology is required for subjoining an extract:—

“In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valor, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly, and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigor of the attack, to the farthest edge of the height. Then the French reserve mixed with the struggling multitude, and endeavored to sustain the fight, but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion. The mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff bent headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discolored with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on that fatal hill.”†

We pass now to the consideration of the battle of Mantinea, the last incident and closing triumph in the life of Epaminondas, who had then only reached his forty-eighth year. On this occasion, the advantage of numbers was on the side of the Theban confederacy, in the proportion of 33,000 to 24,000. The troops of many nations were mixed together in that motley army. The Spartans were now under the leading of their aged king, Agesilaus, a general of great experience and reputation, and even exaggerated by the partiality of Xenophon into an equality with Epaminondas. He well remembered Leuctra, had twice successfully defended the city of

Sparta, and was thoroughly acquainted with the skill and inexhaustible resources of his active antagonist. He might therefore have been expected to be better prepared than he was to meet at Mantinea an improved repetition of the manoeuvres of Leuctra. But the frost of eighty years, which silvered his head, may be supposed in some measure to have chilled the energies of his mind. Folard, writing of Mantinea, says:—“The order and distribution of the Theban troops in this battle are worthy the admiration of the ablest judges. I know nothing more excellent and singular: since Epaminondas we have no example of the like order. This is unquestionably the masterpiece of that great captain. No commentator has hitherto paid the least attention to so beautiful and able a disposition; a circumstance the more surprising, Xenophon having written such a full and clear account, that it is impossible not to perceive the strength of his reasoning without having much experience or knowledge in war.”

Epaminondas, at Mantinea, followed up, by a brilliant variation, the same plan of attack which had been attended with such signal success at Leuctra. According to the description of Xenophon, which is very minute and intelligible, he marched in the order in which he intended to engage, that no time might be thrown away when he came in sight of the enemy. Time lost or well employed is the crowning test of merit or insufficiency in a general. The great point is to know when and how to seize the critical moment. The Theban army appeared on an eminence opposite to the Spartans, and halted. Epaminondas did not display his whole force at once, or move directly in a line parallel to the enemy, but showed the front of his heavy column on the right, with the cavalry on each flank. His momentary pause induced the Spartans to conceive that he had no intention of engaging that day, but was preparing to encamp and take up his ground for the night. They consequently abandoned their ranks, and were breaking into confusion, when Epaminondas, having brought up the remainder of his heavy armed infantry in line, on the left of his column, suddenly wheeled on his extreme left as a pivot, and threw his whole army in an oblique direction across the Spartan phalanx, so that his right approached almost to immediate contact with their centre, keeping, at the same time, his own centre and left wing far removed from the possibility of attack. The Spartans were unable to penetrate his object, but bewildered by his rapid-

* A great proportion of the English soldiers who fought at Talavera, Albuera, and Waterloo, were inexperienced recruits, or drafts from the militia, and had never before drawn a trigger in actual fight.

† Napier, *Peninsular War*, vol. iii.

ity, and held in awe by his well known abilities, they stood immovable, and watched, in breathless anxiety, the issue of the moment. But they were not kept long in suspense. Epaminondas suddenly faced his column to the right, bearing with irresistible weight through the Spartan ranks, and separating their phalanx, so that it became impossible for the wings to act in concert, or afford mutual support to each other. At the same moment, his cavalry on the right, supported by platoons of light infantry, charged home the Spartan horse, and routed them after a sharp contest. While this was executing, he moved forward the remainder of his cavalry on the left, also supported by and intermixed with infantry, to an eminence, from whence they held the Athenian horse in check, preventing any advance against the flank of his massive column, so that nothing of any importance was done on that side. It will be observed that the Spartan light troops were drawn up in rear of their phalanx, where they were paralyzed, and totally ineffective. Had they been interspersed with the cavalry, they might have done good service. The Spartan leaders committed another important mistake in doubling their squadrons, which must have consisted of 128 horse each, in direct violation of the military practice of that age. Epaminondas divided his into small troops, which moved as briskly as the others were heavy and unmanageable, and, in addition to the advantage of more rapid movement, they were covered and supported by the light infantry.

It was the intention of the Theban general, that as soon as the centre was pierced, his column should divide, facing to the right and left, and bear down the disjointed wings of the enemy in opposite directions. Everything turned out exactly as he had anticipated. The Spartans were broken and confounded, and a victory, complete as that of Leuctra, appeared to be within his reach. But at that decisive moment, while animating his men with voice and example; fighting in the hottest of the *melée*, with the unguarded valor of a common soldier, he received a mortal wound from the thrust of a javelin. At the mournful sight, the Thebans, struck with dismay, wavered in their career of triumph, and a despairing cry arose in their ranks, similar to that which burst from the Highland clans at Killiecrankie, when Dundee fell from his saddle while impetuously urging on the pursuit. The Spartans gained time to reunite their scattered forces, and recover from the confusion into which they

had been thrown. They prevailed in several partial encounters; while the Thebans, after desperate fighting, rescued their dying general, and bore him to his tent. The issue of the conflict was dubious. Both armies retired to their respective camps, each erecting a trophy on the field of battle. The ashes of Epaminondas were entombed on the spot where he fell, and a monument erected to his memory, consisting of a single column, on which his own shield was suspended. Pausanias, who lived and wrote in the second century, under the reign of Hadrian and the Antonines, mentions that the monument was still remaining in his time. The loss at Mantinea was nearly equal on both sides, but the Spartans were the first to ask permission to bury their dead. Xenophon concludes his remarks by observing, "Each party claimed the victory, and neither gained any advantage; indecision, trouble, and confusion, more than ever before that battle, pervaded Greece." The description and reflections of Xenophon are clouded by unjust partiality. The honors of victory undoubtedly remained with the Thebans, but the death of Epaminondas rendered them shadowy and ineffectual. "Oh, the wonderful man!" exclaimed Agesilaus, when he heard of his decease. To which may be added the most thoroughly honest heart, and the most consummate general Greece ever produced. To him may be applied the same compliment which Monteculi paid to his adversary, Turenne, when the fall of that renowned general was reported to him. "What a pity to lose such a man, who did honor to human nature!" Except as a subject for philosophic reflection, it is useless now to speculate on what changes might have occurred in the destinies of Greece, had Epaminondas survived his last great battle, and continued to direct by his genius, the energies of the Theban confederacy. The aspect of the civilized world might have altered its features, the Macedonian confederacy might never have been established, and the progress of events entirely thrown into a different channel.

Mantinea affords a brilliant example of the superior advantage of breaking the centre rather than attacking the wings. The former plan has been almost universally successful. An army has many resources if defeated on either flank, but when penetrated in the centre, cut in two, and separated, the remedies are doubtful, and not easily applied. Lord Nelson's two great battles of the Nile and Trafalgar are beautiful illustrative instances of the Theban tactics, as ap-

plied to naval warfare. In the first, with no numerical superiority, either in ships or weight of metal, he doubled on the vessels of the enemy, and brought two of his own to bear against each of theirs. At Trafalgar, with an inferior fleet, he broke the line of the combined squadron, separated the centre, van, and rear; and had the action been fought at a distance from the land, the probability is, that not a single French or Spanish ship would have escaped. But one mode suggests itself by which such an attack as that of Epaminondas, at Mantinea, might be successfully resisted. The Spartans were well aware of their inferiority as horsemen. This had been too often tested to be a subject of doubt. They should, therefore, in the first instance, have withdrawn their light troops from the rear of the phalanx, where they were worse than useless, and posted them in support of their cavalry. When the heavy column of the Thebans came on obliquely, and threatened their centre, the experience of Leuctra might have told them that it was not to be resisted by the ordinary formation. They could, with equal rapidity, have wheeled back on the right and left, leaving an open space in the centre, into which the ponderous wedge of the enemy would have plunged, while the files of their own phalanx, thus doubled and trebled in depth and weight, might have retorted the attack on each flank, with corresponding vehemence.

Such an operation as we have here shown, carried into effect at the moment of engaging, or in the heat of contest, would demand great promptitude in the commander, with quick perceptive discipline in his troops. But it is not without successful illustration. Something very like it occurred at Talavera, on the second day. The Guards, by a gallant and most impetuous charge, had swept before them a French column, but pushing on too far beyond their own supporting line, were taken in flank by the enemy's artillery and cavalry, and while disorganized in the ardor of pursuit, assailed a second time by a fresh reserve. An opening was left in the British centre by this rash advance; and at the same time, the German Legion being hardly pressed, fell into confusion. At this crisis, the battle looked more than doubtful, but the Duke of Wellington, ever ready at the important point and moment, saw, with an eagle glance, the position of affairs, and brought up the forty-eighth regiment, exactly when and where they were wanted. "Colonel Donnellan was seen advancing with his

battalion, through the midst of the disordered masses. At first, it seemed as if this regiment must be carried away by the retiring crowd, but wheeling back by companies, it let them pass through the intervals, and then resuming its proud and beautiful line, marched against the right of the pursuing columns, plied them with such a destructive musketry, and closed upon them with such a firm and regular pace, that their forward movement was checked, the French wavered, and the battle was restored."*

On studying the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea, as important events in military history, one leading conclusion suggests itself, namely, that any new system is certain of success, when first introduced. Like many discoveries or inventions in other sciences, it may not stand the test of time and repetition, but carries all before it at the outset, by the force of novelty and surprise. There is nothing more worthy of remark, and at the same time more highly honorable in the character of Epaminondas, than his constant poverty, which was carried to such an extent, that as in the case of the Master of Ravenswood, it almost threw a cloud over his personal dignity and importance. It is neither easy nor agreeable to associate exalted rank with extreme privation. Once, when preparing to set out on one of his most important expeditions, he was obliged to borrow fifty drachms (about £1 17s. 6d. of our present currency), to purchase the necessary outfit—a slender fund to supply the camp equipage of a commander-in-chief, and scarcely sufficient to furnish a knapsack as economically restricted as that allowed by Sir Charles Napier, for a British regimental officer when summoned to the field in India. On another occasion he remained at home in seclusion for several days, and received no visitors, because his only mantle had been sent to be cleaned.† At this very time he rejected, with contempt, a large present in gold, with which a Thesalian prince had ventured to propitiate him, favorable intercession, and dismissed, with indignation, a messenger from the King of Persia, whose credentials were announced by the overture of unlimited bribery. More pithy sentences are preserved as uttered by Epaminondas, than by any of the ancient sages, founders of sects, and teachers of philosophy, with whose immediate province and avowed calling it fell to instruct succeeding generations

* See Napier, "Peninsular War," vol. ii.

† See Ælian and Plutarch.

by recorded wisdom, and bequeath aphoristic lore for the benefit of posterity. One of his most remarkable sayings bears a striking resemblance to a passage in Shakspeare. On the evening before Leuctra, while absorbed in his dispositions, and full of the great event which was to decide the fate of his country, he was informed that an officer of distinction had just expired quietly in his tent. "Ye gods!" exclaimed he, "how is it possible to die in such a crisis!" Hotspur, when informed of his father's illness, just before the battle of Shrewsbury, utters nearly the same sentiment:—

"How has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time?"*

When arraigned with Pelopidas for retaining his command beyond the term prescribed by law, and called on for his defence, he answered, "The law condemns me—I merit death. I demand only that this inscription be engraven on my tomb. 'The Thebans sentenced Epaminondas to death, because he forced them to attack and vanquish the Lacedæmonians, whom they did not before dare to look in the face.'" Of intestine commotions, he said—"The victory in civil war is at best an unhappy prize." Having heard that his shield-bearer had sold a captive his liberty—"Give me back by buckler," said he to him; "since your hands are soiled with money, you are no longer worthy to follow me in dangers." One of the lowest of the people, a man of infamous habits, had been detained in prison—"Why?" said Pelopidas, "did you refuse me his pardon?" "Because," replied his friend, "it ill becomes a man like you to interest yourself for a man like him." Whilst he was encamped, in winter, in Arcadia, the deputies of one of the adjacent cities proposed to him to enter and take up his quarters in it. "No," said Epaminondas to his officers; "if they saw us seated by the fire, they would take us for ordinary men." On another occasion, whilst reconnoitering the enemy's position previous to an attack, a violent peal of thunder caused a great alarm amongst his soldiers, and the augur ordered the march to be suspended. The general was asked what could be the meaning of such a presage? "That the enemy has chosen a bad camp," cried he, with confidence. The courage of the troops revived, and the position was carried on the following day. We take leave of Epaminondas, with

the eloquent summary of his character by the Abbé Barthelemy,* as handed down by all the eminent writers of antiquity, without one qualifying exception, and in which their condensed opinion is ably expressed. "He was, perhaps, the greatest man that Greece ever has produced; for why should we not grant this title to the general who perfected the art of war, who eclipsed the glory of the most renowned commanders, and was never vanquished but by fortune; to the statesman who gave to Thebes a superiority that she had never before possessed, and which she lost immediately on his death; to the negotiator, who in the general assemblies of Greece, always maintained a superiority over the other deputies, and found means to retain in the alliance of Thebes, his country, even the states who were jealous of the growth of this new power; to the man who equalled in eloquence the foremost of the Athenian orators, was no less devoted to his country than Leonidas, and, perhaps, more just than even the inflexible Aristides." While we contemplate this portrait, drawn by so many able hands, nothing seems wanting to its general gracefulness and perfect symmetry of proportion. Among the gifted few who have fulfilled high destinies, as heralded down to us by history, whether Christian or Pagan, it would be difficult to select one on whom the verdict of all ages has been so unanimously eulogistic; whose epitaph is so just a commentary on his life, and whose memory has survived the purifying ordeal of time, with reputation unstained by frailty, and character unblemished by deforming passions.

—"The Swede of victory."—BYRON.

After a long lapse of years, with all the changes and improvements which progressive knowledge, civilization, and refinement, and above all, the Christian revelation has wrought in the feelings and prospects of human nature, there appears a very striking resemblance and identity in the career of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and that of Epaminondas; not only in general integrity of character and cultivated genius, but in many parallel incidents of their active lives. Both were amiable and affectionate in their private relations, ardent lovers of truth, unswerving in honesty of purpose, eminent in unselfish devotion to the public interest, accomplished scholars, and generals of original invention; and both yielded up their existence far from

* First part of *Henry IV.*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

* *Travels of Anarcharis*, vol. ii.

being full of years, although overflowing with renown, on battle-fields rendered for ever memorable by association with their names. Each was an ardent worshipper of true glory, sensitive and impatient of personal dishonor. The Theban in the agonies of death demanded the production of his shield, as a proof that the enemy had gained no trophy to commemorate his fall. The Swedish monarch died literally, as it was said of him, with the sword in his hand, the word of command on his tongue, and victory in his imagination. Each has been compared, by eminent historians, with the elder Scipio Africanus,* but we confess we cannot trace the peculiar points of similarity. The Theban and the Swede present a much more striking parallel. Scipio and Epaminondas, it is true, were of the same age, forty-eight, when death overtook them; they defended themselves when unjustly arraigned, by the same appeal to their victories; but the former expatriated himself in disgust, to avoid factious prosecution, and died with an anathema against his countrymen on his lips, and an injunction that his bones should not be conveyed to Rome; while the latter never wavered in his true devotion to his native land, repelled ingratitude with conscious dignity, and fell gloriously in arms, struggling to uphold the supremacy which he himself had conferred on Thebes. Scipio and Gustavus had this in common, that each adopted the plan of carrying the war into the enemy's country; but the advantage of comparison lies with Gustavus. The power of Carthage was already debilitated, and on the decline, when attacked at home by Scipio; while that of Austria and the empire, when assailed by the arms of Sweden, was full of resources, and had never before received any check.

Gustavus Adolphus inherited his first name, and a most illustrious descent from the celebrated hero Gustavus Vasa, his grandfather, who founded the dynasty, and liberated his country from the oppressive tyranny of Denmark. His second name, Adolphus, he received from his grandmother Adolpha. He was born at Stockholm, in 1594, and ascended the throne at the early age of fifteen, while yet a minor by the statutes of the realm, but even then permitted to assume the personal exercise of government. The choice he made of ministers and counsellors proved him fully adequate to sway the destinies of a kingdom.

* Plutarch, to his lost life of Epaminondas, associated that of Scipio, with a comparison.

His education had been carefully attended to, and seems in all respects to have resembled that bestowed on Henry IV. of France. He was gifted by nature with great genius, a prodigious memory, and a desire of learning almost beyond example. He enriched the University of Upsal, founded a royal academy at Abo, in Finland, and a college at Dorp, in Livonia. He dedicated much time to the study of the art of war, and successfully tried his valor and abilities in the field, against the Danes, the hereditary enemies of his crown, Muscovy, and Poland. He made an advantageous peace with the two first, and compelled the last to evacuate Livonia. His life has been very elaborately written in English by the Rev. Walter Harte.* This work, published in 1759, combines knowledge, research, and scrupulous accuracy, but so disfigured by a crude, pedantic style, that it is always unpleasant, and sometimes difficult to understand. Nevertheless, it may be considered a safe authority to be quoted from without danger. Some curious anecdotes are connected with this production, which the reader may amuse himself with, by looking at the memoir of the author, in Chalmers's "Biographical Dictionary." It seems strange that a writer should take such pains to render himself unreadable, but the eccentricities of the human mind are not easily fathomed.

When the King of Sweden entered on the German War, and risked his life, with the resources of his country, on the issue of what appeared at first a very unequal contest, his own kingdom was safe from invasion, and his personal interests were in no way involved in the quarrel. The motives which chiefly induced him to take arms against the head of the empire, were the love of glory, and zeal for the Protestant religion. But his enterprise, however chivalrous, was at the same time combined with prudence. He fortified himself by alliances with France, England, and Holland, before he commenced his march. His preparations were well matured. Until his reign, Sweden possessed no regular army. He formed and executed the project of having 80,000 men constantly well armed, disciplined, and clothed in uniform. He accomplished this without difficulty, from the personal attachment and confidence, which, without reserve, his subjects reposed in their sovereign. His infan-

* Translated into German, by John Gottlieb Bohme, Professor of History, in the University of Leipsic. Another very good Life is to be found in the "Family Library," published in 1839.

try, trained under a new system of tactics, invented by himself, became the terror of Europe, and were generally irresistible. Like Epaminondas, he elevated his country from a second, to the rank of a first-rate power. The generals trained in his school, maintained the national glory long after his premature death. The fame and influence of Sweden continued for more than eighty years, and sunk only under the ruinous and exhausting enterprises of Charles XII. Her sun went down forever on the fatal field of Pultowa. From that moment, her Muscovite neighbor and rival rose to ascendancy, gradually expanding into the enormous, the unwholesome preponderance which that gigantic empire appears destined to exercise over the nations of the earth.

Gustavus, with inferior forces, advanced into the heart of Germany, and at Leipzig, on the 7th September, 1631, encountered Tilly, the far-famed Austrian commander, who had triumphed in thirty pitched battles, and never, until that moment, sustained a defeat. By superior generalship, the energy of a new system, the irresistible power of an attack in column, and the bravery of his troops, directed with unequalled skill, he obtained a complete and overwhelming victory, the effect of which was felt through the European world. On this decisive success, had he marched immediately to Vienna, such was the consternation of the empire, that it was thought he might have made himself master of that capital, and dictated the terms of peace, as Napoleon afterwards did more than once, in the palace of the Emperor.

But Gustavus remembered how Hannibal, after Cannæ, was unable to possess himself of Rome, and that Epaminondas twice led his conquering troops within the precincts of Sparta, but on neither occasion could retain a permanent hold of the city, or compel his enemies to a pacification. On the 15th April, 1632, the Swedish monarch gained immortal honor by the passage of the Lech, where Count Tilly was killed. He then marched into Bavaria, and found the gates of all the principal cities thrown open on his approach. When pressed to revenge on Munich the cruelties perpetrated by Tilly and the Imperialists at Magdeburgh (which memory shudders to retrace); to give up that capital to pillage, and burn down the palace of the Elector; "No!" replied he, "let us not imitate the savage barbarity of the Goths, our ancestors, but strive rather to alleviate than increase the inevitable miseries of war."

On the defeat and death of Tilly, the renowned Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland (a subject almost as great as the Emperor his master), who had been for some time in disgrace, was again called to the chief command, and invested with unlimited powers. His profound sagacity and long experience in war, with a superstitious reliance on his good fortune, generally impressed, pointed him out as the only general capable of arresting the progress of Gustavus, or equal to an encounter with his genius and activity. The King of Sweden, anxious to come to issue with his new antagonist, offered him battle near Nuremberg; but the wily Bohemian declined the challenge, and succeeded in repulsing an incautious attempt to force his intrenchments. The action lasted for ten hours, during which every regiment in the Swedish army, including the reserve, was led on to the attack. The King was exposed to the most imminent danger, and nothing saved him from a total overthrow but the masterly manoeuvres by which he covered his retreat. This was the only check he ever received in all his complicated operations; and this, it must be confessed, he provoked by his own impetuosity. He exposed his brave soldiers to a difficulty, which even they were unable to surmount. This mistake was shortly after retrieved on the plains of Lutzen, but his own life was the price at which victory over Wallenstein was dearly purchased. Although contrary to the advice of his best generals, he determined to risk a great battle, with an army far superior to his own in numerical strength. He advanced for that purpose, and found the Imperial forces posted with every advantage that skill could suggest, and supported again by formidable intrenchments. Many of his officers counselled him to fall back, but he silenced all arguments with a decisive answer. "I cannot endure," said he, "to see Wallenstein under my very beard without making some animadversions upon him. There he lies before us, intrenched up to his teeth, but by God's blessing I will unearth him to-morrow, and behold, with my own eyes, how he can acquit himself in the open field." The Swedes prepared for battle with joyful alacrity, and with early dawn, on the 16th of November, 1632, the king drew up his army, and prepared to attack the enemy's centre with a ponderous column, exactly as Epaminondas broke the Spartan phalanx at Mantinea. But the darkness of the morning, increased by a thick fog, and a deep ditch dug across the Austrian front,

directly on the line by which he proposed to advance, disorganized his plan, and forced him to make a general movement to the right, so as to occupy firm ground which lay between the ditch and the hostile camp. All this was not effected without some trouble and considerable loss of time, during which Wallenstein remained immovable, and stirred not from his well-defended lines. The Swedish army then sang "Luther's Hymn," the King leading off in a deep, sonorous bass. The effect of forty thousand voices, thus pealing out in unison, may be easily conceived, and is described by contemporary authorities as having been awfully impressive. It startled the free companions and dissolute levies of the Imperial army, who were as little accustomed to religious observances, as Goring's ranting Cavaliers or Kirke's Lambs.

The battle commenced, each side fighting with desperate valor, inspired by mutual animosity, the spirit of national rivalry, and an implicit confidence in the skill and resources of their respective leaders. Gustavus led his indomitable infantry into the thickest of the fight, evincing the same imprudent disregard of personal safety, which cost Epaminondas his life at Mantinea. He was rendered doubly conspicuous by his large, majestic stature, and by being mounted on a horse of unusual color. No fault but this could be discovered in his conduct, no single error detected in his masterly dispositions; whilst Wallenstein scarcely acted up to his reputation, and has been condemned by military critics in more than one important mistake. His methodical science was no match for the rapid evolutions of the Swedish system. The Saxon allies of Gustavus gave way and fled; while nearly at the same moment, Pappenheim, one of the ablest generals in the Imperial service, arrived upon the field with seven thousand fresh combatants, to reinforce the Austrian ranks, already far outnumbering the army of the King. But the Swedes bore down all before them; and were in the full career of victory, when Gustavus, who had outstripped the brigades composing his main body, and was fighting sword in hand at the head of the Smaland regiment of cavalry, received first a ball in the left arm, and shortly after a pistol shot through the body. On that important day, he had laid aside his ordinary cuirass, and wore nothing but a doublet of gray cloth, with the distinguishing military scarf. His horse being also wounded, plunged furiously

and flung him to the earth. His two attendant grooms, though mortally stricken, threw themselves across his body, and a gentleman of the bedchamber having cried out, in order to save his sovereign's life, that he was the King, was instantly stabbed to the heart by an Imperial cuirassier. Gustavus, faint with loss of blood, and nearly dying, being asked who he was, replied with heroic firmness, "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany!" He received five more wounds, and was finally dispatched by a bullet through the head. He had still strength left to exclaim, "My God! my God!—alas, my poor queen!" as his noble spirit passed for ever from the scene of its mortal glory. His body was recovered by Colonel Stalhaus, in spite of the most vigorous efforts of Piccolomini, who strove to carry it off. The reader will at once perceive the close resemblance, in many circumstances, between the death of Gustavus and that of Epaminondas, with the similar result which each catastrophe produced on the immediate event of the two battles. The last words of these illustrious warriors were equally memorable. Lutzen, too, like Mantinea, was rendered indecisive by the death of the successful commander. The Swedes fought for nine hours with unfailing pertinacity, notwithstanding the loss of their beloved monarch, and remained masters of the field of battle. Wallenstein retired, and abandoned his position, so carefully fortified; but he sent off despatches to the Emperor, claiming the victory, and announcing the death of his formidable enemy. "Te Deum" was sung in all the churches of Vienna, a very doubtful evidence of assumed success.

The fall of Gustavus was considered equal to the most unquestionable triumph. With Epaminondas, the power of Thebes was withered. He left no successor capable of upholding her military prowess or political importance. It was not so with the interests of Sweden on the death of her great king. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Torstenson and Kniphausen, Horn and Banier, are names inscribed on the page of history with undying reputation. During a long series of years, in many arduous campaigns, and by more than one brilliant victory, they maintained the honor of the Swedish arms, and vindicated the superiority of the school in which they had been trained. No surmise has ever reached posterity that Epaminondas fell otherwise than in fair combat, by the

hand of an open enemy. The death of Gustavus has been attributed to treachery. Many attempts have been made to fix this crime on the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who was in close attendance on his person throughout the day, and was supposed to have been bought over by the gold of the Emperor, or the intrigues of Cardinal Richelieu. The charge rests on no evidence, while there are many collateral circumstances to prove the contrary. As in the case of his successor, Charles XII., at Fredricshall, the subject ought to be investigated with caution, lest the memory of an innocent man should be unjustly stigmatized. Epaminondas, as we have seen, was never married, and with him his race concluded. His only progeny was the fame of his achievements. Gustavus, less happy in this respect, left, by his consort, Maria Leonora, of Brandenburg, one infant daughter, the wayward Christina, who with every advantage of careful education and natural talents, was controlled by an evil disposition, and her life furnishes a melancholy chapter in the book of human depravity. Yet this abandoned woman, who abdicated her throne in a fit of caprice, and then desired to resume it; who changed her religion, less from conviction than for convenience; and who terminated a disgraceful amour by an atrocious murder, has been admired by maudlin sympathizers, and is not without apologists even among the learned and respectable. The celebrated philosopher and mathematician, Leibnitz, dishonored

his name by this infatuated sophistry. It is some consolation to know, that when Christina received notice to quit Fontainebleau, after the assassination of the Marquess Monaldeschi, and even the scruples of the Vatican hesitated to receive her for a time, she applied to Cromwell, through the Swedish envoy, for permission to reside in England. "No!" answered the stern Protector; "tell the Popish harlot that I revere the memory of that great man, her father, as much as she has disgraced it; but while I live she sets no foot within this land of Britain."

Leuctra and Mantinea, with their modern parallels, Leipzig and Lutzen, are not surpassed in interest or importance by any of the most famous battles recorded in history. They afford abundant materials for instruction to the military neophyte, and may be studied with profit by experienced officers.

Gustavus Adolphus had only reached his thirty-eighth year when his career was so prematurely closed. Placing his portrait side by side with that of the illustrious hero of antiquity, with whom we have proposed to associate him, each stands forward, almost without flaw or blemish, noble examples of the man, the warrior, and the legislator—excellent alike in all the relations of life, either social or political: combining that intuitive genius which conceives, that tempered wisdom which plans, and that happy combination of courage and of conduct which ensures success to the most exalted enterprises.

STATUE TO THE LATE SIR R. PEEL AT TAMWORTH.—A statue was recently erected to the memory of the late Sir R. Peel in the market-place of Tamworth. Mr. Noble, the sculptor, has certainly produced a very striking likeness of the great original. There is a severity of expression about the face to which objection may be taken, and the observation of most people will go along with that of Mr. Frederick Peel, that art can rarely body forth the whole spirit of a man; but the outline of the form is excellently preserved when the bulky proportions are remembered; and the attitude is at once spirited and easy. The drapery, also, is remarkably well arranged, the modern costume being sufficiently conventionalized to insure an artistic effect, without any extrava-

gant departure from what we are accustomed to see around us. Sir Robert is represented as in the act of speaking, and the crowd who saw the statue uncovered for the first time appeared greatly impressed with the truthfulness of the work. To the selection of a site the committee had devoted a great deal of careful attention, and their final decision had been in favor of that spot from which the great statesman had been in the habit of addressing his constituents. The statue was placed with its back to London and the world, with its face directed towards the place of Sir Robert's birth. On the right was the church in which he worshipped, and on the left was the palace which he erected, but which, unfortunately, he did not live long to inhabit.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς αὖ ὁ δαίμων βουλευθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Πρωαίρεσις αὐτῇ τὴν τοῦ συμ-
βούλου διάνοιαν δηλοῖ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*.

Careat successibus opto
Quiaquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
OVID. *Heroid*.

No. VI.—MONTCALM.

THE French philosopher and poet Chateaubriand, at the close of the eloquent narrative of his "Travels in North America," gives expression to the painful feelings that clung to him, when forced to dwell on the names of Canada and Louisiana, and when the old maps displayed to him the extent of the ancient French dominion in America. He mused sorrowfully on the evil doom by which France lost a trans-Atlantic empire, which might now be to her a source of inexhaustible prosperity. He truly says: "From Acadia and Canada to Louisiana, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi, the territories of New France surrounded what originally formed the confederation of the thirteen United States. The other states, the district of Columbia and Michigan, North-west Missouri, Oregon, and the Arkansas territories, belonged, or would have belonged to us, as they now belong to the United States, by the cession of the English and Spaniards, our first heirs in Canada and in Louisiana. More than two-thirds of North America would acknowledge the sovereignty of France. . . . We once possessed here vast countries which might have offered a home to the excess of our population, an important market to our commerce, a nursery to our navy. Now, we are forced to confine in our prisons culprits condemned by the tribunals, for want of a spot of ground whereon to place these wretched creatures. We are excluded from the New World, where the human race is

recommencing. The English and Spanish languages serve to express the thoughts of many millions of men in Africa, in Asia, in the South Sea Islands, on the continent of the two Americas; and we, disinherited of the conquests of our courage and our genius, hear the language of Racine, of Colbert, and of Louis the Sixteenth, spoken merely in a few hamlets of Louisiana and Canada, under a foreign sway. There it remains, as though but for an evidence of the reverses of our fortune, and the errors of our policy. Thus, then, has France disappeared from North America, like those Indian tribes, with which she sympathized, and some of the wrecks of which I have beheld."*

The Frenchman of the present age, who thus mourns over the glorious dominions in the Western World which might have been his country's, may at least console himself by the reflection, that it was not through any want of individual heroes among her sons, that France lost those fair lands, and was deprived of so bright a future. England's triumph over her in their struggle for "the magnificent prize of supremacy in America," was caused by the difference between the systems, on which the colonies of these two great European states were founded and ruled. In the government of the French trans-Atlantic possessions the spirit of centralization prevailed in the fullest intensity; while among the English settlers on the eastern coast of North America, the system

* Chateaubriand, vol. iii. p. 468. See, too, Warburton's "Conquest of Canada," vol. i. p. 18.

of local self-government was more vigorously developed than in any other region of the globe. Unquestionably in America, as elsewhere, the communities of Teutonic race showed collectively the superiority of that race over the Celtic in the qualities that are requisite for successful colonization. But if we were to mete out our admiration of the various European settlers in the New World by individual specimens of ability and energy, there is no nation that would have a higher claim to our praise, than that which produced Cartier, Charlevoix, Champlain, De Salles, De Courcelles, Frontenac, La Galissoniere, and finally, "the wise and chivalrous" Montcalm, the last and the best of the Paladins of France beyond the western wave.

Montcalm had fallen upon evil days. As he was born in 1712 and died in 1759, the whole of his life, except his early infancy, was comprised in the period of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, the most disgraceful and disastrous period in the history of modern France. Coarse licentiousness, imbecile favoritism, sordid prodigality, and apathetic disregard of duty, stigmatized the court; and the noblesse, who monopolized all military and civil commands, in general but too faithfully imitated the vices of their sovereign. A few brilliant exceptions are discernible; and no name shines more purely than that of Montcalm, the representative of a long line of illustrious ancestry, whose glories, won in happier times, he eclipsed by the high qualities which he displayed in the darkest season of temptation, difficulty, and distress.

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm de St. Véran, was born at the château of Candiac, near Nismes, in 1712. He had an elder brother, who was renowned as a youthful prodigy of learning, and who, like many other youthful prodigies, died in childhood of a disease of the brain. The two brothers were educated by Dumas, under whom the future defender of Canada acquired a familiarity with the classics, and a fondness for literature, which distinguished him throughout life; and which would probably have given him celebrity as a writer and a scholar, if the circumstances of his rank and social station had not devoted him, while still young, to a military career.

He soon attracted notice in the French armies both for bravery and intelligence. Ever forward to meet danger, he received three wounds at the battle of Placentia, and afterwards suffered still more severely at the battle of Exilles. In 1746, when this last-

mentioned engagement was fought, the Marquis de Montcalm was colonel of a regiment of infantry, and he there received a lesson which he afterwards turned to good account, of how useless the valor of the best troops may prove against fortified lines, though held by a very inferior force, if the defenders are judiciously commanded. His regiment in that campaign formed part of the army of Dauphiné, with which the Comte de Belleisle endeavored to penetrate into Piedmont. On the 6th of July, Belleisle assaulted the entrenchments with which the Piedmontese had strengthened the pass of Exilles. The French columns advanced gallantly in three attacks, but were each time driven back with heavy loss; though such was the devoted valor with which the assaults were made, that some of the French soldiers, who had reached the foot of the batteries, sprang into the enemy's lines through the embrasures in the fortification, when the Piedmontese cannons recoiled after a discharge. Enraged at these repulses, the Comte de Belleisle, (to whom a marshal's baton had been promised if he could force his way into Piedmont,) collected the officers of his army, formed them into a single column, and placing himself at their head, with the French colors in his hand, led them on in person to a last desperate charge. Rushing forward through a fire that thinned their ranks at every step, this cohort of French nobility came sword in hand upon their sheltered foes. Though wounded by a musket-ball as he advanced, Belleisle planted the French standard within the Piedmontese lines, and was tearing down the palisades, when he was run through with a bayonet. Unable to force their way forward, and unwilling to retreat, the greater part of his officers were killed around him. Montcalm was one of the few that escaped. He was wounded, and had fallen, but was borne back by some of his surviving comrades to the French position.

On recovering from the effects of this dreadful day, Montcalm returned to active service; and continued to distinguish himself, as he gradually rose in rank in the French armies, in Italy and in Germany. In 1756, he was a field-marshal; and in that year he received the perilous honor of being nominated commander-in-chief of the French forces in North America, and being entrusted with the mission of striving to rescue Canada from the English.

The amplitude of the dominion which the French once held in North America, of New France, as it was termed, has already been

described in the words of Chateaubriand. But a single glance at the map is more convincing than the most eloquent and copious description. On looking at the chart of the eastern coast of America below the barren limits of the Arctic circle, the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence fixes the attention. Passing inland along the line of this mighty river in a south-westerly direction, by Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and thence through Lower and Upper Canada, we reach Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, the two first of the remarkable chain of lakes, or rather of inland seas, which belt round the habitable districts of the New World as far as the neighborhood of the sources of the Mississippi, of the great river that rolls its waters from the precincts of Lake Superior for two thousand five hundred miles from north to south, till, flowing through Louisiana, they fall into the Gulf of Mexico. France claimed to possess, and actually had organized the colonization of the whole of the territories that form the basin of the St. Lawrence and the magnificent valley of the Mississippi.* She had founded the city of New Orleans on the embouchure of the last of these rivers, and the cities of Montreal and Quebec on the most commanding sites of the shore of the St. Lawrence. Round New Orleans she had colonized a district, which she had named after her Grand Monarque, Louisiana: but on the line of the great northern river she had founded the far more important settlements of Canada: and had also colonized Cape Breton and Acadia, which gave the apparent command of the entrance of the St. Lawrence, as her Louisianian settlement gave her that of the Mississippi.

Her wisest statesmen had urged on the Court of Versailles the expediency of forming a line of fortifications throughout the intermediate space between Canada and Louisiana, and also of sending out ten thousand French peasants to form settlements under the shelter of these fortifications along the shores of the most southerly of the great lakes, and along the banks of the Mississippi and its western affluents.† This bold and wise project was slighted by the home government; but the able men, who commanded in Canada for France, did much for its realization. French agents penetrated al-

most every part of the vast wilderness of the North American continent, endeavoring to conciliate the good-will of the native tribes, or at least to direct their enmity against the English. Fortified posts were built wherever there seemed the faintest hope of maintaining them; and the sublime zeal of the French Roman Catholic missionaries was perverted in aid of the unparalleled physical energy and adventurous daring of the Canadian hunters, in order to lay the seeds of French influence throughout the upper half of the New World, and to accumulate overwhelming resources for the invasion and ultimate ruin of the Anglo-Saxon settlements along the eastern coast of the Atlantic.

There were two districts over which the French rulers of Canada especially sought to secure their grasp, for the purpose of war against the English Colonies. These were the valley of the Ohio, and the territory immediately round Lake Champlain and Lake George. Here, again, the worst map is more emphatic than the best verbal description. It will be seen that the river Ohio (which, before its junction with the river Monongahela, is called the Alleghany) rises near the eastern extremity of Lake Erie; that its course, though winding, is generally in a south-western direction; and that it falls into the Mississippi after flowing nearly one thousand one hundred and fifty miles. The command of the upper line of this river, added to that of the southern coasts of Lakes Erie and Ontario, would have placed the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, completely at the mercy of the French; not, indeed, necessarily as the victims of immediate conquest, but as exposed to such continued inroads and devastations, that their subjection must ultimately have been certain.

Against the more north-easterly of the English colonies, the states of New England, the French organized another system of attack, by seeking to establish themselves along the small lakes called Lakes Champlain and George, which stretch, in a line from north to south from the immediate vicinity of Montreal, nearly to the river Hudson, along the back of the most important New England States. The forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point were considered the keys to the possession of this line of attack. The other line of attack (by the south of the Lakes Erie and Ontario, the upper valley of the Ohio) was principally secured by Fort Oswego at the south-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, of Fort

* "La vallée du Mississippi est à tout prendre la plus magnifique demeure que Dieu ait jamais préparée pour l'habitation de l'homme."—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

† "See Warburton's 'Conquest of Canada,' vol. ii. p. 24.

Niagara near the celebrated waterfall between Ontario and Erie, and Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburg) on the Ohio, at the point where the Alleghany unites with the Monongahela.

It is obvious that these anticipated paths to the conquest of New England by New France, might be trod in the other direction; and that, if the Anglo-Saxon race gained the ascendancy, Canada might be thus assailed and subdued by these very lines of operation. Moreover the same glorious estuary of the St. Lawrence, that gave the means of receiving into the heart of the Canadian territory the commerce and the armed succors of the mother-country, might also bring home to Canada hostile fleets and armies, if the naval power of France should be humbled by a European rival; though the strong fortress of Louisburg in Cape Breton, at the very entrance of the St. Lawrence, was a powerful protection to Quebec; and the position of Quebec itself was so strong, that it might have been fairly hoped that no hostile armament advancing from the Atlantic could capture it, or could ever penetrate in front of its batteries into the interior of Canada.

The conflict between the English and French races in America had been long and chequered; but the balance of advantage and of resources for further struggles was decidedly against France, when Montcalm received the dangerous dignity of military commander of Canada. When the great war of the Spanish succession was terminated in Europe, some clauses were added to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which Louis the Fourteenth "ceded away for ever, with ignorant indifference, the noble province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the inexhaustible fisheries of Newfoundland, and his claims to the vast but almost unknown regions of Hudson's Bay." The forty-three years, that followed 1713, had been partly times of open war; and they had always been times of active real hostility between the French and English in America, even when the two nations were nominally at peace. In the midsummer of 1756, the first year of the Seven Years' War, the English had experienced several disasters, but on the whole they were gaining the mastery over the French in America. Bradshaw's defeat on the 8th of July, 1755, had caused the British arms to recede for a time from the Ohio. But Oswego, the most important post on the line of operations from Canada towards the Mississippi, was in English hands: and, on the line of Lake Champlain and Lake George,

Sir William Johnson, at the head of the militia of the New England States, had gained considerable advantages, and had established and garrisoned two forts, named Fort William Henry and Fort Edward. The number of regular European troops collected in the English colonies, far outnumbered those in Canada: and, above all, the difference between the population of Canada, and that of the English colonies, was such as to throw fearful odds into the scale against those whose duty it was to uphold the fleur-de-lys of France against the flag of Old England in the New World. The whole number of the *habitans* of Canada, when Montcalm arrived there, did not amount to sixty thousand. The population of the thirteen English colonies exceeded a million and a quarter. The difference in wealth and resources was even greater.* The French monarchy had transplanted to Canada her corrupted and corrupting feudal institutions. Agriculture languished among the seigneurs and vassal-peasants. All commerce, and nearly all trade were monopolized by companies and individuals, who bought their privileges by bribes to the royal mistresses and favorites at Versailles; and then sought to enrich themselves by practising the most iniquitous frauds and peculations upon the unhappy colonists. There was no self-government. The administrative power of the imperial country intrusively regulated all local business, even of the most trivial character, and "cramped individual energy by the constraining force of centralization." How completely intellectual activity among her colonists was discouraged by France, may be judged of by the fact, that there was not permitted to be a single printing-press in Canada, during the whole period that the province was under French authority.

On the other hand the rival English colonists had thriven under the salutary neglect of the mother country. Entirely self-governed in all local matters, and for many years little interfered with in the management of affairs, which would seem to fall more within the jurisdiction of the imperial power; self-relying, well-educated, laboriously industrious, and energetic in commercial as well as in agricultural pursuits, the Anglo-Americans possessed far superior elements of military strength to those that existed in Canada, though less compactly organized, and far less easy to unite for the systematic operations of a campaign.

* See Warburton, vol. ii. p. 184.

Earnest entreaties had been sent from Quebec to Paris for assistance, in what was now felt to be the decisive struggle between the French and English races in America. With all its faults the French court cannot be denied the praise of having generally selected men of eminent ability to fill the stations of high command in its provinces; and it was from his reputation, not only for courage and military skill, but for general intellectual capacity and energy, that Montcalm now received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the French armies in Canada. The Marquis de Vandreuil was at this time, and continued to be, governor-general of the province; the relative positions of him and Montcalm being not dissimilar to those of our own governor-general and commander-in-chief in India at the present time.

Montcalm took with him to America five veteran regiments of the French army, some of which had already been under his command, and all of which he brought to Canada in the highest possible state of equipment and efficiency. He arrived at Quebec at the end of July, and remained there only a few days to refresh his troops, and make himself master of the state of affairs in Canada, and of the position and probable plans of the enemy's forces. At this time the English held Oswego with about fourteen hundred regular troops. Lord Loudon and General Abercromby were at Albany on the Hudson with the main force of more than ten thousand soldiers, partly British and partly provincial. From that point the English army could move either upon Oswego, or upon Lake Champlain. An English force under General Winslow was already in the vicinity of this lake, and threatened the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which the French held upon its shores. Montcalm resolved to strike an effective blow upon the English power at one of its two advanced points, before support could be given from Lord Loudon's central but more remote army. Oswego was Montcalm's mark; but he first made a rapid journey to Ticonderoga, improved its defences, and assured it as far as possible from capture, while he concentrated the chief part of the French force upon Oswego. Returning rapidly from Ticonderoga, he collected at Montreal the veteran regiments that he had brought from France, and a considerable force of the Canadian militia. With these he marched to Fort Frontenac, (now Kingston,) near the north-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, and on the 5th of August mustered his European

and Canadian troops, and also a large force of confederate Indian warriors.

The co-operation of the native tribes was eagerly sought both by the French and the English in their struggles for ascendancy in America. The Indians were useless against regular troops in an encounter in a fair field, and it was found impossible to bring them under effective discipline, or to check their ferocious and faithless cruelty. But they were formidable combatants in the irregular warfare, which necessarily formed a main part of a contest carried on amid the primeval wildernesses and forests of North America. The French far surpassed the English in the skill with which they ingratiated themselves with the Red Men of the New World; and Montcalm was peculiarly eminent for the ascendancy which he acquired over the native warriors. The personal description which is given of Montcalm, might at first lead us to suppose that he was less fitted to become popular among the dignified chiefs and braves of the Indian tribes, than among the ranks of his own mercurial countrymen. He is described as "small in stature, rapid in conversation, and of restless mobility."* But his courage, his remarkable power of enduring privations and fatigue, the cheerful readiness with which he set the example of facing every necessary danger, and bearing every hardship, the skill which he showed in concealing his plans from the enemy, the energetic celerity with which he dealt his blows, and the adroitness with which he withdrew from the counter-blows that were aimed at him, soon raised him high in the estimation of his native allies; and no other European general ever was so well aided by the Red Men, as was Montcalm, not only during the successes of the first years of his command, but also during the reverses and difficulties of the latter portion of his American career.

On the 5th of August, 1756, Montcalm reviewed at Frontenac the force with which he designed to capture Oswego; on the 9th he had placed a division of his army within a mile and a half of the British position without his approach having been discovered; and on the 12th he had his whole force assembled, and opened his lines against a small fort which the British had raised near Oswego, as an advanced work for its defence. On the 13th the small fort was captured, and on the evening of the 14th, Montcalm had bat-

* Bancroft's "History of the American Revolution," vol. i. p. 271.

tered down part of the walls of Oswego itself: the English commander and many of his men had fallen beneath the superior fire of the besiegers, and the remainder of the garrison surrendered. Two English regiments thus became Montcalm's prisoners; one hundred and twenty cannons, six vessels of war, a large flotilla of barks, which had been collected on the river close to the fort, three chests of gold, and an immense quantity of provisions and military stores, were also the fruits of this enterprise.

The Indian nations had looked on the existence of a European fort at Oswego with peculiar jealousy and ill-will; and in order to secure their friendship, Montcalm had the sagacity to forego the immediate advantage of placing a French garrison at the spot; and caused the remains of the defences to be levelled with the ground.

This splendid success raised high the military reputation of France in the New World; and Montcalm signalized the following year by an equally brilliant achievement. Lord Loudon, the English commander in America, resolved to make the siege of Louisburg, in Cape Breton, the great operation of the campaign of 1757. Montcalm watched in grim expectation, until Loudon, by drawing away the flower of the British forces to this distant enterprise, gave him the opportunity of striking a blow on the advanced posts of English power near Lake George, like that which he had dealt them near Lake Ontario. Colonel Monro held Fort William Henry with a garrison of two thousand men, and General Webb had a force of four thousand more at Fort Edward nearer to the New England States. Montcalm determined to surprise and capture Fort William Henry. He suddenly collected the warriors of thirty-three Indian tribes, and his French veterans, with heavy ordnance and stores for a siege, at Ticonderoga, and thence moved rapidly southward on his intended prey. "It had been a season of scarcity in Canada. But small stores were collected for the army. They must conquer speedily or disband. 'On such an expedition,' said Montcalm to his officers, 'a blanket and a bearskin are the warrior's couch. Do like me with cheerful good-will. The soldier's allowance is enough for us.'"^{*}

Enabled by the zeal of his troops and his Indian allies to drag a flotilla of canoes and boats across the neck of land between Lake Champlain and Lake George, and to traverse

unobserved the northern part of the last lake, Montcalm, on the 2nd of August, brought his full force, amounting to eight thousand men, close upon Fort William Henry; and on the 6th the trenches had been dug and the besieging batteries opened. Monro and his garrison resisted for two days bravely: but their ammunition began to fail: Webb refused to march to their assistance, and on the 9th of August they capitulated. Fort William Henry, like Fort Oswego, was levelled to the earth. The news of its fall reached Lord Loudon, in Cape Breton, and recalled him from his ineffectual operations against Louisburg to defend New York. The downfall of the British power in America was thought by many to be imminent;* and though Montcalm's means were inadequate for following up his success by a regular invasion of the English colonies, he girt their whole landward frontier with flame and desolation. And numerous bands of Canadians and Indians in the French alliance made incessant inroads into the territory of every British settlement, from New Hampshire and Massachusetts round to the Carolinas.

But though thus triumphant in the field, Montcalm felt his strength gradually diminishing, and knew too well how inadequate were the resources of Canada, against those which the English in America still possessed against him. Montcalm's enterprises and the incessant border-warfare called nearly the whole servicable male population of Canada away from the labors of agriculture. A scarcity of corn and other provisions was the inevitable result. In a dispatch written by Montcalm to the French ministry in February 1758, the victorious general says, "I shudder when I think of provisions. The famine is very great. In spite of all our success, New France needs peace, or sooner or later it must fall; such are the numbers of the English, such the difficulty of our receiving supplies." He was urgent in his entreaties for reinforcements in troops, artillery, and munitions: but the government of Madame de Pompadour (as Sismondi, with just indignation, terms the French government of that time) gave itself no trouble about the fate of Canada; while, on the other hand, the English government had passed, in 1757, into the energetic hands of the elder Pitt, whose favorite project was the destruction of the French power in America, and who employed the vast resources of England fearlessly, unsparingly, and pertinaciously for the complete

^{*} Bancroft, p. 296.

^{*} Ibid. p. 304.

conquest of Canada. Yet for one year more did the genius of Montcalm delay that event; and the year 1758 was marked by the most brilliant, though it was the last of his victories.

Three expeditions were undertaken by the British this year in America. Louisburg was attacked by a formidable armament from England. A force of fifteen thousand regular British troops and five thousand provincials was formed in Philadelphia under General Forbes, and destined to capture Fort Du Quesne, and sweep the French from the valley of the Ohio: while the largest European army yet seen in the New World was collected at Albany, under General Abercrombie, and designed to conquer the French forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and advance by Lake Champlain into Canada. Montcalm knew this to be the most formidable of the blows levelled at his province; and he determined to meet it in person. Abercrombie set his army in motion early in July, and reached the north-western shore of Lake George a little to the south of Ticonderoga. He had fifteen thousand men, more than six thousand of whom were regular British troops. Montcalm had not more than three thousand French soldiers, and about five hundred Canadians. But he remembered the day of Exilles, and fortified a position in front of Ticonderoga with an earthen breastwork and a thick abattis of felled trees. Abercrombie made no attempt to turn his line, but sent the British infantry forward to storm the centre of Montcalm's position, with that prodigality of valor and parsimoniousness of skill, which have too often caused English blood to be lavished like water.

Never was that more cruelly the case than at Ticonderoga on the 8th of July, 1758. As the British regiments struggled amid the felled trees that formed the front of the French position, Montcalm's men, admirably posted behind the breastwork, shot them down by hundreds. Hour after hour did this scene of butchery continue; the obstinate courage of the English only serving to increase the carnage. At last the attacking columns in their confusion fired upon each other; hopeless disorder followed, and finally Abercromby's splendid army fled in utter route, leaving no less than 1950 killed and wounded, while Montcalm's little force only lost 390.

This victory gave Canada safety for the year along the line of the lakes, but on the other two scenes of warfare the English were

successful. Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne were taken: and it was known that Pitt was resolved to renew the attack on Canada in the next year with still larger forces, led by abler and bolder generals. Abandoned by the French government, Montcalm prepared to do his duty to the last, and, in his own words, "resolved to find a grave under the ruins of the colony."

Though convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle which he was left to maintain, and certain that he must inevitably be crushed sooner or later by the enemy, Montcalm found consolation in the thought that the conquest of Canada would eventually prove a more injurious blow to England herself than to France.* He had the sagacity to foresee and foretell, that as soon as the English colonists in America were relieved from the pressure of a hostile French power, they would feel themselves independent of English protection, and that their revolt against England would be the speedy result of that feeling. Montcalm made this remarkable prediction only a few days before his own death, and when he knew himself to be a doomed man. Like the prophecy of the dying Hector, the prediction of the falling defender of Canada was speedily and completely realized. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown followed within twenty-two years of the victory of Wolf at Quebec.

The great events of the Canadian campaign of 1759, the genius, the glory, and the death of Wolfe, are too familiar to English readers to need recapitulation here. But the historians of Anglo-Saxon race, who dwell with pride on the achievements of our own general, concur also in merited eulogies on the calm intrepidity and ready skill with which Montcalm encountered his heroic antagonist, and delayed the fall of Canada during many a week of fluctuating warfare.

Of the three English armies which assailed Canada in 1759, two were so far kept in check, that, though they gained advantages, they were unable to reach Quebec and co-operate in its reduction. And had the third English army been commanded by an ordinary general, that also would have been baffled by the skilful tactics of Montcalm, and compelled at the approach of winter to retire from the uncaptured walls of the Canadian capital. Even against the genius and gallantry of Wolfe, Montcalm long maintained the advantage, and on the last day of

* See his letter to M. Molé, cited in the Appendix to Warburton, p. 507, vol. ii.

July gave him a severe repulse in an attempt made by the English to storm the French lines at Montmorenci. When at length Wolfe succeeded in placing his army on the heights of Abraham above Quebec, Montcalm led his feeble force to the desperate effort to dislodge the English (by which alone the city could be saved) with as much impetuous valor, as he had previously shown coolness and caution. But the result of the encounter between Wolfe's veterans and "Montcalm's five weak French battalions mingled with disorderly peasantry" (as Wolfe had truly described them) could not be doubtful. Montcalm was struck by a musket-ball early in the action; but he continued to cheer on his men who fought, and to rally those who fled, till he received a second bullet, beneath which he fell mortally wounded. He was borne back into Quebec by his flying army;

and his wounds were examined. The surgeon at once pronounced that he had not more than ten or twelve hours to live. "So much the better," he replied, "for I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He gave some military advice to the officers who were near him; and on being questioned further by De Ramsay (who was next in command) about the defence of the city, he replied, "I commend the honor of France to your hands. For myself, my time is very short, and I must devote it to God." He passed accordingly the last hours of his existence in earnest prayer, and in receiving from his chaplain the last offices of religion. At five in the morning of the 14th of September, 1759 (the day after the battle of Quebec), passed away the spirit of Montcalm, a hero, whom France may proudly rank with her St. Louis and her Chevalier Bayard.

From the Eclectic Review.

LITERARY GOSSIP—GILLIES AND JERDAN.*

WHEN a man sits down in his old age to write the record of his past life, his work must at best be a somewhat melancholy one. There is a pleasure to be derived from the recollection of certain events in which we have been interested, and it is also sometimes pleasant to go back over passages in the history of our past existence with others, but it must be with those who have run a certain length in the race of life with us, or those to whom we feel that the narration has more in it than the eye of mankind generally can perceive. The task of making the public our *confidante* is quite another thing. An autobiography must be something more serious than fireside talk of a winter evening, or it is all but worthless. It must be regarded as a sober duty when once undertaken, and let no one who is in the very slightest degree sensitive about his own weaknesses, or disposed to deal with himself otherwise than he would with an oyster, ever dream of sitting down to write it. If he

has lived to any purpose, and can find no one to whom the value of his existence has suggested the idea of recording it, it is better far that his name be writ on water. He must bear in mind that obscurity is better than scorn, and that once pledged to unbosom himself—pledged to himself to write faithfully the lessons of his career, he must bear down the rising self-love, and with an earnest purpose lay his heart and mind open for the instruction of his fellow men. Anything else than this would be but a mere mockery of himself—a deception which the world in general has shrewdness enough to detect, and is ready enough to expose.

A distinct impression of the responsibility connected with the right discharge of such a duty as that to which we refer, has deterred many from giving to the world the results of their own experiences, than which few books would be more valuable. With equal truth may it be said that a great proportion of our autobiographical literature is amusing, and nothing more. There is nothing of the man's real life to be found in it—nothing of what he knows himself to be, and everything about his friends, all that he remembers about individuals with whom he

* 1. *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*. By R. P. Gillies. In 3 vols. London: R. Bentley. 1851.

2. *The Autobiography of William Jerdan*. Vol. I. London: Arthur Hall & Co. 1852.

has dined, or corresponded; or met no matter where; everything, in short, which the writer knows, except himself, obtains due attention, and is read as mere literary gossip may be read—it is not a whit more valuable.

The autobiographies of politicians and literary men are too often of this description. The former, in fact, have scarcely a claim to any other title than that which the editor of a deceased statesman's notes and letters puts upon the volumes he sends to Mr. Murray or Messrs. Longman;—they are merely "Papers and Letters." There is really less of the man's life about them than the reports of his speeches in a daily journal contain. In the one case we have a whole phase of his life; in the other, we only get an imperfect glimpse of the phase, which it is of most importance to know. A man of letters, of all others, might, with the necessary amount of courage and self-knowledge, give us by far the most useful autobiography, and it will be generally admitted that the fragments of such works which we do possess are much more interesting, more refreshing, and more instructive, than the bulk of the works to which they are prefixed. While the world has cause to regret that these really valuable contributions to the study of human nature cease just as their value begins to be apparent—just as the writer's self-consciousness is unfolding itself—it is also to be deplored that the full-length portraits which literary men have given us of themselves are so often painted in a bad light—so lacking in real life-warm color. One thing is very noticeable about them—viz., the unfavorable impression which they give us of the literary profession. The class of professional literary men has suffered more from the manner in which it has been shown up to the world by individual members of it than by anything that has ever been written or spoken regarding it. The two works before us are written by men who have taken to literature as a profession, who have held honorable and responsible positions as editors of high class periodicals and influential newspapers, and who from certain circumstances, either of a personal kind, or connected with the pursuit of literature, have been left in a much worse position in their old age than that from which they started upon a race in which it is scarcely necessary to say there are both pleasures and prizes for many. If the autobiographies before us have been faithfully written, it is greatly to be deplored that the happiness and the worldly prospects of so many must be sacrificed to the increased and increasing

demand for knowledge, and the growing taste for literature. It will scarcely, we think, be doubted that the change which has taken place in the production of books, and the diffusion of knowledge, by whatever medium, within the last half century, has been attended with many beneficial effects to mankind in general. It is quite clear that those who cultivate a taste for letters—who make their literary pursuits the mere occupation of leisure hours—could neither have originated that demand, nor met it with an adequate supply. Are we, then, to conclude that those who, feeling that they were competent to do so, have made it their vocation, must be regarded as having sacrificed themselves for the good of mankind? Few will forget the opinion which Scott gave in the form of an advice: that literature may be both pleasant and useful as a staff, but is after all a sorry crutch. This is a favorite theory with many professional literary men, and especially with those who condescend to be confidential to the public in recording their experiences. It forms the conclusion of all the *jeremiades* about neglect, starvation, unappreciated efforts and misery; all the charges of heartlessness and dulness which are brought against the world by those who have not succeeded in making fortunes by their labors. Now we have always been very much disposed to question the correctness of the great novelist's figure, so far, at least, as its general application is concerned. The opinion which it conveyed was not, or ought not to have been founded on his experience; for who will be bold enough to say that Walter Scott, the advocate, or clerk of session, could either have built a princely mansion such as that which the author of "Waverley" reared by the waters of his own romantic river, or lived in it with the freedom of an ancient border chief, and the expensive tastes of a modern baronet? If literature was a sorry crutch to him, it only became so when he sought to make it something more, and it certainly was strong enough to bear him up bravely and nobly so long as he kept on the path upon which he set out. His difficulties were never the result of his literary avocations, but were greatly modified by his reliance upon these avocations. And when the disastrous effects of his ambition to be something more than that which was his glory, and of commercial speculation combined, came upon him, it was neither the thought of failure in his true career, nor the feeling that his efforts had been unappreciated, that troubled him, but the reflection,

"how could I tread my halls with diminished crest?"

We have always been accustomed to regard the fragment of Sir Walter Scott's journal as a model of autobiography. It is so thoroughly truthful and honest, that no one can regard it as other than an expression of the writer's own feelings, set down not for book-making purposes, but in the spirit of a worthy self-examination. How very different is everything about the two works before us. A glance over the headings which Mr. Gillies has given to some of the chapters of his memoirs will enable any reader to see that his case has been that of too many literary men, and that he is much more disposed to lay the blame of his failures upon the unfortunate impulse which led him to make literature a crutch, than upon any lack of energy, or any indiscretion on his part. After a great many more excuses for egotism than are at all necessary in a work which professes to be a record of a man's own experiences, Mr. Gillies gives us the first hint of his contempt for worldly prudence, and the *pensieri stretti* at the close of his first volume; and such words as "pecuniary embarrassments," "pecuniary troubles," "renewed misfortunes," and "blighted hopes," appear with very lamentable frequency in the headings to the chapters of the other two. Let us glance at a few of the facts connected with the writer's career as they are stated by himself, with the view of ascertaining whether the things which these distressing words convey have all resulted from a professional connexion with literature, and whether he has been faithful in giving us the real causes for them.

Mr. Gillies, although he never occupied any very prominent position, was once well known in the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis. Left by his father—of whom it is recorded, in the volume before us, that "he entertained both an aversion and a contempt for worldly wisdom"—with landed property of considerable extent, connected, too, with families of some note in Scotland, he in very early life obtained the entrée of all the literary and, we may add, high-class convivial circles of Edinburgh forty years ago. Sir Walter Scott he had some title to consider as one of his most intimate friends and valuable advisers. Lord Gillies, the well-known Scottish lawyer, was his father's brother; and he could number among his associates and correspondents most of the literary men, philosophers, and poets of his time, from the celebrated literary nuisance,

Lord Buchan, up to such as Playfair, Professor Wilson, Southey, and Wordsworth. If a tendency to outrage the ordinary laws of prudence, and the only ones upon which a man, whatever be his profession, can make progress, or even maintain his position in the world, may be considered hereditary, Mr. R. P. Gillies has at least one plea for his failures. He tells us, with a frankness which we could have wished to see combined with a little less bravado, that he was a very faithful follower of his father's lessons: "My mistrust and dislike of self-elected saints and church-attending people has been very steadfast; and as regards contempt for worldly prudence, I have carried that far beyond the bounds of common sense." This is at least candid; but are we to suppose that in the subsequent references to pecuniary matters, Mr. Gillies attributes all or any of his misfortunes to these characteristics? Quite the contrary. He even seems to congratulate himself upon this high-minded disregard of what society demands of all its members; and while he does so, of course he by no means stints his abuse of the world in general and those parties in particular to whom he was indebted, or who were enabled to take advantage of his magnanimous contempt for prudential considerations.

A very transparent artifice involved him as security for a loan, and his paternal acres were handed over to the lenders. He shortly afterwards passed as an advocate, but seems to have had no idea of ever practising at the bar. Expensive tastes and rambling habits soon involved him in deeper difficulties, and in almost every instance in which he refers to his personal concerns in the second and third volumes, debt is the theme, and the ingratitude of friends or the hard-heartedness of creditors the text for a melancholy digression on the misery of a hand-to-mouth existence.

Ultimately the "Foreign Quarterly Review" was projected, and through the interest of Sir Walter Scott and a few others, Mr. Gillies was appointed editor of it. In this capacity he labored very assiduously, reckoning that he could gain by his own efforts an income of at least £800 a-year. These efforts were afterwards relaxed, however, for he tells us, that instead of attending to his duties as editor, he made repeated and long visits to Edinburgh, for the purpose of raising £1000 or £1500 on the strength of his prospects. Difficulties increased and interfered with his duties. "Instead," he writes, "of limiting my family expenses to £400

per annum, which I might then have most easily earned, I gained the renown of being the most persevering and extravagant of spendthrifts. A very long attorney's bill of costs was set down against me to the account of daily turtle, champagne, and the four-in-hand turn out," (p. 235). He was then thrown into prison, the publishers of the "Review" failed, his establishment was broken up, his family left in want, and he as well as they homeless. A brief residence in France, fruitless attempts to make financial arrangements out of the little he could earn amid trouble and distress, which might redeem the loss caused by that vaunted contempt for worldly prudence, arrests and imprisonments, such are some of the items in the catalogue of wretchedness with which the last part of Mr. Gillies' book closes. According to his opinion, literary labor could not even be relied on now for the bare necessities of life:—

"Instead of being able to earn £40 per month, as heretofore, I receive for papers sent to London only thanks and praise, for the pecuniary recompence was comparatively infinitesimal. The market was said to be overstocked with "copy" in all departments, and what was worse, editors and publishers no longer had money to spare. Railroads occupied the attention of the rich. "Cheap literature" had come into fashion. Penny papers almost supplanted magazines and reviews; and authors who used to gain £500 could scarcely acquire £100 per annum. Through that gloomy month of February we had great anxieties, and a daily struggle for subsistence."—pp. 292, 293.

And so ends Mr. Gillies' career, begun in what, apart from early training, seemed the most favorable auspices, run in reckless extravagance and most woeful improvidence, and closed as such a career, be it that of merchant, tradesman, or man of letters, must close—in wretchedness and poverty.

Are we, then, to conclude that all this misery is the result of Mr. Gillies' connexion with literature? He would have us to suppose so, for all his confessions of indiscretion and irregularities come in the shape of excuses for getting into difficulties—all his misery is laid at the door of inexorable creditors, who, refusing to make any distinction between an author and a person of any other profession, would not allow him time nor peace to work as he wished to work. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gillies was very often a hard working man; but, by his own confession, he was a lavish spender also; and unfortunately he spent much more rapidly than he could work. He neglected or

despised the claims made upon him as a member of society, and the father of a family—moral claims which it is more than mere folly to disregard, choosing rather to obey the dictates of selfishness, and a wayward ill-balanced judgment; is it either manly or honest to attribute the result to anything else?

The autobiography of William Jerdan, of which the first volume lies before us, though much better written, is equally pervaded by that spirit of acrimonious railery, and that tone of melancholy, which characterize the book we have just noticed. Of a piece with the apologies which Mr. Gillies puts forth for the disjointed memoranda of his recollections, and the egotism necessarily involved in his references to pecuniary difficulties, is the excuse which Mr. Jerdan gives us in a postscript, for the errors and the hasty statements that may be found throughout his pages. "Private circumstances occurred to break hurtfully into his work; and on coming to consult data, which the writer had presumed to be readily found and accessible, he discovered that the materials of from forty to fifty years ago were dissipated, no one knew whither."

Mr. Jerdan begun his career in circumstances by no means so favorable as those of Mr. Gillies, and he attained a much higher position as a man of letters. Energy, and abilities considerably above the average of men in his sphere, enabled him to ascend rapidly from a merchant's desk in London, and a lawyer's office in Edinburgh, to honorable and responsible situations in connexion with the metropolitan press. In 1813, while he was only in his thirty-first year, he was appointed editor of the "Sun" when that paper was regarded as an able organ of the government; and in four years after he became responsible editor of the "Literary Gazette," a position which he held until 1850. According to his own statements, his connexion with literature could not be unprofitable. During his editorship of one of the journals referred to, he enjoyed an annual salary of £500, with a tenth share of the profits; while as editor and either proprietor or part proprietor of the other, he was by no means ill paid. Notwithstanding all this, he sits down in his old age to chronicle, in bitterness of spirit, a succession of disappointments and difficulties, and looks back through a vista of seventy years upon a life made up of "uncertain rewards" and broken hopes. The moral of that life, as it is recorded by himself, and according to his

estimate of it, is, that the man who adopts literature as a profession must be prepared for all that he has suffered, and for the result which he is now experiencing. If Mr. Jerdan had not recorded a plea against himself in his reference to the profits derived from his literary labors, we might have adopted his conclusion as a very fair one from the premises, in his allusion to the "bitter disappointments and uncertain rewards" of a literary life. The contradictory character of the two statements, however, lands us in a difficulty from which we are only extricated by means of a serious homily upon the distress of being in debt, and from an intimation that in very early life Mr. Jerdan "got his first lesson of that fatal truth, that debt is the greatest curse which can beset the course of a human being."

This curse seems to have clung to him throughout a great part of his life. This it was, we do not hesitate to say, that put him in the sad position from which he is now looking up, "with aspirations crushed, from the clouded bottom of the hill" upon "his early comrades, who, having boldly climbed the summit, range along the height, and in happiness enjoy the brilliant region on which, humanly speaking, warm and eternal sunshine settles." Leaving the writer to his own idea of the ultimate issue of human effort, and the happiness of those whom he looks up to with such a bitter sense of his own humiliation, let us see who these "early comrades" are, and why Mr. Jerdan lies at "the clouded bottom of the hill" while they "range along the heights." One of them, Peter Laurie, was a townsman of his own, an apprentice to a saddler, in Kelso; the other, John Pirie, was a native of Dunse, a clerk; and both became in time lord mayors of London. Another early friend is now Sir Frederick Pollock, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and another is Baron Truro, ex-Lord Chancellor. Now, it is obvious enough from the facts of Mr. Jerdan's history, that he was not only a young man of much more promise than any one of these, but his start in life was much more favorable, or might have been so at least, had he followed up his advantages. He admits this much—"My prospects," he says, "were apparently as bright as theirs." "Why, then, did my friends so nobly succeed, and why did I ultimately so grievously fail?" These are questions, which had the writer put them to himself somewhat earlier, and with an honest desire to shape his future course by the answer, might have rescued him from difficul-

ties at least, if they did not elevate him in his worldly position to the level of his youthful friends. But how does he answer these questions now? Not by any candid confession of his own failings; not by owning that he did not avail himself of the advantages he possessed as a vigorous and well remunerated writer; but by throwing the whole blame upon his connexion with literature. "I unsteadily forsook the choice of a profession, and within a few years found myself leaning for life on the fragile crutch of literature for my support." In a previous chapter, Mr. Jerdan says, in reference to his early connexion with the law,—"I never liked the law, and certainly I was not dosed with it." He forsook it accordingly, voluntarily adopting a profession in which he was eminently successful for a time, but by which he could not keep himself out of difficulties, just because these difficulties were the necessary result of inattention to what constituted, perhaps, the primary elements of the ultimate success in which his friends repose. Had he adhered to the law, the process which has made him what he is—poor in his old age, would have led to the same result; and had either Sir Peter Laurie or Baron Truro failed to regulate their course by right principles and by their circumstances, considering their early difficulties, they might have been in a much more lamentable condition than that in which Mr. Jerdan now is. A successful professional career in law or literature, or anything else, implies severe labor and steady pertinacity. Conceiving that all the world is as destitute of these as himself, Mr. Jerdan gives us the following bitter, and, as we believe, mistaken counsel:—

"And here, again, would I earnestly advise every enthusiastic thinker, every fair scholar, every ambitious author, every inspired poet without independent fortune, to fortify themselves also with a something more worldly to do. A living in the church is not uncongenial with the pursuits of the thinker and scholar, the practice of medicine is not inconsistent with the labors of the author, and the chinking of fees in the law is almost in tuning with the harmony of the poet's verse. Let no man be bred to literature alone; for, as has been far less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors, are their lot, as sure as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printer's ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough; but without the one or the other, it is as foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide."—p. 89.

There is quite enough in the volume from which this is taken to show that it is a fallacious excuse for an ill-regulated life. We regret that so much must be said; but truth and the character of the profession to which Mr. Jerdan belongs require that it should be said.

Let us now turn from the unpleasant subject into which the want of sincerity, so observable in autobiographies, has led us, to the more genial task of noticing a few of the livelier topics referred to in the book before us. It is too early to pronounce a decided opinion upon it, perhaps; but judging from the first volume, which contains a great deal of pleasing gossip, we are disposed to consider it one of the best books on literary society twenty or thirty years ago, which has been published for some time. Its author numbered among his friends many who have earned a high reputation. Thomas Wilde, the late Lord Chancellor as we have already observed, was one of these; and no one will peruse the tribute paid to his indomitable energy without a feeling of high satisfaction. Wilde's prospects in life were by no means such as to make him an object of envy to his literary associate, when the two met on summer Sundays to regale themselves on "a be-knighted joint of roast beef in the so-called drawing-room of a little house at the foot of Highgate Hill." He was of humble parentage, his father being an attorney in a very limited sphere. But there was an obstacle of a far more formidable kind in the way of his success at the bar—he had an impediment in his speech, which produced a very ludicrous effect whenever he attempted to discourse at any length or with any seriousness. This he set himself to overcome, however, with an amount of energy and perseverance perfectly surprising, and he was ultimately successful. The methods he adopted to resist the annoyance of this defect, and to get rid of it altogether, are thus described. Such instances of self-cure are, we believe, extremely rare.

"He would stand silent till he had composed the organs of sound for the distinct articulation of what he desired to say; and by the skilful and constant application of this inviolable resolution, he, by his own unaided and untought efforts, conquered the annoying affection. I remember his taking me to some dark office in the Inner Temple-lane, to show me Bloomfield, the author of 'The Farmer's Boy,' who, through the interest of Capel Loft, had been appointed to a situation for some distribution of law forms administered there. The excitement caused a fit of stammering to come on; and there he stood, dumb as a statue,

for several minutes, till he had forced his organization, by the effort of will over physical defect, to perform the duty he demanded, and give utterance to well-delivered and well-rounded periods. Such a self-cure is extremely rare, and in this case was nearly perfect; for the only remains that ever appeared in after years, was a slight, occasional, and hardly observable hesitation when pleading at the bar."—p. 45.

The present Solicitor-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, was another of Mr. Jerdan's associates, as well as his younger brother, who, ambitious of histrionic fame, became an actor, and having signally failed, shortly afterwards died "of an almost broken heart." Among the smaller celebrities introduced to us there is a curious old man named Proby, whose personal appearance and peculiarities will still be in the recollection of many persons connected with literary life in London. He was a reporter for the "Morning Chronicle," and in the early days of reporting sat in the gallery of the House of Lords, and afterwards wrote reports of the proceedings without taking a single note—depending altogether upon his memory, which was marvelously retentive. Mr. Jerdan gives us a lively sketch of him.

'Proby had never been out of London, never in a boat, never on the back of a horse. To the end of bag-wigs he wore a bag; he was the last man that walked with a cane as long as himself, ultimately exchanged for an umbrella, which he was never seen without, in wet weather or dry; yet he wrote two or three novels, depicting the social manners of the times! He was a strange feeder, and ruined himself in eating pastry at the confectioners' shops; he was always in a perspiration, whence George Colman christened him 'King Porus,' and he was always so punctual to a minute, that when he arrived in sight of the office window, the hurry used to be,—'There's Proby—it is half-past two,'—and yet he never set his watch. If ever it came to right time I cannot tell; but if you asked him what o'clock it was, he would look at it, and calculate something in this sort,—'I am twenty-six minutes past seven—four, twenty-one from twelve forty—it is just three minutes past three!' Poor, strange, and simple, yet curiously-informed Proby, his last domicile was the Lambeth parish workhouse, out of which he would come in coarse gray garb, and call upon his friends as freely and unceremoniously as before, to the surprise of servants, who entertain 'an 'orrid' jealousy of paupers, and who could not comprehend why a person so clad was shown in. The last letter I had from him spoke exultingly of his having been chosen to teach the young children in the house their A, B, C, which conferred some extra accommodations upon him, and thanking me for my share in the subscription of a few pounds in the year, which those who knew

him in happier days put together to purchase such comforts as his humble situation could admit."—p. 167.

Mr. Jerdan narrates with great minuteness the assassination of Mr. Perceval, of which he was an eye witness, and describes the appearance and conduct of the assassin Bellingham, whom he was the first to lay hands on, with a distinctness and amplitude scarcely necessary at this late day. He had the honor of knowing the victim, however, and that circumstance, taken in connection with a proximity to him which would have been fatal had the bullet swerved many inches from its course, may account for a lengthened description of a scene which has been so often described. Lord Byron is also mentioned in connection with a sharp review which appeared in the 'Sun,' and which, but for the prudence of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, would have led to a hostile meeting between its editor and the noble poet. Mr. Jerdan's connection with the daily press brought him into contact with persons in almost every grade of life, and he seems to have been by no means chary about some of his acquaintance, who were scarcely so creditable as those we have already mentioned. His tory politics and his position as editor of government newspapers, brought him into frequent association with Ministers and their parliamentary supporters, while in one instance he made the acquaintance of no less notorious a personage than Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, at the very time that all London was ringing with the Duke of York's affair, and while the writer himself was, by his own confession, injuriously affecting the circulation of the

'Morning Post' by his remarks upon her. The story of this once celebrated personage is not worth reviving, but the reference to it in the book before us furnishes a curious illustration of the means adopted to gain over those who were disposed to animadvert upon her personal performances with any degree of severity. Mr. Jerdan confesses that his introduction to Mrs. Clarke, and the artillery of 'wheedling,' confidential secrets, allurements, prospects of advantage, *piquant* familiarities, *recherché* treats and lies, brought to bear upon him, had the desired effect to a certain extent. They did induce him to moderate the tone of his strictures. His moral firmness was never strong enough to resist temptations such as these at any time, we are afraid, and if he placed reliance upon the 'prospects of advantage' held out to him in such circumstances, need we wonder that he now writes in such a melancholy strain about the 'fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, and censure' which fall to the lot of literary men?

With its author's visit to Paris in 1814, when the continent had been opened, the first volume of the autobiography closes. A long appendix follows, in which a poem by Hood is published for the first time. This work, which we do not mean to notice here, is entitled 'Lamia,' the subject being similar to that for which Keats chose the same title. It will add very little to the reputation of the writer, although there are many fine passages to be found in it, and we question its appropriateness at the end of a book like the one before us.

NOVEL SALAD EATERS.—A Scottish journal tells the following: "A friend of ours lately received a package containing a few bottles of salad of the most savory kind. A few days after he found to his surprise that a small opening had been made in the bungs of all the bottles, and a portion of the contents of the latter extracted from each. None of the holes made were large enough to ad-

mit the head of either a rat or a mouse. Determined to ascertain who the delinquents were, he secreted himself one night in the corner of the room, and soon a fine glossy rat made his appearance, approached the bottles, inserted his tail into one of them, drew it out gently, cleaned that member with his mouth, and repeated the process 'over and over again.'"

From the Critic.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

The Morning Chronicle, like NAPOLEON, was born in the August of 1789, but not until twenty years had elapsed, and the French Revolution of 1789 had arrived, did it begin to emerge from obscurity, and become a notable member of the metropolitan newspaper press. Just when the first Walter was busy establishing *The Times*, *The Chronicle* passed out of the hands of "Memory-Woodfall," the prince of reporters when note-taking was forbidden in Parliament, into those of its virtual founder, James Perry, a rather remarkable man. Perry was a young Scotchman from Aberdeen, of more talent than learning, and without a profession, who, having tried Edinburgh in vain, became clerk in a commercial house at Manchester, a town where a very little literature goes a very great way, and to whose inhabitants young Perry, on the strength of a few essays, appeared a youth of uncommon parts and accomplishments. Stimulated by Manchester praises, and with his pocket full of letters from Manchester merchants to their metropolitan correspondents, he came to London to push his fortunes in the year 1771. Commercial employment, however, there was none to be had, and Perry, nothing loth, found himself accidentally invited into that general refuge for destitute talent, the Periodical and Newspaper Press. Newspaper and magazine editor, reporter, poet, pamphleteer, and admired orator of the London debating societies, Perry, after nearly twenty years of industry, and with the aid of friends (to whom his blended integrity and geniality always helped him), at last looked about him with proprietorial complacency in the office of *The Morning Chronicle*. He had, for fellow-proprietor, one Gray, a Scotchman like himself, who "did" the serious, while Perry "did" the lively, so that it used to be said "that the paper would succeed, for it carried both sail and ballast." Succeed it did, and Perry along with it, both commercially and socially. "A pleasant, gentlemanly man, with a dash of the cour-

tier," Charles Lambe, thirty years after he wrote jokes for him, describes Perry to have been. A man of honorable principle and unswerving consistency, moreover, true to the last to the cause of Constitutional Whiggery. Mr. Pitt had admired his speaking in the debating societies, and offered him a seat in Parliament, with prospects of place; but Perry was not to be bribed. No wonder, then, that he was courted by the heads of his party, a party which, in those days, both needed and rewarded the literary talent that supported it. Perry was a favorite guest at the tables of the Whig aristocracy, who willingly in their turn, frequented his house, which, at the beginning of the present century, was a "Reform Club" in miniature. Tom Campbell, the poet, commencing his literary life in London, speaks enthusiastically of Perry and his family: "His wife," according to Tom, "is an angel;" his niece, "a goddess." Really, a "Life and Correspondence of Perry" would be a more amusing book than most of the biographies that keep issuing from the press. "Perhaps," says one of his contemporaries, "no man connected with the English press ever enjoyed a tithe of the personal popularity of Perry. He was, in the first place, a highly honorable and brave man: confidence reposed in him was never abused. He was the depositary of many most important secrets of high personages. Generous in the extreme, he was ever ready with his purse and his services. His manner was manly, frank, and cordial; and he was the best of proprietors. He was hospitable, too; and it is said that his dinners were positively the best of any at that time in town."* It was to him that poor Coleridge, in utmost need (when enlisting, as a full private, in a cavalry regiment), sent a short poem, requesting a guinea for "a distressed author," himself, to wit. Perry sent the guinea at once, and often, when *The Morning Chronicle* was the

* *The Fourth Estate*, vol. ii., p. 106.

subject of conversation, Coleridge would refer to the incident, in grateful reminiscence of Aberdonian Perry.

The relation of sail to ballast is always a most important matter in a periodical enterprise: you may be all sail like our friend *Punch*, or all ballast like *The Edinburgh Review* under its present management; and he is a wise editor who provides plenty of both. Perry's notion of a newspaper was that it should be a miscellany of the useful and the agreeable; he tried to give *The Chronicle* a literary air, while not neglecting politics. When Tom Campbell the poet was found unfit to write leading articles, he was still employed to fill the poet's corner; with what success is known to all the world. Tom Moore's squibs and Hazlitt's essays, with such an editor as Perry, found their way into the daily paper which is now distinguished by containing the worst literary criticisms (and that is saying a good deal) to be found in the whole range of the metropolitan press! The present Lord Chief Justice Campbell was so late as 1810 *The Chronicle's* Theatrical critic! Meanwhile, on the demise or disappearance of Gray, the Scotchman, the heavy political department was transferred to Mr. Spankie, afterwards Serjeant Spankie, who "went out to India as Attorney-General of Bengal, and was member for Finsbury in the first Reformed Parliament." A very heavy man, Spankie survives in the literary memory, on the strength of a single joke. On commencing his canvass of Finsbury, he was cut short by an elector with the asseveration that Wakley and Duncombe were to have the sought-for vote:—"Good morning, Sir," quoth Spankie in reply, "all I wish you is to have the one in your house and the other in your books!"

Perry died in 1821, when *The Chronicle* became, and for three and twenty years remained, the property of "Mr. Clements, then the proprietor of *The Observer*." It was now that the editorial chair began to be formally occupied by a man of considerable talent, energy and sincerity, who had been working on *The Chronicle*, in one or other capacity, for ten years before,—the well-known John Black. Black, too, was a Scotchman, who had worked his way up. Struggling from his native Dunse, at the opening of the century, to Edinburgh University, he laid the foundation there of much multifarious knowledge of the ancient and modern languages. Coming to London to push his fortunes, he was engaged in 1810 by Perry as a reporter, and was promoted

in 1817 to write leading articles. Meanwhile he had been busy translating for the booksellers, and from languages which were much less known than now. Mr. Knight Hunt speaks of a translation "from the Swedish of Berzelius," and Black's version (published in 1817) of August Wilhelm Schlegel's *Dramatic Lectures* is the standard English translation of that very clever book. Perry had been a constitutional Whig, but Black was a philosophical Radical, with a sincerity which sometimes led him into an unphilosophical warmth of expression: it was the philosophy of his Radicalism that provoked Cobbett into nicknaming him "Doctor Black," and styling him the "Scotch feelosopher." For two and twenty years, from 1821 to 1843, Black, with unabated energy, swayed the destinies of *The Chronicle*. "Grapple" was the quality which he prized in a leading article. "It wants grapple" was often his exclamation, when a contribution from a new aspirant was brought him. He collected round him a large library of books, of a rather peculiar kind; he was the close friend and associate of that iron Radical James Mill;—"there was hardly a day they did not walk home together from the India House;" and he will live as the "Scotch feelosopher" of Cobbett's *Register*. "Ah! Doctor Black," Cobbett used to shout in his *Register* when any great recognition came to him, such, for instance, as the translation into French or Italian of one of his books:—"when will you write a book that anybody will translate into French? Never, Doctor! never!—Scotch feelosopher though you are!"

It might have been expected that *The Chronicle*, as the old-established organ of the Whigs, would have reaped a great benefit from their triumph at the era of the Reform Bill. But *The Times* had so managed matters as to be, if not before it at the winning-post, at least head to head with it; and the superiority of the writing in the Leading Journal, attracted all ears to it. Besides, Black all along, Radical as he was, was sadly crippled by his Whig superiors. Not Reform only, but the Grey Ministry, was to be supported in *The Chronicle*, and the freedom from such shackles, gave a life and movement to *The Times*, that were impossible for its Whig contemporary. In 1832, *The Chronicle*, as a property, was worth less than in 1822! But, the moment that *The Times* was observed to slacken in its support of the Whig Ministry, and that moment was when it delayed an approval of

the New Poor Law of 1834, Liberal capitalists were in the market, and *The Morning Chronicle* became the property of Mr., afterwards Sir John, Easthope. Here was thought to be an opening, and advantage was immediately taken of it. Then followed Sir Robert Peel's short ministry, and the hearty support of it by *The Times*; issuing in a large withdrawal of its subscribers, and their transference to *The Chronicle*. But the men who then conducted *The Times*, knew what they were about; and, in a few years more, Sir Robert was at the head of the strongest and most popular ministry that the country had known since the passing of the Reform Bill. Easthope was a Whig dissenting stockbroker, and the Whigs made him afterwards a baronet. But literary posterity will remember him only as the friend and correspondent of John Foster, the Essayist. Black was still editor, and the last nine years of his editorship (1834—43), were those during which *The Chronicle* was conducted with the greatest ability, though perhaps not (commercially), with the greatest success. Indeed, there was, at this time, quite a notable development of Liberal literature; for, when Easthope was buying *The Chronicle*, Sir William Molesworth was founding *The London Review*, which soon afterwards coalescing with *The Westminster*, formed under the editorship of John Stuart Mill, and John Robertson, a really excellent Quarterly. In *The Chronicle*, more than one of the ablest London and Westminster Reviewers were at work. Mr. W. J. Fox uttered thunder of a reforming kind, in sound and volume not at all inferior to the best of *The Times*. John Robertson, who, like Perry, was an Aberdeen man, produced newspaper writing, strong, clear, and sincere; belonging to the best of its kind. Charles Buller would drop in after the night's debate in the House, and throw off a lucid and dexterous leader on the topic just discussed. And another Charles, who has become known in other ways—Charles Mackay—dates his first connexion with *The Chronicle* from 1834, when his publication of a small volume of poems introduced him to the favorable notice of Black. Nay, there is still another Charles, whose first literary distinction arose out of a connexion with *The Chronicle* of this period. Dickens was a reporter on *The Chronicle*, under Black, with "a reputation as a first-rate man, his reports being exceedingly rapid, and no less correct." It was in the evening edition of *The Chronicle*, that first appeared the "Sketches of English Life

and Character," afterwards collected and republished as *Sketches by Boz*. Black was delighted with the first of them, and encouraged the young litterateur with panegyrics in broad Scotch:—"You're a very clever young mon, Maister Dickens; eh, mon, ye're quite a genius!"

Black, after a three-and-thirty years' connexion with *The Chronicle*, departed from the editorship in 1843. He was not sufficiently compliant for the Whigs; he cared too much for the measures and too little for men; and when he left, Mr. Fox, now the Publicola of *The Dispatch*, left with him. A more supple and obedient editor was found in one Doyle, who had compiled the Foreign news, and whom the Whigs, on their return to power in 1847, made an inspector of some kind or other. Doyle was a person of slender ability, but of great political docility; ever ready to have Lord Palmerston waited on for ideas, when an article on foreign policy was in contemplation. The country, however, was clearly with Peel; the wisdom of *The Times'* former tactics was confirmed by events; and the Leading Journal once more absorbed all the newspaper political capital that could be made out of the Repeal of the Corn-Laws. Among the contributors to *The Chronicle*, under Doyle's editorship, were Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. Parker, afterwards a Whig Lord of the Admiralty, now the rejected of Sheffield, Mr. John Stuart Mill, the famed political economist, and Mr. John Forster, at present editor of *The Examiner*. Among Doyle's subordinates there occur to us only two as worth a mention—both of them, however, men of decided mark—Frank Ross and Philip Harwood. Ross never published but two books (both anonymous), a work on *Sir Robert Peel and his Times*, and a curious little piece, *The Autobiography of Peter Jones*, both of them worth reading in their day. He spread his politico-literary activity far and wide over the provincial press, in the "Own Correspondent" and London-editorial way. A man of infinite newspaper-faculty, who, in the twinkling of an eye, covered you an acre of paper with flowing genial writing—writing too, full of an information of its own, for Ross had a sharp glance into political and personal character, and a hearty contempt for cant and humbug of all kinds, he, when he departed to Australia, was a loss to the provincial press that will not be easily made amends for—yes, and a loss to the British press in general, for that of the provinces reacts powerfully on the metropolitan. How

he made one Manchester newspaper and founded another; how he strove to dart a ray if not of sunshine, then of moonshine into the vile murk of manufacturing radicalism; how he did battle with the ex-jesuits and miscellaneous swindlers that infest Lancashire journalism, must remain over to be told when we come to speak of the Manchester press. A superior person in point of culture was, and is, Philip Harwood, originally a Unitarian minister in the country parts of England, afterwards assistant to Mr. Fox, at Finsbury, where he expounded Strauss to sceptical city-clerks, and finally secular Sunday lecturer at the Beaumont Institution, which the Court of Chancery shut up. He quarrelled with the Unitarians as all their men of mark do. When he left them, he said: "I will find a sect or found one;"—a prophecy that remains unfulfilled. Harwood's first striking appearance in literature was a series of articles in *The Westminster Review* (about 1845), on the political personages of the day, such as Sir Robert Peel, Charles James of London, and that questionable politician Sir James Graham, whom Philip cut up into very small pieces.

Under Doyle, *The Chronicle* hobbled on for three or four years, but the incubus of Whiggery was upon it; and, when *The Daily News* was started, at the beginning of 1846, all newspapermen saw that it had two feet in the grave, and must die or be born again. Soon afterwards, Sir Robert's "strong ministry" was wrecked, and his followers were at sea—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*! Let us buy a paper, said they, and keep our names and our policy before the public eye: *The Chronicle* was bought, and old Delaine, from *The Times*, was made its manager. The policy seemed a simple one: to abuse the Whigs, to abuse the Tories, and to praise ourselves. But, without some more earnest course, a newspaper, in these days, cannot live; and the Peelites had no other policy at all. There was an admirable opening for a Conservative Journal, which would have propounded feasible reforms without seeking to call in the aid of the mob. Alas! however, *The Chronicle* has not propounded the feasible reforms, and has sought to call in the aid of the mob, to do—nothing! In the State, for instance, to preach extension of the suffrage at home would not have suited; for that extension would have swept away the Peelite party. But for the Colonies the utmost local self-government was demanded, echoing the cry of Gladstone and his Colonial Reform Society. Foolish

Peelites! Foolish *Chronicle*! Not a recommendation even of Adam Smith's sagacious proposal that the Colonies should send representatives to the Imperial Legislature; but a shout for entire independence and local self-government, involving the right of the Colonies to set up hostile tariffs, and ignoring the possibility of dissensions yonder that could only be stilled by interference from here. Then, as regards the Church, something called "synodical action" was recommended as the sole panacea for its woes:—an introduction, in fact, of the democratic element into its constitution. A spice of democracy may do well enough in the Scottish Presbyterian Churches, whose doctrine is rigid and unmitigable; but could the Church of England, avowedly founded on compromise, subsist in unity for a day in the company of a democratic element? Reform or change for the English Church, planned from above by the flower of the intelligence and piety of the nation, might be beneficially realized; but who, with candid eyes, does not see the perils of general "synodical action?"

One great enterprise was certainly attempted by the new managers of *The Morning Chronicle*, for which let them receive all praise—their abortive series of inquiries into Labor and the Poor at home and abroad. Its best well-wishers, however, could not blind themselves to the fact that such an enterprise, though, perhaps, within the grasp of a highly successful newspaper, was beyond the powers of one merely struggling for success. Shame, if not upon successful newspapers, then upon Governments, that they have not attempted these inquiries. Yet the managers of *The Chronicle* committed a fatal error when they dismissed Mr. Mayhew for insisting, in his reports on London Labor and the London Poor, that sudden free trade and exposure to the unrestricted competition of foreign artisans, had done partial mischief to here and there an isolated class of workers. The most admiring friend of free trade never denied that its sudden realization must cause distress, and even Mr. Gladstone voted for Mr. Disraeli's first motion respecting agricultural burdens; though, when the second motion to the same effect came on in the ensuing year, the astute member for Oxford University was absent, expending his sympathies on the tenants of King Bomba's dungeons! But the dismissal of Mr. Mayhew, for an honest representation of fact, and an honest statement of opinion, threw a partisan air

over the whole inquiries; and they have consequently died out, without any general expression of disappointment.

The present Duke of Newcastle, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert, were understood to be the Peelites originally most interested in *The Chronicle* after its transfer from Whig hands; and, when occasion arises, their praises are still chanted in it loudly. But for considerably more than a year their connexion with it, and that of Mr. Smythe, the clever ex-M.P. for Canterbury, is said to have ceased, and its management to have passed out of the hands of old Delaine into those of a Mr. Cook, a gentleman of even more than the average editorial energy, and not slow to express it in word or act. Under all dynasties, Mr. Harwood has retained, maintained, and strengthened his position, and is perhaps the virtual editor. The Peelite whose commercial connexion with *The Chronicle*, people report to be the most responsible, is Mr. Beresford Hope, the writer

of the well-known letters on Church matters signed D. C. L., a son of the famed author of *Anastasius*, and brother to the Henry Hope, with the picture-filled mansion in Piccadilly. Shirley Brookes, the dramatist, is the sub-editor and compiler of the Parliamentary summary. The burden of the writing falls upon Mr. Harwood, and it, though always ingenious, elegant, and scholarly, is sadly inferior in roll and weight to that of the *Leading Journal*. Almost every member of the small Peelite party gets the credit of being or having been a contributor to *The Chronicle*. Among other gentlemen named as frequent writers in it, are Mr. Hayward, the barrister and prose translator of *Faust*, Mr. Venables, the accomplished scholar and thinker, formerly of Cambridge, and Professor Maine, till the other day the occupant of the Civil Law Chair in that University, and newly appointed to a Law-readership by the Inns of Court in London.

MR. PUTNAM'S PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.—We recently copied from the *Westminster Review* an article in which some remarks were made, reflecting on Mr. Putnam's use of Haydn's Book of Dates in his work "The World's Progress." Mr. P. has replied to the accusations of the article, the material points of which, we are constrained, out of justice to this gentleman, to publish:

"I must protest against the reference in the *Review* to the 'World's Progress,' because it is unjust, and founded on an essential mistake. The reviewer intimates that I had misused Haydn's book by erasing some matter at the beginning and end, substituting some other selected matter, and disguising the whole by a new title. This is untrue. In the first place, my own book was first published in 1832, six or eight years before Haydn's. I was engaged diligently and faithfully for no less than three years, at intervals, upon the tables at the beginning and end of my book, nearly every page of which was compiled by myself from many original sources, and carefully copied two or three times in manuscript. And these tables (which form the important feature of the volume) are referred to by the reviewer as 'selected,' or thrust in, to disguise Mr. Haydn's work! I might, with equal propriety, assume that the plan of Mr. Haydn's work was

copied from mine, as mine had several years' priority.

"It is true that, in the new edition of my book, I have copied largely from his very valuable compilation; and I have stated so, fully and frankly, in the preface. I may have been wrong in not giving Mr. Haydn's name more prominence—but I had no intention to disguise an iota of the credit which was justly his due. It is, of course, self-evident, that any volume of this kind must necessarily be a compilation. Historical facts are public property, and originality can only be claimed for the modes of arranging and presenting them. The usefulness of such compilations as those in question must depend a good deal upon their being adapted to their intended meridian, and not encumbered too much with local details which belong specially to other countries. The question in this case is simply whether my book is a disguised reprint of Haydn's, or whether it is an original compilation, with a distinctive plan and character, in which no unusual or unacknowledged use has been made of other works. I am quite content that this should be decided by any one who will take the trouble to examine and compare the two books in question. Of course, it was never intended that the 'World's Progress' should be sold in London. Not a copy was ever sent there with my knowledge."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The fruit of the London press, during the past month, is pretty fully indicated by the following notices of new books:

"Dry Leaves from Young Egypt, by an Ex-Political, has reached a third edition in a short space. The author was an "Ex-Political," who was on actual service at the period of the scenes which he describes. He says that his experience and observations impressed him so strongly with the conviction of the harsh treatment suffered by the Amira, that he was impelled to an effort in their cause. The *Athenæum* says the "work abounds in pleasing illustrations," including several interesting portraits of the Amira."

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling, by the author of "Visiting my Relations"—a work, which the *Athenæum* describes, as "A rambling history of the writer's own restless mind,—told, we doubt not, with perfect good faith, and instructive—though not as the narrator intended. She dwells upon her own present satisfaction and serenity as though it were final,—as though, throughout the entire course of the years of spiritual intoxication which she commemorates, she had not been perpetually mistaking experiment for discovery and excitement for settled purpose. It displays a keen sense of humor,—which, however, was not keen enough to exempt its possessor from plunging into the perils of much absurdity. The value of the record, in short, must reside in the common sense of the reader, and not in that of the writer,—which, recollecting the tenor of her former essay, is strange."

The Celt, the Roman and the Saxon; a history of the Earlier Inhabitants of Britain, down to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, by Thomas Wright, Esq. The *Athenæum* says of this—"There is, however, a vast deal of valuable information, accumulated in a comparatively small compass, in the volume in our hands; and although it is more scattered than we could wish, the addition of an Index removes part of this objection."

The Life of the Rev. William Kirby, by John Freeman,—a work well received. The *Literary Gazette* calls it, "the life of a meek and gentle philosopher, a close observer of nature, a sound thinker, and a slow but assiduous writer guided by an unflinching reverence of truth, who dwelt for nearly the space of a century in a retired corner of England, employed unceasingly and without tribulation, in youth, in manhood, and in old age, examining the lilies of the field and the insects that sport and lurk among them. The life of William Kirby is, moreover, a beautiful homily of love and holy zeal, exemplary as regards the duties of the pastoral office, yet demonstrating a charm of the most substantial kind in the pursuits of the naturalist, arising mainly from the circumstance of their being followed in a language, the one universal tongue in which the different nations of the earth are permit-

ted to converse, for the glorification of God in his works. Though cloistered, so to speak, within the narrow boundary of a remote country parish, Mr. Kirby commanded the homage of the world, by the soundness and elaboracy of his researches; and many were the pleasant friendships he alone formed and sustained by the mutual interchange of letters."

The Conquerors of the New World, and their Bondsmen. The work, of which this is the second part, gives an historical and critical narrative of the principal events which led to negro slavery in the West Indies and America. The chief subjects embraced in the present volume are, the establishment of Darien colony, the discovery of the South Sea by Vasco Nunez, the expedition under Pedraria, and the occupation of Cuba. The *Literary Gazette* says, "The old and well-known stories of the early Spanish adventures and conquests in the New World are here arranged with skill and narrated with spirit."

Lectures on Ancient History, by B. G. Niebuhr translated by Dr. Schmitz. The lectures here presented to the English reader were edited and published in German by his son, Dr. Marcus Niebuhr. They were first delivered at the University of Bonn in the year 1826. Many of the papers were destroyed in Niebuhr's house in February, 1830, after which the latter part of the work was re-written. The manuscripts were constructed from various copies of notes taken by pupils, and collating these with other lectures by the historian, delivered at different times on particular points of ancient history. Dr. Schmitz has had the additional advantage of notes in his own possession, and his intimate knowledge of both languages has enabled him to make the work in its English form worthy of praise for literary excellence as well as for being a faithful record of the historian's lectures. The period embraced in the course reaches from the earliest times down to the taking of Alexandria by the Romans.

Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas, by George Fowler, Esq. The first volume of this work has only appeared. The *Literary Gazette* says it "proposes to describe both the political history and the social progress of the Russian Empire, in the form of biographies of the sovereigns from the earliest period to the present day. The first volume contains the reigns of the early rulers down to Peter the Great. The second is to commence with the reign of Catherine I, and will include that of Catherine II. The reign of Alexander will occupy a large portion of the remainder of the work. The author promises also to append to his last volume statistics of the Russian Empire, with notices of the people, customs, laws, policy, commerce, religion, with a variety of miscellaneous matter. The knowledge of the country is derived partly from personal observation, Mr. Fowler having resided in various parts of the empire, and

having visited the trans-Caucasian tribes of Asiatic Russia. The author shows little skill in managing his materials, but has exercised great industry in procuring them."

A treatise on the methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics, by George Cornewall Lewis, Esq. 2 volumes. The subject of this work, is declared in the body of it, to be co-extensive with what is commonly called Social Science, or Sociology. It is highly spoken of by the *Spectator*, which says that "for those who delight to be ever deviating from the straight path of continuous thought, a charming flowery land is provided, in meadows of notes from all kinds of writers, and in many languages. Nor will the reader who is more intent upon his progress, and more economical of his time, be sorry to be furnished by one so widely read as Mr. Lewis with a guide to the literature of this most interesting and important subject."

Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain, by James Kennedy—a work of some pretensions, which the critics seem indisposed to accede to. The *Athenæum* thinks, "his critical remarks on the authors, and his choice of the pieces taken from their works, do not evince a judgment much conversant with æsthetic studies; his own versions give but slight evidence of those natural gifts which sometimes unconsciously supply the want of genial culture. Indeed, his practice, to judge by these essays, is at least as deficient as his theory of poetry. Of this part of his qualifications every reader of the volume can judge for himself; and few will deny that, if the Poets whom Mr. Kennedy extols have been judiciously admired, he has sadly failed in transferring their beauties to our language.—It may further be doubted whether Mr. Kennedy possesses that general knowledge of Spanish literature which should precede any attempt to review its latest productions."

Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest, by Mrs. Mary Anne Everett Green, has reached its fourth volume. The present volume comprises short notices of the three youngest daughters of Edward the Fourth,—but is principally occupied by an extended memoir of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, and wife to James the Fourth of Scotland. The work is generally well spoken of. The *Athenæum* pronounces the present volume a "carefully written life of Margaret, Queen of Scotland."

The Great Exhibition Reviewed, by Dr. Lardner, was looked for with interest, after all that had been written on this subject. But it disappoints his friends. The *Athenæum* characterizes it as "A few essays, hastily written during the height of the Exhibition and contributed to the *Times*, have here been 'collected' and in some cases enlarged by the author;" and to these have been added a Lecture by Baron C. Dupin, and a selection of reviews published in the *Journal des Débats*,—forming together a volume of upwards of six hundred pages. All that portion which comes from the pen of Dr. Lardner is of the most rambling character,—and every page bears marks of haste and carelessness."

Dr. Whewell's History of Moral Philosophy in England, is a work of great importance. It is usually well spoken of, though the *Spectator* criticises its method, probably with justice, as follows:

"Unfortunately, Dr. Whewell is a man who has

too many pursuits and occupations to attain perfection in them all. The design of these lectures is admirable, aiming at an exhibition in detail of the development of the two sides of moral speculation among us, and at showing how the state of society and the progress of other branches of science acted upon this development. Enough of this design has been executed to prove how interesting the writer might have made his theme, had he bestowed upon it more time and more thought; but in their present shape the lectures are scarcely more than a rough draught put in order for delivery—notes taken and remarks made during the perusal of the writers who form the subject of the inquiry. The connexion between the writers, the relation their systems bore to each other in the way of correction, modification, advance, or retrogression, is very inadequately made out, though every page bears evidence that such an organic growth was present to the author's mind, and only needed patience and thought to realize it for the reader. Thus the book is more the annals than the history of philosophy in England; and in this respect is inferior to the treatise contributed by Mr. Maurice to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which, sketchy as it is, yet seizes the method and the central truth of each writer, and exhibits the series as a necessary progress, of which no stage was superfluous or without modifying effects upon all those which succeeded. Dr. Whewell, on the contrary, collects the opinions of writers, instead of exhibiting their methods; dwells on their phraseology, instead of penetrating to the truth they attempted to express by their phraseology,—exceedingly useful as a first process, but not satisfactory as a final result, and leaving upon the mind an impression that the author deals with these subjects as scholastic exercises, not as the records of the life struggles of humanity to solve 'the painful riddle of the world.' There is a superficiality of insight quite reconcileable with great knowledge, or at least great learning, as there is depth of insight often found in union with ignorance; and, undeniably extensive as Dr. Whewell's learning is, we could be well content to spare some of it for an occasional flash of that penetrating spirit which belongs to men whose studies in moral philosophy have been in the conflicts of their own souls as well as in the books of the school."

Capt. McKennon's Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches are thus noticed by the *Spectator*:

"He is a devoted admirer of the character of the Americans, and of the material advance of the States; perhaps without sufficient critical discrimination. It is difficult to combine opposites. The reckless audacity and restless activity of youth are seldom found with the staidness and steadiness of middle age or advancing life; yet it does not follow that the one is abstractedly preferable to the other—we cannot be old and young at the same time. John Bull is self-opinionated, slow, and difficult to move out of his old ways; defects, no doubt, but accompanied by a firmness and tenacity of purpose which rather increase under obstacles, and enable him to pull through disasters. He has also got old-fashioned notions, in spite of the march of intellect; and his limitation of a field for industry (as compared with America) may make him somewhat sluggish and indisposed to adapt himself to new circumstances; but it gives greater thoroughness to what he does. Captain Mackinnon admits that there is little of completeness in American work or

American acquirements. The Americans, too, are quickly used up—a short-lived people. According to statistics, only four in a hundred live to sixty; and almost every age is anticipated. There is no such thing as youth, hardly as childhood. In speaking of the rapid advance of the new States in America, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that repudiation past, and, if not repudiation to come, very reckless borrowing have something to do with it."

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, a great Shaksperian enthusiast, has issued a prospectus of a new edition of Shakspeare, to be published in twenty folio volumes, corresponding in size with the first collective edition of 1623, and to contain numerous fac-similes from that imprint. Each play, as Mr. Halliwell states, will be accompanied "by every kind of useful, literary and antiquarian illustration, extending to complete copies of all tales, novels, or dramas on which it is founded, and entire impressions of the first sketches in the cases of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Hamlet,' &c." Mr. Fairholt is to superintend the illustrative department, which will be enriched by fac-similes of the Stratford monument, and the portrait given with the first edition—these being "undoubted" portraits of the poet. The twenty volumes are to cost forty guineas—to be issued in six years—and to be limited to one hundred and fifty copies.

M. Victor Hugo, it is reported, has contracted with the firm of Dulau & Co., of London, for the publication of a work to be entitled "Napoléon le Petit."

Dr. Thomas Thompson, Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, died on the 2d of the month, at the advanced age of eighty years. He had occupied the chemical chair for nearly half a century. Dr. Thomas Thompson was the author of the "History of Chemistry," an extended work on chemistry and the allied sciences, heat and electricity; and in connection with his nephew, Dr. R. D. Thompson, he published annual reports on the Progress of Chemical Science, &c.

A new edition of Pascal's *Pensées* has been published by Prof. Havet, of the Ecole Normale. Prof. Havet's doings in the premises are described thus by the *Literary Gazette*:

"He has improved on it by correcting the errors, few, however, in number, which crept in; by instituting a comparison between the original text of Pascal, and that amended by the ecclesiastics of the Port Royal—often to the serious injury, and in some cases, complete perversion, of the author's meaning; by clearing up the numerous obscurities which exist; by bringing forward one 'pensée' to the elucidation of another; by citing at length the passages in the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, Epictetus, Montaigne, Descartes, Balzac, or Grotius, to which Pascal occasionally referred, or from which he borrowed some of his ideas; and by giving learned and philosophical commentaries; the whole being preceded, in addition to the well-known life of Pascal by his sister, with a profound and elegantly written *étude* on his writings, and concluded by a very elaborate table of contents and remarkable expressions."

The Germania of Tacitus, with ethnological dissertations by R. G. Latham. This is not a critical work. Its distinguishing feature is the great pro-

minence given in it to ethnological investigations. The *Athenæum* speaks of the editor thus highly:—"As to Dr. Latham's high qualifications for exercising with advantage the right of censorship over Tacitus himself in ethnological matters, there cannot be a doubt. He has long pursued investigations of this sort with a zeal and success peculiarly his own; as his admirable treatises on them abundantly testify,—not to mention his various works on the English language. We question whether any other writer is so capable of filling up the void created by the death of Dr. Prichard, the most eminent of English ethnologists. Dr. Latham seems to have caught something of that great philosopher's deep interest in this comparatively infant science, to be emulating his depth and variety of knowledge, and to exhibit a similar patience in the investigation of difficult points. His speculations are bold, but not rash. He is decided, without being dogmatic in his opinions. Whatever differences of opinion may exist with regard to some of Dr. Latham's conclusions, every competent reader will admire the learning and philosophy with which the work abounds."

China during the War and since the Peace, by Sir John Davis. 2 vols. The *Spectator* describes this work as "the result of Sir John Davis's latest official experience in China, as Governor of Hongkong. They contain—1. the Chinese account of the late war, drawn up from captured documents and Chinese publications; 2. the author's observations during his official experience, with a passing account of his own government, and a view of the present disorganized state of the Celestial Empire; 3. notices of the present state and probable future of the Indo-Chinese countries—Japan, Corea, Cochinchina, Siam. Each of these sections has an interest of its own, always informing, often directly or suggestively practical."

Adventures and Recollections of Colonel Landmann. The *Spectator*, in eulogizing this work, remarks that the "period of time to which his reminiscences reach refer to a state of society very widely different in many things from that in which we now live. Precise as we may think the age of our grandfathers, liberties were tolerated then that would be sternly censured now: jovial doings were common among the highest classes, that if known to be perpetrated at present would shock the world; and in Canada, as well as at home, a man of society required a very hard head. Yet with all its external rigidity and etiquette, and its rather coarse vices, there was perhaps more of geniality and real good feeling—more of a disposition to live and let live, and what is rarer, to let people live as they please—than obtains at present."

Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Greece, by David Patterson. Mr. Patterson is asserted by the *Literary Gazette*, to have begun "his journey as one of the school called 'Puseyites,' whose characteristic it is to maintain Catholic belief on Protestant principles. But long before reaching the Holy Land he was a confirmed Romanist. In avoiding scepticism he rushed to the extreme of superstition. Not only his own eyes, and ears, and reason, throughout the journey, but now his work as it is published, he tells us, 'is submitted without reservation to the authority of the Church.' To those who are like-minded, the journal of Mr. Patterson's pilgrimage may present theme-

of pious wonder, but most readers will peruse his pages with mingled pity and astonishment."

Under the quaint title of *The Contemplative Man's Library*, intended for "the thinking few," a new edition of Isaac Walton's *Lives*, with biographical and illustrative notes, is appearing in parts. The *Life of Dr. John Donne*, Dean of St. Paul's, is contained in the first number, to be followed by the lives of Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. The sixth and concluding part will contain the life of Isaac Walton, newly written for this edition. Steel-engraved portraits, with frequent woodcuts, will embellish the work.

A bibliographical work on theology and kindred subjects, *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*, is being published, by subscription, which will be a useful index to general theological literature. In the first volume the arrangement of authors and works is alphabetical; in the second, a *catalogue raisonné* of all departments of theology under common-places in scientific order will be presented. Of special value to theological students, this "*Cyclopædia*" will also prove an important contribution to general literature.

The Rhine and Reformation, is a polemico-descriptive account of the chief Protestant scenes of Germany, and is written by the Rev. Joseph Denman Smith of Dublin. After a tour on the Continent, Mr. Smith delivered at the Rotunda two lectures, the substance of which is presented in this volume. The book is professedly less a record of travels than an argument for the cause of the Protestant Reformation.

Life on Board an Emigrant Ship, by the Rev. J. Davis Mereweather, a diary composed of the ordinary occurrences of a voyage to Australia, interspersed with ecclesiastical remarks.

Investments for the Working Classes, by W. R. Greg, a reprint of an article in the "Edinburgh Review" for April, which has excited considerable attention.

In "The Book-Case," a number entitled *Remarkable Events in the Career of Napoleon*, could hardly fail to present interesting reading; but the compiler does not display much judgment or taste in the management of his subject.

A third edition of *Dr. Forbes's Physician's Holiday* (12), with a map and illustrations, commends itself by its cheap form to all lovers of a hale vigorous style; Dr. Forbes, the *Examiner* pronounces "the right man to travel with, and we have no doubt that his third edition will become a fourth."

Messrs. Longman's *Travellers' Library*, Nos. 23 and 24, contains two instructive and pleasant books—Mr. Hope's "Britanny and the Bible," and "The Natural History of Creation, a Popular Account of the Circulation of the Blood, and how we Breathe, Digest, Live, and Die," by Dr. Kelly.

History of the Painters of all Nations, translated from M. Charles Blanc, and published with portraits and illustrations from their works, under the direction of Mr. Digby Wyatt. The *Examiner* thinks the work, of which the design is excellent, "begins in a way well worthy of encouragement."

Mr. Bogue has boldly entered the lists against the

Hand-books of Mr. Murray, by supplying *Bogue's Guides for Travellers*, in a cheaper form. The first volume is now before us, which clears for six shillings Belgium and the Rhine. In these guides the by-ways are omitted, and railway and steamboat routes only are followed. They will be guide books, therefore, for the flying excursionist, rather than for the steady traveller who likes to grope into the bowels of a land.

Specimens of the *Poetry and Poets of Britain from Chaucer to Tennyson*, with biographical sketches of each, do justice to the taste of Mr. Seymour, by whom they have been well selected, tersely and fitly introduced, and at the same time illustrated with sufficient notes.

The third volume of the library edition of the *Waverley Novels*, also published by the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, contains the "Antiquary" in a single volume, handsomely printed. The series, when complete, will be an addition of Scott's novels hitting the happy mean between the sumptuous and the cheap. It is to be heartily commended on that account.

Mr. Bohn now publishes in his *Standard Library* a collection of *Miss Bremer's Tales*, beginning with "The Neighbors," and others, translated by Mrs. Howitt; a very acceptable addition to his well-selected series.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

Mr. Stiles' *Austria* in 1848-9, published by the HARRIS, and republished in London by Sampson Low, elicits general praise. The *Examiner* calls it "a carefully-written and very interesting history of the recent political convulsions of Austria, undertaken in the most favorable circumstances by a writer who was in the proper place and in the right capacity—we may add also, who had the judgment requisite for obtaining the best material."

The history thus written is impartial and full. Mr. Stiles is moderate in his own views and states them modestly. He prefaces his volumes with an historical introduction, which sketches the growth of Austria, the manner in which her provinces have become connected with the empire, and the character of her foreign and home policy up to the Vienna Revolution in March 1848. As other risings of the people come to be discussed, in Venice, Prague, and elsewhere, each is prefaced by so full a sketch of the previous history of town or country, as well as of race, from its origin to the date of outbreak, that all the information needed for a fair appreciation of the causes of revolt is in each case satisfactorily supplied. In this respect Mr. Stiles's work will probably retain its value long after the immediate interest of the political movements described in it shall have passed away.

Arvine's *Cyclopædia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts*, published by GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, is very favorably noticed in the best London critical journals. The *Literary Gazette* says: "This will be found by all manner of literary men and artists an exceedingly amusing commonplace—or parlor-window—book. There is an American tone in it, moreover, for which we like it none the less. Some of the anecdotes are a trifle apocryphal, being derived from sources the authenticity of which could not be tested by the compiler;—others relate with rather a startling intimacy to our own

'homes and haunts,' being derived not merely from the publication of American "Pencilers," such as Miss Sedgwick, Mr. N. P. Willis, and such well-known travellers, but, apparently, from private correspondence, journals, &c. &c. The purely literary matter, even, has the tinge of a sky beyond the horizon of our Southey's and Diarælia who have loved to accumulate curiosities. By the quality no less than by the fulness and versatility of this collection have we again been led to speculate hopefully on the intense curiosity which prevails in the New World with regard to all manner of works of art and imagination, and to the thoughts and lives of those who produce them. The *Athenæum* also says that "it may be recommended as a plain, continuous, and conscientious narrative to all those who would like to have the events to which it refers brought before them in the compass of one book, so as to be saved the trouble of turning over many."

The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, have been reprinted by Roulledge. The *Literary Gazette* remarks of it: "There are strains of didactic thought, humorous fancy, pathetic feeling—there is an Augustan sonority and neatness of versification—in the poems of Dr. Holmes, which by turns remind us of the Prize Poets of our Colleges—of Crabbe, who minutely wrought out the homeliest themes in heroic metre—of William Spencer's drawing-room lyrics, light as gossamer and sentimental as music on a lake—and of "Whistlecraft." Yet, there is nothing like gross or direct imitation in this worthy little volume. It must be described as containing the poetry of a University man—a man of the world, too, loving social pleasures, skirmishes of wit, and exercises of intellect,—anything but a hermit, or dreamer, or martyr-student, or others such visionary passionately sick of society, and no less passionately in love with waterfall, mountains, the moon, the sea, and some one nameless Lady."

The *Athenæum* likewise says, "America has its Diarælia in Mr. Arvine, who with curious research and unwearied industry, has collected in this huge volume an immense variety of the curiosities and memorabilia of literature and the fine arts. On some of these subjects the book is more copious than any other of the kind, and from the best known anecdotal works judicious selection has been made. In such works American authors have hitherto occupied little space, but Mr. Arvine gives to Transatlantic facts and incidents a prominence which his countrymen will contemplate with pride, and European readers regard with curiosity and interest. The full and well-arranged indexes of names and subjects render the volume as useful for reference as it is amusing for reading."

The *Examiner* notices MERRIAM's edition of *Webster's Dictionary* as follows: "Among books of reference in this country, a good English Dictionary is to be desired in most houses, and we are glad to see that an edition of Webster's Dictionary as revised and enlarged by Chauncey Goodrich, and supplied with all that can be expected in the way of pronunciation (Walker's Key being included), definition, derivation, and authority for the use of words, has been published in one thick and closely-printed

volume, at an exceedingly cheap price. Among English Dictionaries that cost less than a sovereign, this edition of Webster's is undoubtedly the best. We as heartily commend it in its new and surprisingly cheap form, as we have heretofore done in every other."

The Days of Bruce, by Grace Aguilar, is noticed by the *Athenæum*, as being "among the weakest of Miss Grace Aguilar's productions, merely because its subject was one of the highest, most hackneyed, and most remote in period, of those taken in hand by her during the early-closed and busy years of her apprenticeship."

The Blithedale Romance of Mr. Hawthorne, published by TICKNOR & Co. of Boston, has been republished in London by CHAPMAN & HALL. The *Examiner* lauds it very highly and discriminatingly. It says "the high reputation enjoyed and deserved by Mr. Hawthorne both in England and America, will neither be raised nor lowered by the 'Blithedale Romance.' The novel does not surpass in merit, we think does not equal, either the 'Scarlet Letter' or the 'House of the Seven Gables;' but it is a good story, full of picturesque writing and romantic incident, well marked with the distinctive stamp of Mr. Hawthorne's genius. In the selection of a quaint, unacknowledged subject, Mr. Hawthorne has in his former novels shown great skill; and the 'Blithedale Romance' is another example of the same tact in avoiding worn-out themes. Blithedale is a farm on which a set of people, weary of the old world and desirous of a new order of things, join in the endeavor to establish a community of brothers and sisters, levelling all worldly rank; the fine ladies and gentlemen awake to the blast of the farmer's horn very early in the morning, to go a milking and to labor in the fields till breakfast time. The machinery of the community has not been chosen as the groundwork of a lecture for or against Communism; it is simply employed, by the way of romance, as a novel and quaint expedient for throwing together under new circumstances people with characters strongly marked, and weaving them together into a tale of abundant action and passion. The narrative is even more rapid in the 'Blithedale Romance' than in some of Mr. Hawthorne's former works, for example, in the 'House of the Seven Gables.' The idea of Blithedale was suggested by a similar experiment in which Mr. Hawthorne himself participated some ten years ago, at Brook Farm in Roxbury. The characters of the book, however, and the tale in which they move, are pure romance, and of the warmest color."

America as I found it, by the author of "A Memoir of Mary Lundy Duncan," republished by the CARTERS, New York, is thus noticed by the *Athenæum*: "This is a series of sketches of American society in which fact and reflection are pretty equally blended. What of fact the book contains relates chiefly to the educational, ecclesiastical, and philanthropic institutions of the United States, of which many interesting details are given;—the reflections are of a genial, sensible, and pious nature, and bear a tinge of Scottish Presbyterianism."



ENJOINED BY STATUTE: THE ORIGINAL OF JOHN LEARY.

THE ANTIQUARY SOCIETY OF LONDON, AND THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND.

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OCTOBER, 1852.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD,

WITH A PORTRAIT.

MAY the day be distant when it shall be deemed expedient to present the public with a memoir of the charming authoress whose portrait graces our present number. In her delightful work, published recently, and which she has called "Recollections of a Literary Life," Miss Mitford has so nearly indicated her age, that we suspect we shall not be wrong if we affirm that she was born in the same year that ushered into the world Lord Byron, and our great lamented statesman, Sir Robert Peel.

There are, we suppose, very few of our readers who are not aware of the fame Miss Mitford acquired by her village sketches, and there are not many, we trust, who have not added to their stock of pleasure by a perusal of them. They are truly exquisite—as perfect, after their kind, as anything of Goldsmith or Washington Irving. To characterize them, we must go to a kindred art. They have not (as, indeed, the authoress sought not to bestow upon them) the classic grace of Wilson; still less do we discover in them the vigor and rough truthfulness of Consta-

ble; but you will see written pictures from her hand that have doubtless delighted Creswick, and in-door scenes that might have inspired Wilkie.

We believe Mary Russell Mitford to be one of the most genial and constitutionally happy of human creatures. Had she been otherwise, some slight sensation of pain might linger in her breast that the fame of "Our Village" should have somewhat obscured the reputation which she has shown herself fully capable of earning in poetry and the drama. This is, however, what all must expect to whom bounteous Nature assigns various abilities. The world will not recognize, at least on the instant, two kinds of excellence in the same individual; and "Watlington Hill," a poem, and the plays of "Julian," "Foscari," and "Charles the First," containing many passages of extreme beauty and power, comparatively unknown, would have won an enviable fame for anybody but Mary Russell Mitford.

Yet let us not be unjust to the world or to the authoress. Well do we remember the triumph she achieved by her "Rienzi,"—a

triumph heightened, but not created, by one of the greatest actors (Charles Young) that ever trod the boards, and by the graceful personation of Miss Phillips. The noble speech of Rienzi, immediately preceding his murder, will of itself set Miss Mitford in a high rank amongst dramatists.

Our authoress has greatly added to the obligations we must all feel so much pleasure in acknowledging, by the publication of her "Recollections of a Literary Life." Let us hold a little gossip with the little lady, respecting the matters she discourses about in these three unique and delightful volumes, in the same frank and honest spirit in which they are written.

There sits Miss Mitford in a large chair, not quite so young as she was when she charmed all homesteads and hearth-stones with pictures of her own quiet Berkshire village, before railroads came to destroy the pretty wayside inns, where travellers used to be so snug and comfortable in tiny carpeted rooms with dimity curtains and glass cupboards full of antediluvian china: when little Red-riding-hoods were as plenty as blackberries, and the gipsies were never at a loss for secluded nooks and dells, where they could camp and cook, and tell stories under the hedge-rows, with a feeling of solitude and security they can never enjoy again in merry England. That was a long, long time ago; yet Mary Russell Mitford looks as ready as she was in her brightest days to enter with a relishing zest into the garden delights and book pleasures that have formed the occupation and happiness of her life, and made her name known and welcome wherever natural description and unaffected feeling are truly appreciated.

There she sits, with as homely and good-humored an air as if, instead of writing books and holding correspondence with half the celebrities of her time, she had no other vocation in this world than to attend to domestic affairs, prune shrubs on the lawn, dispense flannels at Christmas to the poor, and look after a neighboring school. Beside her chair stands her constant companion, a remarkable stick, with an odd sort of a head to it; and to make her actual presence the more palpable she should be surrounded by her inseparable friends—Fanchon, her little dog, that might be crouched at her feet, with its sensitive ears lifting and falling at every sound; her neat maid Nancy, watching her on a low stool, and her boy Henry (we hope he is still a boy, and that he will contrive,

for her sake, to continue so) standing behind her chair.

That stick has a biography all to itself, and a very curious one it is. Sixty years ago it was a stick of quality, and belonged to some Dowager Duchess of Athol, who has no more reality for us than one of the embroidered ladies in an old piece of tapestry. So far as its original owner is concerned, the stick, for aught we know to the contrary, may be a phantom-stick, or a witch-stick; but, be that as it may, Miss Mitford's father bought it at the sale of Berkshire House, where it was huddled by the auctioneer into a lot of old umbrellas, watering-pots, and flower-stands. It was then light, straight, and slender, nearly four feet high, polished, veined, and of a yellowish color, and of the order called a crook, such, says Miss Mitford, who is evidently very particular about it, as may be seen upon a chimney-piece figuring in the hand of some trim shepherdess of Dresden china. First, the housekeeper carried this stick—then, when the housekeeper died, Miss Mitford's mother took possession of it; and from her it descended to Miss Mitford herself, who, first out of whim, and afterwards from habit and necessity, made it her trusty supporter on all occasions. The adventures of that stick are as full of perils and hair-breadth escapes as ever befell a South Sea whaler, or a Hudson's Bay trapper. Once it was lost in a fair, once forgotten in a marquee at a cricket match, and at another time stolen by a little boy, which cost its mistress a ten miles' walk for its recovery. But the worst calamity that befell it was when, in the act of drawing down a rich branch of woodbine from the top of a hedge, its ivory crook came off, falling into a muddy ditch, and sinking so irretrievably that it was never recovered. The crook, it seems, was very handsome, and was bound with a silver rim, imparting a lady-like appearance to the stick, which, at the first sight, gave you a hint of its aristocratic origin. In this extremity it was sent to a parasol-shop to have a new crook put on, but the stupid people first docked many inches of its height, and then put on a bone umbrella-top that fell off of its own accord in a few days. A good-natured friend remedied the second loss by fastening on an ebony top, which looks, after four or five years' wear, a little graver, "and more fit for the poor old mistress, who having at first taken to a staff in sport, is now so lame as to be unable to walk without one." The memoirs

of a walking-stick may strike our readers as a mere waste of words and paper; but it is surprising what slight incidents rise into importance and interest in a country life, and how much the reality of its portraiture is indebted to trivial, but by no means unessential features. At all events, Miss Mitford's stick is a stick of note, and should no more be passed over in silence than the ruff of Queen Elizabeth, or the flowing ringlets of Congreve.

Miss Mitford's life seems to have opened upon her in that page of the old quarto edition of "*Percy's Reliques*," where the ballad of the "*Children in the Wood*" is to be found. It is the first book, almost the first event she remembers. They used to put her upon a table before she was three years old, and when she was, as she says, only a sort in twin-sister to her own doll, to make her read leading articles out of the morning papers; and the reward for this terrible penance was to hear her mother recite the "*Children in the Wood*," just as children are rewarded for taking nauseous things by a promise of a lump of sugar. At last she got possession of the volumes themselves, and made acquaintance with the rest of the ballads, which possess as great a charm for her now as they did then; and she never looks upon the old books—the very same edition Dr. Johnson used to treat with a very learned and unwise superciliousness—that the days of her childhood, or dollhood, do not come vividly back upon her.

She still keeps to the Percy collection. She does not seem to care about the lore that has been dug up since, or the antiquarian research that has come to the illustration of our old English poetry. Even the first edition contents her—she will have no other—she has an affection for it—it is enough for her purpose—it recalls the happy time when its pages disclosed a new world of enchantments to her—and she holds it in reverence amongst her literary penates. There is nothing in her reminiscences to show that she troubles herself about Percy societies, or Shakspeare societies, that she has ever dipped into Notes and Queries, or would think herself obliged to the officious critic who should detect a flaw in her two precious quarto volumes. The faith and the enthusiasm of childhood still cling to the well-known book, and would be very much put out by being disturbed at their devotions. And this is the character of Miss Mitford's mind. She would rather believe in an old tradition than have it dis-

pelled by the detective police that go about exploring chronicles and ferreting out damaging facts. She thinks a pleasant delusion better than a disagreeable truth; and it is to this fondness for old books, and old places, and the old stories that have grown up into a popular creed about them, that we may trace the paramount charm of simplicity and trustfulness, the cheerful spirit and the teeming good-nature which abound in her writings.

To us, we must acknowledge, this freshness of the heart and entire freedom of the imagination, is very delightful. Miss Mitford is not a critic; but she is something a great deal better and more agreeable. She is of too enjoyable a temperament for a critic; she has not a tinge of the malice or perversity of criticism in her genial nature. For this reason, her opinions are sometimes slightly heterodox, but it is always on the side of a good will, and a hearty admiration of some gracious or gentle quality which she has been at the pains to discover, and which few people would take the trouble to look for. She speaks rapturously of Davis's "*Life of Curran*;" has such innocent rural views of literature, that she thinks nobody reads Pope and Dryden now, and that George Darley is unknown as a poet to the English public; detects a close resemblance between the Irish novels of Banim and the romanticist creations of Victor Hugo, Sue, Dumas, and the rest of that school; thinks that few works are better worth reading than Moncton Milnes' "*Life of Keats*," not only for the sake of Keats, but of his "generous benefactors, Sir James Clarke and Mr. Severn;" regrets that certain works have fallen into oblivion, from which no effort of fashionable or literary patronage can redeem them; considers Willis, Lowell, and Poe great American poets; and hopes that Richardson's novels and Walpole's letters will never come to an end. Nobody's judgment can suffer any damage from such amiable notions; and the world is always sure to derive benefit from the kindly spirit that overlooks a hundred defects and follies for the sake of a single virtue it finds hidden beneath them. We wish there were more Miss Mitfords, with her intellect, to set us so influential an example of toleration and a willingness to be pleased.

She confesses that she was a spoilt child, and that papa spoilt her. It is evident, from what we have just said, that sudden and high as was the growth of her reputation, the public have not spoilt her. What the applause of critics and the admiration of her reader-

failed to do, papa did. "Not content with spoiling me in doors, he spoilt me out. How well I remember his carrying me round the orchard on his shoulder, holding fast my little three-year-old feet, whilst the little hands hung on to his pig-tail, which I called my bridle (those were days of pig-tails), hung so fast, and lugged so heartily, that sometimes the ribbon would come off between my fingers, and send his hair floating, and the powder flying down his back." The papa who thus made her first acquainted with the orchard, occupies a still more prominent space in her subsequent reminiscences. From him to whom she was indebted for her early love of nature, and the happy hours of childhood, she also derived the heaviest sorrow of her life. The story is strange and melancholy.

A young physician, clever, handsome, gay, in a small town in Hampshire, Miss Mitford's father won the hand of an heiress with a property of eight and twenty thousand pounds. With the exception of two hundred a year, settled on her as pin-money, the whole of this fortune was injudiciously placed at the free use of Dr. Mitford, who seems to have possessed every quality to make his wife happy—except prudence. Being an eager Whig, he plunged into election politics and made enemies; being very hospitable, he spent more money than he could afford; and, endeavoring to retrieve the waste by cards and speculation, he sank nearly the whole of his resources. In this extremity, he thought he would do better in a fresh place, and so the family removed to Lyme Regis, where they had a fine house, which twenty years before had been rented by the great Lord Chatham for the use of his sons. Here they led a very gay life for two or three seasons—balls, excursions, dinners; yet in the midst of it, Miss Mitford says she felt a secret conviction that something was wrong—"such a foreshowing as makes the quicksilver in the barometer sink while the weather is still bright and clear!" Her father went ominously to London, and lost more money (she does not say how): all was now gone except the pin-money—friends departed one by one, and there was great hurry and confusion, and then everything was to be parted with and everybody to be paid, and the family made a forced journey to London, part of which was performed in a tilted cart without springs, for lack of better conveyance.

Settled in a dingy comfortless lodging in one of the suburbs beyond Westminster Bridge, Dr. Mitford's constitutional vivacity

returned. He used to take his little girl, then ten years old, in his hand about town to show her the sights; and one day they stopped at an Irish lottery-office, and showing her certain mysterious bits of paper with numbers on them, he desired her to choose one. She selected No. 2,224; but as this was only a quarter, and papa wanted to purchase a whole ticket, he desired her to choose again. But her heart was set on No. 2,224, because the numbers added together made up ten, and that day happened to be her tenth birthday. Fortunately, the lottery-office man had the whole number in shares, and so the ticket was bought. She must relate the sequel in her own words.

"The whole affair was a secret between us, and my father, whenever he got me to himself, talked over our future twenty thousand pounds, just like Alnaschar over his basket of eggs.

"Meanwhile time passed on, and one Sunday morning we were all preparing to go to church, when a face that I had forgotten, but my father had not, made its appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that No. 2,224 had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, and he had hastened to communicate the good news.

"Ah, me! in less than twenty years what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except the Wedgewood dinner service that my father had had made to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money!"

Miss Mitford relates these painful recollections with a serenity and patience that yield a lesson from which her readers may profit as largely as from the example of extravagance and recklessness which made so severe a demand on her feelings and her philosophy, and it is pleasant, after all her vicissitudes and jolting over the rough ways of the world, to find her in a tranquil cottage in the midst of the scenery she loves, with her dog and her maid, her stick and her pony, enjoying as much felicity as can be reasonably looked for in the sunset of a chequered life.

Scattered over the volumes without much heed of chronology or sequence, are many little personal scraps that will hereafter enter into her biography, from the light which they throw upon the cast and color of her training. The papa, who was so indifferent to money, who was addicted to such ruinous habits, and who in his general relations with society, seems to have sacrificed the comfort and repose of his home, was, nevertheless, the most devoted of fathers.

From her earliest childhood to the last hour of his life, he treated her with an affectionate and caressing tenderness that, in spite of his manifest errors, leaves an amiable impression of his character behind. One of the incidents on which she dwells with the greatest satisfaction was her first visit to London: and the mode of it is not only illustrative of the comparatively primitive habits of the time, but of the simplicity of the man in his domestic life. Having occasion to come to London in the middle of July, he suddenly announced his intention of taking her up with him in his gig; and at this open fashion they started, stopping to dine at Crauford Bridge in a little inn (then a very famous posting-house), whose pretty garden and Portugal laurels she still remembers; and then on to Hatchett's Hotel in Piccadilly, where she stood looking out of the window and wondering when the crowd would go by; and in the evening she was so unconscious of fatigue from this exciting journey that papa took her to the Haymarket to see a comedy—one of the comedies, she says, that George III. used to enjoy so heartily, although what sort of comedy it was we know not, unless, which we shrewdly suspect, it was a specimen of Colman the Younger, or of the Morton and Reynolds school. She had seen plays before in a barn—but never such a play as this. The whole description of this trip to London is as good in its way as anything Fielding himself could have done.

"Dear papa," in the pride of his heart, insisted upon making an accomplished musician of her, and would "stick her up" to the piano although she had neither ear, taste, nor application. Her master was Hook, the father of the facetious Theodore, and she was taught in the schoolroom where Miss Landon passed the greater part of her life. Luckily they shut her up in a room to make her practise the harp; and as it was full of books she fell to reading, and under these auspicious circumstances made her first acquaintance with the plays of Voltaire and Molière. She was caught in the fact of laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks over that passage in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," where the angry father apostrophizes the galley, "*Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère!*" As her good stars had it, she was detected in her delinquency by the husband of the schoolmistress, who happened to be a Frenchman, an adorer of Molière, and a hater of music, and who, instead of chiding her for her neglect of the instru-

ment, dismissed the harp-mistress and made the young student a present of a cheap edition of Molière for her own reading, which she has to this hour in twelve unbound foreign-looking little volumes.

After these scenes, we find her in a cottage, at Taplow (at this time a grown-up lady), looking over a garden of honeysuckles, lilies, and roses, making excursions to Windsor, to Gray's lawn at Stoke Pogis, to Burke's at Beaconsfield, and to the College at Chalfont, where Milton found a refuge during the plague. We always associate Miss Mitford with cottages. We cannot imagine her living in a slated house, three stories high, with a carriage sweep, and steps up to the door—we cannot suffer her in our imagination to have any of the comforts and solidity of a well-built mansion about her; it must be a cottage, with its ivy creepers, its portico and latticed windows, and everything round it looking as green and rural as a wilderness of trees and shrubs, growing up luxuriantly in a warm languid climate, can make it. In short, we must smother her in flowers, or she is not the Miss Mitford that we know so well in the pastoral books she has written.

Turning from the autobiographical passages which form so interesting a part of these volumes, there are a variety of literary sketches of an equally attractive kind. Miss Mitford runs over a wide field of books and recollections; and from her extensive acquaintance with literary people, and the desultory character of her reading, she supplies an abundant store of anecdote and remark.

The following is new, and certainly very curious. The scene is an old, wooden, picturesque house, at Cambridge, in America, once the head quarters of Washington, but now the residence of Longfellow, the poet.

"One night the poet chanced to look out of his window, and saw by the vague starlight a figure riding slowly past the mansion. The face could not be distinguished; but the tall, erect person, the cocked hat, the traditional costume, the often-described white horse, all were present. Slowly he paced before the house, and then returned, and then again passed by, after which neither horse nor rider were seen or heard of."

Miss Mitford does not give us any authority for this anecdote; but the collectors of ghost stories are not very particular about authorities, and will be content to take it upon her own, as we do.

There is a sketch of Elizabeth Barrett, and a little biography attached to it, which will

be read with interest. Miss Mitford's acquaintance with her commenced fifteen years ago.

"Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Prometheus of Æschylus,' the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, was out."

It was in the following year that Miss Barrett broke a blood-vessel in the lungs, which consigned her to a long illness, during which she lost a favorite brother by one of those melancholy accidents which leave ineffaceable memories in the hearts of the survivors. He was drowned, with two companions, in sight of her windows at Torquay, whither she was ordered for change of air. This tragedy nearly killed her; and more than a year afterwards, when she was removed to London by easy journeys, she told Miss Mitford that, "during that whole winter, the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying."

William Cobbett was one of the notabilities to whom Miss Mitford was introduced by her father, whose intimacy with him was brought about through their mutual attachment to field sports. She describes him in his own house as a man of unfailing good humor and great heartiness; tall, stout, and athletic; with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habitual red waistcoat contributed not a little. His activity was something to be remembered, for he would begin the day by mowing his own lawn, a laborious pastime in which he beat his gardener, who was esteemed, except himself, the best mower in the parish.

Upon one occasion, Dr. Mitford and his daughter were invited to Cobbett's to meet the wife and daughters of a certain Dr. Blamire; and as it appeared that Dr. Mitford had formerly flirted with Mrs. Blamire, some amusement was expected from seeing how they would meet after a lapse of twenty years, both of them having shaken off the old *liaison*, and married in the meanwhile.

"The most diverting part of this scene, very amusing to a bystander, was, that my father, the only real culprit, was the only person who throughout maintained the appearance and demeanor of the most unconscious innocence. He

complimented Mrs. Blamire on her daughters (two very fine girls)—inquired after his old friend the doctor,—and laughed and talked over by-gone stories with the one lady, just as if he had not jilted her,—and played the kind and attentive husband to the other, just as if he had never in all his days made love to anybody except his own dear wife."

Formerly we frequently met with physicians who belonged to this class, and who were indebted for their professional success mainly to their social tactics and invincible pleasantry; but although you still occasionally fall in with a medical man who considers it as necessary to cultivate popularity amongst ladies as to attend to the practice of his art, the age of the flirt-physicians, we are happy to believe, has passed away.

Miss Mitford's literary "recollections" bear rather more upon books than upon the authors of them. The book-gossip to which she invites us traverses a considerable round of poets, novelists, and miscellaneous writers, and the specimens of their works over which she lingers with delight, make a body of extracts which enhance the value and variety of the publication. Her notes upon these selected passages discover a geniality and earnestness which will be grateful even to the reader who may sometimes have occasion to think that her praise is a little in excess, or who may doubt the judgment that has been shown in particular selections.

This tendency to a good-natured estimate of her favorite authors, shows itself most conspicuously in her admiration of certain poets, whose merits the world has not hitherto rated so highly. We are not sorry, nevertheless, to meet snatches of such people as Mr. Spencer and Miss Catherine Fanshawe (whose chief claim to notice is that she was the author of the Enigma on the letter H, which used to be ascribed to Byron); for, except through the flattering medium of books like these, we are not very likely to see the *vers de société* that were in such request some fifty years ago, disinterred for our special delectation. They are abundantly curious, and discover a certain verbal facility and gaiety of the thinnest and airiest kind, which will at least amuse, if not instruct the reader, by setting him thinking of the extinct modes and tastes to which they were addressed, and out of which they extracted their fugitive popularity. But poetasters of this order, however cheerfully and successfully they help to shed a grace on private life, and to give a sort of intellectual vivacity to social intercourse, can never

be made to survive their hour in print. They must perish with the occasion that gave them birth; and you might as well hope to procure for the acted charade, if it were taken down in short-hand and published, the same success in the closet that it received on its impromptu delivery, as to procure for the graceful trifles thrown off for the amusement of a *colerie*, the honors of a permanent place in the library. They never aimed at such a destiny, and can never achieve it; and it may be doubted whether their fragile existence should be risked in print at all.

Talking of poets, is not Miss Mitford a little hasty in saying that "married authors have been plentiful as blackberries, but married poets have been rare indeed?" We apprehend that the reverse is the fact. Nearly all our great poets were married—Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Shelley, Tennyson—a matter of no great moment in itself, except that it is just as well that the unpoetical part of mankind should not be led to suppose that they have a monopoly of the bliss of wedlock, and that the culture of the ideal is unfavorable to the vulgar comforts of a domestic life.

Of all the neglected, forgotten, or unknown books Miss Mitford has brought to life again, the Autobiography of Holcroft is the most deserving of resuscitation. We know no memoir of its kind—excepting the one forbidden book in French literature—that possesses its charm of frankness, truthfulness of detail, and quiet development of character. Unfortunately it is nothing more than a fragment, consisting of seventeen chapters, dictated by Holcroft (a prolific author and translator) in his last illness; stopping short at an interesting point in his career, and furnishing such evidences of clear-sighted judgment, and happy skill in relation and

portraiture, as to leave an indelible regret upon the mind of the reader at finding himself cast upon the grander diction of Hazlitt for the continuation of the narrative. The contrast is painful. The brilliancy and paradoxical genius of Hazlitt rendered him of all men the most unfit to follow up the unpretending strength and simplicity of Holcroft; and the transition is something like being transported from the fresh air and pastoral beauty of a natural landscape into a severe Italian garden. There was but one point in common between them—and that was the most contracted and least characteristic of all—their agreement in politics. Holcroft was a man of larger powers and a wider range of tastes than might be predicated from that party martyrdom which gave him so distressing a notoriety in the latter days of his life, to the partial eclipse of his literary reputation. But the subject is not likely to be revived now, nor would it repay the labors of a more competent editor. Miss Mitford, however, has done well in drawing attention to Holcroft's book, and the extracts she has given from it will be read with interest; but it is only from the memoir itself, as a whole, tracing the course of the self-educated boy from his origin upwards, that an adequate notion can be formed of the enthralling charm of that singular narrative.

We have exceeded our limits. A gossip, intended to occupy only five minutes or so, has already run over the brim of the measure which we proposed to fill up to the health of Miss Mitford. It is not the first time she has tempted us into an excess of this kind; but if the reader will open her volumes over the fireside as we have done, we are mistaken if he do not find quite as much difficulty as we do now in shutting them up and putting them down again.

PETER PINDAR AND THE PUBLISHERS.—Peter Pindar was a comical animal, and not easy to be overreached, however clever he might be in the way of over-reaching, of which a notable instance is related when he "took in" all the astute combination of London publishers. A meeting was convened (as I have heard described), at which Dr. Walcot was to treat for the sale of his copyrights to this united body. The Doctor had previously been unwell, but the booksellers had received no intimation how extremely ill he was. They were almost shocked to negotiate with a person who had one foot, if not both, in the grave. Peter was pale and worn, and afflicted with a cough so dry and hollow that it went to the heart to hear it. It was of little consequence to him what bargain was struck; in his

dying condition he would prefer a considerable sum down at once, to dispose of it as he thought proper; and to cut the business short, after a good deal of haggling, and a great deal more of fearful coughing, which threatened to choke him on the spot and put an end to the treaty, he consented to take an annual allowance more proportioned to his evanescent state than to the real value of the wares he sold. The contract was engrossed and signed, and the forlorn recipient no sooner put it in his pocket, than he wiped the chalk off his face, dropt all practice of his hectic and killing cough, and in a lively manner wished his customers good bye, as he danced out of the room, laughing at the success with which he had gulled them.—*The Autobiography of William Jordan.*

From the North British Review.

AMERICAN POETRY.*

It is the unhappy error of nearly all recent criticism of art—of poetry especially—that its judgments have been formed without reference to any high or very distinct standard of what it is desirable and right that poetry should be. A poem is praised because it is well finished, or because it has been dashed off in a masterly way, or because it is “original,” “pathetic,” or “lyrical,” or “well constructed;” or on account of some other properly secondary quality, quite compatible with general worthlessness or positive demerit. We cannot help thinking that a sounder tone of criticism would produce, indirectly, a sounder tone of art than that which at present prevails. It is certain that no artist,—poet or otherwise,—will ever be made or marred by reading good criticism; but it is equally certain that the weeds which flourish under the encouragement of a lax critical system, do discourage and tend to choke the flower of true art; and that these might, in a great measure, be uprooted and done away with, if we would ascertain and ruthlessly declare their worthless and noxious character.

In the art and criticism of America we generally behold the errors of our own art and criticism exaggerated. Happily for the hopes of the world, America has a filial—almost more than filial—affection and reverence for Briton and the “Britishers.” But this attachment is not without its disadvantages: affection and reverence beget imitation; and the imitator is always more or less blind, and, most often, is found to copy the deformities of his model first. In commenting upon the shortcomings of American poetry and criticism of poetry, let us adopt a tone

of self-reproval; for, if we have taught errors by our example, we should set the example of repentance. In endeavoring, therefore, to heighten, as far as we can, the common estimate of what poetry ought to be, and in pronouncing American poetry, generally, to be an example of what poetry ought not to be, we would have it understood that we have no intention of implying a favorable contrast upon the side of our own modern writers.

We have placed at the head of this Article the names of the four poets who seem to us to be the most notable, as yet, produced by America. Two of them, Bryant and Longfellow, have won a considerable reputation on this side of the Atlantic; the other two, Read and Poe, are not so well known here, although, to our thinking, they are quite as well worth knowing as the others are.

We regret that we cannot fully join in the popular applause of Mr. Longfellow’s poems. In what we are about to say of them, it must be understood that we dwell more upon the faults of these poems than we should have done were it not that their merits have already enjoyed more than a fair share of public attention.

In criticising Mr. Longfellow, we have a part to play that requires some boldness,—we must speak ill of his model, Goethe, who, by a most strange injustice, has of late been permitted to usurp a throne in the seventh heaven of fame, with Shakspeare, Dante, and Homer.

Goethe was probably the greatest critic that ever lived; but we are convinced that the next generation will be astonished at the admiration with which his poetry has come to be regarded by us. In our opinion, Goethe’s poetry is always more or less *heartless*. His minor poems are full of warm fancy, exquisitely expressed; but there is more heart in half a dozen of Burns’s songs than in all Goethe’s minor poems put together. Faust, we venture to think, is immensely overrated. Everybody praises it, and calls it profound, because there is much of it that nobody understands, or was intended to understand.

* 1. *Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW; with an Introductory Essay, by GEORGE GILFILLAN. Liverpool, 1848.

2. *Poems*. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS. 12mo. London, 1852.

3. *Poems*. By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by JAMES HANNAY. 8vo. London, 1852.

4. *The Poetical Works of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT*. 3 vols. London, 1850.

It abounds with deep lines and picturesque passages, but it has no claim to be regarded as the great symbolical poem which it pretends to be. This is proved by what we know of its history. Large portions are unmodified transcriptions of literal stories: the track of light that follows the wake of the black dog turns out to be an optical fact which had been observed by Goethe. Other incidents are anecdotes of the poet's youth; and in the "Intermezzo" there are numerous allusions of a personal and temporary character, *confessedly to be understood only by those who were in the secrets of a narrow literary coterie*. Goethe felt this, but had not the boldness to undeceive his numerous admirers. At an early stage of the composition of "Faust," he saw the prudence of postponing the discovery of its essential defects by allowing it always to remain as a fragment. Of the wickedness and vulgarity for which Coleridge has condemned this poem, we do not speak, for Mr. Longfellow has not so much imitated these, its worst qualities, as its lighter sins of false pretension and charlatanism.

"Hermann and Dorothea" is a charming work, full of profound and simple wisdom, and of clear and sweet descriptive power; but in reading it we are somehow made to think much more of the skilful author than of the hero and heroine. The warmth is always of the fancy, never of the heart.

Judging from Mr. Longfellow's works, "The Golden Legend," "Evangeline," and his miscellaneous verses, we feel pretty well convinced that his ideal of a great poet is Goethe, and that the poems of Goethe that we have named are his favorite models. If so, he has perfectly succeeded in copying many of their faults, though he has seldom attained to their merits of admirable finish and most delicate sensual perception.

We have space to notice, in detail, only a few minor pieces of Mr. Longfellow's, together with his best known poem, "Evangeline," which would certainly have been a notable work had "Hermann and Dorothea" never been written.

"Evangeline" is evidently an ambitious work, and its great popularity has perhaps persuaded Mr. Longfellow that he has succeeded in his attempt to write a great poem. We have, however, to bring against it a few complaints which will probably smite Mr. Longfellow's artistical conscience with a sense of their truth; for we have much respect for this gentleman's understanding, although we decidedly dissent from the public voice,

which would place him, we sincerely believe, against his own cool estimate of himself, in the rank of the great abiding poets. As "Evangeline" is commonly, perhaps justly, regarded as being, on the whole, the most notable work in verse hitherto produced by an American, we shall make a somewhat detailed inquiry into its merits and demerits. The subject is decidedly a fine one, and was probably fixed upon by Mr. Longfellow in consequence of the outcry which had been raised by critics in England and America for a poem that should be truly American in subject and scenery. The historical foundations of the poem are these facts:—In 1713, before Great Britain had established her great colonial empire in North America, Acadia, the province now called Nova Scotia, was ceded to her by France. The inhabitants, who seem to have been little studied throughout the whole transaction, were soon induced to swear allegiance to their new masters, upon the sole condition that they should be exempt from bearing arms against either the French or Indians, in defence of the province; the former being, as it were, their countrymen, and the latter connected with them by alliances and by the private bonds of friendship. The English Government objected to this condition, but though some alteration was intended to be made, no new oath was administered, and the old oath, therefore, remained valid. Before the termination of the "war of succession," when Acadia was annexed to the British settlements, and the English extended their possessions in that quarter by the capture of Fort Beau Séjour, the Acadians were accused of having forfeited their neutrality by supplying intelligence, provisions, and quarters, to the French and Indians at Beau Séjour. It is by no means certain how far this charge was just. It was, however, followed by a severe chastisement upon the simple-minded Acadians. The punishment was delayed, and any announcement of its nature avoided, till the harvests were gathered in, that the British army might seize on the grain. The villagers were then called, on a particular day, into the church of Grand Pré, to hear the orders of their new governor, the king of England. It was then announced that all the lands, tenements, herds, grain, and other effects, except money and household goods, of the people, were forfeited to the crown, and themselves to be removed to distant colonies. This precaution of distributing the Acadians among English settlers was taken to prevent the possibility of their joining with the French

against their new masters, whom they had now so little cause to love. Ships and soldiers were on the spot to execute this abominable decree. The whole number of persons collected together at Grand Pré on this occasion was somewhat under two thousand, and these were hurried on shipboard with the most cruel confusion, and disastrous and life-long separations of child from parent, husband from wife, and lover from lover. A disaster of the last kind furnishes the story. Evangeline is about to be married to Gabriel Lajeunesse. In the hurry of deportation they are separated by hundreds of miles, and have no means of discovering each other's destination. Gabriel takes to the wandering life of a huntsman in prairie and mountain. Evangeline lives on, moving, according to opportunity, from one place to another, in hope of finding him. At one moment he passes her on the river, but she is sleeping, and does not hear of his having done so till it is too late to overtake him. She does, however, follow him, and is on his track for months and years. Finally, she gives up the search in despair; and in the last scene we find her an old woman, tending the sick in an hospital, to which an old man, Gabriel, is brought to die. They recognize each other, and he expires in trying to pronounce her name.

"Evangeline" is written in hexameters, or at least in lines that are intended to pass for hexameters, for real hexameters are next to impossible in a language like ours, which owes nearly all its capacity for versification to *accent*, and not to quantity; while, however, true hexameters are almost impossible in English, pseudo-hexameters, like those of Mr. Clough and Mr. Longfellow, are so easy that they entirely miss the great end of metre, namely, that of imposing a severe external law upon the otherwise rank exuberance of poetical feeling and expression. Such hexameters are, indeed, nothing more than the revival of the "measured prose" which was thought so much of in the days of our grandmothers, and which chiefly consisted in the recurrence, at intervals, of from fourteen to eighteen syllables, of the monotonous cadence that alone distinguishes Mr. Longfellow's verses from ordinary prose.

We commence our extracts from "Evangeline" with the description of the heroine.

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way side;

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat, she bore to the reapers, at noontide,

Flagons of home-brewed ale; ah! fair, in sooth, was the maiden.

Fairer was she on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them;

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and her ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty, Shone on her face and encircled her form, when

after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction upon her.

When she had past, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

This damsel had of course many wooers, but

"Among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome:

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children, from earliest childhood,

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the Church and the plain song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There, at the door, they stood with wondering eyes, to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, curled round in a circle of cinders.

Of in Autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness,

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice.

Warm by the forge within, they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired
in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going
into the chapel."

The evening of the lover's formal betrothal
is ushered in by some extremely pleasing description,—

"Day with its burden and heat had departed,
and twilight descending,
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead :
Pawing the ground, they came, and resting their
necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended, inhaling the
freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced, and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the sea-side,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers."

The scenery of village, forest, and prairie,
are given with breadth and distinctness
enough to please, though with none of that
more than scientific accuracy of observation
and description which is characteristic of the
great poet. The author is profuse in illustrations,
which, although they are often striking,
are seldom harmonious, or in keeping
with the feeling of the passage into which
they are introduced. The following lines
afford one out of scores of examples which
we could bring forward to prove the fault in
question :—

"In doors, warm by the wide-mouth'd fire-place,
idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flame
and the smoke wreaths
Struggled together, like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.
Faces clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair,
Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter
plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as *shields of armies*
the sunshine !"

Here is a piece of singularly good description
quite ruined, as far as regards unity of feeling,
by the last half-line. What in the world
have "shields of armies" to do with a farmer's
cosy kitchen in Acadia? a place which probably
never saw a soldier till the day upon
which a small detachment arrived to put an
end to the quiet little commonwealth which
had established itself there. Mr. Longfellow
seems to think that an illustration from the
Bible will make up in sacredness for any degree
of inaptitude. The following are a few
instances of this mistake. Evangeline was
looking at the evening sky,—

"And as she gazed from the window, she saw
serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star followed
her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar !"

Again, when Evangeline, on learning that her
lover passed her on the river while she was
sleeping, sets out with the blacksmith in pursuit
of him; the "priest," by way, we suppose,
of keeping up his sacerdotal character, bids
Basil farewell, exclaiming,—

"See that you bring back the prodigal son from
his fasting and famine,
And, too, the foolish virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

Now there is nothing whatever in Gabriel's
behavior or position to assimilate him to "the
prodigal son;" and the inaptness of the allusion
in the second line is only surpassed by its
irreverence. At another time the villagers
were assembled on the beach, waiting for the
embarkation of themselves and their goods;
and among them wandered the faithful priest,
consoling, and blessing, and cheering,

"Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
sea-strand."

But not more like unto Paul on that occasion
than any other religious person, walking on
any other sea-coast, and under any circumstances
whatever, would have been. In another place,

"with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old
with the angel."

Our last example of this painfully mistaken
kind of illustration is from the death-bed of
Gabriel,—

"Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled the portals,
That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass over."

This, if it can be called an illustration at all, is an illustration "by contraries," seeing that, in this instance, the angel of death did *not* pass over, and that the flushed lips were a sign rather of Gabriel's being a fit victim for the destroyer, than one who was free from his power. Another effect of Mr. Longfellow's want of true poetical sincerity is seen in a class of similes which, by the conspicuous position given to them, are evidently favorites with him, but which seem to us to be conceits often of scarcely a first-rate album rank. The stars, for example, are called "the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Mr. Longfellow, we believe, makes no secret of his being a Socinian; but we should have guessed him to be such from the air of unreality about all the portions of "Evangeline" in which the life and doctrines of Christianity are brought in for artistical effect. The inhabitants of Grand Pré are a great deal too good. They "lack gall to make oppression bitter," and are robbed of their most sacred rights, for which they were bound, as good Christians, to fight to the death, as easily as a flock of sheep are brought to the slaughter. There are occasions when Christians, as *members of a community*, are bound to do the very best towards confounding and slaying their fellow-creatures by whom they are attacked. Such an occasion was that which is represented by Mr. Longfellow as having happened to the inhabitants of Acadia. Let any Christian, English, Scottish, or Irish, fancy that the news had reached him one fine morning, that a French army had taken steps towards "deporting" him and his from their rightful soil, and assuming possession of his property—wife and daughters perhaps included: would his wrath be calmed, and his resistance stopped by such words as Father Felician's address to the simple Acadians?

"In the midst of the tumult and strife of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture, he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones, and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.
'What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I lived among you and taught you,
Not in the word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils, and prayers, and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness!
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds, and words overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Saviour, from his cross, is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes, what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark, how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"
Let us repeat that prayer, in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive them!"
Few were his words of rebuke; but deep in the hearts of the people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

If any preacher were foolish enough thus to address good Christians so situated, we trust that he would get well laughed at for his pains, and duly censured by his authorities, for his gross misinterpretation and misapplication of Scriptural precepts: but the foolish Acadians repented them forthwith of their righteous wrath and impulse to resistance, and

"Responded
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees; and their souls with devotion transported
Rose, on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven."

Our pity for Gabriel, the betrothed of the fair maiden, Evangeline, is certainly much diminished by knowing that he is one of this congregation of spoonies.

From the extracts we have given, our readers will see that the language of "Evangeline" is very far from answering to Coleridge's standard poetical phraseology—"the best of words in the best places." Mr. Longfellow's words are commonly about as well chosen as those of a first-rate novel writer. The true poet's invincible determination to hunt up

from the recesses of his memory, *the word or words which absolutely express his thought or feeling, is nowhere visible.* He would, no doubt, think it great fastidiousness and loss of time, to spend half a day in getting a stanza *quite right*, which he has worked up to a "passable" point in half an hour. He has no sufficient feeling of the fact, that a poem is like the mirror of a telescope in this—that *it is the last rub which polishes it*, and makes it capable of reflecting the heavens. Many are the poets who have nearly scaled Parnassus, and who might have won to themselves enduring names, but that, discouraged by finding the mountain-side barren of laurels, they have refused the labor of the few additional steps which would have brought them to its verdant top.

But Mr. Longfellow's words are not only not the best words, they are not even in the best places. This is an inexcusable fault in a metre so extremely easy as that of "Evangeline." Inversions merely for the sake of getting long and short syllables into due order, are never allowable, except in highly polished verse, where this, and other apparent carelessnesses, may be introduced with good effect to take off the appearance of laborious finish. Inversions are always allowable for *rhythmical effect*, which is quite a different thing from mere metrical regularity. No one can wish that Cleopatra, in her wilful passion, should have exclaimed,

"Give me Mandragora to drink!"

instead of

"Give me to drink Mandragora!"

Or that the waves and winds that did omit

"Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona,"

should have flowed, in Shakspeare's verse, with more regularity; but Mr. Longfellow's inversions are seldom if ever of this character; he rarely becomes sufficiently rhythmical, and never sufficiently polished, in his writings, to justify inversions upon either of the foregoing pleas.

Notwithstanding all these, and other complaints which we might justly make against this poem, we gladly allow that it possesses very considerable merit as a versified romance. The numerous descriptions combine breadth with minuteness of detail very happily, and the story, which is decidedly a fine one, is

told so as to work upon the feelings, and to elevate them. We say again that, in these remarks, we have laid disproportionate emphasis upon the blame deserved by the poem, because we consider that the praise which it has obtained has been out of all proportion to its deserts.

Mr. Longfellow has written a very poor drama, called "The Spanish Student." We cannot find in it any passages worth placing before our readers: but there is one *stage-direction* which gives so amusing an example of American "notions" of European manners, that we must quote it. The heroine, Preciosa, is a Spanish gipsy-girl, a famous *danseuse*; the Archbishop of Toledo has taken it into his head to put down the ballet in his diocese, and by way of ascertaining the full odiousness of the abuse to be extirpated, the Archbishop summons Preciosa to dance before him at his palace:—

"She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the Cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archbishop and the Cardinal look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited, and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes."

"The Golden Legend" is a long poem of the worn-out Faust type, in which the devil is laid under contribution for a certain amount of theatrical effect, worldly wisdom, and would-be bitter sarcasm. There are, however, in this poem, two or three very beautiful passages, which we would willingly quote had we space; but we must hasten to close this notice of Mr. Longfellow with a few extracts from and comments upon his minor poems. These pieces, upon the whole, do not deserve anything like the degree of popularity which they have obtained; indeed, the great reputation which two or three of these poems enjoy, is a most melancholy sign of the poverty of the intellectual, and still more of the spiritual culture, of a very large portion of the "reading public." The following verses entitled "A Psalm of Life: what the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist," have come to be quoted in our English House of Commons—a place not yet penetrated, if we remember rightly, by Tennyson, or even, except for ridicule, by Wordsworth.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!"

For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal!
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.—

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

A certain Frehchman, not being quite master of our language, is reported to have exclaimed, in a rapture of admiration at something or other, "superbe! magnifique! in short, pretty well!" This exclamation expresses the sort of feeling one has upon reading verses like the above for the first time. It is flattering to find that one's most commonplace opinions are thought worthy of being expressed with such astounding emphasis; and we experience, upon reading them, much the same sort of self-complacency as was felt by the *bourgeois-gentilhomme* upon discovering, for the first time, that he had been talking prose all his life. But when the first glow of self-love has subsided, we begin to be ashamed of ourselves, for having been duped by such a bundle of loud-tongued and "unimproved" commonplaces; and if we are very good-humored and not very critical, we shall hush up the business with an "in

short, pretty well." But *we*—the intelligent critics of the *North British Review*—cannot reconcile our consciences to any such amiable concealment of the real truth, which, in regard to the above verses, and many others like them in Mr. Longfellow's volume, is simply this, that they are, for the most part, pretentious, unprofitable, anti-Christian trash. What an unconscionable puppy the "young man" must have been—in the moment at least when his "heart" set up this "Psalm" in opposition to the words of the Psalmist! How the "man after God's own heart" would have quailed beneath this "sprightly Juvenal's" reproof! How much wholesome doctrine he lost by living so many centuries before this magnificent discovery of Mr. Longfellow's, that—

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal."

We could be very funny at Mr. Longfellow's expense, had we space to enter into a philosophical analysis of this "Psalm of Life;" but we have to quote another famous effusion called

"EXCELSIOR.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—
Excelsior!

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"'Try not the pass,' the old man said;
Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide,
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"'O, stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"'Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last good night.
A voice replied from up the height,
Excelsior!

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

"A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found ;
Still grasping in his hands of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

"There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior !"

From the prevailing tone of Mr. Longfellow's works, we are justified in assuming, that the example of the young man whose progress is delineated in these spirited verses, is intended for our guidance, or rather for our reverent admiration, and not for our warning. All that we can say is, that we believe the intended moral to be a false one. Give the story its true moral,—the madness of any ambition which is found to be incompatible with homely joys, female love, and unpretentious Christian religion—and we have an undeniably meritorious little poem, notwithstanding the evident "greenness" of the youth's enthusiasm, and his "clarion voice," and "bright blue eye," which do not add to his manliness.

Bryant is the Rogers of America. Probably his poem called "Thanatopsis" is the most finished piece of verse which has proceeded from the American press. We believe that it is regarded by the Americans themselves as their most classical production ; and, as such, it has a right to a place in this notice :—

THANATOPSIS.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depth of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

Thy growth to be resolved to earth again,
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould ;
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and pour'd round
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,— [all
Are but the solemn declarations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings ; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, maidron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and sooth-
ed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave [ed
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In this, Mr. Bryant has only just missed

writing a fine poem ; yet, alas ! " a miss is as good as a mile." It is *not* a fine poem ; for a fine poem ought to contain something unprecedented, in music or in meaning, and "Thanatopsis" contains nothing new at all. It has beautiful movements of verse, as, for example,—

" Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course."

It has admirable touches of imaginative description, as that of,—

" the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing."

Yet somewhere or other, in Wordsworth, or Shakspeare, or Young, or some one else, we have met with the same movements of verse, and nearly the same descriptive touches.

It must nevertheless be granted that such a poem as the above is incomparably preferable to many which have obtained a name for originality, but which, in truth, are merely insane endeavors after originality. "Originality," says Mr. Ruskin, "is never to be sought for its own sake, otherwise it will be mere aberration ; it should arise naturally out of hard, independent study of nature." Mr. Bryant's study of nature may have been hard, but unfortunately it has not been independent. He has paced through field, forest, and city, observing many things ; but it has always been with a volume of the English poets in his hand. He has, however, the high negative merit of not pretending to a greater degree of independence than he has a just claim to. He is manly, accomplished, sensitive in heart, eye, and ear ; but he is not, and does not pretend to be, "original."

Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, as we learn from the publisher's preface to his volume, which is published in England, is "one among the youngest of America's poets." This being the case, we do not hesitate to declare our opinion that he is the most promising of the living transatlantic poets. We know of no other American, with the doubtful exception of Edgar Poe, having so much real feeling as is shown in some of Mr. Read's verses. His feeling is not very profound or masculine, but it is real ; and it presents a refreshing contrast with the cold and clever manufactures, which most of his cotemporaries would impose upon us as expressions of feeling. Bloomfield's description of a storm, beginning—

" A chilling blast succeeds : the nearest cloud
Sprinkles the bubbling pool," &c.,

is not more hearty and homely than Mr. Read's "Summer Shower."

" Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain,
And loiters the boy in the briery lane ;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

" Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them beat ;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

" The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers, sing.
Like pebbles, the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring ;
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

" But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves ;
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves ;
The wren peereth forth from its moss-covered eaves ;
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all."

Mr. Read has a very high sense of natural beauty ; this kind of description is his forte ; although he does not seem to know it, for the most elaborate pieces in his volume are somewhat ineffective attempts at the delineation of human passion—for which he has scarcely sufficient depth and strength. As, notwithstanding its unusual merit, Mr. Read's volume is not likely to fall into the hands of the majority of our readers, we offer no apology for quoting the following exquisite poem, called the "Closing Scene," at length :—

" Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

" The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate fairs.

" All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low ;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

"The embattled forests, erewhile, armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

"On slumberous wings the vulture tried his
flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's
complaint;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and
faint.

"The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

"Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged
young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

"Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year:—

"Where every bird which charmed the vernal
feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at
morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

"Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow, through all the dreamy
gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

"There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by
night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of
sight.

"Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

"Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white haired matron, with monotonous
tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless
mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

"She had known sorrow. He had walked with
her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen
crust;
And, in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

VOL. XXVII. NO. II.

"While yet her cheek was bright with summer
bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords, to rust upon the wall.

"Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that
drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

"Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
Breathed through her lips, a sad and tremu-
lous tune.

"At last the thread was snapped—her head was
bowed—
Life dropped the distaff through his hands
serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful
shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn
scene."

This is unquestionably the best American poem we have met with; indeed it is, with one or two exceptions, the only American poem we have read, or could have read, over and over again. It is an addition to the permanent stock of poetry in the English language, and is worth a whole album of "Excelsiors," "Psalms of Life," and other such drum-and-trumpet moralities which are so abundantly supplied to an applauding public on this and the other side of the Atlantic. There are faults in this little poem which greatly diminish its value as compared with what it ought to have been, and might have been, under the diligent and discerning polish of Mr. Read.

"The embattled forests erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,"—

are a sad interruption to the tone of peaceful melancholy which is otherwise admirably sustained throughout the poem; and the image is, moreover, in itself, good for little or nothing. The five concluding stanzas are not nearly up to the mark of the preceding portion of the piece, which, as far as regards general construction and form, is almost spoilt by them. But the first thirteen stanzas, taken by themselves, constitute a truly inspired little poem. Tennyson himself, the great modern master of that kind of description which employs the objects of outward nature as a language for human feeling, has scarcely surpassed, in its way, this passage, which, in our opinion, merits the fame that

Gray's celebrated "Elegy" has obtained, without deserving it nearly so well. The feeling of the three opening stanzas—the only unexceptionable passage of more than two or three lines in Gray's poem—is here sustained to a far greater length, and with much simpler language and imagery. Mr. Read's volume affords other equally remarkable instances of perception and polish; but in no other instance does he seem to us to have arrived at such depth of poetical feeling. We would willingly quote the whole of "Love's Gallery," but for want of space must confine ourselves to two of its beautifully finished portraits.

BERTHA.

"Mild Bertha's was a home withdrawn
Beyond the city's din;
Tall Lombard trees hemmed all the lawn,
All up the long straight walks a dawn
Of blossoms shone within.

"Along the pebble paths the maid
Walked with the early hours,
With careful hands the vines arrayed,
And plucked the small intruding blade
From formal plots of flowers.

"A statue, Dian to the air
Bequeathed its mellow light;
She called the flying figure fair,
The forward eyes and backward hair,
And praised the marble's white.

"Her pulses coursed their quiet ways
From heart to head controlled;
She read and praised, in studied phrase,
The bards whom it were sin to praise
In measured words and cold.

"I love the broad, bright world of snow,
And every strange device
Which makes the woods a frozen show,
The rivers hard and still; but, oh,
Ne'er loved a heart of ice."

AURELIA.

"Where flamed a field of flowers, and where
Sang noisy birds and brooks,
Aurelia to the frolic air
Shook down her wanton waves of hair
With laughter-loving looks.

"Her large and lustrous eyes of blue,
Dashed with the dew of mirth,
Bequeathed to all their brilliant hue;
She saw no shades, nor even knew
She walked the heavy earth.

"Her ringing laughter woke the dells
When fell the autumn blight:
She sang through all the rainy spells,—
For her the snow was full of bells,
Of music and delight.

"She swept on her bewildering way,
By every pleasure kissed—
Making a mirth of night and day,
A brook all sparkle and all spray,
Dancing itself to mist.

"I love all bright and happy things,
And joys which are not brief;
All sights and sounds whence pleasure
springs;
But weary of the harp whose strings
Are never tuned to grief."

We regret that we are compelled to add, that in Mr. Read's volume, as in the volumes of nearly all young poets who have ever written, there is much that the world will willingly let die.

Edgar Poe is more generally known among us for his prose tales than for his poetry, of which he has written very little. He has produced one poem which will be remembered and read when nine-tenths of the popular poets of the day shall be forgotten.

Our readers will thank us for adorning our pages with this piece, which is called "The Raven," in its integrity.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door—
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my
chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more.'

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its
ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly had I
sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for
the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the an-
gels call Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors
never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door,
That it is, and nothing more.'

"Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating
then no longer,

'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness
I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping; and so gently
you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,'—here I
opened wide the door,
Darkness there, and nothing more.

"Deep into that darkness peering long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever
dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whis-
pered word 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
the word 'Lenore!'
Merely this, and nothing more.

"Back into the chamber turning, all my soul
within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
than before:
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my
window lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mys-
tery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mys-
tery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

"Open here I flung the shutter, when with many
a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of Lord or Lady, perched above
my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy
into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,'
I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering
from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the night's
Plutonian shore?'

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

"Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little rele-
vancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing, that no living
human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above
his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door—
With such a name as 'Nevermore.'

"But the Raven, sitting lonely, on that placid
bust spake only
That one word, as if his soul, in that one word,
he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather
then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'other
friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before;'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

"Startled by the silence broken by reply so aptly
spoken;
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-
merciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs
one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy bur-
den bore
Of 'never—nevermore.'

"But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul
into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself
to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, quaint, and
ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

"This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now turned into
my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-
light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-
light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

"Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on
the tufted floor.
'Wretch!' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—
by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memor-
ies of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget
this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil, prophet still, if
bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—
On this home, by horror haunted—tell me truly,
I implore,—

Is there, is there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels call Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore.'

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I shrieked, upstarting,

'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies flitting on the floor,

Shall be lifted nevermore."

Our readers will all agree with us in pronouncing this poem to be one of unquestionable merit. It exhibits a truly extraordinary mastery over most of the difficulties of verse. The power of rhyme displayed in it has not been surpassed or even equalled in our time, except by the late Thomas Hood. The metre is, in the abstract, a very fine one; like all very fine metres, its movement once heard can never be forgotten; and it has the additional merit of being perfectly adapted to the subject; the cadence at the end of each stanza is, by itself, expressive of the calm and settled, and almost careless sorrow conveyed by the words. The phraseology is extremely colloquial, without being at all undignified; and the prevailing sentiment, though deeply mournful, and verging upon despair, is never unmanly in its tone. We have endeavored, in our extracts, to take the high-water marks of American poetry in its different kinds; and as in Mr. Read's "Closing Scene" we have the best example we could find of the passive or feminine phase of poetical feeling,

so here we have the highest example which America has yet produced of that manliness of passion which will rather relieve itself by laughter than by tears. Nothing can be better in its way than the mechanism of this poem. The expression of the sentiment upon which the poem is founded is most elaborately wrought out; and no poetical aid that could have been thought of is wanting. Mr. Poe has written other poems, but none of them, in our opinion, is comparable to this. He has also published a number of tales, which are of a very extraordinary character. They deal mainly in the simply horrible and marvellous; but these common elements of effect are managed with such unusual power, and in such a peculiar manner, that they cease to be vulgar. In the recent death of this young poet and romancist America has suffered a loss which will be more appreciated fifty years hence than it is now.

We have now placed before our readers the very best blossoms out of the garden—a very wide one—of American verse. The number of "respectable" versifiers who have come into existence in America, during the last few years, is surprising. The fertility of the New World in the production of mediocre poets exceeds even that of our own land. Indeed, almost every American seems to be possessed of the "accomplishment of verse" to some considerable degree. But that American poets are deficient in the "faculty divine," which shows us thoughts, and feelings, and facts from a totally new point of view, and spiritually enriches us with the revelation of an individuality quite different from our own or any other with which we have hitherto become acquainted, must be abundantly manifest to those of our readers who possess the amount of originality which is requisite to enable them to recognize true originality in others. Unquestionable as is the merit of each of the four writers whom we have selected as being, to our mind, the best of the American poets, we must confess that it never rises to a higher mark than this—that their poetry equals first-class modern English poetry in its own way: that is to say, they have succeeded in producing repetitions—which are not necessarily imitations—of first-rate original poetry; but have never attained to the production of first-rate original poetry themselves.

In conclusion, let us throw together a few recommendations which it seems especially desirable that American poets should follow, if they would ever rise above their present mediocrity, which is not tolerable to "gods

or men," although, unfortunately for the poets themselves, it is tolerated by women, and therefore by "columns."

Follow, in poetry, the artistic law of architecture, which adopts, perfects, and displays, with the utmost degree of ostentation, the essential, but nothing else. Unsuperfluity is the invariable effect and the most powerful means of expressing real passion; and it can never be too often repeated that, in a good poem, all the words must be *the* words; for true feeling, if it is able to express itself at all, does so with perfect accuracy and eloquence.

Do not write in metres that you do not understand. It is difficult to do full justice even to the simplest metres; but we find now-a-days the merest novices in verse attempting to dance in fetters which could hardly be worn gracefully by the mightiest poets.

In choosing your subject, and in deciding upon your method of treating it, remember that simple nature is full of endless significance and symbolism; meaning within meaning, like—

"Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere;"

and that the great difficulty in art is not to infuse nature with significance; but to apprehend and express the significance of nature. To do this properly, demands that your imagination should have received the highest religious culture; otherwise you will fall foul either of Pietism or Pantheism—extremes which are equally fatal to the poet.

Bear in mind the vast responsibility of public utterance. It is bad to become, like Milton's devil, "a liar in four hundred mouths," or more, by speaking without regard to the truth of the universe, in the most ephemeral magazine or newspaper; but how greatly aggravated is the crime of him who, in hope, at least, is writing for all time, and raising, for aught he cares, a standing miracle of iniquity—for such is the proper designation of certain "works of art" which we could name, but will not, lest we should be charged with bigotry.

In intellect, no less than in action, the way of life is narrow, and in intellect, far more than in action, the temptation to pursue the "broad way and the green" is mighty. But heavenly truth, like heavenly life, is found to be "exceeding broad" when we are once really in the fruition of it. "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the

Lord." We know the things that truly concern us, and in what Book they are to be sought; and "if any man shall add to these things, God shall add to him the plagues that are written in this Book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life." Again, "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." Such should be, such *must* be the true poet's words; for, bear well in mind, that finish in art is not a question of surface, but of essence; finished expression is nothing more nor less than perfectly *true* expression; and all want of finish is simply want of truth. "How forcible are right words!" exclaims Job; and he might, alas! have exclaimed, with almost equal justice, "How forcible are wrong words!"

Do not, however, fancy that the execution is the only stage of your work at which you are to pray for inspiration. The greatest labor and the deepest inspiration of a large work must come before what is commonly called its execution. It is far better that the execution of your idea should be imperfect, than that the idea itself should lack worth and adequate general development.

Beware of the modern tendency to be unartistically explicit. Be as explicit as you can consistently with that primary demand of your art, *extreme condensation and pregnancy*; but remember that poetical language is *representative and suggestive*, and not, like prosaic, or "scientific" language, *arbitrary and exhaustive*. In Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," where he describes the language of the angels, there are some passages which come nearer than any we have ever met with to a description of what poetical language ought to be:—

"This language is not learned artificially, but is inherent in every one; for it flows direct from their affection and thought. The sound of their speech corresponds to their affection, and the articulations of sound composing the words correspond to the ideas of their thought proceeding from their affection: and as their language corresponds to these, it likewise is spiritual, being in reality audible affection and speaking thought. Whoever attends to the subject may be aware that all thought proceeds from affection, and that the ideas of thought are various forms into which the common affection is distributed; for no thought or idea can possibly exist without affection, it being from this that it derives its soul and life. . . . The angelic tongue has nothing in common with human [prosaic] languages, except with certain words, the sound of which is derived from some affection. Since the speech of the angels corresponds to their affection, which

belongs to their love, and the love that prevails in heaven is love to the Lord, and love towards the neighbor, it is evident how elegant and pleasing must be their discourse; for it not only affects the ears, but also the interiors of the minds of those who hear it. There was a certain spirit, remarkable for hardness of heart, with whom an angel was speaking, and who at length burst into tears: he said that he could not help it, for what he heard was love itself speaking; and that he had never wept before. The speech of the angels is also full of wisdom, because it proceeds from their interior thought, and their interior thought is wisdom, as their interior affection is love. In their speech their love and wisdom are united, whence it is so full of wisdom that they are able to express by a single word what man cannot in a thousand."—*Heaven and Hell, translated by S. Noble, pp. 94-96.*

Above all things, let the modern poet take the common-place warning to beware of self-conceit, which, if allowed to get possession of him, will stop the development of his faculties, and destroy the powers to the use of which he has already attained. This is the age of the priestcraft of the intellect. We have cast off the bondage of those who would have influenced us unduly, in the name of God; but we have assumed the chains of a worse servitude in humbling ourselves before men who preach in their own names, for their own glory. This is not the place for an appeal to the self-degrading worshippers of the "intellect"—a class of persons who are only less miserable than those who treat superior faculty and information with disrespect. Our word is to the "men of intellect" themselves; particularly to the men of that kind of intellect which owes its power to health and vigor of imagination. To these we say, Do not be led astray by the adulation of your foolish worshippers; take your popularity to pieces, and see what it is really worth. True fame must come from men who

are your equals, or superiors, in gifts of mind; and these do not make their voices heard until popularity, which comes from those who are lower in the scale of intellect than yourself, has done with its loud and fitful blasts. To beseech you, with many arguments, to remember that he is the greatest who is, in heart as well as in work, the servant of all, would be to trespass upon the office of the Christian pastor; but there is one humiliating fact which we may here impress upon those who, justly or not, think themselves to be great among the teachers of others, and the glorifiers in verse, or otherwise, of the works of God. It is certain that the sense of truth and loveliness which makes you eloquent, is inferior in force to the sense of the same truth and loveliness which makes others *silent*. Hear the sentence of the most inspired man of modern times:—

"Men adroit

In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most, when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these;
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will;
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words,
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life,
Still higher men, for contemplation framed;
Shy and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls, perhaps, would sink
Beneath them summoned to such intercourse.
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength
They do not breathe among them. This I speak
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world."

A BOTANIZING KING.—Court gossip from the east of Europe says, the King of Saxony has suddenly quitted imperial circles, in Vienna, for a botanical ramble in Dalmatia, in company with some of his majesty's naturalist friends. Let us wish his botanizing majesty better fortune than he found on his former scientific tour in an Austrian province. The story goes, that when the Saxon king had completed his Tyrolese collection of plants, and mosses, he sent them to Vienna,

with instructions that the bags should be forwarded to Dresden; but that when they arrived at the Austrian custom-house, the sapient officers who confiscated Plato's "Republic," and detained the treatise on the "Resolution of the Double Stars," gave the packages a thorough probing with their iron rods, in search of contraband articles. The king's integrity was established by the rod, but his herbarium was destroyed in the process.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

ASSUREDLY the lines of David Hume and his contemporaries were, as regarded the composition of their works, "set in pleasant places." A few folios and quartos, like Echard's and Salmon's, backed by the Cabala, Rushworth's and Birch's Collections of State Papers, were their stock in trade. Manuscripts they seldom consulted; publishers' announcements of "original letters" they had little reason to dread. Other men toiled and they spun, and the public applauded their graceful narratives as full and authentic accounts of English or Scottish events. Even the critics of their day, although neither unwilling to wound, nor afraid to strike, seldom possessed the means of knowing more than the historians themselves. The secret of cabinet and party intrigues slumbered, for the most part, in family chests, and the fashion of printing private letters was not as yet greatly in vogue.

But these Saturnian days have passed away. Not only are State Papers more accessible, and even the secrets of the Calendar of "the Baga de Secretis" brought to light, but the publication of family papers and journals has proved to the historian the breaking up of great deeps. We have still superficial narratives and partial chroniclers. But the penalties upon misrepresentation are now much heavier, and also far easier to enforce. The dead seem at the present day to be yet speaking in their letters; the owners of these treasures regard themselves generally as trustees of them for the public; one by one fragments of the past are disinterred; counter depositions are being perpetually handed in; and the Mahons and Macaulays of our age sit like Minos and Rhadamanthus in perpetual assize, and are embarrassed by the very opulence of their materials.

Of the contemporary documents which

now enable us to explore the maze of royal and party intrigues at the commencement, and during the first twenty years of George III.'s reign, none are upon the whole more instructive than the Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham. The materials are solid, and the workmanship is generally good. We do not indeed assign to the noble editor at all a high place in the guild of bookmakers. With half his resources, and with very inferior talents for narrative, many writers would have forgotten their editorial functions altogether, and buried the letters under a mound of commentary. Lord Albemarle, however, has discharged his subsidiary labors more piously. Where his documents were sufficiently explicit, he is silent; where they need illustration, his comments are brief and pithy. Samuel Johnson, when he reported the debates for Cave's Magazine, took care, as he tells us, not to let "the Whig dogs" have the best of the argument; and the descendant and representative of the "true blue" house of Keppel occasionally recollects a family feud or tradition in his account of the Grenville and Bedford Whigs. But this is not more than might naturally be expected from so zealous a disciple of the Rockingham school, writing under the conviction that Burke's most efficient patron, and Fox's chosen model in all but eloquence, had hitherto been treated unfairly by even Whig historians, and had recently been strangely undervalued by no less an authority than Lord Mahon.

The period embraced in the volumes before us extends from the accession of George III., in 1760, to the decease of Lord Rockingham in 1782. The staple of the work consists of the papers of that estimable statesman, now in the possession of his nephew and successor, the present Earl Fitzwilliam; of letters contributed by the editor himself; and of others furnished by the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Hardwicke, and the Rev. Charles Lee, great nephew of Lord Rockingham's friend, Attorney-general Lee. Lord Rockingham's own letters it is

* *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, with Original Letters and Documents, now first published by GEORGE THOMAS, EARL OF ALBEMARLE. Two Volumes. London: 1852.*

scarcely possible in one sense to commend too highly. They do not indeed display any particular graces of epistolary composition. They aim at neither eloquence nor wit. But, like their author, they are honest, earnest and dignified. Written often in haste, often under the joint pressure of business and sickness, they are never feeble. Addressed to persons of the most dissimilar characters—to the king, to colleagues, to opponents, to stanch friends, to hollow supporters—they are never colored by a wish to please or beguile. The tone of his correspondents is much more diversified. The Duke of Newcastle's letters are querulous; the elder Pitt's are tumid and oracular; Sir George Savile conveys sagacious counsels in a rough cordial garb; Burke writes fervently,—*pressus et instans sibi*,—and his Majesty like a shrewd and wary attorney. There is indeed much epistolary physiognomy in these memoirs. No statesman of his age possessed more loyal friends than Lord Rockingham, and his letters show that he merited their devotion to him.

Lord Albemarle has discharged his editorial functions so generally well that we are sometimes disposed to regret that he did not become the biographer of Lord Rockingham. Under a more regular form it would have been easy to render the principal figure of his group more central and conspicuous. What, however, the nature of his work in some measure debarred the editor from doing, we shall attempt briefly to do, and place Lord Rockingham himself prominently before our readers, in the light of the acknowledged chief and eponymus of the most sound, if not the most brilliant section of the Whig party during the latter half of the last century.

On the female side Lord Rockingham was descended from one who would have felt small sympathy with his principles, even if he had not deemed him a fitting subject for examination before the Star Chamber. Edward Watson, second Baron Rockingham, married Lady Anne Wentworth, eldest daughter of Charles the First's able and unprincipled Deputy of Ireland, the Earl of Stafford. By this marriage there were two sons, Lewis, who succeeded to the Barony, and Thomas, who took his mother's name of Wentworth. The son of the latter, also Thomas Wentworth, was created Baron Malton, Viscount Higham, and Earl of Malton, and his honors came so thick and rapidly upon him that Sir Robert Walpole remarked, "I suppose we shall soon see our friend

Malton in opposition, for he has had no promotion in the peerage for the last fortnight." But his promotion did not stop with an earl's coronet. His uncle Lewis dying without issue, the Earl of Malton became Baron, and, on the 19th of April, 1746, Marquis of Rockingham. His youngest, and as it is proved, sole surviving son, was Charles Watson Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham, the subject of the present Memoirs.

He was born on the 19th of March, 1730. He probably inherited a feeble constitution; for his health, in manhood at least, was infirm, and his four elder brothers had died in childhood. 'Of his green and sallet days,' so often marked by the shadows of the future character, Lord Albemarle records nothing. But he was an ardent lover of field sports, and from the soubriquet which he acquired in his own family, 'Monkey Charles,' it may be inferred that he was somewhat of 'a Pickle.' The 'Memoirs' contain one escapade of 'Monkey Charles,' which has a serious aspect, and might have had grave consequences. In December, 1745, he was passing the Christmas holidays at Wentworth. At that moment there can scarcely have been more than one topic of conversation in hall or cottage throughout all the Ridings of Yorkshire. For not more than a fortnight before the 'breaking up' at Eton, the Pretender had been quartered at Derby with an army of strange garb and yet stranger speech. A hundred years before a Scottish army had in like manner crossed the Border to set the heir of the Stuarts upon the British throne. Bad as the roads were, and slowly as news circulated in 1745, it must have been known by the end of December in every hamlet in Yorkshire, that on the sixth of that month—the long remembered Black Friday—the shops in London had been shut, and the streets of London thronged with horsemen and carriages hurrying southward, and the royal yachts moored at Tower Quay ready to sail for Hanover at a moment's warning. By the end of December indeed the Highlanders had disappeared from Cheshire and Lancashire: but the alarm which their presence had caused did not immediately subside. In no family circle can we imagine greater joy to have prevailed at their retreat than in that which was then burning the yule-log at Wentworth House. Upon no member of that circle were the feelings of the crisis more deeply impressed than upon the youthful heir of the Barony of Rockingham. One morning he was missing from the breakfast table. He

had ridden forth early with a trusty groom. Night came on, and neither the groom nor his young master had returned. The next day it was discovered that Lord Higham and his attendant had been seen riding rapidly in a northerly direction. Soon a letter arrived from the truant himself, dated 'Carlisle,' the head quarters of the Duke of Cumberland. This letter has been lost: but it was succeeded by a second to the Countess of Malton which deserves to be ranked among characteristic epistles. Its tone is anything but apologetic. It betrays no feeling in the writer of having done any thing adventurous. It expresses indeed pious regret for anxiety occasioned, but it soberly alleges 'the desire of serving his king and country as much as lay in his power,' as the sole motive for the liberty the youthful patriot had taken. The incident would well have ushered in a more striking career than followed.

In 1750, Lord Higham, or, as he had since become, the Earl of Malton, succeeded his father as Marquis of Rockingham. Soon after he came of age, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire, and a Lord of the Bedchamber to George II. In 1760, he received the order of the Garter. His birth, his connexions, his large estates, and his political principles marked out the second Marquis of Rockingham as a leading Whig magnate of the time. But he was destined to a yet more conspicuous part than merely ranking high *inter Pelopidas*. From the 5th year of the reign of George III. his biography falls into the great stream of history.

A few years ago it was scarcely possible to obtain from books alone either clear or consistent accounts of the earlier periods of this reign. Neither Aikin, Belsham, nor Adolphus solved, or indeed had it in their power to solve satisfactorily, the Whig or Tory problems which they had respectively proposed. It was unsafe to put trust in Walpole: it was impossible to credit Wraxall: and Madame D'Arblay's memoirs did not, we confess, create in us any remarkable desire to know more of the Penates of Windsor. We believe that there is an opinion current in many quarters that the reputation of George III. will 'improve with keeping.' The Rockingham memoirs do not favor that expectation; neither do they materially sanction a still more flattering opinion that he was *felicior Augusto, melior Trajano*—a kind of patriarch sovereign, who ruled his tribe paternally, and whose virtues it is ungrateful, if not impious to deny. On the

other hand, it was difficult to account for the frequently pitiful spectacle presented by that monarch and his advisers in the period between his accession and the close of the first war with America. The North papers have been suspiciously destroyed; but with the Bedford, Chatham, and Rockingham correspondence before us, and the Grenville in course of publication—and we should rejoice if the archives at Luton were similarly exposed to view,—we are in a position to estimate fairly the claims of the King and of his ostensible or secret counsellors to the praise or the blame hitherto accorded. The veil has been gradually drawn up. We are become, and with the advantage of distance, spectators of the passions and intrigues which, whether in the Royal Closet, or in the conciliabula of Hayes, Stowe, and Richmond, broke up the 'Whig connexion,' reanimated the Tory party, committed the Crown and Legislature to direct collision on grave political questions with an able and profligate adventurer, paralyzed the genius of Chatham, barbed the arrow of Junius, and severed from Great Britain the fairest portion of her colonial empire.

The first twenty years of George the Third's reign resemble in their historical features those level passages which the great masters of harmony introduce into their works to usher in more effectively some sublime crescendo or catastrophe. It was an age generally barren in great events and heroic characters; but it was also an age teeming in no ordinary measure with the germs of both material and intellectual development. In the year 1760 the curtain had dropped for ever upon the crimes and the woes of the Stuarts. The warlike ardor which Pitt had kindled by his eloquence, and guided with singular energy and fortune, was dying down. France, indeed, had been humbled, and in the orator's phrase, 'brought to her knees;' but the English nation was beginning to count the cost of bonfires and artillery-salvos, and banners hung up in St. Paul's and oxen roasted in market-places. The country at large was generally prosperous; but it was also greatly in debt. Apathy had succeeded to turbulence in the political world. The course of parliamentary debate ran as smoothly for the most part as the discussions of a parish vestry. The Tory opposition either sullenly acquiesced in their Hanoverian king and his Whig counsellors, or gradually amalgamated with their former opponents, and accepted subordinate offices under a government which their grandfathers

had denounced as contrary both to divine and human law. The Whig phalanx no longer presented that compact and serried front which had seated and kept the House of Brunswick on the throne, and had compelled its princes to accept ministers from the hands of the nation, and to take the Act of Settlement as a guide to their feet and a lamp to their paths. On the surface of parties there was indeed a great calm; but in the heart of the Cabinet, and in the disposition of the youthful sovereign, were the elements of a storm, which for the ensuing twenty years disturbed both the Monarch and the Legislature.

It soon became obvious that a new Pharaoh had succeeded. The speech which the King made to his Council was not previously submitted to the Cabinet. The Duke of Newcastle stood aghast at such royal independence: and Pitt was naturally, if not justly, offended at certain phrases which seemed to reflect upon the warlike policy of the late reign. It was also equally apparent that the responsible advisers were not the real counsellors of the Crown: that the royal ear was preoccupied by the suggestions of Lord Bute, and that the Princess Dowager had instilled into her then docile son the maxims of Bolingbroke rather than those of Somers or Walpole. The doctrines sketched in the 'Craftsman' and the 'Patriot King' had passed from Leicester House to St. James's Palace. The objects and tactics of the new system are thus concisely stated by Lord Albemarle:—

"The primary object of the Leicester House system was to break up the powerful Whig confederacy which had been, with little intermission, in power since the Revolution, and without any interval since the accession of the House of Brunswick. Strong in family connexion and popular sympathy, the Whigs had seated and retained that dynasty on the throne, and their motive in upholding a foreign rather than a native line of princes was, that they might the more effectually protect the liberties of the people against the encroachments of the Crown. But, since the Whigs, collectively, were too powerful and too popular a body to be summarily dismissed, the leading men were to be removed, one by one, from the Cabinet and the Household. They would thus be expelled from office without the benefit of popular feeling in their behalf, and would enter the Opposition as a corps distrustful of one another, and disunited among themselves. Had the designs of the Court been confined to the adoption of a less liberal school of policy, the new scheme would not have differed from an ordinary intrigue for the removal of opponents and the acquisition of office. But the royal junto had a deeper and

more unconstitutional purpose in view. They wished virtually to supersede both the old Whig and Tory parties and to create a third party, which might form a permanent barrier against the attempt of any future Cabinet to act independently of the royal will. The old method of ruling by favorites was to be revived under a new form. In the place of an individual minister, a Buckingham or a Strafford, whom popular odium might easily displace, or an Abigail Masham, whom a responsible minister might purchase or disregard, a cabinet or household of favorites was to be placed around the sovereign, in numbers sufficient to divide and weaken popular hatred, and with influence enough to command a certain measure of political support. A confederacy of renegades from every political section of the State was accordingly formed, which was afterwards known by the appellation of "King's Friends." The members of this new association abjured all party distinction, and professed to regard the pleasure of the Sovereign as the sole source and condition of power. Although holding many of the offices under the Crown, they acted irrespectively of the King's constitutional advisers; and voted with or against Ministers according to the expressed or supposed predilections of their royal master."

George III., like Charles I., inherited from his predecessor a war with France, and a quarrel with Spain. The Whig Ministry was divided in itself about the prosecution of the war. Pitt, and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, were belligerent; the rest of the Cabinet inclined to peace. Through this breach of official continuity, Lord Bute made his first approaches. He began by cajoling Newcastle with assurances that he was more acceptable to the King than his eloquent and popular colleague. The Duke was summoned to Carlton House some hours before the great commoner, and His Majesty adroitly affected great regard for his person, and significantly hinted that the favorite was his good friend. Pitt accordingly had grounds for suspecting that Newcastle had been the first to see and approve of the Royal Speech, in which the war was mentioned with some disparagement. He succeeded indeed in giving to the Speech a more martial tone; but here were good foundations laid for jealousies and schisms between partners never very cordially disposed to each other.

The rent speedily grew wider. The peace party in the Cabinet could do nothing but appoint negotiators, whose intercession was nullified by Pitt's despatching "two days before the bearer of the French olive-branch arrived in town," an armament against Belleisle. Newcastle protested against saddling the nation with fresh loans and taxes, and

talked with no bated breath of the uncivil usage he met with "from Pitt and his bloodhounds." In a letter written on the 15th of August, 1761, he describes his rival's conduct "as bad, as unjust, as hostile, and as impracticable as ever came even from him." On the 5th of October, Pitt resigned office, and his example was followed two days afterwards by Lord Temple. The Cabinet generally was opposed to an immediate declaration of hostilities with Spain, and Pitt "would no longer remain in a situation which made him responsible for measures he was no longer able to guide."

The Whig Cabinet had rested upon three main pillars—family connexion, borough influence, and Pitt's eloquence. Its popular element was now removed: it remained to sever and discard the others. Newcastle was the next victim. There were limits even to his endurance, and a series of slights and affronts at length drove him to resign. On the retirement of his great rival and colleague, indeed, he had hoped to regain his former pre-eminence. But he had only exchanged an impracticable partner for an absolute master, as Lord Bute immediately assumed the entire management of affairs. His almost hysterical joy at Pitt's resignation was speedily followed by equally hysterical distress. Lord Talbot, who, as a "king's friend," probably knew what was likely to happen, considerably advised his Grace "not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on the Tuesday." Bute bullied, the Court thwarted, His Majesty was "barely civil" to the dowager Secretary: his advice was disregarded, his patronage, once so efficient, could not now procure a tide-waiter's place; and on the royal visit to the city on the 9th of November 1761, the mob greeted him with cries of "no Newcastle salmon." In the following May, he tendered his resignation with some dignity, since he declined a pension, and refused to be coaxed either by the King or the favorite into promising them his support.

The leaders of the Whig Cabinet were now dismissed. But so long as a Whig household remained about the Royal person, Lord Bute's triumph was neither complete nor sufficiently proclaimed. It was not then, indeed, the fashion to regard the Cabinet and Household as politically connected with each other: and the ties of party appear to have been, to modern notions at least, exceedingly lax and undefined. The Duke of Devonshire, whom the Leicester House faction denominated the "Prince of the Whigs," was Lord Chamberlain. He intimated to His

Majesty shortly after Newcastle's retirement, his willingness to remain in office, but declined assisting at councils which were conducted on principles he could no longer approve. This divided allegiance was highly displeasing both to the King and the favorite, and the staff of office was torn rather than taken from him. The Duke's brother, Lord George, on the same day gave up his place of Comptroller of the Household, and was treated "in the closet" with equal contumely. Immediately after these changes, Lord Rockingham resigned his post of Lord of the Bedchamber, not, however, without a grave and temperate remonstrance to the youthful monarch upon the unusual and dangerous tendency of the counsels which now prevailed. But George III. was as incapable of following, as Lord Bute was of giving, wholesome advice. Both trod in the paths of Charles and Buckingham, with more adroitness but with less excuse.

Irony is seldom the growth of royal minds. It is too closely allied, on the one hand, to earnest feelings, and on the other, to a subtle intellect, to be native there. But if George III. have any claim to that quality, it rests upon the opening sentence of his Address to the Privy Council on assuming the kingly office. "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton, and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne." Taken in connexion with their proper context, the political history of the succeeding twenty years, these words may be read with a sigh or a smile, like the *nolo episcopari* of Laud or Phillpotts. The youthful King did not indeed overestimate the advantages of his position; but he knew not how to turn them to the best account. His title to the crown was undisputed except by a few sullen Jacobite squires and a few Oxford divines. His person was manly, his demeanor was agreeable and gracious, his morals were free from the reproach of fashionable vices, and he had not been mixed up directly in any of the squabbles which for two generations had rendered the royal house so unedifying a spectacle to all tolerably accordant fathers and sons. The English people is generous and confiding, and was prepared to greet its new sovereign with all the warmth of a new passion, and with more than the indulgence naturally extended to a young and untried prince.

He was, however, at the outset as much deserving of pity as of blame. His "com-

mon mind" was formed by his "education." His antipathies had been sedulously nurtured, his discernment purposely blinded by those who had charge of him. His mother, a factious and turbulent woman, derived her notions of the duties of a king from the precepts of her Tory circle, and the practice of a German court. From his boyhood she had ever whispered into his ear, "George, be king;" such a king, namely, as Britain had not seen since 1687, — a king who aspired to control his responsible advisers, and to tamper, since it was impossible to dispense, with Parliament. Of his tutors, those who, like Lord Waldegrave or Mr. Stone, might have imparted wholesome instructions, were scarcely allowed access to him, while the lessons really inculcated into the royal pupil were the doctrines of Bolingbroke, commented upon by a tuft-hunting bishop and a vain and superficial Scotch nobleman. From Harcourt, Bishop of Norwich, he learned little of religion beyond its formalities and a hatred of dissent; and Lord Bute carefully trained him to be an absolute prince, in order that the favorite himself might in due time become a more absolute prime minister. Now this was worshipful society, and the effects of such communications were speedily apparent. The young sovereign was by disposition decorous and methodical, a dutiful son, a constant husband, and a kind if not a discreet parent. He was diligent in business, and not without shrewd insights into character. His fondness for field sports and agriculture qualified him for a first-rate country gentleman. As Master of the Hunt, or even as Chairman of the Berkshire Quarter Sessions, he would have made a popular figure. But he never imbibed from his tutors, nor, perhaps, could he imbibe from them, a single lofty aspiration, or a single sentiment, befitting his position. The Princess Dowager lived immured with factious partisans or scandalous ladies-in-waiting. Lord Bute dabbled in the arts, and excelled in private theatricals. But he had neither official nor worldly experience. He was as frivolous as Carr, and as supercilious as Villiers. The young Augustus had been trained by a foolish Livia and a faltering Sejanus.

Nor was the great Whig party itself at the time by any means blameless. In the pages of the "Rockingham Memoirs" we trace its gradual return to the pure doctrines of Somers and Halifax, but we behold it at first in a divided and degenerate condition. With regard to party *ab extra*, it slumbered in the lap of security. The eloquence of

Pitt had awed opposition, the borough influence and bureaucratic arts of Newcastle had sakened the tone and impaired the energies of Parliament. But as regarded the party itself within, "fears and jealousies had cast a scurf" over its vitality. By its own imperfect cohesion it met the gathering opposition to it half way. Pitt and Newcastle had never been sincerely in accord. As early as 1756 a negotiation had broken off on Pitt's refusal to come into office, if the Duke of Newcastle were to continue in the Ministry. (*Grenville Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 436.) Both were jealous of the Bedford section, and that section in its turn kept sullenly aloof from the main body of the connexion. For the general purification of the whole body, a series of disasters and mortifications was perhaps needed, and Wilkes, Junius, and the American War, sifted and winnowed effectually the chaff from the wheat.

On the Duke of Newcastle's resignation Lord Bute became first Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Grenville, Secretary of State, and Sir Francis Dashwood, Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the eyes of contemporaries the latter appointment was singularly unhappy, for Sir Francis was at once eccentric, immoral, and incapable. It was not, however, the most infelicitous in the end, for both Dashwood and Lord Bute were officially short-lived, and the burden of misgovernment lay for several years on the shoulders of Grenville alone. To him, at least to him principally, must be ascribed the unseemly collision with Wilkes, the calamitous breach with the colonies, and the feuds, jealousies, and follies of parties and statesmen, which caused the earlier period of George III.'s reign to resemble, as the "North Briton" shrewdly remarked at the time, some weak and miserable epoch in Byzantine annals. In the following sketch of the "Grenville brothers" Lord Albemarle has, perhaps, scarcely awarded sufficient credit to the elder of the two for some warmth of feeling to his kindred, and for a still greater generosity in pecuniary matters. In other respects the portraiture is sufficiently exact, and is traced with that precision which generally distinguishes our author's pencil:—

"No two monarchs were probably ever more pestered by their advisers than George the Second and his successor by Lord Temple and George Grenville. Nor were their Majesties the only victims. There was scarcely a contemporary statesman who had not been bullied or bored by this ruthless pair of brothers. Both indeed were tormentors of the first order. Yet their connexions

rendered them indispensable; their talents, their knowledge of the world and of parliamentary forms made them serviceable; and their profession of Whig principles gave them a kind of reputation for liberal sentiments.

"Richard, Earl Temple, the elder brother, had good business-habits and much industry, and was by no means an inefficient speaker. His huge ungainly figure procured for him the nickname of 'Squire Gawkey.' The qualities of his mind were indeed as loosely put together as his limbs. With much ambition, his own wayward caprice or masterless pride constantly marred his plans of self-aggrandizement. He was frequently asking favors of George the Second. That monarch accounted himself at least a Turenne in war; yet his Privy Seal gracefully insinuated that His Majesty had no more spirit than Admiral Byng, whose death-warrant he had just signed.

"One of Temple's grand schemes was to establish a triumvirate government,* to be composed of himself, his brother George, and his brother-in-law, Pitt—three men whose opinions were as opposite as the antipodes, and who were almost always at personal variance with each other. Temple, indeed, appears to have had no fixed principles of action. He adopted the cause of prerogative against the Americans, and the side of Wilkes against the prerogative. Mischief appears to have been the main incentive of his actions: nevertheless he preferred being a backer rather than a principal. He was Wilkes's prime instigator in his wicked pranks against the King and the Court. He was likewise Chatham's evil genius: and occasionally led his brother-in-law to commit imprudences into which a school-boy would hardly have fallen. He was indeed the cause of half the errors and inconsistencies committed by that statesman. The result of his political life was that Lord Temple, after thirty years' factious meddling in public affairs, died distrusted and avoided by the associates of his earlier days.

"George Grenville was greatly superior to his brother in talents. Pitt considered him to be the best parliament man in the house. Formal, punctual, and exact he undoubtedly was. But his pride and pertinacity were as obstructive, as his regularity was conducive, to progress in affairs. In-

gratitude was one of his besetting sins. Whatever may have been Lord Bute's demerits, he at least was Grenville's benefactor. Whatever may have been Pitt's profusion in war, Grenville long supported his martial measures. Yet he was among the very first to turn against Bute, and to upbraid Pitt for his extravagance.

"Unlike as were the brothers in personal appearance, there was much similarity in the conformation of their minds. Their common characteristics were pride, want of tact, and jealousy of all around them. Each lost office by the violence of his temper, and the haughtiness of each rendered a return to power impracticable. Each of them was revengeful; each vented his vindictive feelings in pamphlets. Each possessed a stream of words, which, in all places and on all occasions, flowed from him in *omne volubilis arum*. Like Temple, too, George Grenville regarded the King as the proper butt of his tedious harangues, and, at times, of his angry invective. 'When he has wearied me for two hours,' said George the Third, exhausted after one of these inflictions, 'he looks at his watch to see if he may not tire me for an hour more.'"

The "Grenville Correspondence," and especially the "Diary," afford us glimpses into the royal closet about this time which fully confirm Lord Albemarle's account of this at once unpopular and uncourtly Ministry. From these sources we learn that Lord Mansfield informed His Majesty that Chief Justice Pratt was a more scandalous judge than Jeffries himself;—that Grenville was wont to talk of Pitt, Pratt, and Wilkes as the extreme section of the Opposition;—that the King himself would not inquire about the health of the Duke of Cumberland, who had recently been struck by apoplexy, lest he should be supposed to have a regard for him. Grenville, we are told, on the same authority, complained of backstair influence, and the Queen's ladies of honor lamented that Lord Bute's handsome form was married to such a "fluctuating mind." The position of the King, indeed, had become most infelicitous. His victory was more bitter and humiliating than defeat. He had exchanged his grandfather's strict counsellors for imperious masters, or for friends and favorites who brought him into contempt. He reaped early the fruits of division. Lord Bute, after a vain attempt to lure Pitt and Newcastle back again to the posts whence he had driven them, himself suddenly quitted the helm. He had not found office a bed of roses, and he had stuffed the royal pillow with thorns. No acclamations greeted the King when he appeared in public; in private he was still more unhappy; his Ministers upbraided him with inconsistency, if not with treachery; his friends were undisciplined and indiscreet; and a

* Mr. G. Grenville, in 1762, drew up a formal narrative of their family quarrels. He attributes them to Pitt; the friendship and political intercourse with whom, he says, "have proved so fatal to the peace and happiness of our family," and by forwarding whose marriage with his sister, he describes himself as "having brought into the family an enemy and not a friend." Afterwards, on Pitt's neglecting to secure for him the office of Paymaster, he adds, "My two brothers were privy to all that had passed on this occasion; to them I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction at a behavior so contrary not only to the friendship and alliance subsisting between us, but to the engagements of honor and good faith. I cannot say that either of them interested themselves at all in this complaint, or took any other part than to use their utmost endeavors to persuade me to acquiesce in it." (*Grenville Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 422.) *Divide et impera* was not difficult for the monarch here.

sovereign who had ascended the throne the most popular of his race became, in the short space of five years, nearly as unacceptable to the nation at large as Edward II. to his barons, or as Charles I., after the imposition of ship-money, to the freeholders of Buckinghamshire.

On the decease of the Duke of Devonshire, in 1764, the headship of the Whig party was by general consent assigned to the Marquis of Rockingham. There were many reasons for this selection, there were some against it. Lord Rockingham was a safe, but not an effective party leader. He was timid, scrupulous, and ineloquent. He was not a favorite with the people; he rarely addressed Parliament. A nervous susceptibility—the result of infirm health—made him, on all ordinary occasions, appear feeble and unequal to his prominent position. He could not, like Pitt, arouse or control the passions of an audience; still less could he, like Newcastle, tempt or tamper with the jealousy or cupidity of individuals. His relations to the King were unfortunate. He inspired the royal mind with neither awe nor affection. The King believed Lord Rockingham to be infirm of purpose, because he was often hesitating in manner. Lord Rockingham long deluded himself with the notion that the King would be himself ingenuous, if he could once be separated from his evil advisers. They respectively misunderstood each other, but the subject's delusion was the more brief. On the other hand, the reasons for placing Lord Rockingham at the head of the Whig party were many and valid. He possessed a calm intrepid mind, and a clear understanding; he was a purist in principle, in an age of almost universal corruption. His theory of government was severely constitutional, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left from the original doctrines of the Act of Settlement. His bearing and predilections were, indeed, aristocratical, but they would have adorned "the most high and palmy state" of Venice or Rome.

The "Chatham Correspondence" is by no means a readable book, yet there are passages in it to which it is pleasant to turn. They are the letters in which Pitt drops for the time his generally stiff and stilted language, and writes with the genuine simplicity of a husband or father. If Lord Rockingham did not possess "troops of friends," he was at least remarkably fortunate in the attachments which he inspired and retained. To have been a common centre of attraction and affection to such men as Sir George Savile,

Attorney-General Lee, Burke, and Fox, implies no ordinary worth in the object of those sentiments. The fidelity of his adherents was independent of the ties of faction or interest. To the Whigs, during the greater portion of George III.'s reign, faith to their leaders was a virtual resignation of emoluments and honors. Pitt and his brothers-in-law, we have seen, were frequently at variance. The Duke of Bedford was neither happy nor discriminating in his friendships. "His relations," Lord Albemarle remarks, "were Tories, and his companions profligates; and the prejudices and excesses of his own circle re-acted upon his own estimation in the world." The "Rockingham Whigs" alone, amid all the party divisions of the age, presented the agreeable spectacle of a band of statesmen united in principles, and mutually respecting one another for private as well as public virtues. This, indeed, was the secret of their strength in opposition—for the eloquence even of Burke would not alone have cemented it,—and of their success in power, as far as they were permitted to succeed. They had warm feelings; they had legitimate aims; they could indulge in the luxury of self-respect,—a luxury which no other section of either Whigs or Tories could then decently claim,—and in their common affection for their chief they enjoyed a peculiar and inestimable privilege as public men. Nor, although thwarted by many who should have supported them, assailed by a powerful opposition, betrayed and undermined by the King and his friends, were the Rockingham Whigs unsuccessful as a Cabinet. By no one Ministry between the epoch of the Revolution and that of the Reform Bill were so many immunities gained for the people, or, strictly speaking, so many breaches repaired in the Constitution, as by that which Charles Townsend contemptuously called the "Lutestring Administration." The character of the leader was reflected in that of his followers. A brilliant staff gradually formed itself around the most constitutional minister of the age, and Burke's genius was matured and Fox's eloquence was disciplined in the congenial society of Keppel, Portland, Montagu, and Cavendish.

Had Lord Rockingham, indeed, conferred no other boon on his party than his early recognition of Burke's genius, he would have deserved well both of his adherents and his country. We are not insensible to the imperfections of this great man. We deplore the prejudices which latterly dimmed his intellectual vision, and the heat and haste which

severed him from the friends and colleagues of his better days. But, after every abatement has been made, it is impossible to deny to Burke the praise of having contributed, both by his speeches and his writings, beyond any man of his time, to the re-construction and elevation of Whig principles, or, rather, of those principles which, from the year 1640 to the present time, have progressively secured or extended the liberties of the English nation. And this he effected, not so much by parliamentary eloquence—for as a debater he was far inferior to Fox—as by his constant appeal to broad and general principles in politics, by his applying the universal laws of philosophy to the partial truths of the question and the hour. There have been few such striking successions in the realm of eloquence as the coterminous rise and decline of Burke and Chatham. Marcus Cicero had listened to the fervent declamations of Sulpicius and Cotta, and to the last orations of Crassus and Antonius; and ancient men may have kindled the boyish ardor of Demosthenes, by reciting, as they watched the exercises of the Athenian youth in the gymnasia, portions of the harangues of Pericles. But neither the Attic nor the Roman orator actually met their great precursors in the arena of debate, while Burke, both on the Treasury and Opposition Benches, was a frequent auditor of the old man eloquent, who had carried dismay into the heart of Walpole, and “fulminated” by the side of Pulteney and Carteret. Their respective powers were, indeed, as dissimilar as the fashion of their garments, or the character of their eloquence. “Chatham,” as Lord Albemarle remarks, “was at once the Cicero and the Roscius of his age, a great orator, and a consummate actor.” His gestures, his tones, his crutch, and the flannels which swathed his limbs, were, as he employed them, so many stage properties. He neither dealt nor delighted in general maxims, or far-reaching principles. His “burning words” involved no recondite truths; he has bequeathed little or nothing to the “pratique or théorique” of politics. His mission was to confute or convince, to rouse or to soothe the passions of the moment. He was a burning and a shining light for the hour, but not, like Burke, a perpetual beacon for all ages. Chatham’s speeches would have been applauded by the “men of Athens;” Burke’s discourses would have furnished new meditations to Bacon and Macchiavelli.*

The name of William Pitt occurs frequently in the “Rockingham Memoirs,” but rather as a *nominis umbra*, than as that of the Great Commoner who, in the preceding reign, had raised his country from almost unexampled depression to rarely surpassed glory. To minds of a certain order prosperity is more dangerous than adversity.

“For some by Fortune’s favors are undone;
They bore the wind who cannot bear the sun,
But melt, and into baser metal run.”

Had Pitt either died or quitted the political helm at the decease of George II., he would have shone in English annals with almost the ideal splendor of one of Plutarch’s heroes. He had, indeed, committed great faults, for he had cherished in his countrymen a passion for war, and a recklessness of economy. But his faults were those of an ardent temperament, and he had compensa-

mind (however vehement, yet at once more philosophical and more practical) had been estranged by the unaccountable eccentricities of Lord Chatham. He somewhere describes him as lying on his back talking fustian. Two letters, published by Lord Albemarle, throw some light on their differences. The first was written to Lord Rockingham in Christmas week, 1774.

“One cannot help feeling for the unhappy situation in which we stand from our unhappy divisions. Lord Chatham shows a disposition to come near you, but with those resources (!), which he never fails to have as long as he thinks that the closet door stands ajar to receive him. The last peep into that closet intoxicates him, and will to the end of his life. However, as he is and must be looked to by those that are within, and those that are without, it would not be amiss to find out how he proposes to act, and, if possible, to fall in with him in Parliament (on the subject of America), though you may never come to an understanding with him in other politics.” (Vol. ii. p. 260.)

The other letter is a memorandum in Burke’s own hand, and dated July 13, 1792, on the back of an old letter from Chatham to Lord Rockingham, in which Burke’s “Thoughts on the Present Discontents,” though it had undergone the scrutiny of the leaders of the party before it went to press, is slightly noticed, as having done much hurt to the cause.

“Looking over poor Lord Rockingham’s papers, I find this letter from a man wholly unlike him. It concerns my pamphlet (The Cause of the Discontents). I remember to have seen this knavish letter at the time. The pamphlet is itself, by anticipation, an answer to that grand artifice of fraud. He would not like it. It is pleasant to hear him talk of the great extensive public, who never conversed but with a parcel of low toad eaters. Alas! alas! how different the real from the ostensible public man! Must all this theatrical stuffing and raised heels be necessary for the character of a great man? EDMUND BURKE. Oh! but this does not derogate from his great splendid side. God forbid! E. B.”

* Burke’s correspondence shows how deeply his

ted for them by essential services to the people who so loved and honored him, and whose reputation he held in his heart of hearts. He had made England renowned abroad, and enterprising, if not prosperous, at home. His eloquence had vanquished the reluctance of the King, and lulled the fury of parties. In an age of signal corruption he had exhibited perfect cleanness of hands. He had poured into the national mind streams of ennobling thoughts, and the fear of him and the dread of him had penetrated the hearts of foreign cabinets and kings. But from the commencement, and with few intervals of a better mood, nearly to the close of the period now under review, Pitt appears, although not altogether fallen from his high estate, yet comparatively weak, irresolute, factious, and self-seeking. The great Whig connexion, which he had mainly reorganized after Walpole's retirement, was, through his caprice or obstinacy principally, again broken up. In the cabinet he was jealous, imperious, and ineffective, in the royal closet servile, and in opposition a hazardous and impracticable pilot. Little remained of his earlier greatness beyond integrity, uncertain flashes of eloquence, and his genuine and touching domestic virtues. To Pitt's lofty mind the policy of the King's friends was repulsive and degrading; the conduct of his brothers-in-law was a perpetual mortification. He protested against the prosecution of Wilkes; he deplored their doctrines of parliamentary absolutism, and he abominated their demeanour to the American colonies. Both publicly and privately he lamented the selfish intrigues of the Bedford section of the Whigs, and extolled the integrity and the intentions of Lord Rockingham and his followers. Yet, by sowing or fostering divisions among the Whigs generally, he directly forwarded the intrigues of the King's friends; he lent himself to the plots of his brothers-in-law; he enabled the Bedford party to supplant for a while the Rockingham party, and he undermined or thwarted the counsels of the only political section in Great Britain which, by his own admission, was both able and honest enough to conduct the affairs of the nation. History affords few sadder or more memorable examples of a great mind surviving its proper energies, and marring with envious clouds the evening of a brilliant noon. His place in the Walhalla of Statesmen should have been between the images of Oxenstiern and De Witt. But the pedestal is uninscribed. Manly consistency was wanting.

In 1765 the Grenville Administration

could go on no longer. The crazy union with the Bedford party did not succeed. They had failed in cajoling Newcastle, and in conciliating Pitt. They had become intolerable to the King. They had irritated Lord Bute; and had denied place and countenance to the King's friends. They had embroiled England with her American Colonies. Their quarrel with Wilkes had made the name of Privilege obnoxious to the people at large; so that their persons were not safe in London, the yells of an infuriated mob greeted them in the streets, and paving stones were flung into their carriage windows. Grub Street and the caricaturists grew fat upon the unpopularity of George Grenville. On the 6th of May the King began to make indirect overtures to the Whig leaders: on the 18th he announced to his Secretary of State that he proposed a change of administration. The vacant Premiership was at first offered to Pitt, but Lord Temple would not allow him to accept it on any practicable terms—and afterwards to Lord Lyttleton, but he would not desert the Pitt and Temple section. At length, after much heart-burning and recrimination between the King and his nominal advisers, the leaders of the Whigs met at Newcastle House on the 30th of June; and it was decided, by a majority of twelve to six, that a new Ministry should be formed, over which the Marquis of Rockingham was unanimously chosen to preside. Conway led the House of Commons, and was Secretary of State, with the Duke of Grafton for his colleague. The Duke of Newcastle was Privy Seal, and Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer. All these and others are, more or less, "known to fame." Not so one of the most estimable men of the time and of the party, whose portraiture we shall therefore borrow from Lord Albemarle's gallery.

"The Premier's friend, Sir George Savile, was invited to take part in the Rockingham Administration. But with his habitual delicacy and candor he declined the offer, alleging that, as an independent member of Parliament, he could better assert his privileges and serve his friends. Faction has spared the name of Savile: contemporaries are unanimous in representing him as in the highest degree generous, benevolent, disinterested and unostentatious—high commendations in an age when mere negative virtues were rare, and statesmen imitated the maxims rather than the practice of Sir Robert Walpole. In person Savile was somewhat above the middle size; his figure was slender, his complexion adust, his constitution delicate; his address was easy, and almost bordering upon negligence. As an orator he possessed

great facility of utterance, and was simple even to austerity in the choice of his words. In debate he was clear, sensible, and persuasive. A peculiar radiance spread over his features whenever philanthropy was the theme of his discourse. Indeed, the general belief in the honesty and benevolence of his intentions produced such an impression in favor of his arguments, that 'Truth came mended from his tongue.' His habits of thinking were very original. 'He had a head,' Walpole remarks, 'as acutely argumentative as if it had been made by a German logician for a model.' He was also a shrewd observer of contemporary statesmen. He predicted early the future greatness of Charles Fox. When that statesman was scarcely a man, he praised him for his readiness in finding out *blots*—his celerity in hitting the bird's-eye of an argument, and his general talents for opposition. 'Hence,' said Savile, 'others may have more stock, but Fox has more ready money about him than any of his party.'

"Toleration in matters of religion is a doctrine of comparatively recent growth. It was imperfectly understood by the Whigs of the last century, who combined the ideas of Protestantism and the Hanoverian succession. It was utterly unknown to their opponents, who recognized the Church of England as the sole Church of Christ. But Savile was an honorable exception to both these extremes. He advocated the claims of the Roman Catholics, and his advocacy exposed him to the fury of the Church and King Mobs of the year '80; and yet even while his house was assailed and frequent attempts were made to set it on fire, he spoke of the incendiaries with compassion, and ascribed the zeal of the multitude rather to their ignorance than to their evil passions,—rather to their being led by blind guides than to the spontaneous aberration of their own feelings."

The Cabinet which embodies a section only of a party labors under the twofold disadvantage of direct opposition and "half-faced fellowship." But this way by no means the only or the most serious difficulty which awaited the Rockingham Ministry. Its chief was both ineloquent and constitutionally timid in debate. It had some tolerable speakers, like Conway, but no consummate orator—for Burke had not a seat in the Cabinet. It suffered, ere it was many weeks old, a fatal blow in the death of the Duke of Cumberland, who had some influence with the Bedford party, and who could at times remonstrate successfully with his royal nephew. Pitt and Temple were discontented and supercilious allies: they tolerated Lord Rockingham as Mrs. Candour tolerated her female friends, hinting at their supposed foibles and liberally expressing their own dislikes. Lord Bute stalked moodily in the background: he was the spectre at every ministerial banquet, and his whispers were supposed, not without grave reasons for the belief, still to

reach the royal ear. In scattering unfavorable rumors the "King's friends" were as active and adroit as Fame herself: while in the Household there was more than one ally who infinitely preferred Plato to truth—the King's understood pleasure to the King's public professions. But the most formidable antagonist of the Rockingham Ministry was the King himself. The Gazette which announced that His Majesty had been *pleased* to appoint Charles Watson Wentworth, &c. &c., his First Lord of the Treasury, assumed an almost poetic license of fiction. It was read with a smile by all who knew—and there were few who did not know—how distasteful that appointment was to the King. From his youth upwards he had been trained in distrust of the Whigs as a body; he was now compelled to throw open his closet to the very zealots of the Whig sanhedrim. He had been taught to believe himself the heir of peculiar prerogatives, and he was surrounded by men who saw in him only the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth. He had mounted the throne with a fixed intention to burst the bonds and cast away the cords of the Whig connection, and its Heads of Houses were once more in his Council-chamber and beside his table and his bed. He felt like a gamester who had lost his stake, or like a refractory ward who has been suddenly removed from the indulgences of home to the unpalatable discipline of school. Nor was his mortification softened by the character of his new Premier. He had not even the satisfaction of a decent discontent. Newcastle he might despise—and he would not have been singular in his contempt. Grenville he had some excuse for hating, for the ex-secretary had been systematically rough with his sovereign. Lord Holland's great abilities were tarnished by at least equal corruption; and the subservience of Pitt evaporated the moment he quitted the closet. But Lord Rockingham was provokingly invulnerable. He was courteous and honest: he was respectful and firm. He used great plainness of speech, and he was inaccessible to fear or favor. He was no proficient in the arts in which His Majesty excelled. His yea was yea, and his nay was nay. For the first time in his life probably George the Third was confronted with a minister who set candidly before him his proper functions, his official duties, the time's abuse and its remedies, and who met his vision of a Patriot King by the waking reality of a Constitutional Monarch. Had Lord Rockingham found a willing auditor in His

Majesty, the world would probably have wanted one at least of Junius's Letters. But though "far exceeding" all other statesmen in the art of drawing "together without the seduction of self-interest the concurrence and co-operation of various dispositions and abilities of men, whom he assimilated to his character and associated in his labors," he failed altogether in his intercourse with his sovereign.

The royal sufferings were not, however, very protracted. The first Rockingham Administration just survived one anniversary; but it remained in office long enough to pass some essential measures, and to attract the notice of the country in general to this section of the Whig phalanx. Sixteen years later it was called again to the helm in a darker hour, when it had become impossible to re-adjust the state-vessel without sacrificing a third of its cargo.

The new Ministry began their voyage with a dark cloud on the western horizon. George Grenville had bequeathed to them all the consequences of his project for drawing a revenue from America by means of a duty upon stamps. The storm had burst across the Atlantic before the first meeting of Parliament in the year 1766. On hearing that it had received the royal assent, the townsmen of New York reprinted the Stamp Act, and hawked it about the streets, as "England's folly and America's ruin." At Philadelphia the guns were spiked. At Boston the flags of the vessels in harbor were hoisted half-mast high, while muffled bells tolled a funeral knell. The spirit of Pym and St. John seemed to have migrated into the American Houses of Assembly: and in the Virginian Congress Patrick Henry vented his indignation in terms in which truth and treason struggled for the mastery. In the Speech from the Throne, on the 17th of December, 1765, a decent veil was thrown over these dismal tidings. His Majesty announced to both Houses that he had called them together sooner than usual, in consequence "of matters of importance which had lately occurred in some of his colonies in America."

We shall not, however, repeat an oft-told tale, and one too which has recently been once again narrated by so accomplished a writer as Mr. Bancroft. Every tiro in history knows that the first Rockingham Administration repealed the Stamp Act, and that the King never forgave them for thus delaying a few years longer the dismemberment of the British Empire. With the documents before us which Lord Albemarle has brought to light,

it will be more interesting to trace the causes which constantly enfeebled and finally undermined the Cabinet formed in the autumn of 1765.

It was not likely that the Rockingham Administration would last long. It was equally improbable that its parliamentary course would run smooth. It was not sustained by eloquence. Its chief was firm, but not strenuous. The hour demanded an Achilles rather than a Nestor, and Lord Rockingham could seldom be relied on to give vigor to debate. The public generally had not recovered from the apathy which, during the last five years of the preceding reign, had numbed its political ardor; it had not yet learned by experience to distrust its youthful sovereign; nor did it yet discriminate between the relative merits either of the Whig leaders or their several sections. Pitt's coldness, and Temple's busy and acrid host of pamphleteers, equally damaged the Rockingham Cabinet. But the King himself was, as we have already observed, their chief antagonist. He could not be expected to regard with an eye of favor Ministers to whom his embarrassments alone had compelled him to resort. Indeed, of the various political connexions of the time no one was so distasteful to the Sovereign as that to which he had now consigned the government. "They were," as Lord Albemarle remarks, "at once too wealthy, too indifferent to office, too much actuated by public principles, too closely bound together by party ties, to yield to the King, or to suit the views of a Court that required Ministers to be, not the public servants of the State, but the private domestics of the Sovereign." In allusion to the Rockingham party, His Majesty had indeed two years previously declared that "he would never suffer those Ministers of the late reign, who had attempted to enslave him, to come into his service while he held the sceptre." He accordingly regarded, as both his acts and demeanor plainly proved, his new Cabinet as a mere temporary refuge from the Grenvilles. Lord Rockingham and his followers were civil to His Majesty. That was some relief: and in the meanwhile they might be divided, undermined, and, at some lucky moment, ousted.

These at least are the conclusions which we draw from the documents published for the first time by Lord Albemarle. The repeal of the Stamp Act was the principal business of the Session, and it was as "bitter as coloquintida" to the royal palate, or as the signature of the Petition of Right had been

to Charles I. So early in the Session as the 3rd of January, the Earl of Hardwicke wrote to his brother, Charles Yorke, "The King's family and household are divided. I wish His Majesty himself is not *neuter*." And he adds, "Lord B. will overturn every Ministry who does not court him." The *neutrality* of the King may be inferred from the following "three papers in the King's handwriting," and from the accompanying anecdote reported, although not quite correctly in all the details, by Walpole and Belsham.

"I. That Lord Rockingham was on Friday (February 8, 1766) allowed by His Majesty to say, that His Majesty was for the repeal. The conversation having only been for that or enforcing.

"II. Lord Rockingham's question was, whether he was for enforcing the Stamp Act, or for the repeal. The King was clear, that repeal was preferable to enforcing, and permitted Lord Rockingham to declare that as his opinion.

"III. Lord Rockingham, I desire you would tell Lord Strange that I am now, and have been heretofore, for modification: but that when many were for enforcing, I was then for a repeal of the Stamp Act."

From these memoranda it would seem as if the Minister had determined not to quit the royal presence until he had secured "the word of a King." But only ten days after these notes were penned, "Lord Strange, one of the placemen who opposed the repeal of the Stamp Act, having occasion to go in to the King, on some affair of his office, the Duchy of Lancaster, the King said he heard it was reported in the world that he (the King) was for the repeal of that Act. Lord Strange replied, that idea did not only prevail, but that His Majesty's Ministers did all that lay in their power to encourage that belief; and that their great majority (on the 7th February) had been entirely owing to their having made use of His Majesty's name. Lord Strange no sooner left the closet than he made full use of the authority he had received, and trumpeted all over the town the conversation he had had with the King."

If this be not sufficient evidence of insincerity on the King's part—and it would be easy to multiply examples from the volumes before us—we know not how to define duplicity "in high places." Unfortunately for the nation His Majesty was not alone in his political obliquity. The moral code of the Bedford party was deplorably lax: Rigby and Sandwich were statesmen worthy of the school of the Regent Orleans and the Cardinal Dubois; and among the "Kings's friends," Talbot, Boscawen, Strange, and Dyson, were

the Rosencrantzes, Osrics, and Guildensterns of the English Court. We extract Lord Albemarle's graphic sketch of the last-named of these worthies:—

"Among the most active opponents of the repeal of the Stamp Act was Mr. Jeremiah Dyson, member for Great Yarmouth, and one of the Lords of Trade. He was one of those parasitical persons who serve governments a little and disgrace them much. He was by birth a tailor, by education a Dissenter, and, from interest or vanity, in his earlier years, a republican. But he was not a person whose conscience at any time stood in the way of preferment, and his republicanism speedily yielded to more profitable investments in politics. He was a quick shrewd man, with a cool head and a prompt tongue, and an atrabilious temperament, that made him impatient of repose and obscurity. He entered Parliament with a character for holding anti-monarchical opinions, although he was at the time "secretly sold to Lord Bute." For some time he was supposed to be a staunch supporter of George Grenville, but when the Grenvillian horizon became overcast, Jeremiah tacked to windward. Shortly after this desertion, having assumed a bag instead of a *tye-wig*, Lord Gower aptly remarked, "It was because no *tie* would hold him." Whatever party he espoused, Dyson's habits of business, skill in parliamentary forms, specious demeanor and general courtesy, rendered him a serviceable adjunct; nor, though he possessed neither fancy nor eloquence, was he by any means contemptible as a speaker and pamphleteer. But the best of his good gifts was his accommodating conscience. He was a ready-made "king's friend," even before he attracted the royal notice. George the Third was not a King John, nor was Dyson a Hubert. But he was not the less an apt instrument in the hands of a sovereign who sought to govern a kingdom as an attorney manages an election, by the influence of partisans and the division of opponents. He had risen rapidly in the favor of Lord Bute. For several years he was principal clerk in the House of Commons. He became afterwards First Secretary of the Treasury, and eventually Cofferer of the Household. In 1766 Lord Bute's royal pupil became political sponsor for Jeremiah's good behavior as a member of the Rockingham Ministry. Reluctantly did the Premier accept his services; much he labored to cashier him. But the King knew his worth too well. His Majesty preferred getting rid of Lord Rockingham to dismissing Jeremiah."

On the 18th of March, 1766, the repeal of the Stamp Act received the royal assent. It had been the subject of warm and acrimonious debates both in the Lords and Commons; but the issue of those debates was "an event," in the language of Burke, which caused more universal joy throughout the British dominions than perhaps any other that can be remembered. The repeal was

celebrated with more than ordinary civic magnificence at Drapers' Hall, on the 23d of April; and the chronicles of the day duly record that nine Dukes were among the guests. On the previous day Lord Rockingham and his friends had inflicted another wound on the policy of George Grenville. They moved, in the House of Commons, a series of resolutions, declaring the illegality of general warrants. Their ministerial hours, they well knew, were numbered, and they devoted the remainder of their brief political existence to repair the breaches which their predecessors had made in the constitution. Grenville, indeed, outbid them, for popularity's sake, by moving to bring in a Bill, substituting immediate abolition; and Pitt, with strange inconsistency, "being in an angry mood," seconded Grenville's motion. Under the circumstances, he could scarcely have more effectually displayed his hostility.

These resolutions were Lord Rockingham's last official act of any importance. Weak within, beleaguered without, and undermined on all sides by the royal sappers and miners, the first Rockingham Administration was, by this time, in extremities. Ominous conferences had taken place between the King's confidential friend, Lord North, and Mr. Pitt's confidential friends, Lord Camden and the Duke of Grafton. After a visit to Hayes, the Duke of Grafton took occasion to remark, in the House of Lords, that the Government wanted "authority, dignity, and extension," and significantly added, that "if Mr. Pitt would give his assistance, he should with pleasure take up the spade, and dig in the trenches." He followed up this hint by resigning on the 14th of May his seals as Secretary of State. They were declined by Lord Hardwicke, and accepted by the Duke of Richmond. Other desertions followed: the Chancellor resigned in dudgeon; and after a vain attempt to form a coalition with the Bedfords, Mr. Pitt was sent for by the King, and Lord Rockingham tendered his resignation.

His retirement was not without its consolations. We pass over the valediction which Burke pronounced upon the Rockingham Ministry, because it is probably familiar to most of our readers. But the voice of the orator was not the only one raised in grateful acclamation. Before Lord Rockingham set out from London to his seat in Yorkshire, a deputation from the London merchants connected with the North American trade waited upon him with an Address, in which they expressed their sense of the es-

sential benefits conferred by himself and his late colleagues upon the civil and commercial interests of these kingdoms. With adroit, yet just delicacy, the address stated that, "his Lordship being no longer in a public station, his admirers were exempt even from the suspicion of flattery." On his entry into York, he was attended by nearly two hundred gentlemen; and on the next day an address was presented to him by the magistrates and merchants of Leeds. The example was followed by the towns of York, Halifax, Kingston, Hull, and Wakefield; and the "Memoirs" abundantly prove that he received, at this time, frequent and full approbation from some of the noblest and wisest men in the nation. Lord Chatham's peerage "looked dim and pale" beside these popular honors of the retired Minister.

We do not propose to enter minutely upon the unsettled and disastrous interval between the first and second Rockingham Administrations. In that period of sixteen years (1766—1782) the dissensions with America were fanned into an inextinguishable blaze by the alternate violence and apathy of the Government. Of these Lord Rockingham and his friends were guiltless. "On the occasion of the address in 1766, which pledged both Houses to stand by His Majesty at the hazard of their lives and properties, Lord Rockingham declared in the Lords that he would hazard neither life nor fortune in such a cause." The quarrel with Wilkes burst forth with renewed fury, and was prosecuted with equal virulence by those who assailed and by those who defended him. A Saturninus or Glauca was once more evoked by the lawless folly of a senate and its chief magistrate. Lord Chatham accepted and resigned office with equal petulance, and afforded one more example to the historian of the wide difference between a great orator and a great statesman. Amid the dislocation of parties and the shameless intrigues of their leaders, the pen of Junius revelled in its bitter triumphs over the faults or the foibles of his contemporaries; and we must resort to the era of the Cabal for a parallel to the melancholy selfishness which successively disgraced the cabinets of Chatham, the Duke of Grafton, and Lord North. The King had indeed attained one of his darling objects—he had effectually sown divisions in the heart of the Whig connexion. But his victory had been dearly bought: it had rendered him nearly friendless, and very unpopular—it had made him the butt of withering invectives; and, finally, it deprived him of millions of his subjects. Uneasy lay

the head that wore the now shattered crown ; and we could afford him our compassion, had he not wooed disfavor and squandered all the advantages which his youth, his station, and his descent and decorous morals placed within his grasp.

Death in this interim was busy with the Whig leaders : Beckford, George Grenville, and Lord Granby, quitted for ever the fever and the fret of politics ; and the "well-graced actor," Chatham, received his final "plaudit" upon an august stage, and surrounded by associations far transcending the pomp and prodigality of theatres. His ancient rival and colleague, Newcastle, also was at rest. Nothing, perhaps, in life, "became him like the leaving of it." "He met his death," says Lord Albemarle, "with cheerfulness and resignation." The plotting Macchiavellian Earl Temple had retired, after George Grenville's decease, to his stately gardens at Stowe.

Amid so many deaths and frequent desertions, however, the Whig party, in the year 1774, received into its ranks one who was shortly to become its most illustrious champion. Charles James Fox had taken his seat for Midhurst in 1768. He was then scarcely twenty years of age. He soon distinguished himself for his hearty, though somewhat insubordinate zeal in support of the Tory questions then in vogue. He was vehement in favor of Lutterell's admission into Parliament, and as strenuously opposed to the "Nullum Tempus" Bill. The first symptom of his conversion was his joining with the Whigs in their opposition to the Boston Port Bill in 1774 ; and it appears by a letter from the Duke of Portland in these volumes, that he had been in communication with Lord Rockingham the preceding year. The career of the great logician of the House of Commons does not fall within the compass of the Rockingham Memoirs ; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the following touching reminiscence of Fox, as he appeared in the sere and yellow leaf of his life's autumn. Lord Albemarle was, with a younger brother, a visitor at St. Anne's Hill in the spring of 1806 ; not long before that attack of illness which a few months later consigned the great statesman to the tomb.

"Mr. Fox, although in excellent health, was even then unable to walk, and was always wheeled about in a chair ; indeed I never saw him except in a sitting posture. The dark black hair of the eyebrows, cheeks and head, which in the early caricatures obtained for him the designation of

'Niger,' had given place to a silver white. His dress was a light gray single-breasted coat, with large white metal buttons, a thick woollen waistcoat, drab kerseymere breeches, dark worsted stockings, and shoes coming up to the ankles. His first appearance in the morning was at the children's one o'clock dinner, and that meal was no sooner despatched than the Prime Minister and his youthful guests would adjourn to the lawn before the house, and devote the remainder of the evening to trap-ball, Mr. Fox having always the innings, and we boys the bowling and fagging out. My father has often mentioned to his children the boyish eagerness and delight with which Fox used to enter into the games."

The conduct of Lord Rockingham towards the new Ministry was a return of good for evil. Personally indeed, he felt and expressed some indignation at the coldness and affronts he had met with from their hands. But his anger went no further. For while he urged his friends in general to remain united among themselves, and to wait patiently for better days, he desired such of his followers as the new Premier had not dismissed to continue at their posts. Saunders, Meredith, and Keppel accordingly remained at the Admiralty Board : the Duke of Portland was still Lord Chamberlain ; the Earl of Scarborough, Cofferer ; the Earl of Besborough, one of the joint Paymasters General ; and Lord Monson, Chief Justice in Eyre. In this, as in so many other respects, his moderation exhibited a striking contrast to the conduct of Pitt in 1765. Through Pitt's instigations, the Rockinghams had been then deprived of the support of Earl Shelburne ; and when Sir Fletcher Norton was dismissed from the Attorney-Generalship, as a bitter and uncompromising foe of the Rockinghams, Pitt ungenerously intimated to Sir Fletcher that "he was not turned out by *his* advice, and that were *he* Minister, he should be glad of the assistance of such abilities."

In 1767, there seemed to be a fair prospect of Lord Rockingham's return to the Treasury, strengthened by the adhesion of the Bedford party. After a year's experience, the Duke of Grafton began to doubt whether, by exchanging Lord Rockingham for Lord Chatham, the Government had really acquired "authority, dignity, and extension." His Grace tendered his resignation, and the King directly empowered him to make overtures to Lord Rockingham. But the Duke of Bedford thought that the coalition would be incomplete and unstable without Mr. Grenville, and the King declared that "he would rather see the devil in his closet." Meanwhile, the Duke of Grafton

became reconciled to keeping the Treasury, and His Majesty exulted both in retaining a minister so pliant, and in excluding the Rockinghams. Steps were therefore taken to render the treaty abortive, and to make it appear that Lord Rockingham was the cause of the failure. In this disingenuous plot, the King possessed no more cordial ally than Horace Walpole. The dilettantè archæologist inscribed a copy of Charles's death-warrant with the words *Major Charta*; but the son of the great Whig premier was in practice, if not at heart, a thorough-paced "King's friend." It was intolerable to him that a Whig cabinet should flourish without a Walpole at its head.

The Ministry, however, was not strengthened by these tergiversations. The constitutional party,—an appellation which the Whigs began once more to deserve—was gradually awakening to its errors, was casting off its divisions and its supineness, and purifying itself from its more corrupt and embarrassing adherents. It was indeed slowly wise; it had yet much to learn and to forget; and it needed thirteen years' longer probation to regenerate it. Its restoration was forwarded by many concurrent causes. In 1768 Lord Chatham resigned, and after two years of ministerial inefficiency, carried with him into opposition remnants only of his former vigor. Agitation, now that Lord Rockingham's conciliatory policy was abandoned, once again raised its head in America; while, at home, the city of London and the county of York led the way in arousing in the English nation its dormant jealousy of the Crown. Public meetings were held in several counties; petitions against the Government were numerous and eagerly signed: the tone of the public prints became more spirited; the country gentlemen recovered from their long apathy; and the towns and especially the sea-ports, whose prosperity was immediately affected by the discontents of the colonies, adopted a bolder and more menacing attitude. Before the close of 1769 the popular element had assumed a new form. Public meetings led to political combinations of a more permanent character. A "Society for supporting the Bill of Rights" and "a Constitutional Society" were forthwith established. "You are not alone," wrote Cowper to his friend Unwin, about this time, "in thinking that you see a resemblance between the reign of His present Majesty and that of Charles I."

Lord North, in 1770, succeeded the Duke of Grafton as premier. His government was

much threatened, but really long-lived. Its moments were often counted, its dissolution was often foretold; but it lingered for nearly twelve years in despite of its unpopularity at home, and latterly, its overwhelming disasters abroad. Its tenacity of official life was in some measure owing to the personal character of its chief. The *vis inertia* of Lord North was invincible: his good humor, his ready wit, even his somnolence, blunted the darts of opposition. The thunders of Burke, the invectives of Junius, the angry addresses of county meetings, pamphlets, caricatures, and threats of impeachment, were regarded by him with the serene negligence which the Epicureans of old ascribed to the dwellers on Olympus. Lord North, too, had the sagacity to reduce Wilkes to insignificance by dropping the prosecution of him, and to soothe the City of London by non-interference with electoral privileges.

It must be admitted also that the war with America was at first popular with the country. "The merchants," writes Burke, in 1775, "begin to snuff the cadaverous *haut gout* of lucrative war: the freighting business never was so lively, on account of the prodigious taking up for transport service; great orders for provisions of all kinds, new clothing for the troops, put life into the woollen manufactures." The country gentlemen were deluded by the ministerial assurance that American taxation would relieve them of part of the land-tax, and the great body of the people were pleased at the prospect of transferring a portion of their burdens to other shoulders. For a time fortune seemed to befriend the royal cause. The British troops forced the passage of the Brandywine, entered Philadelphia in triumph, and drove the Americans from Lake Champlain. But as soon as Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, in 1777, had encouraged the Court of Versailles to espouse openly the cause which it had long secretly supported, the war with America became the object of general alarm and abhorrence. It approached our own shores at a time when, owing to the mismanagement of those in power, no officer of distinction would undertake the command of the Channel fleet. Keppel had resigned; and his example was immediately followed by Sir Robert Harland, Sir John Lindsay, and other eminent naval commanders. The fleet was accordingly entrusted to Sir Charles Hardy, whose infirmities unfitted him for the post. In June, 1779, Lord North announced to the House of Commons that the Spanish ambassador

had demanded his passports. In the following month the combined fleets of France and Spain entered the Channel: It was rumored that Gibraltar was blockaded. It was certain that Paul Jones had burnt the shipping at Whitehaven, and towed away the *Serapis* at the stern of the *Ranger*. The fact that Lord Sandwich was at the head of the Board of Admiralty did not help to reconcile the English nation to these disgraces. He was already in the worst possible odor as the sharer, and afterwards as the betrayer, of Wilkes's orgies. He was generally believed to have sent Keppel to sea with unsound vessels, and he was now denounced as the cause of Kempenfelt's failure off Brest Harbor. The North Cabinet had provoked an inglorious war: it had burdened the country with fresh taxes in prosecution of it; every wind wafted the tidings of disasters, and every coffee house and public meeting resounded with denunciations of the incompetency of Ministers, and the obstinacy of the King.

At length in 1782, after vainly endeavoring to engage with Lord Shelburne, with Lord Gower, with any one, rather than with the leader and the party of whose honest and wise counsels he had already had experience, the King was compelled to break up the administration of his "friends," and recall Lord Rockingham, on his own terms, to the helm of government.

Twice, notwithstanding his pertinacious efforts to fulfil to the letter the maternal precept of "George be King," His Majesty had been compelled to have recourse to the same remedy—the intervention of the Rockingham party. The remedy, unpalatable as ever, was adopted with but little better grace, the second time, by the royal patient. But neither His Majesty himself, nor his adherents, abandoned their former tactics. The court-party affected to deplore political combinations. They displayed a sudden zeal for the Constitution, and endeavored to enlist on their side the fears and prejudices of the people. The promoters of the county-petitions were compared by them to the Irish Volunteers, to the Protestant Association, and the American Congress. Burke, Savile, and Rockingham, they denominated the supporters of the Act of Declaration "on *this* side of the water." The Ministers were represented as themselves hostile to the prerogative, and they were branded as Republicans. The King was described as a prisoner in their hands: they were styled the Regency: and a caricature of the day represented George

III. as surrounded by Shelburne, Richmond, Keppel, and Fox, who are putting fetters on his feet and ankles. The King omitted no opportunity of manifesting his aversion for his new servants, or of displaying his impatience under the weight of these ministerial chains.

The royal patience was not put to a very long trial. The health of Lord Rockingham, always feeble, was now irretrievably shattered. He had become Premier, for the second time, on the 27th of March, 1782: he died on the first of the following July. But in that brief period he tranquillized Ireland, and introduced into Parliament "an effectual plan for economy in all the branches of public expenditure." Particular measures, however, were less important to his country, and his party, than the example he set to the one of constitutional principles, and to the other of political integrity. From this period the great Whig connexion resumed the position which it held sixty years earlier under its great leaders Halifax and Lord Somers. Dark and troublous times indeed were ahead; on the one hand revolution, on the other prodigal and protracted wars. That it was enabled at the close of half-a-century to re-assume the helm of government, and to extend the civil and political freedom of millions of the human race, was, in no mean degree, due to its regeneration by the Rockingham Whigs.

On the summit of a well-wooded acclivity in Wentworth Park, there stands a mausoleum erected by the late Earl Fitzwilliam to the memory of his illustrious uncle. Under the centre of the dome there is a full-length effigy of the second Marquis of Rockingham, surrounded by marble busts of the eight men who most especially shared his labors and his friendship. The names of Portland, Montagu, Lee, and Cavendish have descended into the silence which awaits the majority of the human race. The memory of Keppel is prolonged in many affectionate records; while the fame of Fox and Burke is a national possession.

It would be unjust both to Lord Rockingham and Burke to conclude the present notice with any other words than with those which Burke composed for the inscription on the statue of his friend.

"A man worthy to be held in remembrance, because he did not live for himself. His abilities, industry, and influence were employed without interruption to the last hour of his life, to give stability to the liberties of his country, security to its landed property, increase to its commerce, in-

dependence to its public councils, and concord to its empire. These were his ends. For the attainment of these ends, his policy consisted in sincerity, fidelity, directness, and constancy. His virtues were his arts. In Opposition he respected the principles of Government; in Administration he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing every thing which he had proposed in a popular situation—the distinguishing mark of his public conduct.

Reserved in profession, sure in performance, he laid the foundation of a solid confidence. . . . Let his successors, who daily behold this monument, consider, that it was not built to entertain the eye but to instruct the mind. Let them reflect that their conduct will make it their glory or their reproach. Let them feel that similarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an interest in this statue.

‘Remember; resemble; persevere.’”

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MISCELLANEA LITERARIA.

I.—ON THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD “HUGUENOT,” AND THE MEANING OF CERTAIN HIEROGLYPHIC SIGN-BOARDS.

EVERYBODY understands that “Huguenot” means a French Calvinist or Protestant; but very few trouble themselves to inquire how that somewhat singular word came to be so applied, and in what it originated. Moreover, if you ask twenty people, the chances are, that nineteen of the number cannot tell. Dr. Johnson rejects the word altogether. In the folio edition of his dictionary (1755), you will search for it in vain. At that date it had not been naturalized. The ordinary recent dictionaries describe a Huguenot as, a confederate—a tolerably comprehensive definition, almost as lucid as the majority of the commentaries on the supposed obscure passages in Shakspeare. Safely ambiguous, like the answers of the Delphic oracle.

From the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” we learn as follows: “Huguenots—an appellation given by way of contempt to the reformed or Protestant Calvinists of France.” The name originated in the year 1560, though authors are not agreed as to the occasion. The following derivations have been suggested: One of the gates of the city of Tours was called the gate Fourgon, by corruption from “*Feu Hugon*,” i. e., the late Hugon. This Hugon was Count of Tours, according to Eginhard, and some other historians. He was, it seems, a very wicked man, who, by his fierce and cruel temper, made himself dreaded; so that after his death he was supposed to walk about in the night-time, beating all those he met with. This

tradition, the learned Thuanus has not scrupled to mention in his history. Davila pretends that the nickname of Huguenots was first given to the French Protestants, because they used to meet secretly in subterranean vaults near this gate of Hugon, and what seems to countenance this opinion is, that they were first called Huguenots in the city of Tours. Others assign a more illustrious origin to that name, and say that the leaguers gave it to the reformers, because the latter were for keeping the crown on the head of the line descended from Hugh Capet; whereas the former were for giving it to the house of Guise, as descended from Charles the Great. Others, again, derive it from a French and faulty pronunciation of the German word, *Eidgnossen*, signifying confederates, and originally applied to that valiant part of the city of Geneva which entered into an alliance with the Swiss Cantons, in order to maintain their liberties against the tyrannical attempts of Charles III., Duke of Savoy. These confederates were called “*Eignots*,” whence “Huguenots.”

In Todd’s modernized Johnson, we find this definition—“Huguenot: there have been many fanciful derivations of this word proposed. The most rational is that of ‘*Eignots*’—confederates; which Voltaire and others have given from the German, *Eidgnossen*, of which it appears to be a corrupt pronunciation. The term of Huguenot had its rise in 1560; that of Eignot, at the beginning of

that century. "Nouveau sujet de division dans Genève. Ce fut alors (1513) qu'on y vit naître, les titres d'Eignots, et de Mammelus; par les quels les deux parties se distinguèrent. Les Eignots étaient ceux qui tenaient pour la liberté de la patrie. On les appelaient ainsi parcequ'ils aimaient la liberté comme les Cantons Suisses, qui s'appellent en leur langue, *Eidgnossen*, c'est à dire, confidées. De là est venu vraisemblablement le nom des Huguenots."—"Ruchat Reform. de la Suisse," vol. i. p. 447. Mezeray tells us, that the name of Huguenots or *Fidnos* (as printed by Dryden, but evidently mistaken for *Eidgnoss* or *Eidgnossen*), from whence it was corrupted, signifies league or association in the Swiss language; and was brought together with the sect, from Geneva into France."—See Dryden, Postscr. to the "History of the League."

The following is from Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates:—"Huguenot—This word is of uncertain derivation. It was used, as a term of reproach, by the French Catholics, to nickname their countrymen of the reformed churches, or Protestants of France, and had its origin in 1560. The memorable massacre of the Huguenots of France, on the Festival of St. Bartholomew, took place on August 24th, 1572."

All these definitions appear far-fetched and unsatisfactory. The writer of this article, lately turning over Le Sieur Michael de Castlenau's "Memoirs of the Reigns of Francis II., and Charles IX.," stumbled on the following extract:—

"This name (Huguenot) took its rise from the conspiracy of Amboise, for when the petitioners fled at that time for fear, some of the countrymen said, that they were poor fellows, not worth a *Huguenot*; which was a small piece of money, of less value than a denier, in the time of Hugo Capet: from whence, by way of ridicule, they were called *Huguenots*; which title they likewise gave themselves when they took up arms, as we shall relate in its proper place."

This account of the origin of the word from Castlenau, appears more reasonable than any of the others. The same author tells us, that the Huguenots assumed a uniform or livery of white cloth, and their principal officers wore white velvet. Badly selected colors and materials for the wear and tear of hard service, and almost as conspicuous as the gaudy scarlet under which the modern Britons have achieved so many victories. The ancient Spartans wore scarlet, less for distinctive uniformity than to hide the blood which flowed from the wounded, and

the sight of which might discourage the sound. Michael de Castlenau is an authority of good repute, who lived during the period, and saw the transactions he describes, although his work was not published until 1659.

A great many popular words and terms are derived from the names of individuals. *Humbug*, which is in universal use, if not classically admissible into an English dictionary, comes unquestionably from *Hume of the Bog*, a Scotch laird (so called from his estate), who was celebrated in Edinburgh society, during the reigns of William and Anne, for the marvellous tone of his stories, in which he indulged so commonly, that they became proverbial; and thus, a very long shot was always designated, "a regular Hume of the Bog." Hence, by simple contraction, *Humbug*.

On the western coast of England is a cluster of perilous rocks, called "The Bishop and his Clerks." Nearly two hundred years ago a fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain, were shipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Bishop, with John and Henry Clarke, preserved themselves on a fragment of a mast. The appellation evidently takes its rise from this incident.

Dr. Johnson says of the word Danger, "Danger, *n. s.* (danger, Fr.) of uncertain derivation. Skinner derives it from *damnum*; Menage from *angaria*; Minshew from *δαρος*, death, to which Junius seems inclined." Learned derivations, supported by four eminent authorities, but none of them sufficiently simple or analogous to be convincing. Profound erudition sometimes loses itself in a labyrinth of its own construction. "*Ceci sent la Dangerose*" is an old French proverbial expression, formerly much in use in the province of Maine, and applied to anything which promised to be unfortunate, or appeared to involve peril. The saying was derived from the fortunes of a fair lady of the district, named Dangerose, who resided at the castle of Chemiré le Gaudin, which retains to this day the title of "Le Château de Bellefille." She was commonly called, from her beauty, "La belle Dangerose," and having lived unlawfully with a near relative, the neighboring Baron of Anières, on his sudden and violent death, hid herself from the world, and passed the remainder of a long life in unceasing and severe penance. Hence, almost literally, the French "Dangereux," and the English "Dangerous." The etymology of words is very uncertain. In deriving one language from another, similarity of sound often leads those into error, who are

either unacquainted with or disregard the change of letters which frequently takes place. A good illustration of this is supplied by the Spanish word *Hijo*, a Son, which seems to be derived from the Greek *Υιος*, and to bear no resemblance to the Latin *Filius*, which is, nevertheless, its correct root. The Spaniards often change the Latin initial F into H, as Ferrum into *Hierro*, Formosus into *Hermoso*; and in the middle of words, they sometimes substitute the J for L, as Folium, *Hojo*. A student of Italian finding July written *Luglio* in Veneroni's grammar, could not possibly understand the substitution of L for J, and immediately rectified what he considered a very careless mistake, by writing "*Juglio*," to which he added, "*sic corrige meo periculo*." Again, we are often misled in seeking for the origin of a word, by mistaking the language whence it takes its rise. People do not usually look to the French word "*Allons*," for the derivation of the English "*Along*," "*Come along*," yet it is precisely the same both in sound and meaning. The interjection "*Gadeo*" is considered profane, whereas in fact it is only indecent.

The origin of words naturally leads to the consideration of hieroglyphic signs, so commonly used in former days, and not yet entirely abolished. This invention can be traced back nearly four thousand years, and is evidently much older than letters. Before men could write, they used symbols and pictures, beginning with an outline, suggested in all probability by a shadow on a wall. In the borough of Southwark there exists still, or did very lately, an ancient sign-board, over an obscure tavern, inscribed, "*The old pick my toe*," but without any indicative painting or delineation. What can this mean? Is it not probably set up to replace a representation of the Roman slave, who, being sent on some message of importance, would not stop to pluck a thorn out of his foot, until he had completed his commission? On the now-deserted and grass-grown high-road between Coventry and Birmingham, which we have often traversed (in our early military capacity), on a hot summer's day, with thirsty soldiers, we were wont to halt at the quiet little village of Meriden. There may yet be perceived a sign, which has hung for centuries over the porch of a road-side ale-house, on which, in limning nearly obliterated by time and weather, may be traced an erect and prostrate pillar, while underneath is printed, "*The Up and Down Post*." The solution of this is easy and palpable. Before

the invention of mail carriages or carts, when letters were carried by equestrian couriers, the bearers of the up and down post met at this half-way house, exchanged their bags, and each went back again, with considerable economy of time and trouble. The Bull and Mouth is apparently an hieroglyphic of "*Boulogne Mouth*," or the harbor of Boulogne. The Bolt in Tun is meant for "*Lady Anne Bolton*," a celebrated beauty of her day; the Devil and the Bag of Nails is a ludicrous perversion of a "*Satyr and Bacchanals*," a very common sign; the Goat and Compasses signifies "*God encompasseth us*;" the Goat in Boots looks very like a union of the two celestial signs, "*Capricorn and Boötes*;" the Cock and Bottle is (as many others are) an alteration from the French, "*La coquine bouteille*;" the Cat and Fiddle resembles "*Le chat fidele*;" the Bell and Savage Man is well known to mean "*La belle Sauvage*;" the Hog in Armor is perhaps taken from "*La Hogue en Armes*." A reference to heraldic bearings may elucidate many others. The Goose and Gridiron changes into the "*Swan*" and "*Portcullis*," crests of the Earl of Albemarle and the Duke of Beaufort. The Hen and Chickens is probably an alteration of the Pelican and Young, the crest of Lords Galloway, Scarborough, and some other members of the peerage. The Half-moon and Fiddle may be the crescent, with the motto "*Fidele*." The solution of the Cat and Bagpipes has hitherto eluded our researches. In Oxford-street, not far from Soho-square, may be observed an old sign, called "*The Man loaded with Mischief*," represented by an unlucky wight, bearing a female, of most ungracious mien and features, on his shoulders. She holds a bumper of gin in one hand, and is *combing* his hair with the other. The painter who designed this group had probably suffered under the conjugal yoke of some Xantippe, and thus revenged himself. As an antidote to this coarse satire on the gentler sex, we have much pleasure in repeating the elegant eulogy addressed by Lord Herbert to a beautiful Italian Nun:—

"Die when you will, you need not wear,
At Heaven's court, a form more fair
Than beauty at your birth has given;
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An Angel ready-made for Heaven."

ON EPIGRAMS AND ELEGIAC INSCRIPTIONS.

"Adieu, and take this praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in thy grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph."—*Shakespeare*.

The invention of epitaphs is attributed by the learned to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who flourished about thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and having been unhappily slain, his pupils lamented the loss of their master in a particular kind of mournful verses, called from him *Ælinum*, and afterwards *Epitaphia*; because they were sung at burials and engraved upon sepulchres, which may also be called monuments *à memoria*. All these honorary inscriptions were held sacred. He who effaced or injured them, was looked upon as an enemy to the gods, and as Shakspeare's outlaws say of themselves, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "thrust from the company of awful men." In England, the date of commemorative records may be traced back to a very early period. They were in use with the Jews, the Athenians, the Romans, and most of the nations of antiquity. The Romans were the first who erected monuments to the living, even as they deified emperors, their wives, and collaterals, while they were still in existence. The Lacedæmonians allowed epitaphs only to warriors who fell in battle, or women remarkable for chastity. Boxhornius, professor of rhetoric and history in the university of Leyden, made a collection of Latin epitaphs more than two hundred years ago. Father Labbé, a learned Jesuit, produced a similar one in French about the same time. The first English publication in this class was by W. Toldervy, in 1755. Much leisurely amusement, and some food for wholesome reflection, may be gathered from the study of epitaphs. In our youth, we once made a compilation of these mortuary memoranda, which contained many of a very eccentric character. They were neither invented nor copied from the commonplace books of other curious inquirers, but were principally gathered together from actual wanderings and meditations among the tombs. We pretend not to the antiquarian enthusiasm of "Old Mortality," but we have always looked upon these vestiges of the past as instructive prefaces to the future.

Dr. Johnson wrote an essay on epitaphs, which originally appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1740. In enumerating the ingredients applicable to this peculiar style of composition, he particularly recommends brevity and simplicity. A useful hint is contained in an old anonymous epigram:—

"Friend, in your epitaphs I'm griev'd
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read."

"*O Rare Ben Jonson*," in Westminster Abbey, is quaint, as well as simple and brief. "*Exit Burbage*," over the grave of that celebrated actor, is shorter still, and professionally characteristic. "*Miserimus*," on the tomb of a nameless occupant in Worcester Cathedral, is even more terse and expressive. On a mouldering stone in an obscure country churchyard in the south of England, may be deciphered the abrupt monosyllable of three letters, "*Fui*"—a condensed memorial which cannot be paralleled. The small word of such momentous meaning comprises a volume of wretchedness, if the use of the preter-perfect tense is intended to imply that the desponding writer lies there, resolving into parent dust, without hope of resurrection or futurity. Epitaphs are sometimes as little to be trusted as the last words of distinguished individuals who die in public, and are occasionally got up for effect, rather than as truthful illustrations of character. On the tomb of one notoriously careless in money obligations, it was written, not in simple phrase, that he died, but in poetical metaphor, that on a certain day he paid the debt of nature. An unlucky figure, which tempted many to remark, it was the only debt he ever paid. Dying men have uttered pleasantries in their last moments. It is not, therefore, surprising that the living should jest over an inconsistent epitaph.

A pompous enumeration of public services or private virtues, of achievements, learning, abilities, or possessions, is of no use to the departed, although it may minister to the self-love, and aggrandize the importance of their posterity. In an opposite strain, we often see merely a name and a date, followed by a flashy display of the titles and pretensions of the friend or relative erecting the memorial. This savors of vanity and outward show, hollow and unreal as the acted solemnity of the hired mourners who are engaged to swell the pageant of a funeral procession. All smells of this world, and has no odor of the next, with which the monument of the dead should be a connecting link. The mouldering dust is insensible to the eulogium called forth as frequently by interest as by affection. The "dull, cold ear of death" can neither be soothed by the incense of flattery, nor irritated by the censure of detraction. The pith of this reasoning is well conveyed in a couplet on the grave-stone of two humble individuals, Francis Dipple and Elizabeth his wife, in the churchyard of Wellesburne Hastings, Warwickshire:—

"Praises on tombs are honors vainly spent,
A man's good name is his best monument."

Addison, describing a visit to Westminster Abbey, says of the tombs and sculptures there :

"Some of them are covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends had bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth."

Dr. Johnson allows considerable latitude in monumental eulogy. In a conversation preserved by Dr. Burney, he observed :—

"The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true; allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath."

We can scarcely yield assent to this, even from such high authority. The argument, taken at its full value, is showy rather than substantial, and vindicates prejudice, whether hostile or friendly, at the expense of truth. On an earlier occasion, and in print, the sage differs from himself, and materially qualifies his opinion. He says ("Essay on Epitaphs") :—

"Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and therefore not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mæcenas his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the prescription to find a place on the monument of Augustus."

Unbiased judgment with perfect accuracy, is not to be expected from any writer, no matter how grave may be his subject or conscientious his character. The elegiast who colors too favorably from partiality, is more excusable than the historian or philosopher, who misrepresents facts from ignorance, carelessness, or caprice. The sins of the latter are more glaring and injurious than those of the former. Seneca calls Antigonus, father of Demetrius Poliorcetes—the uncle of Alexander the Great. Juvenal says, Agamemnon might have rendered himself impen-

etrable to poison by taking the antidotes of Mithridates,* who lived many centuries after him. All historians inform us that wolves were entirely extirpated in England by the Saxon King Edgar; and so the ingenuous youth of the day are instructed in their historical catechisms. A reference to Rymer's "Fœdera," shows that these unpleasant natives kept their footing in the island, even to the reign of King Edward I., more than three hundred years later :—"Anno 9, Edw. Primi. The king sent an injunction to the sheriffs of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire and Staffordshire, reciting that he had directed Peter de Corbet to hunt and destroy wolves, in the forests of those counties, with men, dogs, and snares, and enjoining said sheriffs to give him all possible assistance."† According to some chroniclers, Don Carlos of Spain, who was secretly put to death by his father, Philip II., was a model of youthful perfection and exalted heroism. Poets, dramatists, and anecdote-hunters have adopted this opinion for the sake of a romantic subject. If we are to credit a contemporary writer, Brantome, who, though a little free in expression, is considered faithful and accurate, he was an abandoned profligate, an insulter of everything modest and decent; and the young nobility who kept company with him were notorious for the loose depravity of their lives, and the miserable ends to which they were brought in time. The account given by the facetious Frenchman of that prince's rambles through the streets of Madrid, is more humorous than edifying. Hume states deliberately, that Charles I. slept soundly at Whitehall on the night preceding his death, undisturbed by the noise of the workmen who were erecting the scaffold; whereas, it is certain, that he passed his last night at St. James's, far beyond the sound of the appalling preparations, and walked across the Park in the morning to the place of execution. Guy Patin, a celebrated French physician and litterateur, affirms that Lord Darnley was murdered by the Puritans. He also bestows several laborious pages to prove that Mahomet was never a Cardinal at Rome, and that there are no silver grapes in Hungary. When we are faced by these and many similar absurdities in the pages of received annalists, we need not measure with extreme critical severity,

* "Si prægustaret Atrides

Pontica ter victi, cautus medicamina Regis!"

† Wolves were found in Ireland so late as 1710, when the last presentment for killing them was made in the county of Cork.

the overheated encomiums of the living on their deceased progenitors. The epitaph on Epictetus, the stoic philosopher, preserved in the original, may be quoted as a good specimen, comprising in a short distich, high panegyric and sound instruction. "Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favorite of heaven."* Some of the monkish inscriptions in the ignorant ages, are equally appropriate and solemn; such, for instance, as the simple line, "*Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris.*" Lord Byron copied two of a very touching character, which he found in the Certosa Cemetery, at Ferrara—" *Martini Luigi implora pace.*" "*Lucretia Pacini, implora eterna quiete.*" These short sentences, so musical in the Italian pronunciation, contain doubt, hope, and humility. The dead were satiated with life, and weary of the turmoil of existence. All they wanted and implored for, was rest. "*Stavo bene; per star meglio, sto qui.*" Here is another Italian inscription of much meaning, contained in a few words. "I was well, I would be better, and here I am." Addison, in the *Spectator*, gives two celebrated epitaphs by Ben Jonson, one of which, he says, is from an uncertain writer, and both he quotes incorrectly. Misquotation is so universally indulged, that it becomes hazardous, on this delicate point, to trust even the highest authority. We are reminded of the apt query of Agesilaus, when any one was strongly recommended to him, "Who will vouch for the voucher?" Bishop Warburton and Bentley may, perhaps, be cited, as the most dangerous referees in these cases. A propensity to verbal criticism, joined to the pride of scholarship, blinded both, and led them to commit sad havoc both with Shakspeare and the classics. Gibbon and Byron are among the safest to follow. Neither could afford to make mistakes, or give extracts carelessly. Gibbon says, in reply to his many opponents, who were called learned—"When they attacked my opinions, I was silent; but when they impugned my accuracy, and questioned my authorities, I was forced to appeal to books of which they had never until then heard the names." The erudite Burton, whose mind was a congeries of quotation, a gigantic digest of other people's thoughts, alters the words of the Bible when it suits his purpose. In his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," when advocating mirth against sadness, he says, "the

merrier the heart, the longer the life;" and then quotes from Proverbs, xiv. 30, "a merrier heart is the life of the flesh." The Scriptural passage runs thus:—"a sound heart is the life of the flesh, but envy the rottenness of the bones." The context entirely alters the meaning, as rendered by Burton. Gentle reader, always compare contexts, before you rely on quotations.

Ben Jonson's two epitaphs, exactly copied, are as follow:—

"ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE,
SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Wise and virtuous, good as she,
Time will throw his dart at thee."

"ON ELIZABETH L.—

"Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.—
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, in life, did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault;
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other let it sleep with death;
Fitter when it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all.—Farewell!"

In St. George's Church, Doncaster, is preserved the following quaint inscription, which may be found also in "*Camden's Remains*," and is alluded to in the *Spectator*:—

"How now, who is here?
I Robin of Doncasteere,
And Margaret, my feare,
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost. A.D. 1579.

"Quoth Robertus Byrke, who in this world did
reign threescore years and seven, and yet lived
not one!"

In "*Camden's Remains*" is to be found another remarkable couplet, on a man of unrighteous life, who died suddenly, in consequence of a fall from his horse:—

"Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I asked—mercy I found."

Dr. Johnson has quoted this, but with an alteration, by no means improving the original. His own epitaph on Phillips, an unpatronized musician of great talent (in Wolverhampton churchyard), is one of his happiest poetical efforts:—

* "*Δουλος Επισκεπτος γενομενη, και σωμ' ανακηρος,
Και πεινην Ιρος, και φιλος Αθανασιος.*"

"Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hopeless love;
Rest here, disturb'd by poverty no more:
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Pope's epitaphs are all of an inferior character, quite unworthy of his name. That intended for Newton is the best; but the thought (as Dr. Johnson remarks) is obvious, and the rhyme too close to be agreeable:—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, let Newton be, and all was light!"

Dr. Johnson observes, justly, "Pope's sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible dialogue between 'He and She' (Dr. Atterbury and his daughter), should have been suppressed for the author's sake." It is, however, curious, as showing that genius is not always awake, and how badly a clever poet can write when not in the vein. Perhaps, too, it suggested the following, which is more worthy of preservation:—

"SHE.—'Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
In patience wait, prepare to die,
For thou must shortly come to I.'

"HE.—'I do not grieve, my dearest life—
Sleep on—I've got another wife;
I therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must stay to comfort she.'"

Edward Bond, Esq., of Bondville, in the county of Armagh, ordered a dial to be erected on his grave, with these lines inscribed:—

"No marble pomp, no monumental praise,
My tomb, this dial—epitaph, these lays.
Pride and low mouldering clay but ill agree;
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each day;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
Here, reader, mark! Perhaps now in thy prime,
The stealing steps of never-standing time.
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour,
Employ that well, for that's within thy power."

—
"ON AN INFANT AT WISBEACH.

"Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth her body's lent;
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine."

This is pleasing, and the concluding lines

contain a very impressive moral. The following (in the old churchyard at Clifton, near Bristol), on a very promising young child, cut off prematurely by an accident, is, we think, on the whole superior:—

"Secure from storms, here rests a tender flower,
Early remov'd from black misfortune's power.
Short though its bloom, the opening bud began
To promise fair when ripen'd into man;
Yet lovelier far 'twill to perfection rise,
Unfold its charms, and flourish in the skies."

The subjoined we copied, but cannot recollect the locality, of which we have preserved no memorandum:—

"Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time
On bad biography or coarser rhyme;
For what I am this mouldering clay assures,
And what I was—is no concern of yours."

In Finsbury churchyard there is one which bears considerable resemblance to the foregoing:—

"Time was I stood as thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand to look on thee."

In the churchyard at Montrose may be deciphered the following choice composition, bearing date, Nov. 25th, 1757:—

"Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young and
Isobel Guthrie, and all their posterity for more
than fifty years backwards."

On Jean Allan, wife of John Houston, at Arbroath:—

"She was—but words are wanting
To say what:
Think what a wife should be, and
She was that."

Gay's epitaph on himself—

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it"—

we have always considered flippant in style, and unsound in reasoning, although often quoted as an example of elegiac terseness and laconic propriety. Prior's, in the same style, appears to us of a higher quality:—

"Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior!
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher."

We do not immediately recollect where the next is to be found:—

"The bitter cup which Death sent me,
Is passing round, to come to thee."

Garrick's epitaph on Quin, in the Abbey Church at Bath, has been copied oftener than it has been exceeded. We know of very few entitled to rank in a higher class :—

"The tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more ;
Close'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.

Cold is that hand which ever was stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succor modest worth.
Here lies JAMES QUIN !—Deign, reader, to be taught,

Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought ;
In Nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last !"

The celebrated "Take Holy Earth" epitaph, by Mason, in Bristol Cathedral, may claim a comparison for pathos and poetic beauty, with any similar composition in the English language ; but it loses something in interest from the unromantic fact, that the reverend author was courting a second wife before the monument to his first was completed.

In the churchyard at Lee, near Blackheath, Kent, is a stone erected to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, many years a faithful servant to George Duke of Montagu. She died August 21st, 1776, aged eighty-four. On this stone is inscribed—

"Stay, gentle reader ! Let this stone
To thee an useful lesson give—
That for the good, and them alone,
To die is better than to live."

At Cheltenham, you may read the following on a tomb erected by the voluntary contribution of servants, to the memory of William Davis, who died in the service of Major Webber, Aug. 21st, 1798, aged forty-seven years :—

"Adieu, vain world ! I've seen enough of thee,
And now regard not what thou say'st of me ;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here.
What faults you saw in me, take care to shun,
And look at home, enough there's to be done.
Where'er I liv'd or died, it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
I was, I am not ; ask no more of me,
It's all I am, and all the proud shall be."

At Richmond, in Yorkshire :—

"Here lies the body of William Wix,
One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-six."

In St. Philip's Churchyard, Birmingham :—

"Oh, cruel Death, it surely was unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind :
Thou shouldst have taken both, if either,
Which would have been much better for the survivor."

In Hartington Churchyard, Derbyshire :—

"The man that lies beneath this stone,
Was for his honesty well known ;
An industrious wife he had, and children kind,
Which gave great satisfaction to his mind :
His debts he paid ; his grave you see ;
Prepare yourself to follow HE !"

The far-famed Joseph Miller, of facetious memory, the compiler of many jests, and an actor of repute in his day, is interred in the burying ground of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. His epitaph, written by Mr. J. Duck, runs thus :

"Here lie the remains of HONEST JOE MILLER, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian. He departed this life the 15th day of April, 1738, aged fifty-four years.

"If humor, wit, and honesty, could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave ;
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humor crown'd.
Or, could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death ;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well."

The loyal elegy which the heroic Marquis of Montrose wrote with the point of his sword, in honor of his master's memory, cannot be too often transcribed :—

"Great ! Good ! and Just ! Could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should deluge once again ;
But since the loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

The following was written many years ago for a forecasting individual, who liked to be provided against emergencies. It has not yet been used, but remains locked in his desk, ready for service, when occasion requires :—

"The form that moulders in this humble tomb
Once moved erect in all the pride of life ;
Here the frail wretch, whom crawling worms consume,

Closes a few'rish course of pain and strife.
 No public shouts announc'd his march to fame,
 No proud inscriptions blazoned forth his worth;
 To rank, or wealth, or land, he laid no claim,
 Save this small tenement of parent earth.
 By nature form'd of blended good and ill,
 And seldom firm in virtue's thorny way;
 He studied his own heart with little skill,
 And scarce could tell why passion led astray.
 Reader, pronounce not on thy fellow-man,
 The final sentence, too severely just;
 With charitable eye his errors scan,
 And drop one tear to mingle with his dust."

We wind up our selection with the monumental inscriptions in honor of the two patriarchs of English history, Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins.

On Thomas Parr, in Westminster Abbey:—

"THOMAS PARR, of the county of Salop. Born A. D. 1483. He lived in the reigns of Ten Princes—Edward the Fourth, Edward the Fifth, Richard the Third, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, Elizabeth, James, and King Charles. He died in London, aged 152 years, and was buried here, Nov. 15th, 1635."

On Henry Jenkins, at Bolton, Yorkshire:—

"Blush not, marble! to rescue from oblivion the memory of HENRY JENKINS, a person of homely birth, but of a life truly memorable, for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in, the duration, if not variety, of his enjoyments: and tho' the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble style, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days! To teach mistaken man, that blessings are entail'd on temperance, a life of labor and a mind at ease; he lived to the amazing age of One Hundred and Sixty-Nine! was interred here, Dec. 6th, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory, 1742."

ON CELEBRATED CHARACTERS WHO HAVE JESTED WHEN DYING.

"Strange though it seem,—yet with extremest grief
 Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief.—
 That playfulness of sorrow ne'er beguiles
 And smiles in bitterness, but still it smiles:
 And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
 Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest."

—LORD BYRON—CORSAIR, CANTO II.

"Life's a mere rag, not worth a prince's wearing,
 I'll cast it off."

—KING ARTHUR IN "TOM THUMB."

That the last solemn scene of mortal existence, so often attended by pain and physical suffering, so constantly clouded by mental doubt and uncertainty, should ever be accompanied by carelessness of demeanor, or levity of expression, is one of those strange anomalies in the human heart and intellect,

which it is difficult to reason on, and almost impossible to understand. Yet the cases are not uncommon, and too minutely preserved to be passed over as either fabulous or exaggerated. In the list are illustrious heathens as well as professing Christians; nor can we always trace their indifference on this momentous subject, either to constitutional infidelity, or an acceptance of the gloomy code, which attempts to teach that the world is governed by self-acting laws, that death is annihilation, futurity a chimera, and that responsibility and perception are alike buried in the dark precincts of the grave. Of all the forms of unbelief, this is the least rational and satisfactory. Frederic the Great appears to have been one of its determined advocates—a man whose life was a succession of perilous adventures, and whose constant escape from apparently overwhelming difficulties and dangers, might have taught him some faith in a presiding Providence. There are others who from vanity, for the sake of effect, or some hidden impulse, known only to themselves and the Universal Searcher, have sought to wind up an insignificant and profitless life by a respectable exit. Of such it may be said, as of the rebel Thane of Cawdor in *Macbeth*:—

"Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 't were a careless trifle."

Few things command attention more in the history of remarkable individuals than the manner in which they meet the stroke of death—whether in the course of nature or by sudden and unforeseen casualty. Through life we are in disguise; but the mask falls on the approach of the destroyer, and man then looks at himself as if reflected from a mirror, *in puris naturalibus*, divested of fashionable worldly garments, and in unstudied *dishabille*. "There is nothing," says Montaigne, "I am more curious about than the deaths of celebrated people. I like to study them *in articulo mortis*, to know what they have said, how they have looked, and what were their outward indications of internal feeling." And again, in another place he says, "How often we see popular characters led to death, not only simple death, but coupled with infamy and torture; and yet carrying themselves with such a calm assurance that it is difficult to observe any change from their ordinary demeanor. They settle their affairs, sing, address the assembled multitude, take

leave their friends and acquaintances, and drink to their prosperity after the manner of Socrates. It is recorded of one who was going to execution, that he requested not to pass by a certain street, lest a tailor to whom he was indebted should arrest him on the way. Another said to the executioner, just as he was going to strike, 'do not touch my neck, for I am so ticklish that you will make me burst with laughter.' A third replied to his confessor, who said, 'this day you shall sup with the Lord,' 'you may if you like, but this is my fast day.' A fourth asked for some drink, but seeing that the hangman helped himself before he handed the cup to him, flung the contents in his face, and said, 'I will not sully my lips by drinking after such a miscreant as thou art.'

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb-bottle in his hand.

The last scene is the corner-stone of human character. No one can decide on the merits of a play until he has seen the catastrophe. Heroism is not an inherent quality—but an idea, a phantasm springing from human vanity. The death of the philosopher is more instructive than that of the warrior. In the first, it is regulated by reflection; in the last, it springs from impulse. The one is the refined delicacy; the other, the ferocity of courage. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies, and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived, at once, that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. He was, at the same time, the most libertine philosopher, and the most philosophic libertine of antiquity. We must refer our readers to the pages of Valerius Maximus, and Pliny, the naturalist, for full information as to the ancients who died of joy. Leo X. expired in an ecstasy, on receiving the news that the French were driven out of Pavia and the Milanese. "A very singular death for a Pope," observes Landenius, who records the fact. Ravius Textor compiled a catalogue of great men who have been killed by immoderate laughter. There is another treatise on the same

subject by Balthazar Bonifacius, entitled "*Historia Ludicra*."

Pyrrho, who doubted of everything, as a matter of course, was rather unsettled in his ideas of futurity. He was one day arguing that it was the same to die as to live. "Why do you not die then?" demanded a friend; "Because," replied he, "I recognize no difference between life and death." This reasoning sounds very like what in sporting phraseology is called, a hedge. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day, but, to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Pomponius Atticus, the intimate friend of Cicero, had fortunately for himself, passed through life without meddling with politics, and unvisited by sickness. Feeling ill for the first time, in extreme old age, he assembled his family and informed them he had made up his mind to take leave of this world. He then abstained from all food, maintained his habitual gayety, and suffered nature to snuff herself out by merry instalments. According to some philosophers, the moment of supreme enjoyment is the true time to die. When the three sons of Diagoras of Rhodes were crowned on the same day at the Olympic games—"Die, Diagoras," whispered a friendly Lacedæmonian, "for you are too happy to live any longer." He took the hint, and forthwith expired of joy in the arms of his children.

Valerius Maximus says of Anacreon, that he was singularly blessed by nature with a poetical genius and a tranquil death. Suetonius relates of Augustus, that, throughout his last illness, he retained his self-command and habitually tranquil temperament. Perceiving his end approach, he called for a mirror, carefully adjusted his hair, and, turning with a smile to his attendants, said—"Am I not an accomplished actor?" The Emperor Vespasian, on his death-bed, sarcastically remarked to his courtiers and flatterers—"I feel that I am about becoming a god!" The timid and irresolute Otho died with the calm collectedness of a stoic; but he was reduced to an extremity which left him no alternative. Hadrian amused himself with the composition of a poem. Pericles, when given over by his physicians, had recourse to sorcerers and magical incantations as a last

hope. A friend came in to inquire after his state, to whom he said, "I must be very near my end, when you see me in such company." When Phocion was going to execution, a thoughtless Athenian committed the outrage of spitting in his face. He smiled, and said to the magistrates who accompanied him, "Tell that foolish young man not to open his mouth again so disagreeably." The first Darius, King of Persia, when dying, desired to have this intellectual epitaph engraved on his tomb: "Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering."

Maynard, a French scholar and poet, inscribed these verses on his study door, expressive of his *nonchalance* on the subject of death:—

"Las d'espoir, et de me plaindre
Des grands, de l'amour, et du sort;
J'attends patiemment la mort,
Sans la desirer, ni la craindre."

Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, cast his own nativity, and ascertained, by the conformation of his horoscope, that his death would take place on a certain day. He was such a devout believer in astrology, that he determined to die at the appointed time, rather than his favorite science should be detected in an error. He therefore starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. All astrologers should set up Cardan as their high priest, and central pillar. The learned Bayle was so occupied with a critical work, in opposition to Le Clercq, that he totally forgot and neglected a slow fever, which was killing him by measured advances. He died while correcting the last sheets. Longolius, when he felt his end approaching, wrote to his friends, informing them of his condition, as gaily as if he were undertaking a common journey. Des Sueteaux, who was tutor to Louis XIII., requested a saraband to be played to him, in order, as he said, that his spirit might pass away more cheerfully. Racan, in his life of Malherbe, his instructor in poetry, gives a very characteristic anecdote of his death. An hour before he expired, he started up suddenly and reproved his hostess, who was watching by him, for an ungrammatical expression; and when his confessor reprimanded him for this, and told him his thoughts should be otherwise employed, he replied that he could not help it, but to the last gasp he would contend for the purity

of the French language. Pelisson was secretary to the Minister of Finance, Fouquet, and shared his disgrace; after this he abjured Protestantism, and became remarkable for the ardent zeal of his controversial tracts in support of the Church of Rome. His last words were, "Up to this moment, I have thought of nothing but politics." Gassendi, on his death-bed, being asked by a friend what his opinion was of his state, replied, "I neither know why I was sent into this world, nor why I am taken from it." Elisius Caletius, a celebrated poet at the court of Alphonso, King of Naples, and the first writer who advocated the abolition of the punishment of death, composed his own epitaph, in his last moments, as follows:

"Ingenium natura dedit, fortuna Poëta
Defuit, atque inopem vivere fecit amor."

Passerat dictated his own epitaph, when dying, in these words:—

"Jean Passerat ici sommeille
Attendant que l'ange l'éveille,
Et croit qu'il se réveillera
Quand la trompette sonnera.

Sil faut que maintenant en la fosse je tombe,
Qui ai toujours aimé la paix et le repos,
Afin que rien ne pese a ma cendre et mes os,
Amis de mauvais vers, ne chargez pas ma tombe."

The Abbé Brandelot, who had been physician to Queen Christina of Sweden, was visited, during his last illness, by the curate of St. Sulpice. The good priest, more zealous than delicate, shocked him by the coarseness of his language, and was requested to speak in Latin. Whereupon, he quoted a passage from St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo. "Stop, Sir," said Brandelot, with difficulty, "would you outrage the ears of a dying man by the barbarisms of that rude African?"

The Cardinal du Bellay, as is well known, was through life the friend and patron of the facetious scoffer, Rabelais. This may seem strange and inconsistent to some, but in those days the princes of the Church were not always particular in the selection of a *protege*. When Rabelais was dying, the Cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he felt his strength declining and his last moments approach. He then said, "Rapporte a monseigneur, l'état on tu me vois. Je m'en vais chercher un grand-peut-etre. Il est au nid de la pie, qu'il s'y tienne. Tire le rideau, la farce est finie." "Tell his Eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a

great possibility. He is in a snug nest, let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain, the farce is over." Such death-beds are startling and extraordinary, but they are also fraught with utility, and furnish food for melancholy reflection. Hobbes of Malmesbury seems to have had the speech of Rabelais in his mind, when he departed with these words, "I am going to take a great leap in the dark." Yet this imaginary philosopher, who died with an ambiguous jest, and denied the truth of Christianity, was afraid of being alone, and believed firmly in witches and spectres. Patru, one of this class, called in France, *des esprits forts*, being in extremity, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, a truly religious man, wished him to die according to the rites of the Church, at which he had scoffed during life. Patru, although a deist, was no hypocrite. "The world, M. Patru," said the good Bishop, "looks upon you as a philosopher; you had better undeceive the public by a discourse on religion." "I had better remain silent," said Patru; "people only make speeches in their last moments from weakness or vanity."

Sir Thomas More, when led to execution, observed that the scaffold was a weak structure, and said to the Lieutenant, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and as for my coming down, you may let me shift for myself." He desired the executioner to be very careful of his beard; "for," said he, "my beard has committed no treason against the king, and deserves no punishment." Anne Boleyn, clasping her neck, said to the bystanders, "my neck is very small, and will give little trouble." George Buchanan had a great contempt for physicians. During a fever, which ended him, he refused their prescriptions, and being assured by one of them that wine would be fatal, he took a glass of wine in his hand, drank the contents, and died repeating an apposite elegy of Propertius.*

Machiavelli, St. Evremond, Madame de Mazarin, Ninon de l'Enclos, are included among the number of those who have met death with indifference and levity. In the secret memoirs of Vittorio Siri, a learned Italian monk, he states that Queen Elizabeth, when dying, seated herself on her bed, with her eyes on the ground and a finger on her mouth, and ordering her usual musicians to be summoned, listened to them, until her last breath, with inconceivable delight. When the famous Count de Grammont was reported

to be in extremity, the King, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau, to beg him for the credit of the court to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his Countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion."

Brantôme, with his usual *naïveté*, relates the death of Mademoiselle de Limeuil, a maid of honor at the court of Catherine de Medicis. Young and handsome, she was equally celebrated for her ready wit and attic repartees. When she felt the hour of her death approaching, she called her valet, who played extremely well on the violin. "Julien," said she, "take your violin and continue to play, until you see that I am dead, 'the Defeat of the Swiss;' and play as well as you possibly can. When you come to the passage 'all is lost,' repeat it four or five times with as much point and pathos as you can possibly throw in." Julien did as he was ordered, and the dying beauty accompanied him with her voice. Having twice repeated "all is lost," at the proper moment, she turned round in her bed, and said to her companions, "tout est perdu a ce coup, et a bon escient," all is indeed lost this time, and in good earnest. While uttering these words she fell back and died. Brantôme adds, "she was a great talker, full of jests, very well made, and respectable in her conduct."

Many of the instances we have named, savor of extravagance and aberration of intellect. Between eccentricity and insanity, there is sometimes but a very narrow interval. The old classic appears to have been right when he said, "Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ," which is thus rendered by our English poet—

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied."

A FEW NOTES ON THE CHARACTER AND ACTIONS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The days of "Good Queen Bess" are referred to by Englishmen with pride and satisfaction, as a period when public glory and domestic prosperity were blended together in a happy union. Much of this has been usually attributed to the great abilities and exalted personal character of that renowned sovereign, but more was in justice due to the improving spirit of the nation, to a fortunate combination of circumstances, and to the

* "Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
Tum mihi," &c., &c.

number of great men whose services created and adorned the marvels of her long and fortunate reign. The severe accuracy of modern research has laid open many historical fallacies, and has stripped the tinsel from many unsubstantial reputations. The fame of Elizabeth closely anatomized, becomes a reflected rather than an inherent quality. Let us set forward a few of the leading points which substantiate this hypothesis. We dwell little on personal vanity—which is only saying, that she was human, and not exempt from the weakness which would rather be admired for outward attraction than intellectual superiority. She once made a considerable present to a young Dutchman, who, in a complimentary address, passed over her talents to eulogize her beauty. We are not disposed to accuse or indite the memory of Elizabeth wrongfully. Jealous of power, and skilful in rendering herself feared, she was born what many sovereign princesses only become by laborious and protracted study.

Elizabeth never could be prevailed on to name a successor to the throne: a defective policy, which, in case of her sudden death, might have involved the nation in civil wars. Her original enmity against Queen Mary of Scotland proceeded from jealousy of her superior loveliness, and was prosecuted with the bitterness of an envious rival. The Earl of Hertford, son of Protector Somerset, was privately married to the Lady Catherine Grey (sister to Lady Jane Grey), in whom centered the right of the house of Suffolk to the throne. The right was too questionable to be dangerous, though enough to agitate a suspicious mind. When Elizabeth discovered the circumstance, she was so enraged at the pregnancy of the Lady Catherine, that she threw her into the Tower, and summoned Hertford to appear, who had travelled into France. Hertford, on his return, was also sent to the Tower, and because he was unable within a limited time to prove his marriage by witnesses, she ordered the Star-chamber to declare it unlawful, and to pronounce any issue arising therefrom to be illegitimate. The will of Henry VIII. excluded the posterity of his sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from the throne, and, therefore, the succession, on the death of Elizabeth, without direct heirs, might be claimed by the Duke of Suffolk's descendants. Hertford and his wife found means, although separately confined, to have further intercourse, and another child was the consequence. Elizabeth, driven frantic by this additional contempt of her will, set a fine of £15,000 on Hertford, and in-

creased the rigor of his confinement, until the death of his children and his wife, after the expiration of nine years, released her from her apprehensions. Havre de Grace, which had been put into the hands of the English by the French Huguenots, was lost through her parsimonious delays. She neglected the earnest entreaties of the governor, Lord Warwick, for succors, until too late, and after he had been compelled to capitulate, on the 28th of July, 1563. Her political judgment yielded to her private passions in the remarkable obstinacy with which she continued her favor for a long series of years to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who filled many important posts with infinite detriment to the public service. Totally destitute of character or ability, he had no recommendations but a handsome person and engaging address. The uncereemonious manner in which she treated the House of Commons, or any of the more spirited members who happened to displease her, showed that where her sovereign power and prerogative were concerned, she as little regarded the rights or liberty of subjects as did her imperious father, Henry VIII.

A motion was brought forward in the House of Commons in the year 1571, by one Robert Bell, a Puritan, against an exclusive patent which the Queen had granted to a company of merchants in Bristol. Elizabeth was so incensed at this motion, which she deemed an infringement of her prerogative, and which was carried by a majority, that Bell was summoned before the Council and bitterly reprimanded for his audacity. When he returned and made his report to the House, they were struck with terror, and for a long time abstained from debating any subject of importance, lest they should offend the Queen and Cabinet. This patent was contrived for the exclusive profit of four courtiers, and was attended with the utter ruin of seven or eight thousand industrious mechanics.* As Elizabeth was determined to yield the Parliament none of her power, she was very cautious in asking them for any supplies. We trace here a simple solution of her systematic frugality. When the ordinary revenues of the Crown were insufficient for the royal expenditure or the public service, she employed her prerogative and granted monopolies, or similarly ruinous expedients, to provide money. Theodore Basilides, Czar of Muscovy, revoked the patent by which the

* See "Journals of Parliaments during the reign of Elizabeth," by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, p. 242.

English had enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of the Russian trade. When Elizabeth remonstrated against this innovation, he told her ministers plainly, "that princes ought to carry an impartial hand, as well between their own subjects as between foreigners, and not convert trade, which, by the laws of nations, ought to be common to all, into a source of private gain for the interest of a few."* This barbarian appears to have had juster notions of commercial equity than the enlightened Elizabeth.

Her marriage treaty with the Duke of Anjou, brother to Henry III. of France, displayed the coquetry of an ordinary woman rather than the dignity of a great queen, and showed also the little regard she had in reality for the welfare of the English nation. The crowns of France and England would have been united in their child, if they had only one, and by the terms of the treaty he was to live in England eight months in every two years. The laws and customs were to be preserved, and no foreigner promoted to any office by the Duke. The importunate arguments of all her ministers, favorites, and courtiers, and most especially the well-known letter of Sir Philip Sydney, prevailed with her to break off the match when on the point of completion, and after she had gone so far as to place, in public, a ring on the Duke's finger.

The parliament dared not refuse to ratify the sentence against Queen Mary. The affected sorrow of Elizabeth was flimsy hypocrisy. She pretended that Davison, to whom, with her own hands, she gave the warrant, with orders to carry it to the Chancellor to pass the great seal, had acted contrary to her injunctions, and blamed him for the precipitancy which she suggested and urged herself. Davison, for his obedience, was imprisoned for a long time, and fined ten thousand pounds, which fine was rigorously levied, although it reduced him to beggary. When she delivered the warrant to Davison, she said, "Go, and tell all this to Walsingham, though he is sick, and I am afraid will die of sorrow when he hears of it."† She also blamed Drury and Paulet, that they had not before eased her of that trouble. It seems to have been her practice to throw the odium of all her unpopular or unjustifiable acts on her subordinate agents—a proceeding by which she thought to blind the world and silence her own conscience.

* See Camden's *Annals*, p. 493.

† See Camden, Strype, and Davison's *Letter to Walsingham*.

The preparations made to oppose the Spanish invasion are more to be attributed to the chivalric patriotism of the nobility and gentry, and the spirit of the English people, than to either the vigor or liberality of the Queen's government. Elizabeth again sacrificed her interest to personal prejudice, in refusing to supply King James of Scotland with men and money to execute justice on the Earls of Angus, Errol, and Huntley, who had entered into a secret treaty with Philip II. to raise their forces, and with the aid of the Spaniards, establish the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland, and then march into England and effect the same purpose there. A tenth part of the expense she bestowed on supporting the French king would have accomplished this object, which concerned her quite as nearly as it did her immediate neighbor. As another instance of private pique, she imprisoned Lord Southampton, because, without asking her permission, he had married the cousin of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. We pass over altogether the burnings for heresy and differences of religious opinion, with other capital punishments for offences comparatively venial, which were much more numerous, and of a more cruel and despotic character, during the reign of the Virgin Queen than the reader will easily discover from the ordinary sources of information. It is a curious fact, that taking a comparative average of time, there were fewer executions under the stern rule of Cromwell, than in any other given period in the annals of English history.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the number of capital punishments was almost two thousand in each year. In Elizabeth's time that number had diminished to four hundred.* In the reign of George III., the estimate had sunk to forty. At present the scale is considerably lower, and will probably continue in a diminishing ratio. Under George II., the penal laws appeared to have been administered with a severity equalled only by the codes of Draco or Lycurgus. Dr. Johnson, writing in 1738, says, in his poem, of London:—

"Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
A single jail in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword!

* See Harrison, *Book ii. chap. 2.*

No spies were paid, no special juries known.
Blest age!—but ah! how different from our
own!"

The authority is sound, but the case is not

analogous. Alfred ruled over a few counties with a scanty population. Neither the extent of his territory, nor the number of his subjects, amounted to a tenth of either in the reign with which his is here compared.

From Tait's Magazine.

A CORONATION IN SIAM.

THE late King of Siam died on the 3rd of April, 1851. The ceremonies attendant on the demise of this monarch, and the accession of his brother to the throne, have been minutely recorded in an official narrative, drawn up at the desire of the new sovereign, and transmitted to the governor of the Straits settlements, by whom it has been published. The Siamese state-paper, as may naturally be supposed, is a very curious affair. Its style and contents recall to mind some portions of the Hebrew Chronicles—a resemblance which, under the circumstances, is not at all surprising. Before proceeding to give a summary of the more interesting particulars comprised in the narrative, it will be proper to refer to certain facts that render the principal event to which it relates a matter of considerable importance to this country.

The kingdom of Siam is the most wealthy and flourishing, if not the most powerful, of the three monarchies (Birma, Siam, and Cochin China) into which the south-eastern portion of Asia lying between India and China is divided. In extent, as well as in the number of inhabitants, it is perhaps inferior to the Birman Empire; but its commercial resources are greater, and it has peculiar advantages in its vast and fertile plains, yielding large quantities of sugar, rice, pepper, and other valuable products; in its industrious and orderly population, and in the excellent sea-port of its capital city (Bangkok), most favorably situated for carrying on a lucrative commerce with Singapore on the one hand and China on the other. But unfortunately, during many years all these advantages were, in a great measure, neutralized by the disposition and policy of the late sovereign, who combined many of the worst qualities of Oriental despots. A cruel

and sensual tyrant, his excesses were only restrained by his extreme cowardice, and probably by some consciousness of the weakness of his hold upon power—a weakness resulting from the little respect in which he was held by his subjects. On one occasion he was near paying the penalty of his misgovernment, in the loss of his throne. A formidable rebellion broke out, and was only suppressed, when apparently on the point of being successful, by the bravery and military skill of a few foreign auxiliaries whom the king had in his pay. The tyrant took a dreadful revenge upon the authors of the rebellion. The manner in which the chief of the insurgents was put to death is thus described by Mr. Neale, in his recently published account of a residence in Siam:

"Peer Sissifoor was carried to Bangkok, tried as a traitor, and sentenced to death. This was what might have been expected even in countries far more civilized than Siam; but the appalling part of the tale is the method by which the sentence was put into execution. The wretched criminal was condemned, first to have both his eyes put out by the application of searing-irons, and then to be placed in an iron cage (that had formerly had for inmate a Bengal royal tiger), which was suspended just so high above the waters of the river, that the unfortunate captive, by stretching his arms through the close iron bars, could barely manage to touch the ripple of the waters with the extreme tip of his fingers. Here, without food or raiment, with no protection from the fierce sultry heat of the noontide sun, with his brains racking and burning, and suffering from the acutest agonies that thirst can impart, did that unhappy culprit listen to the cool rippling sound of these waters, for one drop of which, like Dives of old, he prayed

to wet his parched and withering tongue. How earnestly did that man pray for death! And that dark angel, at all times too ready to come unbidden, kept aloof and mocked his misery for three long days and nights. Mr. Hunter (an English merchant, resident in Siam), charitably undertook to petition the King, that at least the man might at once be put out of his misery; but the flint-hearted monarch had a revengeful and insatiable temper, so that the petition proved of no avail; and when the wretched rebel died—as he did, at length, happily for the alleviation of his sufferings, as an unconscious lunatic—a universal murmur of dissatisfaction spread on every side, and even the most barbarous of the Siamese conceived an utter detestation for the monarch who had so publicly displayed a spirit that evil demons could hardly excel.”

As might be expected of such a ruler, the invaluable service which a few Europeans had on this occasion rendered to him only made him more than ever distrustful of them and averse to intercourse with foreign states. Their commerce with his dominions was placed under heavy restrictions. Exorbitant tonnage duties and many vexatious regulations were imposed on foreign ships, evidently for the purpose of excluding them from his harbors—an end which he did not venture to seek by a direct prohibition. The residence of a few Europeans in his dominions was permitted, but the indulgence was well known to be due in part to the need which he had of their services, and still more to the influence of his brother, the heir apparent. Many attempts were made to induce the King to relax the pernicious restrictions which diminished the foreign commerce of his kingdom, but without success. The merchants of Singapore, who felt most severely the bad effects of the system, were particularly anxious for its abrogation; and Sir James Brooke undertook a mission to Bangkok, with the hope of establishing a treaty of commerce on mutually beneficial principles. His efforts, however, proved fruitless. Some persons, at the time, imagined that the failure was owing not so much to the ill-will of the monarch, as to the intrigues of his bigoted advisers; but from what is now known, it seems evident that the suspicious and annoying course pursued on that occasion was in reality a result of the King's own settled policy.

This policy was tolerated by foreign states, and endured by the Siamese people, with the more patience, as there was reason to ex-

pect that its evils would not be of very long continuance. The King was old and sickly, and had not many years to live. His two younger brothers—one of whom would probably succeed him—were both distinguished by their intelligence, their remarkable acquirements, and their liberal views in regard to foreign intercourse. The eldest of them, commonly known to foreigners as “Prince Chou-Faa,” is said to speak and write English with facility, to understand Latin, and to be well versed in the more important sciences and arts of modern civilization. He is a good mathematician and machinist; has introduced European discipline and arms into the Siamese army; has established ship-building yards in the river Menam; and, like the Emperor Charles V., has evinced a peculiar taste for *watch-making*. Some, however, have supposed that the prince merely addicted himself to the last-mentioned harmless pursuit in order to quiet the suspicions of his royal brother, who was well known to regard him with extreme jealousy and aversion. With the same object, the prince, at a subsequent period, assumed the office and yellow garb of the priesthood. This step served also to conciliate the intolerant priestly party, who disliked the kindness of the prince to foreigners, and especially to foreign missionaries. Mr. Neale speaks in the highest terms of Prince Chou-Faa, whom he describes as “an indubitably clever scholar and a perfect gentleman.” The prince was accustomed to procure all the latest publications, by means of agents, from Singapore, “and,” says the author just quoted, “I have seen him laugh as heartily over Dickens's ‘Pickwick’ as though he had been accustomed to the scenes that book depicts from his earliest youth.” When Mr. Neale knew him, in 1842, the prince was thirty-eight years of age, and he must, therefore, now be nearly fifty.

His younger brother, who has been commonly known as Prince Momfanoi—but who receives in the official document the cumbersome appellation of Prince T. N. Chou Fa Kromakun Itsarete—has a reputation for learning, accomplishments, and liberality of sentiment hardly inferior to that of his elder brother. A strong attachment existed between the two brothers, and has recently been manifested by the elder, in associating the other with himself, according to an old Siamese custom, in the capacity of Vice-King, having in particular the direction of military affairs. This creation of “war-chief” is, no doubt—as well as the election

of the sovereign by the "great council" of the nation—one of the primitive customs which the Siamese have preserved from the times when their forefathers wandered, a Tartar tribe, over the immense steppes of Central Asia, along with the ancestors of the Mongols, the Turks, the Hungarians, and many other less notable branches of the same widely-scattered race.

To these explanations it is only necessary to add that, from internal evidence, it seems likely that the author of the document from which the following details are derived, was the new sovereign himself, assisted, perhaps, by one of the American missionaries at Bangkok, to whom he would naturally apply for aid in any literary effort.

About the beginning of last year, it appears, "His late most righteous and illustrious Majesty, Phrabat Gomdet Phra Phudha Chou, was seized with a sickness which deprived him of ability to sleep, producing much nausea, and greatly impairing his appetite, so that he could not by any means adequately nourish himself." In spite of the attentions and prescriptions of the royal physicians—or, possibly, in consequence of them—the illness continued to increase. At length, on the 9th of March, "His Majesty summoned the company of his nobles and his lords, in whom he placed perfect confidence, into his presence, at his bedside. Being thus assembled, he said to them, 'This, my present sickness, is severe, the symptoms are all bad; it is probable that it will baffle all the skill of my physicians.'" The narrator, in true Oriental style, proceeds to give an account of the secret meditations of the monarch. "Whereupon," we are told, "he thought within himself, saying, 'This kingdom has become large, its fame is spread abroad to all foreign countries. It would be proper for me to appoint my successor according to my own pleasure; but I fear I shall not be supported in my choice of a successor—that, should I attempt it, the unity of the kingdom would be broken, the people and persons of honor who shall fill all the places of trust in the future will not be pleased, and that, consequently, it would give rise to civil commotion, and bring trouble to the illustrious princes and royal servants, both great and small, and to the Buddhist priesthood, and to the people.'"

The meaning of this doubtless is, that the dying king, seeing clearly that his subjects had set their minds upon raising his brother to the throne, made a virtue of necessity, and ordered them to choose for his successor

the person who should be, as it is expressed, "the choice of all classes in the kingdom," especially enjoining them to select "a prince of middle age, possessed of wisdom and knowledge touching the duties of a king," &c.—that being exactly what he knew they had all predetermined to do. The author of the narrative, however, with loyal or fraternal tenderness to the memory of the deceased, lauds the wisdom and magnanimity of this procedure in extravagant terms. "His late Majesty," we are assured, "did this because he was a man possessed of extraordinary powers of mind, having great compassion and unbounded regard for the welfare of mankind!" This praise, bestowed upon the executioner of Peer Sissifoor, may be considered to fairly rival the boldest panegyric that was ever inscribed on a tombstone.

The council, however, did not proceed to elect a successor while the king was yet living. Such a proceeding would have been contrary to the custom of the kingdom. On the 3rd of April, early in the morning, King Somdet Phra Phudha Chou expired; "whereupon," we are told, "all the illustrious princes and nobles, and lords, great and small, on the right and left of the throne, mourned greatly for him." Their grief, however, did not prevent them from sending at once for the Prince Chou Fa Mongkut (as he is here styled), who was "then abiding as chief priest in the temple Bowavaniwate." The people at large did not think it necessary to mourn at all, or to dissemble their delight at the change of rulers. They flocked joyfully around the prince as he was escorted to the palace, invoked blessings on him, and "brought flowers in great profusion, and presented them to him by the way." He first, accompanied by the princes and great nobles, proceeded to the hall of state, where the corpse of the late king "was placed in a sitting posture, in full kingly attire. His Royal Highness then poured water upon the corpse, according to custom; after which it was escorted to the golden urn, which was engraven, embossed, and adorned with nine kinds of precious stones." The royal corpse was then borne into an inner apartment, where it remained during the subsequent ceremonies.

It does not seem to have been considered necessary to go through even the form of electing Prince Chou Faa to the vacant throne; for in the evening, when the great council met, its only act was to invite (of course, at his suggestion) his younger bro-

ther, Prince Chou Faa Kromakun Itsarete, "to rule the illustrious kingdom in conjunction with his elder brother, henceforth and for ever." This arrangement being satisfactorily settled, all the officers of government, of every grade throughout the kingdom, proceeded to do what the same class has recently been doing—though probably with very different feelings—in a neighboring country, namely, to take the oath of allegiance. Within less than a month, it is stated more than fifteen thousand persons had thus sworn fidelity to the new sovereigns.

On the day following the election, the formal "abduction" of the elder prince from the priesthood took place in the customary way. The ceremony was very simple. "His Royal Highness took his leave of the priesthood by laying off his yellow robes, bathing himself in consecrated water, and clothing himself in figured white cloth." The prince then at once assumed the reins of government, but did not yet receive the style of "Majesty."

The more important ceremony of the coronation was appointed to take place on the 15th of May, that being the day on which the astrologers had declared that "the sixteen signs of the heavens would be most auspicious;" a declaration at which the royal reader of "Pickwick" must have chuckled a little to himself in secret. Previously, however, one of these diviners set to work, with one of the "chief scribes" and "the great Brahmin teacher," to give a new name to his Majesty. This they accomplished in a not very intelligible manner, by means of "four series of circular shelves of three stories each;" one being of glass, another of gold, another of silver, and the fourth of plantain-leaves, together with sundry plates of cakes, fruits, and flowers, a screen of silk, a sheet of gold, &c.—the whole operation bearing a considerable resemblance to one of M. Robin's most complicated feats of legerdemain. The result was, that his Majesty was to be known thenceforward under the not very euphonious appellation of "Somdet Phra Chom Klow."

On the morning of the 15th of May the Prince went into the great hall of the palace, "lighted the consecrated candles, and bowed himself in worship." He then entered the shower bath, and was sprinkled with consecrated water. After bathing he put on a yellow "phanung," or waistcloth, flowered with gold, and a "golden jacket," and returned to the great hall. Here he seated

himself on the "octagon throne," under the "royal circular canopy of seven stories called sawikrachat." This octagonal throne comprised, in fact, eight seats, looking towards "the eight points of the compass;" and having in their centre a pillar, which formed the common back to them all. Here a singular ceremony took place. "Surrounding this eight-sided throne were eight seats, on which eight of the wise men sat, facing the throne. His Royal Highness first sat on the side of the throne facing the east, having his face eastward. The wise man seated in that direction then spoke in the Bali language, and pronounced a blessing upon him, and delivered up the kingdom of the Buddhist religion to his charge. His Royal Highness then received the charge, with a goblet decked with diamonds and other precious stones of great price. Whereupon a Brahmin of high rank presented to him holy water from a shell, whose special base turned to the right, and poured it into his hand. Of this his Royal Highness drank a little, and with the remainder washed his face. He then moved to the south-east side of the throne; the wise man seated in that direction pronounced a blessing, and delivered up the kingdom, as the one before had done. The Brahmin presented the holy water, and his Royal Highness drank and washed as before. Thus did he seat himself successively on each of the eight sides of the throne, and thus did the ceremonies proceed until each of the eight wise men had pronounced a blessing and delivered up the kingdom, as before stated."

The Prince having undergone the eight benedictions of the wise men and the eight lavations, must have been glad to escape from the octagonal throne to the four-sided throne, "covered with two thicknesses of fine gold," where the real coronation was to take place. He was first presented with "the most precious sawikrachat (or canopy), which is the chief insignia of supreme power of the King of Siam from ancient times." Then the Chief Justice of the kingdom, who seems to have taken the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury in this ceremony, presented the Prince first with the gold sheets on which his new name was written, then with "the crown of victory," and "the royal breast-chain, made of the purest gold," which the Prince immediately put on, then with the "royal cane" and the "royal dagger," the former of which the Prince placed on his right thigh, and the latter on his left; and, finally, with eight kinds of arms, viz., "the javelin, the spear, the bow, the Japan

dagger, the sword, the cane, having a dagger enclosed, the gun, and the spear for holding in the mouth when scaling walls." The royal shoes were then placed on his feet, and, after a few minor ceremonies, the coronation was complete, and the Prince became King of Siam.

The Chief Justice was the first to receive his Majesty's commands, the nature of which is not mentioned. Consecrated water was then poured upon the earth, "as a blessing upon all the animated creation. This being done, the Brahmins then sounded again their shell trumpets, in concert with other instruments of music." Then followed other ceremonies of great pomp, including a royal audience, to which, contrary to previous usage, all the foreigners of the city were admitted, as a mark of the King's special favor. The same particular attention to foreign residents was shown throughout the subsequent ceremonies and rejoicings, which lasted till the 3rd of June. They included processions by land and by water, distributions of money, and other presents, public worship, banquets of the priests, reviews of the troops, &c. Some of these ceremonies must have been of a very splendid and picturesque character. The procession of barges, for example, comprised about 240 large boats, having from 25 to 60 rowers each, besides a great company of boats of smaller size. The large boats were gorgeously gilt or quaintly carved, and bedizened with flags. The boatmen and officers were clothed in handsome uniforms of scarlet and gold, or figured silks. Several of the barges carried pieces of artillery, and gunners to man them.

The details of all these proceedings are given in full in the official paper from which this account has been derived. The only part, however, which can be extracted entire, is the following rather striking account of one of the processions:—

"His Majesty then ascended and seated himself on the royal palankeen, made of fine plated gold, and richly decked with diamonds of nine different kinds. Being attended by all the royal body-guard, going before and following after, he passed along the covered street. While passing through this street he strewed silver *salungs* (a coin worth about 3d.) by handfuls. At that time Phayaveset was ordered to conduct the company of Europeans and Americans to a gateway of the street, where they had another interview with his Majesty, who threw to them many handfuls of *salungs*. This being done, his Ma-

jesty went into the temple of the emerald idol, and lighted the incense sticks and candles, and offered flowers and other things to the idol. Then he had the bones of both his father and grandfather brought, each in his golden urn, and made offerings of incense, sticks and candles, and flowers to them. Then he invited a company of chief priests to pronounce a series of solemn reflections on the uncertainty of human life, suitable to the occasion of making offerings to these sacred relics. This being done, he passed out of the temple by another gate than that in which he entered, and strewed silver all along the way he went, until, by a circuitous passage, he came to the Dudsita Mahaprasat (the most splendid building of the royal palace) and made offerings to the corpse of his elder brother, his late Majesty Somdet Phra Phudha Chou, which was sitting in state in a golden urn in that place. He then invited a company of chief priests to pronounce solemn reflections suitable to the occasion, as before. After this he passed by an inner passage (to wit, the passage for females of the palace) and strewed silver everywhere as he went, and then returned to the "Mahamonthian," or inner apartment.

The obsequies of the late king had yet to be celebrated. For this purpose it was necessary to erect immense buildings for the burning of the royal remains. The largest of these buildings was to have a canopied roof, rising into a spire two hundred and eighty feet high. Under this lofty canopy were to be erected another canopy and spire, and beneath the latter a building of pagoda form, on which the remains of the royal dead were to be burned. The remarks which are made on this subject, in the official document, undoubtedly by the new king himself, are deserving of quotation:—

"The business of preparing for and celebrating the funeral solemnities of his late Majesty is very great. This becomes necessary from the force of the royal custom from olden times. Large sums of money are always sacrificed on such occasions from the royal treasury; and it consequently costs much labor and time and strength to all classes of the subjects of the kingdom. It appears, indeed, to be a custom the observance of which is not followed by any advantage. But it is a very old custom of the kingdom, and by all her tributaries well known and revered. And if it should be now disregarded, passing it by with ceremonies only such as are really needed, all the

head provinces and tributary kingdoms would find fault, and attribute it to base motives on the part of his Majesty."

In these remarks the new monarch evidently intends to explain to his European friends his motives for any other part of his conduct or policy which might seem to them not worthy of his good sense and enlightened intellect. If he listened solemnly to the eightfold benedictions of the Siamese wise men, washed his face eight times with holy water, scattered handfuls of silver in the streets, and went through other similar ceremonies with gravity and patience, it was doubtless only because they were "very old customs of the kingdom;" and because, by refusing to comply with the usages of his nation in these trivial or indifferent matters, he might have aroused prejudices that would have made it difficult for him to carry out the really important reforms which he was meditating.

That this was the object in view may be inferred from the result. The narrative (which is dated in September last) is stated in the concluding paragraph to have been prepared for the information of people of foreign countries, and sent to the governor of the Straits settlements, "that he may more fully understand the royal customs herein described;" and it is intimated that if the governor should see fit "to publish this article in the form of a book or pamphlet," he was at liberty to do so. The document has been accordingly printed in a recent number of the "Journal of the Eastern Archipelago." At the same time, the Singapore papers have announced that very considerable reductions had already been made in the tonnage-duties levied on foreign ships, that a "most gracious reception" had been given to the supercargo of the first English merchant-vessel which arrived after the commencement of the new reign, and that the renewal of the English embassy, for the purpose of recommending the negotia-

tions for a liberal commercial treaty, was strongly desired. The most amicable sentiments, it is said, are expressed in regard to the British Government. The "Singapore Free Press," which gives this information, adds some other particulars of considerable interest. "The new Praklang, with whom, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, strangers come most in contact, is a nobleman of much ability, and of the most liberal sentiments in regard to commercial matters. He speaks as well as reads and writes English with fluency. A large man-of-war is on the stocks, which is intended to be used in clearing the Gulf of Siam of pirates. All the branches of the military service are well regulated; and our informant states that he was present at several reviews of different descriptions of troops, whose neat and soldierlike appearance, and steadiness and quickness on parade, reflected the greatest credit on their officers. The internal industry of the country is receiving the most fostering care of the Government, and it is the intention of the kings to restore the sugar-cultivation to its former state, and even extend it much further, by affording liberal pecuniary support to the cultivators. It will thus be seen that every fresh arrival from Siam brings stronger confirmation of the new and better order of things now prevailing in that important country, which seems to have fairly embarked on a course of prosperity, which, we sincerely trust, may long flow on unchecked and ever increasing."

It is, on many accounts, satisfactory to find that, while in the neighboring state of Birma an appeal to arms has been thought necessary in order to check the insolence of unenlightened and despotic power in Siam, on the contrary, a wise and generous forbearance has allowed time for the arts and literature of Europe to achieve a peaceful victory over the prejudices and suspicions which are natural enough, and not altogether inexcusable, in those semi-barbarous Governments.

LEIGH HUNT'S DESCRIPTION OF TOM MOORE.—"Moore's forehead," says Leigh Hunt, "was bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit, large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. In this particular he strongly resembled Sterne. His eyes were as dark and as fine as you could wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples; and his manner as bright as his talk, full of the wish to

please and be pleased. He sang and played with great force on the pianoforte, as might be supposed from his musical compositions. His voice, which was a little hoarse in speaking—at least I used to think so—softened into a breath, like that of a flute, when singing. In speaking, he was emphatic in rolling about the letter *r*, perhaps out of despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity."

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

THE POLICE SYSTEM OF LONDON.

THERE are few subjects more important and interesting than the combined arrangements for the internal security of a nation comprehended in the term, System of Police. This is especially true in the case of a great metropolis, where there is a vast accumulation of property, where a large population live under the constant pressure of want and stimulus of appetite, and where the immense aggregation of human beings necessarily affords opportunities of combination as well as facilities for concealment. In London, however, the arrangements are so good, the security so general, and the complex machinery works so quietly, that the real danger which must always exist where the wealth and luxury of a nation are brought into juxtaposition with its poverty and crime, is too much forgotten; and people begin to think it quite a matter of course, or one of the ordinary operations of Providence, that they sleep and wake in safety in the midst of hordes of starving plunderers.

We will now endeavor to explain the actual organization of the great living machine which keeps guard over our Metropolis, with its ten millions of rateable property, and watches at night in order that two millions and a half of people may sleep in safety, although six thousand professional thieves are constantly on the watch for opportunities to plunder. It consists, besides the two Commissioners,* of 1 chief superintendent, 18 superintendents, 124 inspectors, 585 sergeants, and 4797 constables, in all 5,525 persons. About 3,700 men are on duty all night, and about 1,800 all day. During the night they never cease patrolling the whole time they are on duty, being forbidden even to sit down. The police district is mapped out into divisions, the divisions into subdivisions, the subdivisions into sections, and the sections into beats, all being numbered,

and the limits carefully defined. To every beat certain constables are specifically assigned, and they are provided with little maps called beat-cards. The business of the constable on duty is to perambulate his beat in a fixed time according to an appointed route; as soon as he has gone over it, he immediately begins his rounds again, so that the patrolling sergeant knows at any moment where the constable ought to be found unless something unusual has occurred. So thoroughly is this arrangement carried into effect, that every street, road, lane, alley, and court, within the Metropolitan Police District, that is, the whole of the metropolis, (except that small part the City of London) the county of Middlesex, and all the parishes (218 in number) in the counties of Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Hertfordshire, which are not more than fifteen miles from Charing Cross, comprising an area of about 700 square miles, 90 miles in circumference, and with a population of two-and-a-half millions, is visited constantly day and night by some of the police. The beats vary considerably in size; in those parts of the town which are open and inhabited by the wealthier classes, an occasional visit from a policeman is sufficient, and he traverses a wide district. But the limits of the beat are diminished, and of course the frequency of the visits increased, in proportion to the character and density of the population, the throng and pressure of traffic, the concentration of property, and the intricacy of the streets. Within a circle of six miles from St. Paul's the beats are ordinarily traversed in periods varying from seven to twenty-five minutes, and there are points which, in fact, are never free from inspection. Nor must it be supposed that this system places the wealthier localities at a disadvantage, for it is an axiom in police that you guard St. James' by watching St. Giles.

* The Commissioners are Magistrates for the seven counties into which their district extends; viz., Middlesex, Surrey, Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire; and the police are constables for all these counties.

The district is divided into 18 divisions containing, including the Thames, 121 police stations, each station being the place from which the police duties are carried on within

the division or sub-division, where all communications are received, and explanation on police matters disseminated. A considerable number of the policemen live in the station-house, so that a reserve is always at hand, and here, on the watch like a spider in the centre of his web, an inspector is always in attendance—"All sly slow things with circumspective eyes." When anything occurs in the district worth communicating, the intelligence is conveyed from one constable to the other till it reaches the station-house—thence, by an admirable arrangement of routes and messengers, it passes to the central office at Whitehall, thence along radiating lines to each division, and from the divisional station-houses to every constable in the district. This rapid transmission of intelligence is important as regards the detection of crime, but especially as a means of preserving the city from riot. In a case of emergency, the Commissioners could communicate intelligence to every man in the force, and collect the whole 5,500 men in one place in two hours. A communication by electric telegraph was established between the Commissioners' office in Whitehall Place and the police station in Hyde Park during the Great Exhibition: probably, hereafter, this mode of communication will be adopted generally, by which information and directions may be instantaneously made known in all parts of the police district, as is the case, we believe, already in Berlin. It was formerly quite common for the parochial police to be overawed by the multitude of ruffians who had gathered together from several quarters, and on any occasion of apprehended tumult, the peace of the town was in reality preserved by a display of military. The power of rapid concentration has so effectually corrected this evil, that since the establishment of the Metropolitan Police, it has never been found necessary to call the military into actual operation in aid of the civil force.

Those who merely observe a policeman quietly walking along his beat, would hardly imagine the exceedingly laborious nature of his duty. Of the numerous candidates for admission into the force, not more than one in three possesses physical strength equal to the work; and the rigid discipline which exacts this exertion, also insists upon extreme propriety of conduct, and great self-command in the most trying circumstances. At first the number of dismissals and resignations was so great that it was almost impossible to carry on the duty; but the Commissioners persevered through every difficulty

in enforcing a high standard of conduct, and eventually succeeded in bringing the force into its present remarkable state of efficiency. The numerous applications to the Commissioners from persons desirous to mark by some donation their sense of the zeal and activity of the police is decisive testimony as to their conduct. In 1850 the amount paid to the police as rewards for arresting offenders and recovering stolen property was 613*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*, while the *voluntary* gratuities paid within the same period by individuals, for extra services, amounted to no less than 4857*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* Nor can clearer proof be given of perfect discipline than the fact that 5000 men, in the prime and vigor of life, with moderate wages, (2*s.* 5*d.* to 3*s.* per day), exposed in an unusual degree to the worst temptations of London, and discharging, for the most part during night, a very laborious duty, always irksome, and often dangerous, are kept in complete control without any extraordinary coercive power. The completeness of their organization was at one time a ground of attack against them. Discipline and gradation of ranks being in the minds of many persons inseparably connected with the idea of a military body,—advantage was taken of this feeling to turn against the police our constitutional jealousy of a military force. Indeed even now, people do not always recollect that the only essential difference between a civil and a military body is the possession of arms: and that this, which constitutes the power of the soldier, destroys the usefulness of the constable,—for a soldier is necessarily a bad policeman. He cannot use his musket by degrees; if he acts at all he must inflict *death*; and a mistake being irreparable, his freedom of action must be limited, except where it is intended to inflict the extremity of punishment. Whereas the constable, because he possesses no deadly weapon, may safely be entrusted with the right of interference, and by a moderate application of force at an early period, may *prevent* the growth and progress of crime, which the soldier could only *punish*.

The total cost of the Metropolitan Police was, in 1850, 385,744*l.*; which was defrayed in the following manner:—

Rate of 6 <i>d.</i> on 10,486,361 <i>l.</i> , the annual rental of the district, equal to about	
2 <i>s.</i> 3 <i>d.</i> per head	£262,159
Payment from the Consolidated Fund	100,325
Payments by public departments for services	10,507
Miscellaneous receipts	10,117

In addition to this, the Police Courts cost 45,000*l.* a-year, of which about 11,000*l.* is received in fees and forfeitures, and the remainder is charged upon the Consolidated Fund. All shares of fines on convictions where any of the police are informers, and which should be payable to them, are by a regulation of the Commissioners paid to the Police Courts' Fund, lest any suspicion might attach to the evidence of the police from their having a pecuniary interest in obtaining convictions.

For some years, one branch of the police, that of detection of crime, was undoubtedly defective. In this art, success depends much upon individual qualifications, sagacity in drawing inferences from slight things, fertility of resource, a blood-hound tenacity of pursuit, intimate acquaintance with the habits of thieves, and of their probable mode of acting in particular circumstances, and in the knack (and here real genius displays itself) of making a *cast* in the right direction in search of a clue. The old Bow Street professors of the science had attained to great perfection; they enjoyed great advantages and received great rewards. The peculiar nature of their business made them courted by the great, as well as feared by the small. Townsend was an intimate, we may say, of princes. Dressed in his customary suit, a yellow waistcoat, blue coat with metal buttons, nankeen pantaloons, white silk stockings, and a flaxen wig, he might be seen walking down Constitution Hill in familiar chat with the Lord Chancellor. When the constables of the Bow Street office were merged in the Metropolitan Police, these worthies, unable to confine their energies within the iron limits of the new discipline, and with conscious superiority unwilling to obey new masters, retired into private life; and it is a curious fact showing an extensive demand by private individuals for police services, they never wanted a day's work afterwards. The necessity of such men in the police having been recognized, the detective branch was established in 1842 by Sir James Graham. It consists of two inspectors and eight sergeants, with assistants in each division. They are selected out of the whole force for this peculiar business; they perform no other regular duty, but are wholly employed in the actual pursuit of criminals, or in obtaining information as to facilities for the commission of particular offences, and the haunts and habits of the offenders. Though the value of this branch of police is in a great measure determined by

the personal qualifications of its officers, yet the new system has the additional advantage of giving increased means of detection by the power of combining and keeping in continuous and systematic action the efforts of a numerous body: and as this is an interesting part of our subject, and comparatively little understood, beyond the admirable descriptions in the "Household Words," we propose to illustrate it by an outline of the way in which the burglars were detected who broke into Mr. Holford's house in the Regent's Park. To render our account intelligible, we must, however, make some preliminary observations on the habits of thieves.

A policeman's evidence generally begins thus, "from information I received," and the very essence of the system lies hid under these words; the mode by which this information was procured being kept secret with much care. Almost all such information is obtained from the criminal population, and we must explain how it happens that criminals are willing to assist their natural foes, the policemen, in accomplishing the destruction of their own colleagues. That "there is honor among thieves," is one of the falsest of all false proverbs. Thieves, living in habitual violation of the rights of others, are necessarily of all persons least swayed by consideration of what is due to their neighbors, and of all classes of men they form the single exception of having no community of interest among themselves; in fact they are quite as ready to snatch plunder from thieves as from honest men. They live, therefore, in a state of constant hatred, jealousy, and fear of each other. In general also they lead a life of excitement, gambling, drinking, and vicious indulgence: their daily life is that of a gambler staking his liberty in every successive act: they are almost invariably living with female associates, the partners of their profligacy, generally their accomplices in crime, almost always the victims of their brutality; for from the habitual indulgence of their evil passions, they have no idea of self-control, and are capricious, irritable, quarrelsome, and revengeful. Hence from jealousy or anger, these women are perpetually tempted to turn upon their tyrants, and, by a hint to a policeman, secure a certain, secret, and sweet revenge. But this course is full of danger, for the vengeance wreaked against an informer is occasionally of a character truly awful. However desirous she may be to give information, she dare not do it indiscriminately. She must

have sufficient knowledge of the police officer to satisfy her that he will not betray her, nor even by a clumsy mode of proceeding throw suspicion upon her; if a reward is stipulated, she must feel confidence that she will not be cheated of it—in short, if there is no honor among thieves, there must be among policemen, or the sources of their information would be dried up.

Another motive which weighs strongly with criminals is the hope of propitiating the police officer. The habitual state of mind towards the police of those who live by crime is not so much dislike, as unmitigated, slavish terror. From childhood the thief has felt that the policeman is his foe, against whom he cannot contend, from whom he cannot escape but by flight, and by whom he must ultimately be overcome. This feeling being constantly excited grows stronger and stronger; being shared by all his associates, it reacts on his mind through theirs, until it becomes an instinct which he cannot control. Conscious of a thousand offences, he feels safe only so long as he is unknown. When this defence is gone, a ruffian will drop his usual tone of bullying audacity, and follow every look of the police officer like a beaten hound creeping to lick his master's feet. We see in higher grades of life the servile running after the powerful, and doing dirty work, not for any definite reward, but from a vague hope of favor, and we cannot wonder if thieves imitate their betters, though they get as little by it.

They also take a professional view of the policeman's duty, knowing that in pursuing them, he is only acting in his vocation. The relations between a policeman and the regular London thief who follows his business as a profession, are very like those between the soldiers of regular armies,—there is no personal animosity; the thief expects he is not to be worried for nothing, that the policeman for instance is not to step out of his way to get him imprisoned for a month instead of fourteen days,—as one sentinel does not expect to be shot by another, an event which, however disagreeable to him, cannot influence the result of the campaign. But when anything serious has occurred, and the thief has been fairly hunted down, he bears no malice; the battle has been fought and lost, he yields to his fate, and his anger is not directed against the policeman, but towards some accomplice whose treachery he suspects.

A skillful police officer therefore regulates his conduct according to the feelings of the

class with whom he has to deal. His first object is to know them by sight, their names, haunts, connexions, and associates; he is inviolably secret as to any information given him, and will take as much trouble to shelter an informer as to lay hold of a delinquent; persons have even been arrested and apparently pursued with determined perseverance merely to blind their associates. He presumes to an incredible extent upon the known cowardice of the thieves; he will not associate with them, for that would lower his ascendancy over them, besides exposing him to the risk of losing his own situation, but he never permits himself to treat them with contempt or incivility; for their irritable, uncontrollable tempers would resent this, and lead them in retaliation to conceal anything he might wish to learn. From one or other of these motives,—jealousy, revenge, the desire to propitiate the policeman, and more than all, the hope of reward,—almost any amount of information may be obtained, provided only that the right man applies in the right quarter. It might be supposed that a thief, knowing that any one of his companions would betray him for ten pounds, would endeavor to conceal his movements even from them. But again, the necessary conditions of a criminal life make this impossible. A thief has no home; solitude is unendurable; he cannot, if he would, associate with honest people; so that it is a necessity with him to frequent those places where such as himself are permitted to assemble. He knows that in those houses the policeman expects to find him, but even that risk will not keep him away. The public house is his place of amusement, and also his place of business; for here he meets his associates, gains information, and arranges schemes of plunder. Living thus as it were in public, and amidst persons whose whole conversation is on their daily business, every thing connected with him is perfectly well known to the peculiar circle in which he moves.

There is another curious characteristic of this community. They divide themselves into classes according to the particular branch of crime which they practise. The burglar never picks pockets, nor associates with the pick-pocket; the thimble-rigger is equally separate from the bludgeon-man; and in a great degree they frequent different houses. This system is of infinite advantage to the police; for when a crime has been committed, the detectives of each division, instead of making their inquiries at random

in all directions, know precisely in what class, and sometimes in what houses to look for the offenders.

We would farther remark that frequently when a crime has been committed, it is found impossible to identify the parties; in these cases the exertions of the police, however successful in detecting and apprehending the criminals, come to nothing in the end, because no conviction can take place: there is a failure in justice, though none in the police system. The case of Mr. Cureton, which occurred the year before last, is an example of this, as well as of the real danger which actually exists, and which nothing but the constant guard of an effectual police system prevents from breaking out in frightful magnitude. Three men in broad daylight knocked at the door of his lodgings, in Aldersgate Street, in the City of London; it was opened by the landlady, and they went up stairs to his room. One of them asked him for a particular coin, and on his turning round to look for it in his cabinet, he was stunned by a blow on the head with a life-preserver, and, to prevent an alarm being given, the flexible handle of the murderous instrument was twisted round his neck. The robbers then ransacked the drawers, and in a few minutes left the house. It is probable that in less than half an hour the coins were passed to a receiver of stolen goods and melted down in a crucible. When Mr. Cureton was restored to his senses, all remembrance of the appearance of the men had passed from his mind, and the landlady's memory was equally treacherous. In these circumstances a conviction was impossible, because the stolen property had assumed a different form, and there was no one able to recognize the offenders. In fact, if the police had brought the three men into court with the melted gold in their hands, they must necessarily have been discharged. Something of this sort did indeed occur; for one of the real offenders, (at least the police who followed up the slight clue with extraordinary care, had little doubt that he was one of them,) was arrested, but the case did not admit of proof, and he was set at liberty by the magistrate.

We now come to the Holford House burglary. Mr. Holford, having gone to America, left his house, in the Regent's Park, under the care of servants. About two o'clock in the morning of the 14th of October, 1850, the butler heard some persons effecting an entrance into the dining-room. He wakened the other servants, and, having

armed themselves, they went out on opposite sides of the house and suddenly attacked the four robbers, one of whom was knocked down and secured, the other three escaped.

Several shots had been fired; one servant, armed with a pistol with a spring bayonet, had discharged it across a small bush at one of the robbers, and at so short a distance that the bayonet actually touched him. Traces of blood were found, and it was supposed that the man had been mortally wounded, and having run some way had been unable to go farther, and had probably been thrown by his companions into the Regent's Canal. The fact, however, was, that in the darkness and confusion, the burglar had tripped and fallen just as the trigger was pulled, and had received no injury, except that his hand, striking the end of the bayonet, had been slightly cut, as well as grazed by a couple of shot and blackened by the powder, and the blood came from another of the robbers, who had been severely wounded in the head and neck by a random discharge of small shot. The third man was unhurt; and nothing was found on the premises but a hat with some very small holes in it. The mode in which the police detected and arrested these three men, will illustrate our previous remarks, and show the working of a system which gleans information over a wide area, and combines it for practical application.

Next morning the prisoner was brought up for examination: he gave his name as William Dyson; but among the criminal population names are assumed one day to be discarded the next, and afford no clue to the identity of the individual. The first step taken was to place among the crowd some keen observers to watch, not the case, but the *spectators*. As the examination proceeded, and the feelings of the listeners became excited by the dramatic way in which the story unfolded itself, and their varying emotions were more openly manifested, it was noticed by the police that two women were watching the proceedings with an intensity of anxiety which betrayed a personal interest in the issue. Slight as the chance was, it was not neglected, and they were immediately marked for observation. After the examination, one of these women went to a beer-shop, the other to see Dyson in the House of Detention, where he had been remanded. She soon rejoined her companion, and both were tracked across the river into Southwark: there they separated; but from house to house the persevering detectives followed the *trail* of each until they reached

their respective homes. Local knowledge being now wanted, the Southwark, or M, division was called into action. The woman who had gone to the prison was recognized by them as the mistress of a house-breaker commonly known by the soubriquet of "the Doctor;" the other was soon after ascertained to be living with, and the active assistant of, a notorious ruffian of the name of James Mahon. This of course directed suspicion towards Mahon, and now was felt the power gained by a systematic watch over the criminal population. All the prisons within the Metropolitan Police District are visited each week by an intelligent constable from every division: besides which it is the custom, whenever an offender is arrested and taken to the police station, that he should be brought out of his cell and placed in such a position that every man of the division, as he went on duty, had a good view of him, so that in time their faces became perfectly well known. Moreover, a patrol visits the thieves' houses of resort every night, and records in detail all those whom they find there. When it was circulated through the division that one of the Holford House gang, probably "the Doctor," had been arrested, and that Mahon was suspected, one of the patrol recollected that at ten o'clock on the night of the burglary, they had found in a public house "the Doctor," Mahon, two other men, Mitchell and Robinson, and a woman, all apparently in earnest consultation. The sergeant of the patrol went at once to the House of Detention, and there, in the prisoner Dyson, he recognized "the Doctor." During the following nights it was also ascertained that none of the three suspected men appeared at their usual haunts. It was clear, therefore, that the first point was gained, the gang was known; the range of inquiry was at once limited to three known individuals, and the police now turned their undivided attention to the discovery of their places of concealment. Our readers will recollect our explanation of the abundant sources of information that may be opened up by judicious management: money being wanted, it was, under the advice of the magistrate, supplied by a friend of Mr. Holford, and the whole of the Southwark division being on the alert, feelers were put forth in every direction. One man was successful. He was acquainted with a woman who had formerly lived with Mahon, but had been deserted by him, and he sounded her. Whether there had been a quarrel, or whether the woman's jealousy at being supplanted was stirring within her,

or whether the reward alone was motive enough, she consented to give her assistance, and the bargain was struck. She could not, however, learn where Mahon was concealed, for his present companion was faithful to him. But it is the curse of a criminal that friends and foes are alike dangerous, and she managed to find out that the other woman washed his clothes, and on the next Saturday evening would take some to him, and the plan was laid accordingly. When the Saturday night came, the false friend, followed at a safe distance by a "detective," found some pretext for joining the other, and the two women set out together, one carrying the little bundle of clean clothes. They crossed the river and proceeded rapidly by narrow courts and unfrequented dimly lighted streets in the direction of Shoreditch. So thick and dark was the night that the detective sergeant would have been thrown out, had not this contingency been foreseen and guarded against. Under her dingy, dirty dress the confederate had put on a clean white petticoat, and at the sharp turns or crossings the dark dress was raised, and the white signal shown to her follower. In this way the whole of London was traversed, and at length they reached a public house in the Kingsland Road. Here they stopped, the woman with the bundle went in, the other disappeared. The sergeant soon found a policeman on his beat, and, making himself known, secured his services, and directed him to fetch two more. He then entered the house, and there, in a large room, where a number of thieves were smoking and drinking, he saw the object of his pursuit, Mahon, sitting beside the woman whose faithful services had so unwittingly betrayed him. Fortune seemed disposed to shower her favors on the police officer, for a little further off he spied Robinson. Confident in his ascendancy over any number of criminals, he allowed one policeman to show himself at the door, and with the quiet, business-like manner that characterizes the detectives, he walked up to Mahon and told him "he was wanted." The robber felt that his hour was come; as to resistance, notwithstanding the numbers present, no one so much as thought of it. Each in his secret soul was relieved to find that *he* was not the person "wanted," and was quite willing to sacrifice Mahon for the benefit of the community present; besides, for anything he knew, the whole division might be behind the policeman at the door. At a signal from the sergeant, this man now came in, his place, however, for the sake of appearances, being

immediately taken by another. Mahon, with perfect submission, went to the bar, where he was searched and handcuffed; Robinson was also arrested, and both prisoners were removed to the station house.

Some important evidence was supplied by a cabman who had read in the newspapers the account of the robbery. He had been on his stand, not very far from Holford House, when, about two in the morning of the 14th October, (the hour at which the attempt had been made), a man ran up to him, and saying that his hand had been bitten by a dog, asked him to pump some water upon it that he might wash away the blood. Immediately afterwards another man, *without a hat*, and with blood pouring from his face and neck, ran up to the stand, called the cabman, and jumping hastily into the cab, was driven off towards the Strand. When the cabman was brought to the police office, he was confronted with Mahon, and recognized him as the man who had washed his hand at the pump. On the hand being examined, it was evident not only that the wounds had not been occasioned by the bite of a dog, and therefore his story to the cabman was false, but they corresponded to the cut of the bayonet and the graze of the shot, and the dark blue stain of the gunpowder was still there. The wounds, however, were healing, and the hand returning to its natural state; so that these curious pieces of circumstantial evidence would have been lost, had there been much delay in Mahon's apprehension.

It was of course surmised that the wounded man who called the cab was the remaining one of the gang, Mitchell, and his conduct rendered this highly probable. While proceeding on his way, he heard a chaise coming after him at a gallop; he instantly called to the cabman to stop, jumped out, and, though almost fainting from loss of blood, attempted to run away. The chaise, however, passed on, and he returned, but in the extremity of his terror all considerations of prudence gave way before the one thought of watchfulness against pursuit, and he would not enter the cab again, but got upon the box. In the Strand he was put down,—the cabman getting another fare, drove off, and all farther trace was lost.

The police, however, thought that in these circumstances a criminal trying to escape, and finding his strength failing, would most probably desire to be driven *towards* his place of concealment, but would stop short of it in order to baffle pursuit, and were satisfied that Southwark was the cover he had gained :

this coincided also with the belief that Mitchell was the man, and the M division were again set in motion. This time recourse was had to one of those women who, living by the vices of others, are perhaps the most degraded and infamous of the human race. For a stipulated reward she engaged to endeavor to ascertain Mitchell's hiding place. Her information was, however, necessarily at second hand, and therefore imperfect, besides being tardy. Three times did the officers search houses which were indicated to them, but without success, Mitchell having got away before their arrival, and it seemed doubtful whether there was not some double treachery going on. The next place named was a house in Little Surrey Street, Blackfriar's Road; but as it was a private house, kept by persons apparently supporting themselves by honest labor, it was necessary to proceed with much caution. A policeman was found who was a friend of the nearest baker, and who learned from him that an unusual quantity of bread had of late been supplied to the house; another policeman was acquainted with the owner of the house, and contrived on some pretext to get the door opened. The sergeant then went in and asked who the lodger was. While the parley was going on, the face of a woman, listening anxiously, appeared over the banisters, and she was recognized as having been with the gang in the public house on the night of the burglary. All hesitation was now over, and on going into the bedroom they found Mitchell (who had been wounded by the discharge of small shot) with his head and neck enveloped in bandages and bread poultices; he was in a miserable state, for hitherto he had been afraid to get medical assistance. The officers, having now fairly run their game down, treated him with great kindness; he was carefully removed to the station-house, every comfort provided for him, and a surgeon procured to dress his wounds. When taken to the police-office, the hat with the shot holes was found to fit him, and he confessed his guilt.

There still remained one man undiscovered, for Robinson was set at liberty, the police having learned that though he had remained with the gang till a late hour, he had quitted them before they went to Holford House. The real offender, who had been the contriver of the whole, was afterwards arrested on information they received, but as he had taken no booty, was not marked, and could not be identified, he was necessarily discharged for want of proof; the other three were transported for life. The complete success of the

police, however, shows the efficiency of the present system. No single officer could have traced out all the actors in the business; it required a systematic supervision of the criminal population, and a special instrument for each special purpose, as well as combined action over a wide area.

The Great Exhibition afforded a rare opportunity of putting to a severe test the capacity of our police establishment to meet any unusual demand. Undoubtedly the apprehension which at first was generally felt was unreasonable, but in circumstances so novel it was prudent to take great precaution. An addition was made to the force of 1095 men; 33 police officers were brought over from foreign countries, and 24 came up from the provinces. By day 386 of the Metropolitan, 7 of the Foreign, and 6 of the Provincial police kept watch inside the building, and 237 of the Metropolitan, 7 of the Foreign, and 6 of the Provincial police guarded the outside and the entrances. At night 54 were on duty inside and 33 outside the building. Besides this, the arrivals of foreigners by steamboat and railway were carefully watched. It is almost superfluous to add that London was never less disturbed than during last summer, and that the good order which prevailed at the Exhibition, and the civility and attention of the police, were remarked by every one, and deserve unqualified approbation. The thieves seem to have been fairly frightened away, there having been only eight cases of picking pockets, and ten of pilfering; most of the latter were of a trivial description, and were sufficiently punished by fines; in every instance the whole of the stolen property was recovered.

In continuing our examination of the present system of police, we now come to the all-important question,—What effect has it had upon the reduction of crime? The commitments in 1805 for trial at the Old Bailey Sessions (Report 1816, p. 421,) were 980, and the number increased every year till in 1816 they reached 1883, equal to an increase in ten years of 70 per cent. more than the increase of population. The Committee of 1828, comparing the seven years ending 1817 with the seven years ending 1827, reported that crime was increasing 36 per cent. faster than the population. Public documents show that in the last ten years it is not increasing quite so fast as the population; and the improvement is really greater than the figures show, because the average of the last quinquennial period is swelled $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. by the disastrous years of 1847

and 1848, and because the proportion of detected to undetected crime is unquestionably greater than at previous periods.

We may also fairly compare the general state of the Metropolis with what it was formerly; public tranquillity and decency were in those days habitually outraged. The first duty of the police was to stop this open shame and drive the vicious back to their secret haunts. This has been so effectually accomplished, that some of the things described by witnesses before the Committees on Police, seem like tales of another country. No member of Parliament would now venture to say that it was dangerous to walk in the streets of London by day or night. We have nothing now of the old amusement of bull hunting, which was regularly practised on Sundays and Mondays in parts of the Metropolis. A bull, purchased for the purpose, was worried and tortured into madness, and then hunted through the streets, a couple of thousand people joining in the pursuit. In this brutal sport all sorts of outrage prevailed, the lives of the passers-by were endangered, and on one occasion three people were killed. The lowest blackguards were accustomed to assemble round the doors of places of worship to insult those who were going in. Gangs of fifty or sixty boys used to gamble on Sundays in the streets: indecent songs were openly sung in public thoroughfares. Bad as the dens of infamy in London still are, they are not to be compared with those older places of hideous profligacy, which the hardened police officers speak of as "most dreadful." There were streets into which a constable would not have ventured without a guard of five or six men. In the more disorderly parts of the town, such as St. Giles, Covent Garden, and Holborn, the streets every Sunday morning exhibited the most outrageous scenes of fighting, drunkenness, and depravity, which the parochial authorities were quite unable to repress. It will hardly be credited, says a witness in 1831, that within seven years of that time, on the occasion of West End Fair, the police were set at defiance, people were robbed in open day, and women were stripped of their clothes and tied to gates by the roadside. Crimes too are greatly diminished in atrocity. The large gangs of desperate robbers, thirteen or fourteen in number, now no longer exist, partly from being broken up before reaching the most advanced stage of criminality, and partly from not being driven to desperation by the unsparing resort to capital punishment. There is something quite appalling in Town-

send's evidence before the Committee of 1816. He remembered when there were frequently ten or fifteen highway robberies in a week; he had seen forty persons hanged at one time, in two batches; he had heard the Lord Chief Justice Eyre charge the Grand Jury at Kingston thus:—"Whatever bills you find, if the parties are convicted of a capital offence, I have made up my mind, I will exe-

cute every one;" and, Townsend adds, "he did so, he never spared man or woman:" "there were four men and three women convicted of robbing a pedlar, who afterwards escaped by jumping out of the window; they were all hanged in Kent Street, opposite the door,—and, I think, on Kennington Common eight more, making fifteen,—all that were convicted were hung."

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HISTORY OF BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

In the history of our periodical literature during the eighteenth century, we find politics and literature so blended that it is scarcely possible to treat of the one separately from the other. Not only were nearly all our great writers great as writers on the politics of the time, but in those days, as in our own, the critical journal often trenched on the province of the newspaper, and the newspaper as often on the province of the critical journal. Concerning newspapers, Mr. Hallam has said:—"The publication of regular newspapers, partly designed for the communication of intelligence, partly for the discussion of political topics, may be referred, upon the whole, to the reign of Anne, when they obtained great circulation, and became the accredited organs of different factions." The first daily paper in London was published in 1709. It bore the title of the *Daily Courant*. But nearly twenty newspapers of various kinds were then in course of publication in the metropolis. The year 1709 was also the year in which the first number of the *Tatler* appeared, which opened the way for the whole series of publications known to us under such names as the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, the *Freeholder*, or the *Rambler*. Persons think of these publications now-a-days as of so many merely literary performances, given to the world by men of letters almost as much for their own amusement as for that of their neighbors. But, in fact, these essays often took along with them, as the original papers show, a considerable batch of printed news. This last portion of the fare, as having flavor for the *quidnuncs* of that time, and very little for the same respectable class of

persons among ourselves, has dropped very suitably into oblivion, leaving us the *Essay* as the only part of the provision likely to prove attractive for a continuance. Not only was there a good deal of newsvending in these serials, they were some of them avowedly and strongly political. It was with this object that Dean Swift and Lord Bolingbroke sent papers to the *Examiner*. Opposed to the Tory *Examiner* was the Whig *Freeholder*, in which Addison spared no pains to vindicate the existing government against the attacks made upon it from that quarter. Political topics, moreover, often found their way into the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and in all these works Addison found his ablest coadjutor in Steele. The style and tactics of the *Examiner* were most licentious. It is thus described by Addison:—

"The *Examiner* was a paper which was the favorite work of the party. It was ushered into the world by a letter from a secretary of state, setting forth the great genius of the author, the usefulness of his design, and the mighty consequences that were to be expected from it. It is said to have been written by those among them whom they looked upon as their most celebrated wits and politicians, and was dispersed into all quarters of the nation with great industry and expense. Who would not have expected that at least the rules of decency and candor would have been observed in such a performance? But instead of this, you saw all the great men who had done eminent services to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No sanctity of character or privilege of sex exempted persons from this barbarous usage. Several of our prelates were the standing marks of public raillery, and many ladies of the

first quality branded by name for matters of fact which, as they were false, were not heeded, and, if they had been true, were innocent.—*Freeholder*, No. 19.

The 'Examiner,' in the hands of Swift and Bolingbroke, was, in fact, much such a journal as our own 'John Bull' newspaper proved, in certain other hands, some thirty years ago. The public were not uninterested in these discussions, nor without deriving some advantage from them. Addison, indeed, states, that the passion of the people for news, in his time, was insatiable; and that the part they took in politics was so general and so ardent, that from having had the reputation of being an island of saints, we were in danger of being mistaken for an island of statesmen. Even country towns, accordingly, now began to call for their journal of news and politics.

On the whole, the Whigs proved more than a match for their assailants; and the popular feeling was known to turn considerably in their favor. Anne, in consequence, in the tenth year of her reign, called on the parliament to take measures for curbing the freedom assumed by the press. The two houses promised attention to the subject; and the result was, not any direct law curtailing the liberty of printing, but the introduction of a tax on paper and advertisements, together with a stamp-tax of one halfpenny on the publication—a measure which brought a grave, indirect injury on the press, and an injury under which it suffers to this day. The stamp-tax alone, small as it may seem, was fatal to some publications. Even the 'Spectator' ceased from this cause in the following year. Others were perpetuated only by combining two or more into one.

The circulation of these publications had been on the whole as great as anything of the kind known in our time. In an age when the population of England was not a third of what it now is, and when the proportion of persons who were readers of literary productions of any sort was much less than among ourselves, the 'Spectator' began with a daily circulation of three thousand, and when the tax was imposed it had risen to four thousand. When the papers were issued in sufficient numbers to make a volume, an edition of ten thousand of each volume was not sufficient to meet the demand. In those days, the man of letters, if a man of genius, was more to be feared as an antagonist, by public men, than the statesman. The rule which prohibited the publication of the debates in parliament

confined the oratory of the two houses almost entirely to their own members. It was not through that channel, accordingly, but purely through the press, that the public mind could be acted upon. The periodical press, and political pamphlets, were the only effective medium of utterance on such subjects. It was to his power in this respect, together with the excellence of his character, that Addison owed his success as a public man. He could not speak, but no man of his time could write as he had written.

Steele was the friend of Addison, but they were friends only partially alike. Steele was a dissipated, not an orderly man. He knew much of London society, but had not acquired his knowledge without cost. He had some wit and some humor; but his tastes, while in part literary, lay strongly in the direction of the gay and the fashionable. His career demonstrated that, to meddle with politics so much as Addison had done, and not to incur trouble, required all Addison's prudence. Not content with what he might do through the press, Steele became foolishly anxious to enter the House of Commons, and gained his object; but the sequel contributed more to his notoriety than to his comfort. The Tory administration of the day was much enraged on finding him returned, and took measures towards unseating him by petition; but, despairing of their case, or impatient of a process that could not be brought to a speedy issue, they instituted a prosecution against him on the ground of libellous and seditious language, said to be found in some of his publications. Steele was required to answer to the charges preferred against him, from his place in parliament. On the day fixed he made his appearance, amidst a crowded house. When the obnoxious passages from his writings were read, as the charges were various, and as no notice had been given of them, he prayed that he might be allowed a week to prepare his defence. But it was moved that the defence should not be delayed beyond the Monday following. Whereupon, glancing at his two chief prosecutors, who happened to be grave Presbyterians, playing, for the occasion, the part of Tories, Steele assumed the demure aspect and whining tone accounted as befitting the people who worshipped in conventicles, professed 'in the meekness and contrition of his heart that he was a very great sinner; and hoped the member who spoke last, and who was so justly renowned for his exemplary piety and devotion, would not be necessary to the accumulating of sin upon one whose transgressions were already

too many, by obliging him to break the Sabbath of the Lord in perusing such profane writings on that day as might serve for his justification.' The humor of this scene convulsed the house with laughter, and procured for the clever gentleman the interval of delay which he sought.

Steele defended himself with great ability, and it was on this occasion that Walpole raised his protest against the conduct of the house in taking upon it the office of prosecutor in such cases, in place of leaving them to be settled by the courts of law. But neither the wise speech of Walpole, nor the chivalrous speech of Lord Finch, son of the Earl of Nottingham, were of any avail to the accused. The voting was determined by party feeling, not by argument or eloquence.* So flushed, indeed, were the base men who had thus far prevailed in this instance, that their tools through the provinces felt emboldened to give a most edifying license to their zeal against the alleged seditions of the times. Even one of the judges could write to the Lord Chancellor after this manner:

"I declare, in all my charges in this circuit, as I did the last two terms in Westminster, that the number of base libels and seditious papers is intolerable, and that now a quicker course will be taken about them; for that now the government will not be so much troubling itself to find out the authors of them; but as often as any such papers are found on the tables of coffee-houses or other news-houses, *the master of the house shall be answerable for such papers, and shall be prosecuted as the publisher of them, and let him find out the author, letter-writer, or printer, and take care, at his peril, what papers he takes in.*"

The name of this patriotic guardian and administrator of the law was Sir Littleton Powys. Among the political writers of celebrity during this period, are Thomas Gordon, since known as a translator of Tacitus, and Thomas Trenchard, a man of family and of considerable means. Cato's Letters, which were of sufficient merit as compositions to be attributed to Lord Bolingbroke, were first published by these authors, as contributions to the 'London Journal' and the 'British Journal.' They were also the originators of the 'Independent Whig.' Their politics, as the title of the work last mentioned will indicate, were liberal, and they were strenuous defenders of the liberty of the press.

Bolingbroke was born in 1678, and lived to 1751. His writings, which, without his letters, extend to five quarto volumes, were

mostly on the political or party questions of his time. From this cause, in part, they have long ceased to attract much attention. But his lordship was famous as a talker, an orator, and an author. His style is at once easy and scholar-like, combining the fluency of well-bred conversation, with the measure of point, stateliness, and force derived from a familiarity with books, and from some practice in public speaking. Forgotten as he now is, he did much to influence the style of our political authorship during the former half of the eighteenth century; and his sway would probably have lasted much longer, had not Junius and Burke followed so closely upon his path. He came out as a periodical critic in the 'Occasional Writer' and in the 'Craftsman.' But nearly all his writings were of the nature of periodical criticism, and would probably have appeared as review articles, had there been the pages of a 'Quarterly' through which he could then have spoken. He would not have done to take the place of Jeffrey a century later, but he would have been a potent coadjutor under such a chieftain. The papers of the 'Craftsman,' when reprinted, extended to seven volumes, and to that work Bolingbroke was the chief contributor.

Swift was eleven years younger than Bolingbroke, and died six years before him. He could play the orator as an author, in a more effective style than Bolingbroke; but his strength lay, as all the world knows, in his satirical vein, which became inimitable in its caustic power, or in its humor, according to his mood. Strange was the compound of his nature, and his whole nature came into his writings. He has been compared to Cervantes and Rabelais, and not without reason. He did not possess every characteristic of those authors, certainly not every one in the same degree; but he possessed a force, in some respects, even of their order, which was greater than theirs, and he is more fittingly classed with them than any other man in the history of modern literature. His wit and humor are not more extraordinary, than the penetration and compass of his intellect. His prejudices were prodigious, but his moral sense, perverted as it often was, gave an underlying seriousness to his broadest joke, his bitterest railery. He makes you merry, but it is that he may make you hate. He means that you should laugh, but it is that you may assent to the putting down of the folly or the vice so depicted. Little is heard now-a-days of his 'Drapier Letters.' Their object was to banish a copper coin which had been put into

* *Parl. Hist.* VI. 1265-1827.

circulation in Ireland, by a private person, but as the result of a compact with the government. Swift insisted that the issuing of this coin was at once a fraud and an insult to the people of Ireland, and by his periodical epistles he so far carried his countrymen with him, that his individual will sufficed to control the will of the imperial government. His style, rich in its idiomatic English, and on fire with a Demosthenian energy, was matchless; and contributed, with the qualities of his genius above-mentioned, to render his labors conducive, in an extraordinary degree, to the progress of our language and literature generally. Dull must the nation have been that could fail to profit largely under such a master.

But with this mention of Bolingbroke and Swift, as great educators, both of readers and writers in our language, a century since, we must connect a reference to Defoe, a man whose fertile genius, amazing industry, and high political and moral worth, combined to render his life eminently influential. During the first forty years after the Revolution of 1688, he is constantly before the public as a writer, and to a large extent as a political writer, and a periodical critic. He was warmly attached to the principles of the Revolution; but he was a conscientious politician, and could never be induced to give to a party what he believed to be due to patriotism, humanity, or religion. The author of 'Robinson Crusoe' wrote other fictions with the same inimitable naturalness of manner; and in his political writings, his intelligent earnestness is always allied with the same simpleness of language, rising at times to a strong idiomatic force, if not to eloquence. The *Review*, the *Mercator*, and the *British Merchant* were periodical publications to which he was successively the editor, and, of course, chief contributor.

By such men had our literature been cultivated, so as to leaven the community with its taste and spirit, before the accession of George I., and in no connexion were the signs of improvement more perceptible than in the periodical press. By this time, London had three daily papers; ten were published three times a week, and a greater number weekly. In the next reign, the invasion of the stamp duty became so general, that the government adopted the most stringent measures to put an end to it, and the jails were suddenly filled with the dealers in unstamped periodical literature.

In 1729, great complaint was made in parliament that the license of the press had pro-

ceeded to such lengths as to print the speeches of honorable members and noble lords, contrary to the privilege of parliament. In 1738, this alleged offence was again brought forward, but in the course of this debate, says Archdeacon Coxe, "*though no one undertook to defend the practice*, the danger of impairing the liberty of the press was more insisted upon than would formerly have been usual; and Sir Robert Walpole took credit to himself for respecting it more than his predecessors." *Boyer's Register* had given some account of the debates from about the accession of George the First to this year, from which time this reporting, such as it was, went on in the *London Magazine*, afterwards in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1740, Dr. Johnson succeeded Guthrie, the historian, as reporter, or rather, writer, of the parliamentary speeches in the last-mentioned magazine, and continued in the performance of that piece of public service for three years. In 1745, the Pretender's invasion made the press important to the government. Fielding, the novelist, now took his place among journalists; and not many years later, Dr. Johnson thus expresses himself with regard to the influence of this kind of literature on English society:

"One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are very necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one grade of the people has nothing to do but to observe the lives and fortunes of the other. To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are supplied from day to day with materials for conversation, it is difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a newspaper, or to what entertainment companies can assemble in those wide regions of the earth that have neither Chronicles nor Magazines, neither Gazettes nor Advertisers, neither Journals nor Evening Posts. *All foreigners remark that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.*"

The Doctor had his moments in which he could deliver bitter diatribes against the popular press of his country, but the above passage may be taken as giving his more sober and trustworthy view of the subject.

After the appearance of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, in the early part of the eighteenth century, an interval elapsed in which several attempts were made to secure

the circulation for publications of the same description, but with little effect. Among these comparative failures we may reckon the *Freethinker*, edited by Ambrose Philips; and the *Museum*, which dates from 1746, and to which Horace Walpole, Akenside, and the two Whartons were contributors. But with the *Rambler*, the first number of which appeared in March, 1750, periodical criticism in this essay form revived, and again became fashionable. The *Rambler* was followed by the *Adventurer*, the *World*, the *Connoisseur*, and the *Idler*; and among the contributors to these works, besides the names of Drs. Johnson and Hawkesworth, we find those of the Earls of Chesterfield, Bath, and Cork, Lord Littleton, Horace Walpole, and Soame Jenyns. But with the close of the *Idler*, which belongs to the year 1760, this second prosperous interval in our essay literature reaches its close. About twenty years later, an attempt was made to revive this kind of publication in Edinburgh. First the *Mirror*, and afterwards the *Lounger*, was published there. The papers appeared once a week. The chief contributor was Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling." But in 1787, all effective periodical essay writing ceased in Scotland, as it had done long before in England.

But periodical literature in relation to news and politics, rose in its influence as essay writing declined. For political journalism, however, in those times, we must look to London.

In May, 1762, appeared the first number of *The Briton*, edited by Smollett, but originated by Lord Bute, in aid of the Government, of which his lordship was a member. The very next week, however, appeared the *North Briton*, supported by Lord Temple, and edited by the notorious John Wilkes, with the assistance of Churchill, the poet. Wilkes and Smollett had once been friends, but bitter now was the fighting between them. In the following February the *Briton* expired under the blows of its antagonist; and the extinction of the *North Briton* was not far distant, but that event was to be brought about after a different manner. In his forty-fifth number, Wilkes described a statement in a royal speech as a falsehood. The Government issued a general warrant against Wilkes, sent him to the Tower, condemned his paper to be burnt in Cheapside by the hangman, and expelled the author from his seat in Parliament. Great was the storm raised by these proceedings. The land was

filled with it.* In the end, the ministerial order against Wilkes, his printer, and publisher, was declared by the House to be illegal, and heavy damages were granted by the courts of law against those who had put these several parties under arrest on such authority. This was a weighty concession on the side of political liberty. But it was not obtained until Williams, the printer, had stood in the pillory, in Palace-yard, as part of the punishment of his offence. The ignominy in this case, however, was not hard to bear. The culprit went to his place of exposure in a hackney coach, bearing the number *forty-five*. Opposite the pillory, the populace raised a gallows, on which they hung a boot—emblematic of Lord Bute—placing over it a bonnet of straw. Money was collected on the spot, amounting to nearly 200*l.*, which the prisoner received in a blue purse, decorated with orange, colors denoting attachment to the Revolution, and hate of the Stuarts. The ill-fated Chatterton wrote several papers in this memorable *North Briton*.

The next observable stage in the history of our political literature is that marked by the appearance of the "Letters of Junius." Concerning these well-known productions, and the tempest of wrath in high places which was called forth by them, it will suffice to say, that only in a country of high civilization, and possessing a high degree of civil liberty, could such letters have been published; while the prosecutions of printers and publishers which followed, ended, not in the abridgment, but in the greater enlargement of the liberty of the subject and of the press.

Contemporaneous with these proceedings in relation to Junius, were the excitements

* Wilkes was a great wit, and a brilliant talker; but, as often happens with such men, he suffered much when taken out of the sphere of conversation into that of authorship. In the course of this transition his wit seemed to forsake him, and his readiness at reply, which gave him such advantage in the banter of life, availed him little. His coadjutor in the *North Briton*, as stated, was Churchill, the poet. An instance of the sort of promptitude which characterized the genius of Wilkes occurred at the time of his arrest. Churchill entered the room at that moment. The officers had been instructed to apprehend both, but the person of Churchill was not known to them; and Wilkes, with an air of familiarity, addressed the poet as Mr. Thompson, expressed his great pleasure at seeing him, inquired for Mrs. Thompson and the children, and in this manner gave his friend an opportunity of escape. Churchill hastened home, secured his papers, and concealed himself in the country until the storm had spent itself.

produced by a new attempt of the House of Commons to prevent the publication of its debates. Whatever had been done in this way since the Restoration, had been done by indirect means, and at some hazard. Protests, as we have seen, were frequently made by honorable members against this practice, and the parties engaged in it were threatened with severe penalties. But now the time had come in which there was to be some vigorous doing, as well as threatening. The majority in the lower House was governed by parties who had become much irritated by the hostile criticisms to which the fuller reports of their speeches exposed them. In the hope of protecting themselves against an ordeal which was felt to be so inconvenient, the Government issued its ministerial order for the arrest of two printers. The minority expostulated, said much about the folly of provoking a discussion, and seeking an authoritative issue on this vexed question, while the public mind was so much excited on other grounds; and they did not scruple to predict that the result would be disastrous to the parties who appeared to be so bent on taking this responsibility upon them. The two printers, whose fate was to be such as effectually to deter all persons of their sort from like offences, eluded the officers, disregarded the summons to surrender themselves—persisted in doing so. The serjeant-at-arms having thus failed, a royal proclamation was issued, with the offer of fifty pounds reward for the discovery of the persons chargeable with this contempt of the authority of the high Court of Parliament.

While these proceedings were pending, six other printers braved the displeasure of Parliament, by continuing to publish reports of its debates. It was proposed that these parties should be taken into custody along with the two already named. On this motion discussion became still more animated. Some members of the opposition described this battle with a set of printers as likely to prove interminable, and as beneath the dignity of the House. Others went so far as to deny the authority of the House in such cases, and said "that it was a usurpation assumed in bad times: that while their privileges and authorities were used in defence of the rights of the people against the violence of the prerogative, all men willingly joined in supporting them, and even their usurpations were considered as fresh securities to their independence; but now that they saw their own weapons converted to instruments of

tyranny and oppression against themselves, they would oppose them with all their might." But these just and wise counsels did not avail. Finding no other course left to them, the opposition did their best to delay proceedings, and to gain time. The different questions were impeded by motions of adjournment and by amendments. Some twenty or thirty divisions took place at a single sitting; and the excitement out of doors was augmented by the news that the House was debating on this subject to the, then, extraordinary hours of three or four o'clock in the morning!

At length some of the printers were made to appear before the House, but it was the course taken by the two whose names were in the proclamation which brought this great question to a settlement. These persons allowed themselves to be arrested. The aldermen before whom they separately appeared, not only discharged them, but bound them over to prosecute those who had apprehended them, for assault and false imprisonment. The arrest, in this case, had been made in virtue of a royal proclamation, which was not law; and without the proof or charge of any offence, which was contrary to law. The same ground was taken by the Lord Mayor, in the case of a printer of the *London Evening Post*, when that person was brought before him. This, as we may suppose, raised the displeasure of the Commons' majority to its climax. Olivier, one of the delinquent aldermen, was a member of the House, and after an angry and disorderly debate was sent to the Tower. The mayor insisted on being heard by counsel, in behalf of the liberties of the city, of which, by his oath of office, he was the guardian. But his plea was not admitted, and his lordship had to share in the sentence passed on Olivier. But these measures were characterized throughout by so much passion and arbitrariness, as to have filled the mind of the people, especially the people of London, with the greatest resentment. The blow directed against the London magistrates was interpreted as levelled against everything sacred in English liberty. Very speedily this angry House of Commons was dissolved; with it the authority which had committed Olivier and the Lord Mayor to the Tower ceased, and their liberation followed, as a matter of course. But from that time the House of Commons has been more wary in the exercise of its judicial functions. No House of Commons—no ministry, has since ventured to use these *lettres de cachet*, or to oppose the printing o

the debates. To this day the House is not supposed to be cognizant of the presence of reporters, but a tacit assent to usage has given it the force of law. The narrative of these proceedings in the *Annual Register* for the year is ably given, and deeply interesting. From that time, the discussions in Parliament have been as a constant discoursing, in the hearing of our whole people, on all kinds of political questions—and discoursing obviously of the best description as means of educating the public mind in the science of politics, inasmuch as it naturally tends to bring the *pro* and *con* upon all subjects to the surface. The means, moreover, which it has furnished to constituencies for judging as to the manner in which their representatives are acquitting themselves, gives it the highest practical value.

The leading journal of London in 1688 was the *Orange Intelligencer*, set up by the Government. It appeared twice a week, and consisted of a leaf, about the size of the *Knight's Penny Magazine*, with its two pages of print. In these pages the public might expect to find two or three advertisements, and scraps of news, "Forrain and Domestick," mostly of a very trivial description. In 1788, just one century later, appeared the first number of the *Times*. This paper consisted from the first of four pages, nearly the size of our *Globe* or *Standard*, with four columns in each, and presented, on the whole, about ten times the matter contained in a number of the *Orange Intelligencer*. Mr. J. Walters was the originator of this journal, and by the skill and energy which he brought to the whole business management, he made it what it ere long claimed to be, and really was, the leading journal of Europe. Our loss of America, and the fall of the French monarchy, were events of sufficient magnitude to make all our men politicians, and our women scarcely less so. Fifty thousand copies of Paine's "Rights of Man" were sold with extraordinary rapidity, and thirty thousand of the reply to it by Edmund Burke were as suddenly put into circulation. Cobbett now makes his appearance as a political writer, and Mackintosh distinguishes himself as the opponent of Burke.

In 1792 a royal proclamation was issued, directing all officers of the Government, and all magistrates, to use their utmost vigilance to discover the authors and publishers of seditious writings. New taxes also were laid upon newspapers. Such men as Mr. Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, and Mr. Sheridan,

raised their protest against these proceedings, and in behalf of a free press. But the majorities in the Commons at this time always went to the illiberal side on such questions. The number of prosecutions against the press in the reign of George III., and mainly through the great instrument of that monarch in such measures who was raised to the chancellorship as Lord Eldon, surpassed anything of the kind in our previous history. In 1795 this man said from his place in Parliament—"The House should remember that there have been more prosecutions for libel within the last two years than for twenty years before." But the bar was not found wholly on one side. The speech of Erskine in defence of free publication, delivered at the trial of Paine, became as a household word among the people. Nor should we forget to mention that it was during the heat of these proceedings that Robert Hall published his "Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom," and his "Apology for the Liberty of the Press." In the midst of these excitements, Crabbe published his poem, entitled the "Newspaper." Lord Thurloe and Edmund Burke had shown the poet some kindness, and his courtly style of verse bespoke his gratitude to his patrons. Pitt availed himself of the press more systematically than any minister in our history had done, and with no small advantage to his policy.

From this retrospect, brief as it is, we may judge with some precision as to the field left at the commencement of the present century to the *Edinburgh Review*, as an organ of political, or of general literary criticism. Our General English Literature had manifestly attained to such a state at that time as to leave little to be contributed to its ripeness by the new comers; but the same cannot be said of the literary criticisms put forth at the commencement of the present century by our Periodical Press. Here, indeed, the scene changes. In this department our best literature was so bad as not only to admit of being easily displaced, but such as might have died out without leaving any substitute in its room, and the nation have been no perceptible loser by the catastrophe. The *Monthly Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Monthly Review* were the great critical tribunals, apart from the newspapers, to which all authors stood amenable in those days.

The *Monthly Magazine* in 1802 had reached its thirteenth volume. It was published by Richard Phillips, in St. Paul's Church-

yard. The number for January of that year extends to nearly a hundred pages, of which one-third is filled with "Letters from Correspondents," on nearly every kind of subject. So numerous are these communications, as to suggest that the people of those times must have had greatly more leisure on their hands than has fallen to the present generation. The "original letters" are followed by a considerable supply of poetry, which the now-forgotten authors no doubt flattered themselves was also "original." Then we have a section on "Public Affairs," another which gives you a monthly retrospect of the fine arts, and others in which the same periodical reports are made concerning agriculture and commerce. There is also a "review" department, but it is restricted to musical publications; a large list of, "new publications," and a summary of "provincial occurrences," with all the marriages and deaths—arranged geographically, in the order of the counties from north to south—and the list of bankruptcies to boot! On the whole, but for its constitutional dread of politics, we might describe the *Monthly Magazine* as a very harmless sort of monthly newspaper, designed mainly, notwithstanding its monthly account of "diseases in London," for very harmless people in the country.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* rose a little above this level of dulness, but only a little. Here we have the same summaries of "occurrences" in town and country, at home and abroad; and the same carefully-prepared lists of marriages and deaths, with all necessary information about the weather. Urban, indeed, has his principles, both in politics and religion, but these he is concerned to hold in the manner to be expected from a person bearing his name. He greatly admires our happy constitution in Church and State, but he can bear with differences so long as they do not pass the limits of moderation. Then, he never fails to give you some bits of antiquarianism, which are often curious, if not in any high degree useful; and his notice of books is not confined to "musical publications." But this is about all that can be said in favor of a periodical which circulated more widely than any other of its class, and which, in its literary character, stood next to the leading Review of the time—the *Monthly*.

The *Monthly Review* dragged "its low length along" until not many years since. The number of this journal for the month in which the first number of the *Edinburgh* was published, extends, as usual, to somewhat

more than a hundred pages, and included nearly fifty articles on as many separate publications. But of this number of articles, sixteen only are given in the manner of a modern review paper; the remainder, though numbered with the preceding, are in smaller type, and such as we are familiar with under the title of "short notices." As will be supposed, even the papers of most pretension are brief. The longest does not exceed fourteen pages; some do not cover a second page. In general, the object of the reviewer is not so much critical as expository—his observations, and the extracts given, being intended to assist the reader in forming some judgment of the book, both as to contents and execution. In the longer papers, the length is chiefly made up of extracts, and the observations of the critic, while moderately liberal, and evincing, in respect to theology, a considerable Unitarian bias, are usually of the most formal, wordy, common-place description imaginable. Thus an article upon "Forsyth on the Management of Fruit-trees," begins with the following sentence, in which our readers will not fail to see that the weight of the instruction is sustained by a suitable gravity of expression:—"The hints and practical observations of an experienced horticulturist must be acceptable to all those who are employed by others, or are interested themselves, in the management of fruit-trees." We should have thought that the observations of an *experienced* horticulturist about the management of trees might have been presumed to be *practical* without their being so described; and that the world might have been safely left to find its way to the notion that persons who wish to bring the best skill to any employment will appreciate the assistance of those who can best help them towards that object. The following sentence is the conclusion of an article on "White's Selborne:—"

"On the whole, we trust that this collection of minutes, the fruit of actual observation, will be perused with interest both by the scientific and the more ordinary reader, and will contribute to promote the practical study of natural history."

Did people need a ghost to tell them that so rich a book as "White's Selborne" might possibly be in this humble measure useful? We may cite the following from the same number, as another specimen of this brilliant and instructive style of writing. It is the opening paragraph in the review of a "Journey from Edinburgh," in two volumes, quarto, by some Alexander Campbell:—

"Our attention has of late, in several instances, been directed to the subject of Scottish tours; and we have accompanied several writers with pleasure in their excursions to the northern parts of our island. Among others, the Hon. Mrs. Murray and Mr. Stoddart, recently engaged our notice, and amply repaid our labor. We were gratified by their descriptions, because we found them to be appropriate; and we were improved by their delineations of character, because from experience we acknowledge them to be accurate. Few countries abound more in bold and picturesque scenery than the highlands of Scotland; and as few places are calculated in a greater degree to surprise and delight the traveller, so a just representation of them, proceeding from the joint efforts of the pencil and the pen, cannot fail to impart pleasure. Books of travels have at all times been perused with avidity, and the present prevailing taste for beautiful decorations has given them a more extended circulation, and a more interesting appearance. When the powers of the writer are inadequate, the abilities of the artist are called to his aid, and their united exertions produce, as on the present occasion, an agreeable entertainment for the public."

The reader must feel this to be very edifying material, especially as stilted forth in such measured phrase! In concluding a paper on landscape gardening, as treated by Payne Knight and Uvedale Price, the critic says:—

"In opposition to the dressed appearance which results from well-kept lawns and gravel walks, they contend for the superior charms resulting from roughness and negligence as approaching nearer to the sublime glories of the picturesque."

This is meant to be a spirited conclusion. We should have thought that charms desired as "superior" to others, would have been described as coveted in *preference*, not in "opposition" to others; and as to "sublime glories," they are not often the qualities intended in our use of the term 'picturesque.' Certainly, so sluggish is our imagination, that we should see a good deal of negligent gardening before we should be thereby made to feel that we were approaching the Himalayas or the Alps. "Dictionaries," said Johnson, "are like watches—the worst are better than none;" and the same may be said of the craft of reviewing, as it was carried on in this Island at the commencement of the present century. The *Monthly Review* was the bad watch, with which our poor English people were obliged to content themselves from the want of something better.

But if periodical criticism in this form was in this pitiable condition, we have said enough to show that the general literature of the age is not to be estimated according to any

such standard. The literary criticism of the age had fallen far below its authorship. The men who affected to sit in judgment on the writings of others, were themselves, with rare exceptions, the veriest dullards and hacks in their vocation, such as might be hired from any literary market-place. What *might* be done in this way Johnson and Goldsmith had shown in their time, and the men were abundant, both in England and Scotland, who could have eclipsed, and with very moderate effort, the most successful pretensions to literary criticism in 1802. The only thing needed was, that there should be some diversion of the talent flowing in so many other directions, into this almost deserted channel. In proof of this, we cite the following passage from the *Anti-Jacobin* weekly paper, which made its appearance about four years before the publication of the first number of the *Edinburgh*.

"It has been represented to us by a correspondent, whom we highly respect, that we should show some little mercy to the *Morning Chronicle*; and now, that we have conducted it in safety to Newgate, leave it (as far as is consistent with the interests of our country), to the repentance which solitude and reflection will not fail to produce.

"To talk to us of humanity is touching us on our weak side. We therefore consent to spare it, not that we shall abstain altogether from noticing its lies, misrepresentations, &c.; but that it must be satisfied, in future, with a secondary place in our paper, in which it lately occupied so conspicuous a situation!

"THAT situation we now intend for the *Courier*—a paper which has been recommended to our notice by several of our friends, and to which we purpose, in future, to pay a very marked attention:

'Is nobis feriendus aper qui maximus errat.'

"We cannot venture to promise that we shall conduct this print to Newgate in its turn; but we assert, without hesitation, that if there be that energy in the government and that regard for truth and honor in the public which we confidently believe, we shall speedily compel its conductors to take up some less dangerous and dirty method of employment, or to flee from general execration and contempt, to *Bridewell* or the *Fleet*!

"We trust no one will imagine that the *Courier* has obtained this preference from any inherent merit it possesses. Quite the reverse. Its flatness, dullness, and stupidity, are inconceivable: nor is the chaotic mass ever enlivened by a single ray of information, except a French paper accidentally strays into its office once or twice a quarter. We have other reasons for our predilection, as our readers will presently see.

"SOME may think that the *Morning Post* should have succeeded to the vacant seat; and this was once our own opinion. But we have lately had occasion to make a distinction in favor of that

paper. It is the only one upon which our castigations have had any effect. The *Chronicle* is grown more blasphemous, the *Courier* more mischievous, and the *Herald* more dull and sottish, in consequence of them. The *Morning Post* alone has wisely shrunk from our severity, reformed its principles in some material points, and in more than one of its last columns held a language which the *Whig Club* and *Corresponding Society* will not soon forgive.

"If we could but cure this paper of its inveterate habits of lying and *swearing*, and give it a few accurate notions of *meum* and *tuum*, we should not despair of seeing it one day an English opposition paper, but this must be the work of time. To time, therefore, we leave it, with the sincerest wishes for the accomplishment of what, we freely confess, we rather hope than expect."

Our younger readers must not suppose that there is anything remarkable in the wit, or in the force of any kind, observable in this extract, as compared with the general style of the *Anti-Jacobin*. It is no more than a fair sample of the writing to be found in almost every page of that journal.

Within the half century preceding the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, Hume, and Robertson, and Gibbon had all given the fruits of their genius to the world. Not to mention other names, Junius and Burke had, during the same period, conquered for themselves their place in history. The former of these men had become the terror of his time, by means of a style of writing characterized by nearly every vice or virtue of authorship in which the early contributors to the *Edinburgh* labored specially to excel. Edmund Burke, during the same interval, had risen to his place for all time and all nations; exhibiting in every production of his genius, that breadth and beauty of philosophical thought and imagination, and in his style, that logical clearness, and that pathos of loftiness, of which the proudest in the confederacy of the Buff and Blue have been content to become imitators, and for the most part with but indifferent success, unto this day. The "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" had appeared in 1757, the "Reflections on the French Revolution" in 1790.

The mention of Burke leads us naturally to the benches of our two Houses, and brings up our Walpoles and Chathams, our Foxes and Sheridans; while from those halls of debate we as naturally pass to France, and become witnesses to the wonder-working of the Voltaires, the Rousseaus, the Diderots, and the D'Lamberts of that country—men whose genius seemed to be capable of penetrating and demolishing almost everything

which their judgment or their passions had doomed to destruction. Place everything brilliant in the *Edinburgh Review* for its first quarter of a century on the one side, and these works from the spirit of the age, as it was in action through the years not long preceding the appearance of that journal, on the other, and how faint in comparison does the great northern luminary become!

The *Edinburgh Review* did not become famous thus suddenly because the men who wrote it were giants, and all who went before them were pigmies. That was not true; nothing like it was true. The fact is, there are fashions in literature, as in tastes of all kinds; changes which come in their season, and endure for their season. In the history of our own literature it was left, as we have seen, to such men as Steele and Addison to set the example of men of genius employed in sending forth small and cheap papers on the character and manners of the age week by week, and even day by day. The old channels of authorship did not afford the outlets which the literary mind felt to be necessary to its purpose, and the swelling waters forced for themselves a new passage. Of course, as a rule, it is only powers which have established themselves elsewhere that are entitled, after this manner, to take possession of new territory. But whenever population exceeds a certain limit, some such enlargement of the homestead becomes inevitable. What nature does in such cases, genius does in the same circumstances—it creates a field for itself. It is in the nature of genius, moreover, to consecrate what it touches, and in the case mentioned it made way into the saloons of fashion for things as humble in cost and appearance as a street-ballad.

It was in this manner that the French philosophers took up the idea of the Encyclopædia. The war, as hitherto conducted, by separate action and separate publication, seemed to resemble a campaign entrusted to riflemen, in which the expenditure of skill and courage might be great, while the results were small. The time came, accordingly, in which it was suggested that it would be far better policy to move upon the enemy with more compactness, as with the strength and breadth of a battalion, and that this might be done by a confederation, which should agree to publish an encyclopædia. This idea, too, like Sydney Smith's proposal to start a quarterly review, appears to have been received with acclamation, and it was long acted upon with powerful effect.

Sir Walter Scott furnishes another exam-

ple of this kind. When his sovereignty as a poet came to be disputed by Lord Byron, Sir Walter, with the inventive susceptibility which belongs to such minds, began to inquire whether there was not some undiscovered or unclaimed territory on which he might set up his throne without the danger of such disturbance. He saw that the field of prose fiction had been left, for the most part, to unworthy hands. He began to bethink him of writing poetry in prose, being well aware, we have reason to suppose, that there was little in what he had given to the public in verse, that might not have been given with more freedom and force in another form. The historical novel was attempted. Such a king had not trod on that ground before. We know the result.

We might also mention the cheap publication idea, first acted upon in the origination of the Useful Knowledge Society, as another of those productive thoughts concerning modes of action in connection with literature, which seems natural to its history. But we have said enough for our purpose on this point. New exigencies will suggest new expedients. Just now, *small* books are almost everywhere taking the place of *great* ones—what next?

In this manner, reviewing became to the gifted men who started the *Edinburgh*, what literary essays had been to many of our men of genius from the time of Queen Anne; what the Encyclopædia became to the philosophers of France during the latter half of the eighteenth century; and what the historical novel has since become in the hands of Sir Walter Scott.

The mission of the originators of this project was not to make the world sensible to the existence of powers in them which had no place elsewhere, so much as to bring its sluggish thought to the fact, that when old modes of action become ineffective, it is time to cast about for new modes, which may be, in their turn, what the old have once been. The more cultivated and capable mind of the age had expanded, needed larger space, and it came. The existing outlets for this force were deficient, not only in breadth, but in flexibility and in novelty. The periodical essay vein had been worked admirably, but it had been worked both so long and so well, that it could be worked with effect no longer. The Encyclopædia notion was less old, but it was huge and unwieldy; still more, it was French, and as such too much identified with Gallic anarchy and atheism; and, beyond all this,

it could have been at best but a borrowed thought.

The newspaper literature of the London press, during the last fifty years, has been a literature of amazing talent. The powerful writing to be found in papers which have nevertheless failed, is not the least significant fact in this section of our literary history. But in the midst of failures of all sorts, the high order of ability secured to this service has been steadily such, that the time has long since come, in which few care much about what the *Edinburgh Review* shall say on public questions, compared with the importance attached, on some ground or other, to the leaders in the *Times*. During the last twenty years at least, the average writing in the *Times* has been writing of much more power than the average writing in the *Edinburgh*.

What makes this the more remarkable is the fact, that the field in which the *Edinburgh* has allowed itself to be thus clearly beaten, is the very field to which it owed its early success and its ultimate status. It was its politics, more than everything else taken together, that made it what it became. True, its manner of discussing political questions exposed it to much hostility; but for every foe made by such discussion, a friend was gained to place over against him. It was as expressing the opinions of a large and powerful political party, that the *Edinburgh Review* gained its party. Of course, the more able and brilliant the treatment of general topics in the journal the better, supposing it all to be allied with a due measure of the political. It would be showing the politics themselves to the greatest advantage, by obliging the world to take note of the excellent company into which they were admitted. But without supplying that motive to fealty, the *Review* might have sent forth its papers on science, art, and literature, and however brilliant the writing, the success would not have been such as to have disposed the original workmen to continue long at their work. As it was, they were most of them fitful fellows, and could be kept in the harness of anything like steady application but with the greatest difficulty. Nothing short of the extraordinary combination of qualities which distinguished Jeffrey, could have secured to the publication the position which it filled during his reign, or a marked degree of success of any kind.

Since the decline of the tide of popular favor which enabled the Whigs to carry the Reform Bill, the political tone of the *Edin-*

burgh Review has ceased to be what it once was. Its party has been in power, and the influence of that fact has not been favorable to its popularity, nor to that spirit or ability in the conducting of it as regards the treatment of political questions, which might have entitled it to popularity. Its tone on such subjects has become that of the upper and wealthy classes, and has ceased to be that of the people. Earnest reformers have long regarded it as operating in the way of a drag, rather than as an impetus, in relation to most of the questions in which they are interested. An article in one of its recent numbers on parliamentary reform, is quite sufficient to show that there is a degree of justness in this impression. During the last twenty years, the Whigs have always been in office, or the near expectants of office, and it is not difficult to see what the effect of such circumstances would be upon a great Whig organ in regard to political speculation. With occasional exceptions, it is now a heavy vehicle, and unless some great disaster should befall the Whig party, so as to call up its old aggressive spirit, there is little chance of our seeing the *Edinburgh* become other than we now find it. It began with the popular, it will probably die of the genteel. Its great solicitude at present seems to be, to befriend those who know sufficiently well how to befriend themselves—an occupation that may have its conveniences, though we cannot say much for its wisdom or its heroism.

Strange to say, the most valuable papers in the *Edinburgh* since the retirement of Macaulay, have been of a religious nature. Its exposures of the bastard popery that has been allowed to nestle, and grow up, within the walls of our Established Church, do it much honor; as does its altered style in respect to the claims of Christianity, and of religious men generally. But its general criticism does not attract much attention. No man fears it; and no man thinks of leaning upon it as a matter that may be in any material degree helpful to him. For many years, a war of much spirit was carried on, by a large class of authors on the one side, and by the *Edinburgh* reviewers on the other; and the skill and prowess of the combatants attracted multitudes to the arena, who looked on with deep interest. But whether it be that our authorship has fallen so low as not to be worthy of such criticism, or that the new race of critics are of a much tamer breed than the old, so it is, that we now often read and sigh, as we think of days gone by.

But it is observable that not only the *Ed-*

inburgh, the organ of the winning side in the political contest, has thus declined in influence, the same is no less true of its opponents, who have their place as politicians on the losing side. The *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, are no more what they once were as to social influence, than their great precursor and rival the *Edinburgh*. If the latter has suffered from the influence of prosperity, the former have failed to profit by the discipline of adversity. The politics of the English *Quarterly* and of the Scotch *Monthly* have been identical, and have been urged in a manner which, if manner alone might have been successful, must have commanded success. Iteration, earnestness, brilliancy, and, we regret to add, foul play quite as much as fair play, have all been brought to the full to this service. But the end sought has not been gained. Truth has shown itself more potent than genius. Every step in our political progress during the last thirty years has been opposed by these journals inch by inch, and to the last. But the *Quarterly*, once so formidable to all the lieges of this land, has seen its great party diminish and fall away; and losing its party, it has lost its power. On its political theories, and on those of its Scotch auxiliary, the nation has pronounced, and its verdict is against them. Their cardinal truths have been declared untrue. We are not displeased to see that if a journal is to be powerful now-a-days, it must possess something more than brilliancy, and do something more than amuse. The lighter criticisms of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* are all that they have ever been, and in these qualities they have, on the whole, always taken precedence of the *Edinburgh*. But the graver purpose of these publications is not truthful. Their political notions are servile, their ecclesiastical notions are not less so, and the nation, for the greater part, has outgrown both. Most unwise would they be to deal less than they do in the brilliant and the amusing; but a higher manhood in political thinking, and in religious thinking, must come to them, and in a great measure also to their somewhat aged precursor, the *Buff and Blue*, if the glory which has departed from them is ever to return. At present there is a timid, cowering conservatism pervading them all.

What we want is a new power, which might be to our two great family parties what the Whigs were to the Tories fifty years since. The times seem to be ripening to some such issue. Had we a great NATIONALIST party—we like that word, it is large-meaning and large-hearted—even the literature of such

a party would be as a morning freshness to us all. It would be a literature of conviction and feeling. At present our literature is hardly less subservient to the artificial pleasure of

certain superiors among us, than was that of France under Louis XIV. to the will of its great ruler.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE WRITINGS OF MADAME CHARLES REYBAUD.

SINCE the day when the romantic school first established itself in popular favor in France, French literature has rarely been in so depressed a state as at the present moment. We speak with reference to its merits, not to its commercial prosperity, which has possibly received a filip from the recent copyright treaty with this country. But it may almost be said that France has obtained protection when she had no longer anything to protect. This is certainly true of the class of French books to which particular allusion is here made—namely, novels and romances. Rare, indeed, it is, at the present day, that the Paris press sends forth a work of this kind worthy of translation, or that would find purchasers in England save at the extremely low prices of Belgian piracies. The weekly bulletin of French publications now exhibits none of those names which stamp, as more or less able, the novel upon whose title-page they are printed. Objectionable as were often the tone and tendencies of their works, it is impossible to deny the talent—in some instances, the genius—of such writers as Hugo, Sue, De Bernard, Mérimée, Sand, Soulié, Dumas, Balzac, Souvestre, Gautier, Karr. Where are now all those? Some dead; those of the most remarkable on the list—Balzac, de Bernard, Soulié—have gone down to a premature grave. Others have ceased to write, discouraged, perhaps, by the circumstances of the times; whilst those who still hold the pen have certainly, from some cause or other, lost much of the spirit with which they formerly wielded it. Another name, not to be omitted in the list of those authors who, since 1830, have been the chief ornaments of the lighter class of French literature, is that of Reybaud. A double wreath must be decreed to it; for two who bear it have won themselves distinguished places in the ranks of French *littérati*. No French novel,

for many years past, achieved a more deserved celebrity than the witty satire of Jérôme Páturos. Well, its remarkably shrewd and clever author, M. Louis Reybaud, is one of those whose pens have been broken in their hands by recent events in France. Under the Republic, Páturos, however unwelcome his sallies to many in high places, was suffered to walk abroad unmolested, and to display his honest countenance in every library and shop-window. Times have changed. Under the Bonaparte dictatorship, M. Reybaud, having conducted his new hero, "Monsieur Robichon, Candidate for the Presidency of the Republic," through one slender volume, appears to have paused, in wholesome fear of the censors. Satire is no longer safe in France; and Robichon remains a fragment, cut short in his aspirations by the sabres of the 2nd of December. We have not heard whether his witty creator is now repenting his boldness in banishment. What may pretty safely be affirmed is, that he has not, like M. Marco de St. Hilaire, that indefatigable flatterer of the empire and the emperor, received a government appointment as a recompense for the tenor of his writings.

The silence, compulsory as we believe, of M. Louis Reybaud, is the more to be regretted that he has written very little; and assuredly cannot be said to have exhausted, like many of his contemporaries, by working it too constantly and greedily, his rich vein of humor and originality. That ingenious literary manufacturer, Alexander Dumas, sends more manuscript to the printer in three months than M. Reybaud has done in his whole life. Here, of course, quantity alone is taken into consideration. If we look to quality, we might, perchance, find that Jérôme Páturos alone would make fifty of Dumas's flimsy volumes kick the beam. Without, however, instituting an impossible com-

parison between M. Reybaud and the most prolific and unscrupulous of modern French novelists, we may be permitted to regret that the former has not, in some degree, emulated the industry of his accomplished relative, Madame Charles Reybaud, unquestionably one of the most pleasing French authoresses of the day, from whose graceful pen we have annually, for many years past, been accustomed to expect, and to receive, at least one or two volumes.

Although she is far from faultless as a writer, we are disposed to allot to this lady a high position in the ranks of living French novelists. Possessed of less vigor of intellect, less power of pen, and less genius than George Sand, on the other hand her views of society, and its destinies, are brighter and more cheerful, her probings of the human heart less deep and remorseless. It is not, however, our intention in any way to assimilate her to Madame Dudevant. They belong to different categories, and it were easier, upon the whole, to establish between them a contrast than a comparison. Both are adepts in style, and consummate mistresses of the pathetic, but, as artists, their walks are different. George Sand is, in some sort, the creator of what may be termed the romance of *tendency*—Madame Reybaud's forte is the *Roman-des-mœurs*. She deals in pictures of society. Her touch is light and elegant; and, whilst adorning a tale, she rarely neglects an opportunity of pointing a moral, or striking at a prejudice. She is of the school of De Balzac, but no servile copyist, and has wrought out a path of her own. Her best works frequently remind us of Charles de Bernard, and she is most successful when treating the class of subjects he usually preferred. The forty small volumes, containing about as many novels and tales of various lengths from three volumes to a few pages, which compose the whole of her works, are certainly not all of equal merit. But if not always successful in riveting the reader's attention by dramatic incidents and striking situations, upon the other hand she is never careless or tedious, and, by her skill as a narrator, she often imparts interest to a common-place story. She is happiest on French ground, and in the nineteenth century; those are the scene and time of her masterpieces. Thence she has occasionally wandered to remoter periods and places; to Spain, and to the West Indies, of which latter region she is, we believe, a native. In Haiti, the Havannah, or Martinique, she excels in descriptions of tropical scenery. "Madame de Rieux," "Marie d'Enambuc,"

and "Mademoiselle de Chazeuil," are good specimens of her colonial tales. Occasionally she avails herself of an historical foundation, as in "Geraldine," an episode of the persecutions of the Protestants in the Cevennes. But it is in Paris that we like her best, or in some French country-house. Although the plots of her tales are seldom intricate, she rarely fails to sustain strong interest to the very last page, and in more than one instance she has displayed great originality of invention and ingenuity of construction. One of her characteristics is the peculiar art with which she handles improbable incidents, so as to make the reader temporarily forget their improbability. We have an example of this in her novel of "Les Deux Marguerites" (one of her longer tales), which abounds in clever pictures of French life, and in touches of truly feminine delicacy, but whose most prominent circumstance, on which the plot chiefly hinges, is certainly not natural. A young man of five-and-twenty, of refined tastes and generous impulses, satiated with the pleasures of Paris, and engaged to a lovely and accomplished girl of his own rank in life, falls desperately in love with the daughter of a street-sweeper, whose sole attraction is great personal beauty—beauty so remarkable that it shines through rags and squalor. Breaking off, for the sake of this broom-bearing Venus, his intended marriage, he attempts to educate her, with the intention of making her his wife, and although her dulness resists instruction, it cannot dispel his infatuation, which yields at last only to the painful conviction that the beautiful Marguerite prefers the worsted epaulet and ruddy cheeks of Pierre Pierrot, a corporal of grenadiers, to all the refinement and elegance of the aristocratic Raoul d'Agleville. The chief improbability of the story lies in the tenacity of Raoul's passion or caprice, in the teeth of vulgarity and ridicule ten times sufficient to disenchant a lover, especially when that lover is a Frenchman. As a whole, although it contains some admirable scenes, "Les Deux Marguerites" can hardly be considered one of Madame Reybaud's happiest efforts. A still more striking instance of her subjugation of the improbabilities is to be found in her tale of "Le Fada," one of a collection of six short novels, published under the title of "Valdepeiras," the name of the Provençal country-house where they are supposed to be narrated by a party of friends. Although in some degree marred by the unpleasant nature of the concluding incident, "Le Fada" is unquestionably a most dramatic

and singular tale, and without commending it, or allotting it any other than an inferior place amongst Madame Reybaud's works, we yet may briefly sketch its plot, as highly characteristic of the author's powers and constructive faculties.

Two ladies, who have never seen each other during the ten years that had elapsed since they parted on leaving school, meet at the *Maison des Bains*, a sort of boarding-house at a French bathing-place. One arrives as the other is about to depart: they have but a few hours to be together; these they employ in confiding to each other the principal events of their past lives. Madame de Villejazit, whose maiden name is D'Ayala, and who is of Spanish origin (Madame Reybaud loves a semi-Spanish or a Creole heroine), had seen her prospect of happiness blighted at an early age. Ardently attached to a young Spaniard named Vasconcellos, who evidently reciprocated her passion although he had not yet distinctly declared himself, she was hourly expecting his proposals, when his sudden departure for Bordeaux, without ever bidding her adieu, otherwise than by a message through her mother, plunged her in grief. He had been resident in her mother's house, and, now that he was gone, the lovesick girl often sat and mused in the apartment that had been his. In an old desk she discovered fragments of letters from Vasconcellos to a confidential correspondent, and, by putting them together, acquired confirmation of her belief that he loved her. One entire letter had got mislaid at the back of a drawer: it was from this same correspondent, a lady resident at Bordeaux, dissuading Vasconcellos from sacrificing himself by a union with a portionless girl, whom she represented as masking interested views under a well-feigned appearance of candor and simplicity. It was by the insidious arguments contained in this letter from a former mistress, that Vasconcellos had been alienated, at least temporarily, from Lucy d'Ayala, and decoyed to Bordeaux. This letter Mademoiselle d'Ayala preciousely preserved. Soon her mother received one from Vasconcellos, couched in affectionate terms, announcing his departure for Mexico on business, and fixing his return at a somewhat distant date. Hope again revived in Lucy's breast; in less than another year it was finally extinguished by news of her lover's death of yellow fever, at Vera Cruz. In the interval a great change had occurred in Mademoiselle d'Ayala's circumstances. An old relative had left her a magnificent fortune. But her happiness lay

buried in Vasconcellos's grave. After a while she accepted, without loving him, a husband of her father's selection. Then her parents died, her husband ill-treated her, she obtained a divorce, and was now wealthy, independent, and unhappy. Such was the tale of Lucy de Villejazit's sorrows. Madame de Rambert had been less severely tried, although she too had had her afflictions. Her principal grief at that moment was on account of her sister, who had been for some time the object of the assiduities of M. de Vieville, a man of amiable character, agreeable exterior, and moderate fortune, and in all respects a suitable match for the young lady. But a handsome widow, whom De Vieville had known and admired during her husband's life, has recently arrived at the *Maison des Bains*, and by her grace and coquetry has enveloped him in a net of fascination. He has become the slave of her caprice, and has entirely ceased his attentions to Madame de Rambert's sister, who is miserable at this desertion. It was evident, said Madame de Rambert, that he intended to marry Madame Vanbergem. Mad. de Villejazit started at the name.

"Madame Vanbergem!" she exclaimed, turning very pale, "Madame Heloise Vanbergem!"

"You know her! How do you know her name?"

"Madame de Villejazit re-opened the letter she had found in Vasconcellos's room.

"See," she said, showing the signature, 'it is here.'

"Yes, it is she! it is indeed she!" cried Madame de Rambert, in bitter surprise; 'this woman, then, is destined to cause the unhappiness of all I love. You will not remain here, Lucy; you will not live with her, surely! In this house there is no escape from the other inmates, and even were you to leave it, you would continually meet Madame Vanbergem. Spare yourself this pang! Come with us.'

"No, Matilda; no!" replied Madame de Villejazit, who had become suddenly pensive; 'I will meet this woman—I will revenge both your sister and yourself. It is not impossible.'

"You are very handsome, and certainly M. de Vieville might fall in love with you."

"Oh! no, no; she does not love him, you tell me; that would be a poor vengeance! I have a better in view. This woman desires above all things to marry a rich husband?"

"He must also be young, handsome, and above all, clever; she said so before me. She will never marry a man of whom she cannot be in every respect proud; to obtain her love he must flatter her vanity. Let a lover present himself, younger, richer, and in better position in the world than M. de Vieville, and he will carry the day."

"I will find her a husband," said Madame de Villejazit, with a bitter laugh."

The husband whom the vindictive Spaniard finds for her enemy is her brother, *le fada*. By a series of most singular and ingenious artifices and manœuvres, in the contrivance of which Madame Reybaud struggles valiantly, and not unsuccessfully, against her chosen adversary, improbability, Madame de Villejazzet brings the widow, who is poor and a fortune-hunter, to bestow her hand on a young man whom she has scarcely seen, never spoken to, but whose exterior is agreeable, and whom she believes to be very rich. It is not till she has been united to him (after jilting for his sake the lover whom she has decoyed from Madame de Rambert's sister) that she discovers him to be a *fada*, and that the large inheritance, which she had too hastily concluded that he enjoyed, had gone to his sister. What a *fada* is, may best be told in the words of a character in the tale.

"A *fada*, Madame," said the notary, "is a poor creature, innocent as the newly-born babe, the growth of whose intellect has not kept pace with that of his body. In our country there are many families afflicted with this misfortune. A *fada* is not like a madman, he does harm to no one, he loves those who take care of him, and obeys them. Sometimes he is capable of learning something. Victor can read; it is true that he does not understand what he reads; he is like a child of five years old. He is gentle, careful of his person, may be taken anywhere, and allowed to dine at table."

Madame de Villejazzet's revenge is complete. The ambitious and cold-hearted female fortune-hunter subsists thenceforward on a small pension allowed her by her sister-in-law. There is little moral to be traced in the tale, for if retribution falls on the unprincipled intriguer, who had destroyed another's happiness, upon the other hand nothing but repugnance can be excited by the spectacle of Madame de Villejazzet's consummate dissimulation and persevering hatred. The revolting character of the main incident of the story is manifest enough; but what is far less so, and what we have not space here to display, is the consummate skill with which Madame Reybaud carries out her design. Improbable as the whole tale appears, told in a few words, as we have had to tell it, it is so clearly wrought out that, throughout it, we are nowhere startled or shocked in an artistic point of view, although we unquestionably are both shocked and startled by the disagreeable *dénouement*. We have not, however, brought forward the tale to recommend it, but as a specimen of the writer's skill. Its

taste is more than questionable, but its talent is not to be denied; and it is due to its authoress, since we have thus displayed her in one of her least favorable aspects, to state that her offences against good taste are excessively rare, and, when they do occur, are wholly free from that license and indelicacy which stain the pages of many French romance-writers of the present day.

In justice to Madame Reybaud, we turn to more unexceptionable specimens of her writings. "*Sans Dot*"—a tale which may best be rendered as *The Dowerless*—and "*Le Dernier Oblat*" are two of her best novels. An *oblat* is a child devoted from its cradle to the cloister, and educated in that view. The reason for which Esteve de Blanquefort has been thus consecrated to a religious life, even from before his birth, is so similar to M. Van Amberg's motive (in the late Countess d'Arbouville's well-known and charming "*Histoire Hollandaise*"), for the dislike and persecution of his daughter Christine, that it is not unlikely the one story suggested the other—unconsciously, in all probability, to the writer. We fancy that we also trace a certain resemblance in the characters of Madame Van Amberg and the Marchioness of Blanquefort. Such coincidences are unimportant when occurring between writers of such unquestionable originality and ability as Madame Reybaud and Madame d'Arbouville.

In "*Le Dernier Oblat*" are depicted the repugnances and sufferings of an ardent youth, formed by nature for an active career, but doomed by his mother's fault and his father's severity to life-long seclusion. He escapes from his convent, after ten years passed within its walls, assumes a layman's garb and a false name, and lives in the world long enough to become enamored of its joys: then he is discovered, captured by emissaries of his superior, and immured in a dungeon. Thence he is released by the first French revolution; he witnesses the death upon the scaffold of the woman he loves, condemned and murdered as an aristocrat, and enters, this time voluntarily, an Italian convent, to seek the repose of spirit hitherto denied him. The story is very slight, but its interest is strong, and it is told with surpassing skill and delicacy. "*Sans Dot*" is of a different stamp. Although not without touching passages, it lacks the melancholy charm which the author's genius has diffused over every page of the "*Oblat*," but, on the other hand, it contains clever incident, well-contrived situations, and characters shrewdly

hit off. With English readers it would probably be the most popular of all Madame Reybaud's novels, and some of its chapters are certainly equal to anything she has written. We may cite chapter xv.: the description of life at *Les Flambers*, a country-house in Provence, as an admirable specimen of painting by words—as a class of picture such as only a Sand or a Reybaud could produce. The character of De Ramsay, the deformed physician, is a masterly creation, and it is a homage to the skill of the authoress that we are never once tempted to smile at the poor cripple's passion for the young and beautiful heroine, from the moment, early in the book, when it first becomes evident to the reader, up to the closing scene, when he proves the unselfish sincerity of his love by sacrificing his life to ensure her happiness. "Sans Dot" is an exceedingly clever and well-written novel, of good moral tendency, and may safely be recommended. It is not favorable to cite short extracts, unaccompanied by long explanations of the plot. Indeed, Madame Reybaud's long works are generally ill-adapted for extracts; unless it be, here and there, of a page or two of description, in which she is sometimes as minute and graphic, although rarely as lengthy, as Balzac himself. Her shorter tales, although none of them are equal in ability to "Sans Dot" and the "Oblat," offer greater facilities to the reviewer desirous of backing his criticism with extracts. Amongst them, "Georges" and "Lena" are both cleverly told and well constructed. "Georges" is particularly striking, but turns on a painful incident. "Lena," unnecessarily tragic in its latter portion, commences gaily enough. Its first four chapters contain the germ of an excellent farce or *péite comédie*. In the gardens of the hot springs at Aix, in Provence, two Parisian intimates unexpectedly encounter. Both are gay, dissipated, extravagant, and in debt, and both would gladly repair their damaged fortunes by a rich marriage, but their chances of achieving this are very different, for there is a good twenty years' difference in their ages. The senior Darblade, a would-be young man of forty-eight, is first in the field. He has fled from the voluptuous joys of Paris in quest of an heiress, and has been some time at Aix when he meets Count Raymond de Paleville. Madame Reybaud is a keen satirist when she pleases, and she has taken her sharpest pen to sketch these two dandies of the Italian Boulevard: Darblade, the elderly fop, retaining all the vices but none of the generous

impulses of a young man; Paleville, on the other hand, young in years and of handsome person, but aged in heart at five-and-twenty, prematurely depraved, cold-blooded, and calculating. In the confidential conversation that ensues, Darblade declares his intention of closing his bachelor career, and intimates that he has already in view the lady who is to have the honor of converting him to matrimony. In return the Count tells him how, during an excursion on the coast near Marseilles, he has rescued two ladies from a trifling danger, magnified by their fears. The ladies are aunt and niece; the former, a childless widow of fifty, has a hundred thousand francs a-year, which her niece will inherit at her death. Meanwhile, should the younger lady marry, her relative, who loves her as her own daughter, will give her a splendid dowry. Paleville, anticipating total ruin from a law-suit in which his father is engaged, has resolved to marry, and is now in quest of the ladies, of whom he had for a while lost sight.

"And is it in hopes of meeting the object of your flame that you have come to Aix?" inquired Darblade.

"It is with the certainty of finding her here."

"What! this young girl——?"

"Is here. And, doubtless, you are acquainted with her."

"Possible," interrupted Darblade, rather uneasily. "Her name? Will you tell me her name?"

"A sweet Sicilian name: Lena Perovani. And her aunt is the Baroness of Rochemaine."

"At these words, Darblade bit his lips under his mustache, and a movement of the blood, which he could not master, diffused a carmine tint over his countenance. Count Raymond looked at him with astonishment.

"How purple you are!" he exclaimed; "are you going to have an apoplectic stroke? The name of Lena Perovani has disturbed you." Then, gazing hard in Darblade's eyes, he added, laughing, "Is it possible that you are my rival? Is it, perchance, by a marriage with the beautiful Lena that you propose to close your bachelorhood? For a wig-pate like yours, the idea is not bad. What! is this the mysterious secret of which you would only reveal the half?"

"I do not deny it," replied Darblade, endeavoring to look dignified; "like yourself, I am in love, and Mademoiselle Lena Perovani is not a woman one could think of seducing; my intentions are honorable."

"I believe so, indeed!" cried the count, derisively; "you would marry a girl of twenty, lovely as an angel, and with millions in her apron! A moderate expectation really, for a man of your venerable exterior, and whose whole fortune consists of debts. Come, come, you are mad, my good fellow! But all that is at an end, and you

will, of course, abandon your project. Candidly, now, you cannot think you have any chance against me."

"Darblade shook his head with a bitter laugh. The Count resumed—

"Show your sense and make up your mind to play the part of my confidant, or you will make yourself ridiculous."

"Your confidant! What need have you of a confidant?" muttered Darblade.

"What need! I promise you that your office will be no sinecure. You will have to give your arm to the aunt, to read the papers to her, and to play at piquet with her, and to chant my praises to her, apropos of everything. Decide, then, whether it shall be peace or war between us, an exchange of good offices by which you shall be no loser in the end, or a rivalry which will inevitably result in your disgraceful defeat?"

"During the utterance of this half-serious, half-bantering speech, Darblade experienced an internal transport of fury, jealousy and hatred. But he felt that an open contest with the Count was impossible; and, restraining the gall that ran from his heart to his lips, he quietly said, 'Let us be friends!'

"Be it so!" replied the Count. "Your functions begin this very day, my virtuous confidant; you shall accompany me when I go to pay my respects to the Baroness de Rochemaine, at whose house I suppose you have already had the honor of being received."

"Darblade bowed assent. Then the Count, suddenly abandoning his air of raillery, spoke in a sharp and serious tone.

"'Tis well," he said, "I rely upon you; but no treachery. You know me, Darblade, you know that I am tolerably skilful with the sword, and that I have come pretty well out of two or three duels. Now I warn you, that at the very first sign of you playing me false, I will make you give me satisfaction, and, upon my honor, I will kill you."

"The old lion again bowed, and presenting to the Count, with an assumption of careless tranquillity, his half-empty cigar-case, 'Come,' he said, 'take another cigar.'

The Count, however, sees no reason to mistrust his confidant, whose conduct is most exemplary, and who, with infinite patience and resignation, amuses the aunt, whilst Paleville makes fierce love to the niece. Madame de Rochemaine, an affectionate, simple-hearted person, tenderly attached to her orphan relative, proposes formally adopting her as soon as they shall respectively have attained the age stipulated by law. In a few months the one will be fifty, the other twenty-one, then the adoption is to take place, and a dowry of forty thousand francs a-year will be secured to Lena. The Count learns all this, rejoices, and presses his suit; Lena, artless and inexperienced, loves him before she suspects what is passing in his heart. Suddenly

Paleville is called away to Paris on urgent business connected with his law-suit, and leaves Darblade to watch over his intended. A month later, when on the eve of again quitting Paris for Aix, to ask the hand of Lena, and whilst actually engaged in boasting of his good fortune in a letter to a confidential friend of his own stamp, he receives three letters, all with the Aix post-mark. The first which he opens is one of those circular-announcements of a wedding, customarily sent in France. Throwing it down with a gesture of astonishment and fury, he tears open a letter from Darblade. It is a Roland for his Oliver; a suitable *pendant* to the conversation in the gardens at Aix, and runs as follows:—

"Congratulate me, my dear friend, I am married; since yesterday the Baroness de Rochemaine is Madame Darblade. For a moment, as you know, I had meditated another union, but that was a piece of folly of which your presence soon cured me; I lowered my flag before your superior merit, and accepted, with due self-denial, the part you allotted to me in the pretty romance of your amours. I have done still more; to facilitate your marriage, I have not hesitated to precede you in the family of your selection. It is of me that you will now have to ask the hand of the beautiful Lena, since her adopted mother is my wife. Madame Darblade will give her dear daughter three thousand francs a year, which appears to me sufficient; love like yours does not calculate, I know; to you it will replace everything and render you happy with a bare competency."

"We shall expect you at Rochemaine early in September; remember that you solemnly promised to be there in time for the thrush-shooting. I intend to invite some of my Paris friends to stay with me, and you will help me to do the honors of my castle; for here am I transformed into the lord of a castle! To every one according to his deserts, my dear fellow; for me, the old bachelor, the old wig-pate, a marriage of interest; for you, the elegant young man, the ardent lover, a marriage of inclination. We shall both be happy, you with your love, I with my money. Farewell, my dear Raymond."

This retort courteous for Paleville's sneers at Darblade's pretensions to a young heiress extinguishes the mercenary Count's passion for Lena. He gets himself attached to a distant embassy. His poor, confiding victim goes mad. After an interval of twelve years, they again meet, under very extraordinary and tragical circumstances. This latter portion has less merit than the earlier one. The tale had been better finished in the same strain in which it began. And this we should have thought would have been a matter of no difficulty, even to a writer of less unquestionable ability than Madame Charles Reybaud.

From the Critic.

HISTORY OF THE EXAMINER.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 2nd of January, 1808, if you had stepped into the clerk's room at the Metropolitan War-Office of His Britannic Majesty, George III., it is ten to one that you would have found its occupants rather idle, either laughing at the jests of one of their mates, a gay, handsome, young fellow of three and twenty, Leigh Hunt by name, or listening with grave surprise while he told how the town was next morning to be stormed by the first number of a new weekly journal, *The Examiner*, of which he, even he, was to be Editor, and they, even they, were of course to be sure to subscribe for! Nor if you had then roamed all England through, would you have easily fallen in with a pleasanter, franker, wittier, more poetic, better read young gentleman than this same Leigh Hunt; like Burke's Marie Antoinette, cheering and decorating the elevated sphere (of Grub-street) he had just begun to move in. The son of an English clergyman of the old school (of more parts than prudence), young Hunt, like Coleridge and Charles Lamb, had been educated at Christ's Hospital, and he united something of the melodious enthusiasm of the one to a spice of the inimitable humor of the other, along with an air of gallantry and breeding, if not man-of-the-worldish, then man-of-the-townish, which was foreign to either of those celebrated men. Hunt had read enough to be called accomplished, he had a poet's feeling towards nature, and had pondered sufficiently on the mystery of existence to be serious without being sad; for indeed his mind was born, so to speak, with a smile upon its face, and dwelt and dwells by instinct in the pleasant and sunny places of creation and literature. His fond parent had published a volume of his boyish verses, on the strength of which the youth had been noticed by literary seniors, and Lord Sidmouth, a patron of his father's, had given him a place in the War-office, which he went into not long before *The Examiner* was started, and, every way unfit for, quitted not long after. He knew Chaucer and Spenser, Ariosto and Shake-

speare by heart, the divinities of Tooke's *Pantheon*, and the personages of Cervantes and Fielding's novels were more real to him than most of the men and women belived with; but alas! for arithmetic and Benjamin Franklin its apostle, he had the insurmountable repugnance of Mr. Harold Skimpole himself; what was he to do in the War-office, if more genial work were elsewhere to be had? Some three years before, his brother John had started a newspaper, *The News*, probably a commonplace publication enough, but which had at least one lively feature in it, for Leigh was its theatrical critic! Theatres and the drama and actors formed then infinitely more than now, a stirring portion of the talk of the town; and the young gentleman soon acquired a sort of celebrity in circles which would not now-a-days relax a feature if all the play-houses in Europe were any night burnt to the ground; even "great actors" were held in awe, by the smart criticisms of "that boy," as they called him. Leigh and his friends said to each other and to themselves, "Why should this wit and sentiment, this fine style and happy allusiveness, be limited to theatrical criticism? Did not the wits and dramatists of Queen Anne's time, the Steeles and Addisons and Swifts edit political newspapers—Swift an *Examiner*, and Addison a *Whig Examiner*? here is a name to our hand." Leigh had no strong political feeling of a personal or partisan kind, and no fund of what is solemnly called "political information." But he knew the *Philosophical Dictionary* by heart, and hated tyranny and war. He had read Delolme and Blackstone, and admired the theory of the British Constitution, a very different thing from its actuality. Nothing, too, could be more dull and unintellectual than the metropolitan journalism of that time—save the provincial journalism of this. Could not one import literature and its allusions with a little wit and poetry and eloquence into the politics of the day, and still enjoy oneself in the more congenial field of theatrical criticism? Like a brave and clever young man, Leigh buckled-to to

his task, and with his brother for co-proprietor, and the motto from Swift: "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few," on Sunday, the 3rd of January, 1808, he launched No. I. of *The Examiner*.

It was the year after the battle of Jena and its corollary, the treaty of Tilsit, it was the year before the battle of Wagram, and the glory and power of Napoleon were therefore about to culminate. But war and its glories were hateful to the young student of *The Philosophical Dictionary*, and in the very first number of *The Examiner*, the Corsican hero was gaily quizzed. The opening article of the journal has a solemn title which seems to refer it to the region of what the French call *La haute politique*; "on the separation of Russia from the British Interest," and is from the pen of the young gentleman himself. Instead of a stately disquisition, however, the town was treated to some pleasant satire, in which the Emperor Alexander is quizzed like Tom or John, and every subscriber to *The Examiner* is put on a perfect equality with the Autocrat of all the Russias, and called a goose if he is so foolish as to wonder at such a trifle as an Imperial caprice. After the dull partisan bluster which was then the newspaper staple, this gay airy style of treating politics was amazingly relished, and the paper made at once a decided hit. For the unpolitical reader there was literary speculation, theatrical criticism, and so forth, not confined to matters of the day, but with the historical scope and grasp of a Quarterly Review. That division of labor so prevalent now in our periodical literature, from which has sprung the creation of a number of journals each devoted to a special subject, was far from commonly practised then, and *The Examiner*, without ceasing to be a newspaper, was at the same time an agreeable and intellectual weekly magazine. Many of Hunt's pleasantest miscellaneous papers appeared in *The Examiner*, and those which he wrote in conjunction with Hazlitt under the title of *The Round Table*, were republished in a separate form, and are known to all readers of the British Essayists.

So long as the lively satire of *The Examiner* was directed against war and foreign powers, no great recoil was to be expected; but when the Prince Regent and proud English statesmen found themselves treated in this *de haut en bas* style, they were almost more galled than by the coarse invectives of a Cobbett; and in those days of prosecution and persecution of the press, *The Examiner* soon became a favorite target for the infor-

mations of the Attorney-General. During the first five years of *The Examiner's* career, it underwent three prosecutions, and the last of these, for some trifling banter on the personal appearance of the Prince Regent, was such that the brothers Hunt had to pay to the tune of 2,000*l.*, and suffer an imprisonment of two years each. Before and since there have been many imprisonments of literary people, and we owe not only two books of M. Proudhon, but *Don Quizote* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* partly, no doubt, to the imaginative solitude of the dungeon. But of all literary imprisonments on record, that of Leigh Hunt's in Horsemonger Jail, is the most cheerful; who can forget his transformation of his cell into "the handsomest room on that side the water," the walls papered with a trellis of roses, the ceiling painted as sky and clouds, the barred windows hidden by Venetian blinds, and to crown all, the musical jingle of the poet's piano? Or the distinguished visitors who here, for the first time too, turned the captivity into an ovation? Tom Moore and Lord Byron, Hazlitt pausing politely on the threshold, Jeremy Bentham playing at battledore and suggesting an improvement in the construction of shuttlecocks; Barnes, afterwards Editor of *The Times*, with his yet handsome face, and not yet wholly wedded to his Fielding and his bottle! So that, with the composition of the story of Rimini, Leigh Hunt might echo the saying of the French lady who, when asked where freedom was to be found, replied: "In the Bastille!"

It was in the year of 1815, that what the world calls peace was restored to Europe, and what the world calls freedom to Leigh Hunt; and from this time forward, till it passed into other hands, the fortunes of *The Examiner* gradually declined. The triumph of Absolutism on the continent, the little way made by Democracy in England, the tactics of the Whig party, and the peculiarities of the Hunts' position, all contributed to this decline. The Whigs of those days were not the Whigs of the Reform Bill time, whom Mr. Fonblanque supported; but timorous in their politics and their policy. Those were the days when Lord John Russell learned to speak in favor of a Corn Law. Hunt was then what we now call a Radical. Middle-class Radicalism became quiescent and dispirited; and *The Examiner* was too polished, too intellectual, and too dear, to command the support of the masses; nor were there then workable those sources of income which now chiefly support the high-class weekly newspapers. And then, too, remember the dis-

like for Franklin, and the ignorance of arithmetic! While, however, *The Examiner* was drooping, and Hunt projecting and executing his unfortunate (in one sense) journey to Italy, another young gentleman was studying politics in Bentham and style in Swift, who was destined to repair its breaking fortunes, and give it a new and more vigorous existence. Of a family known for its contributions to English jurisprudence, Mr. Albany Fonblanque, long editor of *The Examiner*, and still a steady contributor to its columns, was born about the commencement of the present century; and, destined for the bar, was placed in the office of Mr. Chitty, the eminent special pleader. Here, while he acquired that knowledge of the details of English law, which he has turned so often to account in articles on the administration of justice, his vigorous intellect was sharpened by a contact with the subtleties of special pleading, and a natural admiration for Bentham, the law reformer, ripened into a discipleship of Bentham as a philosopher and legislator in general. Fond of the sea, of yachting and of manly English sports, Fonblanque grew familiar with what is robust in the character of the English lower classes, who had in him for many a year a stout advocate of their social rights. Well read in general literature, but especially in the greater and lesser humorists of England and France, Fonblanque had laid up a store of illustration, racy, laughter-moving, fresh, yet not unfamiliar, far better calculated to tell on a "mixed audience," than are the refined allusions of his predecessor. And when, some years before the French Revolution of 1830, he became sole proprietor and editor of *The Examiner*, circumstances were beginning to be auspicious for such enterprise. That tide of reform which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, and which, in 1832, was to sweep all before it, was once more beginning to swell, and helped *The Examiner* forward towards the wished-for shore. Prosecutions of the Press were frequent, but the frequency was the convulsive effort that precedes death; and, though no paper has ever said bolder things than *The Examiner* under Fonblanque, we do not remember that it has ever been prosecuted for libel. Mr. Fonblanque has collected his chief political essays in the work, *England under Seven Administrations*, and so widely known and appreciated is their peculiar merit, that to praise or criticise them were superfluous. Under his early management, *The Examiner* was the really potent organ of the philosophical Radicals, and commanded everywhere by

its wit and vigor, an attention which was refused to the elaborate dulness of *The Westminster Review*.

Leigh Hunt had combined, in his own person, the political and literary departments of the journal, but early in Mr. Fonblanque's management, these were divided, and the literary department, so modified as to become popularly successful, was confided to the present editor of *The Examiner*, Mr. John Forster. Born at Newcastle in 1812, and while a boy surprising his friends by the possession of pocket-money which he had earned by contributions to periodicals, a good scholar, a member of the Inner Temple, and of great energy of character, Mr. Forster was the first to bestow upon the literary criticism of the newspaper press the importance which it now possesses. Instead of composing essays on general literary topics, Forster set to work to conduct his department with the view which had influenced the originators of the great Quarterly Reviews,—to estimate and control the progress of the national literature. By noticing immediately on its appearance every work of the slightest merit, by converting what in other newspapers were puffs into criticisms careful and scholarly, and by heartiness of praise where praise was felt to be due, Mr. Forster succeeded in making the literature of *The Examiner* as prominent an element of its popularity and success as was its politics. On the criticism of theatricals likewise, Forster brought to bear the same energy and discrimination, and gradually rose to be both, with publishers and managers, perhaps the one most influential critic of the metropolitan press. With authors, too, his verdicts had naturally weight, and we have heard of such a poet as Alfred Tennyson being found with a copy of *The Examiner* beside him, laboring to modify expressions which had incurred its formal censure. In other respects, Mr. Forster is known as the author of most of the spirited *Lives of the British Statesmen* in *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, a work which he chiefly is reported to have composed in the marvellously short space of eight months. When *The Foreign Quarterly Review* passed into the hands of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Forster, as editor, infused into it a spirit which it never possessed before or afterwards. When Dickens quitted the editorship of *The Daily News*, that journal was entrusted to Forster; but the conduct of two such newspapers as the *News* and *The Examiner* was too much even for him, and he surrendered the management of the former. For with the return of the Whigs to power in 1847, a sit-

uation in the Board of Trade, vacated by the well-known statistician Mr. Porter, was offered to and accepted by Fonblanque, who still holds it. Forster then became sole editor of *The Examiner*, political and literary, but contributes occasionally to *The Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews*; a very amusing article in the latter on "Foreign Socialism" (not alluded to in our notice of that periodical) was from his pen. That Fonblanque still writes copiously in *The Examiner* is evident to all judges of style. Mr. Forster has been accused of being too lavish in his praise of established celebrities, like Macready, Bulwer and Dickens. But, if so, let it be remembered how steadily he drew attention to writers like Carlyle and Landor, when neither of them could be called popular, if, indeed, the latter be popular even yet. Nor let his fine *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* be forgotten,—so patient and affectionate a delineation of the career of a man who lived and died poor, and of whose miserable failings and eccentricities the kindly treatment in that *Life* testifies to a disinterested generosity of character. In all that concerns the advocacy of the claims of literature to a suitable recognition from the public and the state, Mr. Forster deserves the thanks of the profession. He is an active promoter of the new Guild of Literature and Art, and whatever its practical failings as a scheme, the motives of its founders are not to be questioned.

That *The Examiner* of 1852 is not in tone and spirit *The Examiner* of 1832, is an obvious remark, and might form a good text for a discourse on the political history of the last twenty years. But the change, when we come to look at the matter closely, does not merit a hostile criticism. *The Weekly Dispatch* itself is not the incendiary publication that it used to be; and a gradual moderation of tone and aim characterizes the progress of most of the successful English newspapers now extant. One political conclusion may be drawn from, and one commercial reason may be assigned for, the change in the tone of *The Examiner*. The conclusion is that the Benthamite Radicalism, of which Fonblanque was once the cleverest public supporter, has been found limited, impracticable, and, from the history of events in France, not worth being realized even if it were practicable. So late as 1836, Fonblanque wrote articles in favor of O'Connell's scheme for reforming the House of Lords by converting it from an hereditary into an elective assembly. Reform of the House of Lords is a topic that is still occasionally handled: but how different the

new scheme of Peers for life appointed by the Sovereign from men of intellectual eminence—how different from O'Connell's (and once Fonblanque's) revolutionary measure. This is the one conclusion—the commercial reason we believe to be the development of a new cheap newspaper-literature, the organ of the ultra-radicalism of the working classes. When, at the Reform Bill time, Fonblanque held up to ridicule interference with the amusements of the working people, when he sneered at middle-class respectability, and at the wealth of the Church, *The Examiner* was almost alone: the working classes had no newspapers of their own; now they have several, cheap and loud enough. *The Examiner's* radicalism used to be defined to be the radicalism of Bulwer and Ward, once M.P. for Sheffield. Where are these two gentlemen now? Ward is Commissioner at the Ionian Islands, and carries things with a high hand there. Bulwer is in Parliament, as a conservative member for Hertfordshire. Curious!

Among the contributors of late years to *The Examiner*, two may be briefly noticed, one of them an avowed, and the other an unavowed contributor, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, and Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe. Mr. Landor is a very old English gentleman of fortune, of the old classical-republican school of politics, of which he is now almost the sole living representative among us. A writer of unsurpassed correctness and massiveness of style, he has always, on every subject, something to say that nobody else would have thought of saying, or of saying so; and his dictatorial dignity of expression, and the deliberate stateliness with which he invests his most trifling thought, along with, perhaps, his time-surviving literary reputation, give his little letters and articles an interest superior to that which is due to them for any intrinsic merit. Mr. Crowe is the author of a history of France in *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which he composed when resident in Paris. Once the Paris correspondent of *The Daily News*, he became its editor for a time, and the present editor, Mr. Knight Hunt, is his successor in that post. Mr. Crowe wrote foreign politics for *The Examiner*, in a spirit of the most advanced liberalism—advanced liberalism being unexceptionable when applied to—foreign affairs!

At present, one of the chief contributors to the literary department of *The Examiner* is understood to be a Mr. Morley, once a medical man, more recently a teacher in the neighborhood of Birkenhead, and the writer of fanciful papers in *Household Words*. Poor Laman

Blanchard, the clever and amiable, was, as is well known, sub editor of *The Examiner*. Nay, there is a dim tradition in the "profession" that the great Thackeray himself once discharged that function! Wearied sub-editors whisper to you this tradition in an envious tone: how he sat in some place of entertainment hard by, with scissors and a *Times* news-

paper, due materials for enjoyment being spread on the table before him, and slowly gave careless "copy" to endless relays of anxious messengers. Let it be left for some future Strauss of literature to eliminate the possible grain of truth that may lurk in this gorgeous journalistic mythus!

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

WE are not about even to attempt determining the proportions of the new representation of the people fairly claimable by each of the principal parties in the political world. If we are to judge from the conflicting estimates hazarded by the partisans of each party respectively, we must infer that before commencing the calculation we must cast on one side either arithmetic or integrity. The range of difference has been so wide as to lead even to the suspicion that *both* have been dispensed with by some of those who have undertaken to make a chart of parties and party strength in the new Parliament; for we remember, towards the close of the struggle, to have read in the daily organ of one important section of the political world an elaborate proof that the Government were in a minority of ninety, while the Ministerial journal represented them in a majority of thirty or forty! It appears, too, that not only have we to deal with very sanguine or very artful calculators, but also with a large body of intangible gentlemen, who systematically defy classification. We could name at least some sixty or seventy members who have been in danger of being torn to pieces by those zealous and unscrupulous disciples of Cocker, each so eager to appropriate to his own party the mangled remains of their political character. This large band of "doubtfuls" and "neutrals," who are destined to play an important, though a not very conspicuous part, in the movements of the House of Commons during the next session, have so skilfully concealed their specific views—have so artfully availed themselves of the conventional jargon of politics, and of the convertible terms in modern party designa-

tions—and have steered so adroitly between Liberals, Liberal Conservatives, and Conservatives, that each party claims them with equal confidence; nor will it be possible absolutely to define their position, until one or two wholesome divisions shall have dissipated the clouds in which they have enveloped themselves, and displayed them in full day, arrayed under the one banner or the other.

Under these circumstances, any attempt at a numerical classification of the new House, under party heads, would be as unprofitable as it is difficult; and we therefore leave it as an open question, until the something "looming in the future" shall have been brought under the telescopic eye of the Speaker, and subjected to the merciless tests of the whippers-in and tellers. But in the meantime there is much instruction, and, we hope, some amusement to be derived from a glance at the changes made in the personnel of the legislative body by the late general election; from a summing up of intellectual gains and losses, and an estimate of the advance or retrogression of the electoral body in political knowledge, by a comparison of members of former Parliaments who have been rejected with those who have been permitted to take their places, and an examination of the calibre of the latter. For it is not merely by the numbers elected on either side, but also by the character and quality of those elected, that the value of a great constitutional movement like that just passed can be ascertained. Immense party organization may cause the election of mere numbers—may swell the lists of the supporters of that party with mere units, political non-entities, who can only vote; and can even only do that as ma-

chines; but the temper of the public mind may often be more clearly indicated by the choice made of candidates where the electors are free, or only acting under the ordinary political excitement. Considering that innumerable minds and pens have been at work in daily, weekly, and even in monthly organs for some time past, in discharge of the very duty we now have undertaken, we cannot presume that we shall be able to say anything very new on such a subject; but what we may record, in the shape of groupings and reminiscences, will at least possess the merit of impartiality, and will mainly be the result of personal knowledge, not taken at second-hand.

Before dealing with the new comers let us cast a glance on the departed. Until we began to examine the lists, we had no conception that the number of rejected or retiring members was so large. We have counted very nearly one hundred and eighty members (or not very far short of one third of the Lower House) on this list; a list, we regret to say, including some of the most distinguished, and still more of the most useful, members of the late House of Commons. This, at the outset, is, we confess, not a very encouraging symptom, more especially as in too many instances the substituted members are in point of ability not to be compared with their predecessors, while they are too often the mere nominees of bodies organized expressly to influence the late elections.

The friends of Mr. Cardwell express a confident hope that he will still be a member of the new Parliament; but even were he elected by some important constituency, his admirers would still deplore that a man, in their opinion of advancing parliamentary fame, a sound political economist, and a good practical statesman, with a wide range of experience and information, should have been rejected by a constituency so important as that of Liverpool, not as they think because he had not faithfully discharged his trust, not because there was unanimity even among the Conservative party as to the measures of commercial reform which he so ably aided, but on the score of what they believe to be a religious bigotry of the lowest order—of the lowest, because not arising out of any deep, well-founded, or far-seeing judgment on the ultramontane question, but from a mere local hatred of the Roman Catholics; or more strictly, towards the very unfavorable specimens of the professors of that creed who swarm in the purlieus of the town as residents, and who periodically invade it from

the sister shore. The defeat of Mr. Cardwell by so large a majority at the very start of the election struggle, was a bad omen for the result, as well as for the class of passions that were to be brought into play.

The absence of Sir George Clerk, too, will be regretted, not that he was a man of brilliant parts or a prominent member of the legislature, but because his long official experience, and soundness and amiability of character gave him a deserved weight in the deliberations of Parliament; and, although Mr. Baillie Cochrane was not remarkable for his respect for the amenities and courtesies of debate, being rough and coarse as a speaker, and intractable as a partisan, yet he was not altogether without his use, inasmuch as his violent and passionate identification with the partisan warfare carried on in the interior of foreign states rendered him a living warning to members who might seek to embarrass the Foreign-office, by intermeddling with subjects they cannot understand, and which certainly do not concern them. Amongst the young aristocrats who were engaged in the dignified task of proving to the people that they enjoyed their privileges, not as the inheritors of defunct conquerors, but in virtue of their own personal abilities, we regret to have to mention as "rejected," Lord Ebrington. This young nobleman, although not a prominent or distinguished debater, was foremost among those useful and hard-working members of the aristocracy (among whom let us mention Lord Stanley among the Tories, and Mr. Sydney Herbert among the Peelites) who set an example to their less favored countrymen, by turning aside from the barren triumphs of the orator, and applying themselves to the real but much neglected duties of the legislator. Lord Ebrington had devoted much study to what may be termed the mechanics of legislation, while at the same time the soundness of his economic principles and the largeness of his views saved him from mere doctrinairism, narrowness of mind, or an exclusive and confined devotion to the practical. In the same category, though not with quite the same distinction, must be included Lord Villiers, whom we are sorry to find in the list of the rejected. Lord Duncan, although his extreme views on some questions might have made him obnoxious to intolerant politicians, is an able and honest man; and his absence is to be regretted for his own sake, and still more because we prefer that the advocacy of views of a democratic tendency should be assumed by sincere aristocrats, than that they should b

left to vulgar agitators. We may also bestow a parting glance of regret on Lord Norreys, who, although an infrequent speaker, was a sound and valuable exponent of the views of a particular class. With far different feelings do we revert to the defeat of Lord Mahon, at Hertford—one of the incidents of the late election, like the defeat of Mr. Cardwell at Liverpool, which may be regarded as a blot on the character of the English constituencies. It is indeed to be regretted when distinguished literary talent, an unusual familiarity with foreign politics and soundness of view upon them, and an upright and independent advocacy of Conservative principles, tempered by an enlightened sense of the wants of the age—it is to be deplored that claims like these should have met with so ungrateful a return as that which Lord Mahon has suffered from the electors of Hertford. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when this nobleman, whose unassuming bearing lends an additional lustre to his sterling worth, will once more aid by his experience and sagacity the councils of the nation. Nor can we omit a word of regret that Lord Marcus Hill, the most courteously coercive of whippers-in, and the most accomplished of dinner-givers, should no longer be in the house to fill his accustomed post, and muster, often as much by his own persuasions as their lagging convictions, the motley host, who range themselves under the Liberal banner. Of these rejected M.P.'s there is perhaps but one whose rejection does not reflect discredit on the electors; and even if we were to regard the absence of Mr. Baillie Cochrane rather as an advantage than as a loss, we should be compelled to doubt the wisdom of substituting for a man who, with all his faults has information and experience, a London attorney, picked up at hazard by an electioneering agent, utterly unknown to the constituency, and whose return was not more a matter of astonishment to his neighbors than to himself.

Unfortunately, the list of distinguished parliamentary men, whose past services weighed as nothing with their late constituents, is not nearly exhausted. Sir George Grey, displaced from the representation of a division of Northumberland by a youthful and unknown scion of a county family, is exactly one of those men who ought to have retained his seat in the House of Commons. To approved ability as an administrative officer, Sir George Grey added no inconsiderable oratorical power, and an earnestness of purpose in the discharge of his duties which

gave him great weight in all deliberations of the senate. His services during the year 1848, when we were threatened with domestic troubles and a rebellion in Ireland, will not be so readily forgotten by his country as they appear to have been by his former constituents. It is possible that personally Sir George Grey may not have been so much mortified as relieved by his change of position; for his health has long been in a doubtful state, and repose may enable him to come back to public life, with renewed vigor, at no distant date, when he will be welcomed alike by friends and opponents.

With feelings of surprise, if anything more poignant, do we regard the rejection of Sir David Dundas from Sutherlandshire. This accomplished gentleman, an ornament alike to his profession and to the House of Commons, had always acted consistently with the professions which secured his election, and in his official capacity under the Whigs he gave the highest satisfaction. We are, therefore, utterly at a loss to account for the caprice of the Sutherlandshire electors, who, after supporting the learned gentleman so long, have now turned their backs upon him. Sir William Somerville, the sound and patriotic Whig Secretary for Ireland, is also most unaccountably among the rejected. Another strange caprice manifested itself in the rejection of Mr. Bernal, the long-tried representative of Rochester, and the almost indispensable Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons. His Conservative rival, in qualification for the last-mentioned post, Mr. Greene, has also been rejected by the electors of Lancaster; two parallel instances of ignorance on the part of constituencies, who must have well known that neither of those two gentlemen was a violent partisan, while they ought to have recognized the merits of both in an official capacity. In a similar point of view we must regard the ousting of Mr. J. Parker, the long-tried Whig Secretary to the Treasury, at Sheffield, by a local attorney.

The rejection of Mr. D'Eyncourt, after so many years representation of Lambeth, and a long course of ultra-liberalism of the cast most in demand among the electors of that metropolitan borough, adds, we fear, one more example in favor of the argument that very large town constituencies, where the franchise is low, are not always the best judges of merit in a representative. One of the few metropolitan members distinguished for character, education, accomplishments, and family has now been expunged from the

list, which continues to be augmented by men of an inferior calibre, either mere demagogues, or traders elevated by wealth or large transactions into a factitious importance and influence. The substitution in Finsbury of a successful auctioneer for a gentleman who, with many faults, was at any rate a real worker for the popular cause until his health compelled him to be less devoted, is no exception to the rule, but rather an illustration of it. The men of Oldham, too, scarcely showed a due appreciation of comparative ability, when they turned out Mr. W. J. Fox—at least a man of talent as a journalist, and by no means an ineffective speaker. The rejection of Alderman Sidney, at Stafford, might be regarded as an unmixed gain if it were not more than balanced by that of Alderman Copeland by the electors of Stoke-upon-Trent. We could have spared a presumptuous busy-body, but must regret the absence of one of those able and large-minded mercantile men, whose opinion was always listened to with respect and deference even by the most prejudiced of opponents. The substitution of Mr. Butler for Mr. G. Thompson in the Tower Hamlets presents us but a choice of evils; but we shall miss the portly figure, jovial visage, and sound common-sense of Alderman Humphrey. The rampant and obtrusive ultramontanist of the Earl of Arundel could better be spared from the new Parliament than the “irregular energy” of Mr. Chisholm Anstey, who, after much early eccentricity, had at last begun to win the ear of the House, and who rarely spoke on any subject except to take an original view, and to illustrate it by apposite citations from recondite authorities. The absence of his quondam Achates, Mr. Urquhart, relieves the House of a worse than useless member.

Among the most fatal of these recent errors of the constituencies, must be classed the defeat of Mr. G. Cornwall Lewis in Herefordshire. Is Parliament so rich in philosophic thinkers, and men of enlightened liberalism, that we can afford to part with one of the most distinguished of the few we possess? It is true that in restoring Mr. Macaulay to the House of Commons, without solicitation on his part, the citizens of Edinburgh have wiped out the stain their narrow bigotry had affixed to their character; but whence comes this sinister influence, under which, if an atonement be made at one end of the scale, an injury is at once done at the other? Mr. Cornwall Lewis makes no pretensions to the oratorical power

of Mr. Macaulay, nor is his name so universally in men's thoughts; but the order of his mind entitles him to rank with the best men in the House of Commons; and he worthily endeavors to elevate the character of contemporary politics by rescuing them from the influence of mere vulgar clamor. Another of the less obtrusive members of the late Parliament we also miss, Mr. Roundell Palmer, a gentleman who had risen steadily but surely in the esteem of all parties, as one of the most able and uncompromising exponents of the political system he professes in common with some of the first minds in the country, and who is already marked out for high judicial distinction. Sir John Romilly, the accomplished Master of the Rolls, is without a seat in the Lower House, as is also Sir John Nichol. Surely there must be something faulty in our representative system when such men as these, whom we select without distinction of parties, are left out of the great assembly of the nation, excluded in almost every case in favor of some local nonentity, or some wealthy alien to the county or borough they have hitherto represented. Every admirer of polished and refined eloquence will deplore the retirement of Mr. Smythe, whose orations, few and far between, shone like fixed stars in the dreary waste of common-place debating. Although the two Messrs. Hope could not compare with the last named gentleman in oratorical skill, there was in them an originality, and, above all, a lofty earnestness of purpose, which makes us regret that they should no longer relieve the average dullness of the House by the occasional expression of their bizarre opinions. Nor can we comprehend why that frank and straightforward gentleman, Sir Charles Douglas, should, after so many years' faithful service, have been turned round upon by the electors of Warwick; nor why Mr. Hatchell, a lawyer with a practical and business-like mind, and a man of the world to boot, should be suddenly stopped in his political career, while an alarming host of the briefless have found their way into Parliament, to swell the ranks of the party leader whose prospects promise the best for professional promotion.

There are some singularly apposite “pairs” in these rejections. For instance, there is Mr. Sharman Crawford, an honest but mistaken politician, and a good landlord, who had been cajoled by crafty agitators into becoming the patron of the Tenant League, thus sanctioning propositions which, at no distant date, would be converted into

subversive principles. He left Rochdale to try his luck in Down; but found that the promised fusion of the Presbyterians and Catholics, on the common ground of tenant-right, was but another Hibernian delusion. A "pair" for Mr. Crawford might be found in the person of Mr. Horsman, not in their respective abilities, for Mr. Horsman is Mr. Crawford's superior as a speaker and as a thinker, besides being more bold and influential in action; but each of these gentlemen was a "disturbing" agent in the House of Commons. Each agitated questions a little in advance of the average mind, and of the recognized topics of party strife—questions which all men instinctively feel *must* be settled, yet which all agree in putting off as long as possible. The bag-pipe drone of Mr. Crawford, with the howling chorus of the "Brigade," will no more vex the dull ear of the drowsy House; nor will the hot and reckless onslaughts of Mr. Horsman, on ecclesiastics of all kinds, terrify timid Tories, or wring the consciences of complacent Whigs, mindful, with twinges of shame, that this audacious champion of the rancor of dissent, was, "upon a time," actually one of themselves, promoted to a Lordship of the Treasury, ere it was known he bore such a sting. There is another "pair," still more complete. Mr. George Frederick Young, seemingly the only honest advocate of "Protection," has been rewarded for his services to his party by rejection from the representation of Scarborough; and Colonel Thompson, he who was the early advocate of Free-trade, not for the increased custom it might bring to power-looms, but for its own sake, has been treated with similar ingratitude by the men of Bradford. We cannot say that we regret the absence of Mr. Young, whose blatant enthusiasm and misplaced obstinacy were as much an annoyance to his opponents as they were an obstruction to his friends; but old Colonel Thompson we really wish to see back again at his wonted station under the gallery, and near a pillar (to him seemingly indispensable), once more to trumpet forth his clear sonorous sentences, pregnant with ideas, and studded with aphoristic humor. We shall miss, too, his weekly letter to his Bradford constituents, wherein, Marvel-like, he rendered an account of his stewardship, and gave such graphic descriptions of the proceedings in which he was so regular and steady, though generally so silent a participator. In Mr. Slaney, the philanthropic agitator on behalf of sanitary reforms, and especially of the health and amusement of the people; and Mr. Mackin-

non, the persevering antagonist of the "smoke" nuisance, and the steady supporter of every practical plan for improving the health of towns, we find another "pair;" another in Mr. Pusey and Mr. Philip Miles; another in Sir C. Knightley and Mr. T. L. Hodges. All men, without respect of parties, will rejoice at the absence of Mr. Lacy, whose offensive position as to the nunnery question, placed weapons in the hands of the militant ultramontanists, and precluded the possibility of the adoption by common consent of salutary regulations.

There has been a great clearance of naval members, most of them "authorities" with the House on subjects connected with our maritime service. Admirals Stewart and Bowles, and Captain Harris, were valuable members, whose places will not easily be filled. The practical knowledge of Sir George Staunton on Indian affairs would have been valuable in the forthcoming discussions on the East India Company's charter. Among the more respected representatives of the manufacturing interest, men who could speak with authority in the House, because not compromised by out-of-doors agitation, we have lost Mr. Henry, Mr. Heyworth, Mr. Marshall, and several others of less note but of great value; but, on the other hand, the rejection of Mr. Salomons at Greenwich, will tend greatly to remove a troublesome subject of discussion, and put an end to a scarcely constitutional mode of influencing the decisions of Parliament.

In the Irish ranks much havoc has been made, and generally for the better. Mr. J. P. Somers is, for the present, politically defunct; so is Mr. M. J. O'Connell, a gentleman who ought to have done much both for himself and his country, and who now, according to common rumor, has determined to abandon politics for the bar, where his abilities ought to insure him success. Mr. Torrens McCullagh is also among the expunged; as is Mr. Hatchell, who, although representing an English constituency, was an Irish law officer under the Whigs. Mr. Reynolds, the "Thersites of the House of Commons," is no longer a representative of the people. How he could come to be elected by a great city like Dublin, is a mystery for which parallels will be found in Ireland only; but, having been elected, we must say he showed that Ireland had many much less worthy sons than he. His jesting was often intermingled with shrewd and sound advice, and he contrived to invest Irish questions with an aspect of good humor which hid for the time

their sanguinary and ferocious attributes. Mr. Ponsonby, a Whigling, has lost his seat for Dungarvon, an event which naturally suggests the question, how the young gentleman ever obtained it. But, on the other hand, Colonel Rawdon, one of the few straightforward and sensible men sent from the sister isle, has been turned out of the representation of Armagh.

The foregoing cases of rejection form but a portion of the gross total. A few are decided gains; but by far the majority are positive losses. We do not hesitate to say that the intellectual character of the House has been lowered by the absence of such men as Sir George Grey, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Smythe, Sir J. Romilly, Mr. G. C. Lewis, Mr. R. Palmer, Sir John Nichol, Sir W. Somerville, Col. Thompson, and a host of others, whom we will not here again refer to. At the same time, the actual working value of the representation has been lessened by the rejection of a great mass of gentlemen qualified by experience to speak with authority on various subjects with which throughout their lives they have been familiar. We regret to say that in almost all cases their places have been supplied by persons in no way their equals in mind or experience; in too many instances, by mere nominees or pledged representatives, who will become little better than passive tools in the hands of the Minister of the day, or of the leaders of the several parties through whose influence they have been elected.

Let us now look to the new members. With very few exceptions, they will afford more matter for surprise than for congratulation. As a general rule, we do not find the intellectual vacuum created by the secessions we have already referred to, filled in the proportion of one in twenty by the new-comers; indeed we might say, that the less distinguished members of the rejected and retired list, whom we have not specified by name, average far higher in political standing and parliamentary ability than even those who have replaced their more renowned competitors.

Beginning with the Conservative or Ministerial members, we find comparatively a very small number of new names, and of those a still smaller proportion of celebrities. In fact, we find it difficult to choose a sufficient number of gentlemen of any standing or promise, to justify a special classification. We shall almost have established our position when we say that Sir Bulwer Lytton is the foremost man among them. The conver-

sion of this successful novelist to Toryism was already a matter of notoriety. It is difficult to understand on what principle his change of party allegiance has taken place. Some twenty years ago Sir Bulwer Lytton, then Mr. Edward Bulwer, started in public life as a Radical; and he continued to yield support to the Whigs, though gradually cooling down from his extreme opinions, during the remainder of his parliamentary career.

Whether it was his political service or his literary eminence that induced the Whigs to give him his baronetcy, we have no means of knowing; but in either case Sir Bulwer Lytton will not the less have overleaped the ordinary ties of party gratitude. After a few years' retirement and fruition of his honors, Sir Lytton, in the course of things, inherited the wherewithal to develop into a country gentleman; when, had he seen reason to adhere to the faith of his earlier years, he might, from his improved social position, have rendered great service to the cause of liberal progress. He might even have matured into an aristocratic Whig; and in the course of time he might have found in Lord John Russell a leader of congenial tendencies. But this was not to be. Rumors floated into the public ear to the effect that the literary baronet and quondam Radical had conceived an ambition worthy of one of his fictitious heroes—that he had formed designs on the representation of the county in which he had inherited estates. In due time these rumors obtained a greater consistency; but they were accompanied by the announcement that Sir Bulwer Lytton meditated a transformation for which parallels—motives being considered—are only found in works of fiction. What might have caused an ordinary man a twinge of conscience, was to one who had always lived amidst the metamorphoses of a world of fiction, but a trifling affair. Mr. Edward Bulwer went in a Radical, and Sir Lytton came out a Tory. There was no notice of the change—no attempt to account for an infraction of the ordinary rules of political morality. Copying a daring living authority, he seemed to say, "I've changed my mind, and there's an end on't." Even an ordinary change of the kind did not satisfy the Neophyte of Toryism. His habit of preparing surprises for his readers followed him in his own career. He might, like Mr. Disraeli, have conceived a logical hocus pocus to reconcile the creed of his adoption with his earlier belief; but this he disdained. He prepared a startling contrast. What need was there for Sir Bulwer Lytton to rush

into the arms of Protection? Why fling himself away on that fitting shadow? Could he not have represented his inherited acres by some milder form of political apostasy? It is useless to speculate on the motives of these men of genius. Perhaps he had all along associated high corn duties with landed property, and conceived he had inherited the one with the other. Whether or no, Sir Bulwer Lytton, in the year 1851, when there was talk of a general election, published a remarkable pamphlet, which he called *A Letter to John Bull*, wherein he resuscitated and adorned all the stock arguments in favor of protection to the British farmer. The production, it is true, fell dead on the world in general, the motive of the masquerading being too apparent; but we have no doubt it produced an immense effect amongst the Hertfordshire squires, who were quite as proud of being thus served by the distinguished novelist as the men of Bucks are of being bamboozled by the brilliant but crafty author of *Vivian Grey*. This ruse of Sir Bulwer Lytton's succeeded quite as well as if he had prepared and perfected it in the third volume of one of his own novels; nay, when we look at the theatrical character of this gentleman's political antecedents, we cannot help suspecting that, like Mr. Disraeli, he makes himself the hero of his own fictions, and that, himself another Maltravers, after having become *blazé* of all the pains and pleasures of life, he takes to feeding pigs, and breeding bullocks, as a rest and distraction for his wounded spirit. What Sir Bulwer Lytton will do in the new Parliament, it puzzles us to conjecture. Does he propose to himself to give up Protection, and play second fiddle to Mr. Disraeli? or will he, with some improvised Bentinck, do over again to Disraeli what Disraeli did to Peel? or will he become the champion of the Church, and follow Mr. Walpole, in the true Spencer Percival strain? It would be highly edifying to see the author of *Zanoni* and *Lucretia* in this new character, which we have no doubt he would don with the same graceful ease that characterized his change from the Radicalism of the first decade of his public life, to his present position as the rising hope of reactionary Toryism, and as the anointed champion and defender of the Faith.

In the ministerial muster-roll there is a list of new members for towns and counties; but there are few demanding any notice. We have spoken of the ejection of Sir George Clerk: we are not the more reconciled to it on finding that his successor is only Lord

Chelsea. On the other hand, we rejoice to see Mr. Spencer Follett returned for Bridgewater, and Captain Gladstone for Devizes. Two young Barristers, Mr. Malins, M. P. for Wallingford, and Mr. K. Macaulay, M. P. for Cambridge, start well in the race for promotion in the present state of the political world. Sir John R. Carnac enters Parliament opportunely for the impending discussions on the East India Company. We find amongst the new Conservative members some notabilities of the commercial and industrial world; Mr. Mare, the celebrated shipbuilder, being returned for Plymouth, and Mr. Rolt for Greenwich. Among railway potentates we find Mr. James M'Gregor, the chairman of the South-Eastern, returned for Sandwich, as an avowed supporter of Ministers; while Captain Laffan, of the North-Western, returned for St. Ives, and Mr. Laing, chairman of the Brighton Railway, elected for the Wick Burghs, are neither of them affiliated, though suspected of Tory tendencies. With these we close the list of new Conservative members who have the slightest pretension to position; and we feel ourselves entitled to ask whether they afford any compensation for the losses already recorded. The only man amongst them of any note or promise is Sir Bulwer Lytton.

The Whigs have suffered more severely than the Tories in the loss of remarkable and valuable men; nor have their accession of strength filled the gaps made by the absentees. They may, however, congratulate themselves on the restoration of Mr. Macaulay to the senate, of which he was so brilliant an ornament. How different his position from that of Sir Bulwer Lytton! Mr. Macaulay is at the present day what he always was—an enlightened and large-minded Liberal, while Sir Bulwer Lytton's early Radicalism stands confessed either as a weakness of youth, or as having been deliberately assumed for personal advancement. Mr. Macaulay appears to have well studied the principles of his party ere he began, and to have adhered to them with an honorable consistency. Mr. Macaulay, like Sir Bulwer Lytton, began life as an ardent admirer of reform principles, and an avowed partisan of the Whigs, from whom, notwithstanding his superlative merits, he has never received an unrequited favor. It can scarcely be said that time has in this respect modified the ancient exclusiveness of that party, or that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a man of genius, unaided by noble birth, is allowed to take a higher position than was

conceded at the close of the eighteenth. Yet, although Thomas Babington Macaulay has fared no better than did Edmund Burke, we find him still steadfast to his principles and to his party attachments, though apparently he is not ambitious of official distinction. He did not sail on the high tide of Whig success to desert his party as soon as their reverses began, but remained faithful during their adversity. And now that the whirligig of time has brought round his revenges, and the Tories are once more in office, the last thing we should conceive possible of a consistent and upright-minded man like Mr. Macaulay would be his becoming a worshipper of the rising sun. How different has been the career of Sir Bulwer Lytton! His enthusiasm for Liberal principles appears to have lasted as long as the tenure of office by the Whigs. He accepts a baronetcy from them; and we hear no more of this once ardent Liberal, until the tide having to superficial observers seemed to turn, he re-appears on the scene as an ultra-Tory, an advocate for the restoration of an exploded system of protective duties, long since condemned alike by statesmen and the public; and recommences his political life as the champion of almost every opinion which fifteen or twenty years ago he had violently opposed. The circumstances attending Mr. Macaulay's reappearance on the scene of his former oratorical triumphs, furnish one of the few points of relief to the dull uniformity of stupid bigotry that characterized the late struggle. Rejected at a former election from the representation of the Scottish metropolis, under the influence of a narrow fanaticism and self-satisfied puritanism, he disdained again to solicit the suffrages of his former constituents, or to accept a less important trust. During his absence from Parliament questions had arisen and acquired *momentum*, involving a much wider application of a liberal spirit in religious legislation than that which had led to his defeat. It was well known that the new Parliament would be compelled to decide definitively as to the position hereafter to be held by the Roman Catholic church in this empire; and it was known that a vote, perhaps many votes, on the general principle, and on minor details, would have to be given by a gentleman holding a conspicuous position, such as that attained by Mr. Macaulay. If the citizens of Edinburgh committed a gross and unpardonable error when they deprived themselves of the honor of being represented by one of

the most accomplished men of the age because he refused to defile his mind with their narrow sectarian hatreds, it must at least be admitted, that they have made atonement in a most ample and honorable manner. Mr. Macaulay was not left to the necessity of even intimating a wish once more to represent his native city. Spontaneously application was made to him; and he immediately rendered a graceful acquiescence. When, shortly afterwards, a clique of his former antagonists endeavored to extract from him a promise or pledge, or even an expression of opinion, on the question which had led to the former catastrophe, he at once declined to enter Parliament except as an independent man, resting his claims upon his past character and career. To the honor of the men of Edinburgh be it added, that Mr. Macaulay, without having even to show himself in person, was returned by a very large majority over his competitor.

When, therefore, we feel inclined to deplore those popular caprices, or those sinister prejudices which have deprived the House of Commons of men of ability like Lord Mahon, Mr. Cardwell, and Sir George Grey, it is with some satisfaction that we turn to this case of Mr. Macaulay, as showing that there does exist some regenerative principle in the constituencies, which may lead us to hope that such errors may be retrieved. In running through the sparse names of new Whig members calling for any notice, we naturally stop at that of Dr. Layard. It is rarely that a man who has attained distinction in any intellectual pursuit is so soon sought for and appropriated as this gentleman was by the Whigs. It was also honorable to the present administration, that they should have endeavored to retain Dr. Layard in the post which had been given to him by the late one. Under any circumstances his experience will be serviceable in the new House; and we may score him up as one—a host in himself—towards replacing the multitude of remarkable and useful members sacrificed in the late battue. In Mr. Blackett, too, the new member for Newcastle, the House gained an addition to the small number of men well acquainted with foreign politics. We are glad to see Mr. Ingham once more in Parliament, and as the representative of South Shields. He is a good practical man of business, and his experience will be serviceable on many questions with which his pursuits have made him acquainted. We are glad, too, to see the name "Samuel Whitbread" once more on

the rolls of Parliament. A large infusion of junior members of the Whig aristocracy proclaims that the electoral influence of the party is still in full vigor. We have another Fitzwilliam, another Gower, and another Ponsonby, to add to those who have already come in under the nominee system. We find, too, Lord Monck returned for Portsmouth, Lord Moreton for Stroud, Lord Mulgrave for Scarborough, the Marquis of Stafford for Sutherlandshire, and the Hon. Mr. Portman for Shaftesbury. We trust that out of this new batch of Whiglings some useful and able men may be added to the party, already sorely mulcted in its parliamentary talent. On the substitution of Alderman Challis for Mr. Wakley, in Finsbury, we shall say no more than that we trust the worthy gentleman will content himself with silent votes. On the other hand, we are inclined to expect much from three members of the legal profession, just added to the Whig ranks. Mr. Phillimore, as the near relative of an old member of Parliament in days long gone by, will be expected to do something for his name as well as for himself. As an able and accomplished lawyer, he will be in a position to render very useful service when the questions of legal reform come before Parliament. Of Mr. Phinn, the new member for Bath, we also hear encouraging things; and Mr. W. D. Seymour will certainly belie his antecedents if he does not make an impression on the House, as a good speaker and a stirring politician. This gentleman's pamphlet on the development of some of the material resources of Ireland shows him to be capable of research and of the devotion of his time to subjects foreign to the ordinary pursuits of a lawyer. We hope that he will endeavor to impress on the House of Commons the great importance of this class of subjects, and that future ministers will not allow themselves to be frightened out of the initiative in connection with them by the protests or the jokes of political economists. The name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is only in its natural place in the list of representatives of the people. When this gentleman was in the House a few years ago, he gave promise of considerable parliamentary talent. He is clever and original; and if, as we hear is the case, he has applied himself during his absence from Parliament to the serious study of the most important questions of the time, we may hope much hereafter from his natural pride in the fame of his distinguished ancestor.

In the ranks of the party known as Radi-

cal Reformers, we find many changes and some remarkable incidents. All things considered, it is not surprising that the substitutions in this list should be more numerous in proportion to the total of the party, than amongst either the Tories or the Whigs. They almost all appeal to popular constituencies, whose caprices are more sudden than those of county electors, or of the snug little boroughs, so prized by the aristocratic parties. Foremost in this band of apostles of progress stands a young nobleman, from whose sincerity, philanthropy, and patriotism, we hope much hereafter. It is one of the cheering signs of the present time, that the popular cause is beginning to be understood and sympathized with by young men of birth and education. In our excessive idolatry of the middle classes, we have overlooked the rights and the virtues of others immediately below them in the social scale. Those who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the true mental and moral characteristics of the artisan classes of this country, will not be surprised at our affirming that they have been neglected in our political calculations, to an extent not more unfair to them than injurious to the country. They embody a vast floating mass of noble instinct and sound sense; but under the operation of our social system they can scarcely be said to have had fair play, as members of the body politic. Between the class of men of whom we speak, and the mob or multitude whom Mr. Beresford so unceremoniously called the rabble, there is a wide and clear distinction. The artisan population of this country afford a mine as yet unworked by statesmen. Agitators and demagogues have sought to win their support, but have only obtained it in exact proportion to the soundness and convertibility of their propositions. The artisans of this country differ from those, for instance, of France, in being the depositories of the old maxims and instincts which led to the enfranchisement of the Commons in the middle ages. Though their sphere is still humble, they appear to be singularly alive to the new impulses of the time; but it is remarkable with what a sagacious steadiness they separate the useful and valuable from the crude and theoretical, and with how admirable a method they conduct their affairs whenever necessity compels them to organize and to act in a corporate capacity. It would be a lasting shame to this nation if men of the class we refer to—men like those who conducted with so much dignified forbearance their disputes with the directors of

the London and North Western Railway Company—were converted into malcontents, or forced to seek new theories of social government, because their just demands to participate in the general rights were treated with contempt. A skilled artisan can maintain his independence where a petty trader or a small tenant farmer is the serf of his customer or his landlord. Such a body of men are not to be either ignored or despised; and we rejoice to think that a young nobleman like Lord Goderich should, amidst other pursuits indicating a higher philosophy and a wider philanthropy, have found time and inclination to understand these worthy and useful men, and, as far as prudence and opportunity permit, to advocate their cause.

Two metropolitan elections exemplified the political influence of the artisans and working classes generally. By their influence Mr. Apsley Pellatt was returned at the head of the poll for Southwark; and Mr. W. A. Wilkinson received a similar honor in Lambeth. As a general rule, radical reformers represent large towns. In two instances only have gentlemen of this political stamp obtained the suffrages of county constituencies; those of Mr. Cheetham, in South Lancashire, and of Mr. Cobden, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Sheffield, as we have already said, has rejected Mr. Parker, so long its representative, in favor of a dissenting attorney and more thoroughgoing politician. Pontefract, notorious for its strange selections, has this time vindicated its reputation by sending to the House of Commons a London wine-merchant, of Portuguese extraction. Mr. Oliveira is the cousin of the late Count Tojal, a Portuguese minister of state. Bridport has chosen a London attorney, wholly unconnected with the town, and who had probably never even dreamt of the honor to be conferred on him. As we have been informed, Mr. Murrough, a solicitor in New Inn, and a great authority in parish affairs, was sitting as "a board," or part of one, adjudicating, perhaps, on the proportionate elements of pauper gruel, when a Bridport electioneering agent happening to come in, asked, in despair, as we know many others went about asking during the late contest, for some one who would go down to contest the borough. What man, thought those parish worthies, more fit than their worthy chairman? On this hint, Mr. Murrough, it seems, proceeded to Bridport, satisfied his own mind as to his chances of success, and having screwed his courage to the

disbursing point, in due time became M.P., thereby affording a test not so much of his own deserts as of the very light estimation in which his predecessor must have been held, if he could so easily be dispensed with. With the name of Mr. Miall, the able editor of the *Nonconformist*, we close our notes of this section of the New House, merely adding that in scarcely any instance has a superior man been sacrificed to one of less mental or social pretensions. Oldham, in returning Mr. J. M. Cobbett, seems rather to have acted on the principle of gratitude to his father, than on any clearly defined knowledge of the principles of the new member. We presume, however, that Mr. Cobbett is to be classed among the Radicals.

We now come to the least pleasing part of our task—that which relates to what is called the Irish Brigade. It can scarcely be maintained to be natural to our representative system, that gentlemen should be sent to Parliament as some of the members have been of this section of the new House. In several instances, county constituencies have been coerced by the priesthood into voting for men utterly unqualified for the distinction, and to the exclusion of men of ancient family and great local influence, professing the same principles as the new comers, short of such as would be subversive of the established religion and the law. Whether Mr. Keogh, who has hitherto been regarded as the chief of this party, and who has played a desperate and a dangerous game on the strength of the distinction—whether he will retain the command of the augmented brigade is a question; certainly the ultramontanists could not have a more able and efficient agent. The individual members, however, of the brigade, are mostly men with pretensions far exceeding their powers; and we should not be surprised at a little insubordination. Mr. Lucas, for instance, the representative of the county of Meath, will he submit to rein the audacity which has rendered the *Tablet* notorious, within the limits prescribed alike by Parliamentary decency, and the prudence which Mr. Keogh, as a tactician, would suggest? There is only one ground on which we could hope for such a result. Mr. Lucas, unless he falls back on the shrewdness characterizing the professors of his earlier creed, must very speedily commit himself. It is one thing to write rabid insolence in a newspaper, another to stand up and speak it in an assembly of gentlemen. Mr. Lucas is a man of unquestionable ability. It is only since his residence in

Ireland that he has become so Hibernicized as to have forgotten the courteous gravity which distinguishes English political discussion. The slightest overt attempt to introduce in the House of Commons the ribaldry and morbid logic, which, through the *Tablet*, find favor with the younger priesthood of Ireland, would entail on Mr. Lucas the unpleasant fate reserved there for rampant demagogues. He would at once "find his level." We do not, however, apprehend that a necessity will arise for the application of this process, but trust that, as Mr. Lucas became violent to suit the temperament of the surpliced demagogues of the sister isle, he will relapse into a respectable tameness in order to gain his footing in the House of Commons. Mr. Sheriff Swift is another singular instance of the tyranny exercised over the county voters by the extreme party among the priesthood. Himself a very respectable man, who has raised himself to a position of competence and to civic honors by a long course of industry, Mr. Swift is certainly out of his place as the representative of an Irish county; and we suspect that he must feel himself to be so. Mr. Serjeant Shee, as an Irishman and a successful barrister, has pretensions a little in advance both of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Swift. In a somewhat less degree the same may be said of Mr. M'Mahon, also a barrister, and, we believe, the son of a farmer in the county he now represents. Mr. M'Mahon, like Lord Campbell, Mr. Justice Talfourd, and many other distinguished men, was for many years one of that valuable body, the newspaper reporters; he will now sit as a member of the House where formerly he attended in the gallery, and, instead of reporting the speeches of others, be himself reported by his former colleagues. We much suspect that Mr. M'Mahon was profoundly astonished when he found himself at the head of the poll for his native county; and that he may find his new position somewhat incompatible with that of a junior barrister; but he is an able, a learned, and thoroughly honest man, who may hereafter be found useful to the public in some higher capacity than that of nominee of an agitating priesthood. What we object to as anomalous is, that in each of these cases of Messrs. Lucas, Shee, Swift, and M'Mahon, the successful candidate has displaced the long-tried and faithful Liberal representative, entitled to consideration by his property, his residence, his principles, and his services. The son of the illustrious Grattan, although a thorough-going advo-

cate of ultramontaniam, is not only rejected in Meath county, but grossly insulted also: because he is a Protestant, and a gentleman who will not bend the knee before the priests. And so, more or less, with the unsuccessful candidates in the other counties named. Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, is not so much out of his place as M.P. for New Ross; and, moreover, we would rather have these firebrands within reach of cold water. Mr. Maguire, the new member for Dungarvon, has also a good right to his position, as the proprietor and able editor of the *Cork Examiner*, one of the best, if not the best, of the provincial newspapers of Ireland. Mr. M'Cann, the well-known surgeon of Parliament-street, has realized the long-cherished hope of an honorable ambition, in becoming the representative of Drogheda, in or near which place he possesses a property, purchased out of the fruits of his professional exertions.

One feature of the late elections, which we cannot pass over, presents itself in the largely augmented number of Dissenters returned to the new Parliament. These are chiefly to be found among the Radicals. A solitary Dissenter, Mr. Ball, the new representative of Cambridgeshire, seems an anomaly in the Tory ranks; while the Whig muster-roll presents only three—Mr. Alderman Challis, the new member for Finsbury; Mr. Heywood, the member for North Lancashire; and Mr. Strutt, the member for Nottingham. Nor, unless we were to include the Roman Catholics in the term, is there a single "Dissenter" among the Irish representatives. In the Radical ranks they are in clusters. We count no fewer than twenty-two out of fifty-three members, who may be classed as Radical Reformers; and of these no fewer than fourteen are members now elected for the first time: a significant fact for those who advocate internal reforms in the Church in order to protect her against external enemies. We count upwards of forty Roman Catholic members, one only of whom represents an English constituency, while all, with scarcely an exception, belong to the ultramontane party, and are devoted to the policy of embarrassing and obstructing every Government that may hesitate to concede their full demands. But for the influence of the Norfolk family at Arundel, a line of religious demarcation would have been drawn between Great Britain and Ireland; for, with the sole exception of Lord E. Howard, all the representatives of England, Wales, and Scotland are Protestants, while very

near upon one half of the Irish members are Catholics.

There is an addition to the number of avowed journalists. Besides Mr. Walter, the member for Nottingham, and Mr. Wilson, of the *Economist*, the member for Westbury, we now have Mr. Miall, editor of the *Nonconformist*; Mr. Lucas, editor of the *Tablet*; Mr. Duffy, editor of the *Nation*; and Mr. Maguire, editor of the *Cork Examiner*. Mr. M'Mahon is also, we believe, a journalist. Thus, the press will be very fairly represented, as far as mere numbers are concerned, in the new House of Commons; and we need scarcely tell the reader, that among the numerous men of talent in the Assembly there are many who are either proprietors of journals, or who write in them, but whose names we do not feel ourselves justified in mentioning, so long as they desire to preserve their *incognito*. To those members who have made literature a pleasurable pursuit, we may now add Mr. William Stirling, of Keir, the new representative of Perthshire, a collaborateur of our own; of whom we may, without breaking the *incognito*, speak as the author of the papers on the *Cloister Life of Charles V.* which appeared in our pages some time since.

What is the general result of our survey? That in the confusion of the *melée* some of the most able and useful members of the late House of Commons have been struck down; while their places as officers have been supplied by mere rank and file—in too many cases distinguished for nothing but the readiness with which they pledged themselves to a negative but obstructive bigotry. Against losses such as those of Sir George Grey, Lord Mahon, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Smythe, Sir George Clerk, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Bernal, Lord Duncan, Mr. D'Eyncourt, Mr. W. J. Fox, Sir David Dundas, Mr. Alderman Copeland, Mr. Horsman, Mr. A. B. Hope, Mr. H. T. Hope, Mr. Hatchell, Lord Marcus Hill, Mr. G. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. T. M'Cullagh, Mr. M'Kinnon, Sir John Nichol, Sir John Romilly, Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. John Parker, Sir W. Somerville, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Pusey, Mr. Miles,

Mr. Henry, Colonel Rawdon, and a host of other really valuable men in their several degrees, and for their several uses;—against such an array of the absent, whom can we count among the new members as gains? Mr. T. B. Macaulay, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Lord Goderich (unknown in Parliament, but already marked for distinction)—these only among men known to possess available talent as politicians; a few members of the legal profession, such as Mr. M. Chambers, Mr. K. Macaulay, Mr. Malins, Mr. Phinn, Mr. Spencer Follett, Mr. Vance, Mr. Phillimore, and Mr. W. D. Seymour; an addition or two to the "railway members," in Mr. James McGregor, Mr. Laing, and Captain Laffan; a young celebrity, but an untried politician, in Dr. Layard; some saplings from the "Whig families," and a restoration of Mr. Sheridan to the House of Commons. Nor is this negative evil all: there is the positive deteriorating influence on Parliament of the return of a small host of nameless and landless men for county constituencies, to the exclusion of representatives of ancient families and territorial influence, by the open and direct dictation of the Irish priesthood. The places of all those distinguished, experienced, and useful members of the late Parliament have almost invariably been filled by political nobodies, carried into Parliament by the influence of popular prejudices.

Yes; although it forms no part of our purpose to indulge in political speculation, we cannot but deplore the evident influence in the late elections of political and religious prejudices, which it was hoped had disappeared for ever. The rejection of so many valuable members by English constituencies, and the addition of so many objectionable ones to the list of those sent over from Ireland, is clearly traceable to those politico-religious passions which were first invoked by one of the great parties in the supposed discharge of a public duty, and were then made use of by the other to strengthen their electoral influence. The public, we fear, will be the losers, both in the character of the debating, and in the quality of the legislation of the new Parliament.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH CANNING.

In the year 1753, London was so deeply convulsed with a great question at issue in the criminal courts, that the peace of the city was seriously threatened. From the highest to the lowest grades, society was divided into two parties on this question; and it was impossible to speak of it at a dinner-table or in a street assemblage without exciting a dangerous quarrel. This dispute was an extravagant illustration of English zeal for justice and fair play. The real question lay between an old gipsy woman and a young servant-girl. The question at issue was—Had the gipsy robbed and forcibly confined Elizabeth Canning, or had Elizabeth Canning falsely accused the gipsy of these outrages? By the force of incidental circumstances, the question came to be a really important one, in which the statesmen and jurists of the age took a lively interest. In fact, it connected itself with the efficacy of the great judicial institutions of the land, and their capacity to do justice and protect innocence. Hence the several trials and inquiries occupy as much space in the *State Trials* as three or four modern novels. In giving our readers an outline of the events so recorded, only the more prominent and marked features of them can of course find room.

Elizabeth Canning, a young woman between eighteen and nineteen years of age, had borne an unexceptionable character, and was a domestic servant in the house of a gentleman living in Aldermanbury, named Edward Lyon. On the 1st of January, 1753, she obtained liberty to pay a visit to her uncle, who lived at Saltpetre Bank. As she did not return at the specified time, Mr. Lyon's family made inquiry of her mother about her, and learned that she had not made her appearance among her other relations after the visit to her uncle. Days and weeks passed, in which every inquiry was unavailingly made after her, and her mother suffered intense anxiety. Public notice had been taken of the mystery; it was commented on in the newspapers, and much talked

of. At length, at the end of January, Elizabeth entered her mother's house in a wretched condition—emaciated and exhausted, and with scarcely a sufficiency of clothes on her person for mere decorum. She was, of course, asked eagerly to give an account of her misfortunes. Her narrative by degrees resolved itself into this shape: She set out on her visit at eleven o'clock in the day, and stayed with her uncle till nine o'clock in the evening. Her uncle and aunt accompanied her as far as Aldgate. Then setting off alone, as she crossed Moorfields, and passed the back of Bethlehem Hospital, two stout men seized her. "They said nothing to me," she said, "at first, but took half a guinea, in a little box, out of my pocket, and three shillings that were loose. They took my gown, apron, and hat, and folded them up, and put them into a greatcoat pocket. I screamed out; then the man who took my gown put a handkerchief or some such thing in my mouth." They then tied her hands behind her, swore savagely at her, and dragged her along with them. She now, according to her own account, swooned, and on recovering from her fit, she felt herself still in their hands; they were swearing, and calling on her to move on. Partly insensible, she was conveyed for a considerable distance, but could not say whether she was dragged or carried. When she found herself at rest, it was daylight in the morning. She remembered being in a disreputable-looking house, in the presence of a woman, who said if she would accompany her, she should have fine clothes. Elizabeth refused, and the woman taking a knife from a dresser, cut open her stays, and removed them. The woman and the other people present then hustled her up stairs into a wretched garret, and locked the door. She found here a miserable straw-bed, a large black pitcher nearly full of water, and twenty-four pieces of bread, seeming as if a quarter-loaf had been cut in so many pieces. Her story went on to say, that she remained in this place for four weeks, eating so much of the bread and drinking a little

water daily, till both were exhausted. She then succeeded in making her escape, by removing a board which was nailed across a window. "First," she said, "I got my head out, and kept fast hold of the wall, and got my body out; after that, I turned myself round, and jumped into a little narrow place by a lane, with a field beside it." Having nothing on but "an old sort of a bedgown and a handkerchief, that were in this hay-loft, and lay in a grate in the chimney," she managed to travel twelve miles through an unknown country to her mother's house, not daring, as she said, to call at any place by the way, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutors.

If Elizabeth's absence created excitement, her reappearance in the plight she was in, and with such a story to tell, increased it tenfold. She was an attractive-looking girl; and seeing the sympathy she excited, had no objection to assent to the theory formed by her friends, that the people in whose hands she had fallen had the basest designs upon her; that they had resolved to conquer her virtue by imprisonment and starvation; and that she had magnanimously and patiently resisted all their efforts. The story was hawked about everywhere. It was spoken of in every tavern and at every dinner-table. The indignation of many respectable citizens was roused. They were parents, and had daughters of their own, who might be made the victims of the diabolical crew from which this poor girl had escaped. Many of them resolved to rally round her—avenge her wrongs, and punish the perpetrators. Elizabeth found herself one of the most important people in London. She received many presents, and considerable funds were raised to prosecute the inquiry. In these circumstances she was bound of course to assist her friends by remembering every little incident that could lead them to the place of her sufferings. She believed that it must have been on the Hertford road, for in looking from the window, she had caught sight of a coach on that road with which she was familiar, as a former mistress had been accustomed to travel in it. This circumstance, with the distance travelled by the girl, afforded her champions a clue, and they concentrated their researches at Enfield Wash. There they found a questionable-looking lodging-house kept by a family of the name of Wells, which seemed to answer to Elizabeth's description. It had a garret with an old straw-bed, and a black pitcher was found in the house.

Elizabeth was taken to examine this house

in a sort of triumphal procession. Her friends went on horseback, making a complete cavalcade; she and her mother travelled in a coach. As many as could find room seem to have simultaneously rushed into the squalid lodging-house, and the natural astonishment and confusion of its inmates on such an invasion were at once assigned as the symptoms of conscious guilt. Elizabeth seemed to be at first somewhat confused and undecided; these symptoms were attributed to the excitement of the moment on recollection of the horrors she had endured, and to a feeling of insecurity. She was told to take courage; she was among her friends, who would support her cause; and she at last said decidedly, that she was in the house where she had been imprisoned. A gipsy woman of very remarkable appearance was present. One of the witnesses recognized her, from her likeness to the portraits of Mother Shipton the sorceress. She sat bending over the fire smoking a pipe, and exhibiting through the hubbub around the imperturbable calmness peculiar to her race. Elizabeth immediately pointed to her, and said she was the woman who had cut her stays, and helped to put her in her prison-room. Even this did not disturb the stolid indifference of the old woman, who was paying no attention to what the people said. When, however, her daughter stepped up and said: "Good mother, this young woman says you robbed her," she started to her feet, turned on the group her remarkable face, and said: "I rob you! take care what you say. If you have once seen my face, you cannot mistake it, for God never made such another." When told of the day of the robbery, she gave a wild laugh, and said she was then above a hundred miles off in Dorsetshire. This woman was named Squires. Her son, George Squires, was present. Elizabeth did not seem completely to remember him at first, but she in the end maintained him to be one of the ruffians who had attacked her in Moorfields. Her followers were now eminently satisfied. All the persons in the house were seized, and immediately committed for examination. The strange, wild aspect of the gipsy seems to have added an element to the horrors of the affair; and in the afternoon, when two of Elizabeth's friends were discussing the whole matter over a steak in the Three Crowns at Newington, one of them said to the other: "Mr. Lyon, I hope God Almighty will destroy the model that he made that face by, and never make another like it." It was found that Mrs. Wells, who kept the lodg-

ing-house, belonged to a disreputable family, and she admitted that her husband had been hanged. If Elizabeth had given a false tale to hide the questionable causes of her absentsing herself, she had probably found that it took a much more serious turn than she intended, and she must now make up her mind to recant her tale or go through with it. She resolved on the latter course, to which she was probably tempted by having all London to back her. She could not well have carried on the charge alone, but the popularity of her cause brought her unexpected aid. A woman named Virtue Hall, who lived in Mrs. Wells's lodging-house, thought it would be a good speculation to be partner with Elizabeth Canning, and she gave testimony which corroborated the whole story.

On the 21st of February, Mary Squires and Susannah Wells were brought to trial for a capital offence. The evidence adduced against them was the story just told. When Mrs. Squires was called on for her defence, she gave a succinct account of how she had from day to day gone from one distant place to another during the time when Elizabeth said she was in confinement. Two or three witnesses came forward somewhat timidly to corroborate her statement; and it is a melancholy fact, that others would have appeared and offered convincing testimony of the innocence of the accused, but were intimidated by the ferocious aspect of the London populace from venturing to give their evidence. That it was not very safe to contradict the popular idol, Elizabeth Canning, was indeed experienced in a very unpleasant way by the witnesses, John Gibbons, William Clarke, and Thomas Greville, who came forward in favor of Squires. Money was collected to prosecute them for perjury. Dreading the strength of the popular current against them, they had to incur great expense in preparation for their defence. Before the day of trial, however, some of Canning's champions began to feel a misgiving, and no prosecutor appeared. The counsel for the accused complained bitterly of the hardship of their position. They had incurred great expense. They felt that it was necessary for the complete removal of the stain of perjury thrown on their character, that there should be a trial. They said they had witnesses "ready to give their testimony with such clear, ample, convincing circumstances, as would demand universal assent, and fully prove the innocence of the three defendants, and the falsity of Elizabeth Canning's story

in every particular;" whereas, without a trial, all would be virtually lost to the accused, who, instead of obtaining a triumphant acquittal, might be suspected of having agreed to some dubious compromise.

Mrs. Squires was at length convicted, and had judgment of death. But Sir Crisp Gascoyne, the lord mayor of London, who was nominally at the head of the commission for trying Squires, believed that she was the victim of falsehood and public prejudice. He resolved to subject the whole question to a searching investigation, and to obviate, if possible, the scandal to British institutions, of perpetrating a judicial murder, even though the victim should be among the most obscure of the inhabitants of the realm. In the first place, an inquiry was instituted by the law-officers of the crown, the result of which was, that the woman Squires received a royal pardon. The lord mayor, however, having satisfied himself that this poor woman had but narrowly escaped death from the perfidious falsehood of Elizabeth Canning, aided by an outbreak of popular zeal, was not content with the gipsy woman's escape, but thought that an example should be made of her persecutor. Accordingly, although he was met with much obloquy, both verbal and written—for controversial pamphlets were published against him as an enemy of Elizabeth Canning—he resolved to bring this popular idol to justice.

On the 29th of April, 1754, she was brought to trial for wilful and corrupt perjury. Her trial lasted to the 13th of May. It is one of the longest in the collection called the *State Trials*, and is a more full and elaborate inquiry than the trial of Charles I. The case made out was complete and crushing, and the perfect clearness with which the whole truth connected with the movements from day to day, and from hour to hour, of people in the humblest rank was laid open, shows the great capabilities of our public jury-system for getting at the truth. One part of the case was, the absurdity of Elizabeth Canning's story, and its inconsistency, in minute particulars, with itself and with the concomitant facts. When her first description of the room, in which she said she was shut up, was compared with the full survey of it afterwards undertaken, important and fatal discrepancies were proved. She professed to have been unable to see anything going on in the house from her place of confinement, but in the room at Enfield Wash there was a large hole through the floor for a jack-rope, which gave a full view of the kitchen,

where the inmates of the house chiefly resorted. She professed to describe every article in the room she was confined in, but she had said nothing of a very remarkable chest of drawers found in that which she identified as the same. That this piece of furniture had not been recently placed there was made evident, by the damp dust gluing it to the wall, and the host of spiders which ran from their webs when it was removed. She had escaped by stepping on a penthouse, but there was none against the garret of Mrs. Wells's house; the windows were high, and she could not have leaped to the ground without severe injury. She stated that no one had entered the room during the four weeks of her imprisonment, but it was shown that, during the period, a lodger had held an animated conversation from one of the windows of the identical garret with somebody occupied in lopping wood outside. Nay, a person had seen a poor woman, with the odd name of Natis, in bed in that very room. His reason for entering it was a curious one, which has almost a historical bearing. He went to try the ironwork of a sign which had once hung in front of the house, and lay in the garret. The sign had been taken down when the Jacobite army penetrated into England in the Rebellion of 1745. Probably it had been of a character likely to be offensive to the Jacobites, and its removal is a little incident, showing how greatly the country apprehended a revolution in favor of the Stuarts.

These discrepancies were, however, far from being the most remarkable part of the evidence. Not content with showing that Elizabeth Canning had told falsehoods, the prosecutor set to the laborious task of proving where the gipsy woman had been, along with her son and daughter, charged as her accomplices, during the time embraced by the mere active part of Elizabeth's narrative. From the vagrant habits of the race, evidence to the most minute particulars had thus to be collected over a large range of country; and the precision with which the statements of a multitude of people—of different ranks and pursuits, and quite unknown to each other, as well as to the person they spoke of—are fitted to each other, is very striking and interesting. The most trifling and unsequential-looking facts tell with wonderful precision on the result. Thus a lodging-house keeper remembered the woman Squires being in her house on a certain day, and she made it sure by an entry in an account-book, as to which she remembered that she had consult-

ed the almanac that she might put down the right day. The day of the woman's presence in another place was identical with the presence of an Excise surveyor, and the statements of the witnesses were tested by the Excise entry-books. The position of the wanderers was in another instance connected with the posting of a letter, and the post-office clerks bore testimony to the fact, that from the marks on the letter it must have been posted on that day. It was, as we have seen, on the 1st of January that Elizabeth Canning said she was seized. The journey of the gipsy family is traced from day to day through distant parts of England, from the preceding December down to the 24th of January, which was the day of their arrival at Enfield Wash. Thus fortified by counter-acting facts of an unquestionable nature, the counsel for the prosecution felt himself in a position to turn the whole story into ridicule, and show the innate absurdity of what all London had so resolutely believed.

He proceeded in this strain: "Was it not strange that Canning should subsist so long on so small a quantity of bread and water—four weeks, wanting only a few hours? Strange that she should husband her store so well as to have some of her bread left, according to her first account, till the Wednesday; according to the last, till the Friday before she made her escape; and that she should save some of her miraculous pitcher till the last day? Was the twenty-fourth part of a sixpenny loaf a day sufficient to satisfy her hunger? If not, why should she defer the immediate gratification of her appetite in order to make provision for a precarious, uncertain futurity? Shall we suppose some revelation from above in favor of one of the faithful? Perhaps an angel from heaven appeared to this mirror of modern virtue, and informed her, that if she eat more than one piece of bread a day, her small pittance would not last her till the time she was to make her escape. Her mother, we know, is a very enthusiastical woman—a consulter of conjurors, a dreamer of dreams; perhaps the daughter dreamed also what was to happen, and so, in obedience to her vision, would not eat when she was hungry, nor drink when she was thirsty. However that was, I would risk the event of the prosecution on this single circumstance, that, without the interposition of some preternatural cause, this conduct of the prisoner's must appear to exceed all bounds of human probability."

Notwithstanding the conclusive exposure of her criminality, Elizabeth Canning was

not entirely deserted by her partisans to the last. Two of the jury had difficulty in reconciling themselves to the verdict of guilty, suggesting that her story might be substantially correct, though undoubtedly she had made a mistake about the persons by whom she was injured. There was a technical imperfection in the verdict, and her friends strove to the utmost to take advantage of it. When it was overruled, and a verdict of guilty was recorded, she pleaded for mercy, saying that she was more unfortunate than wicked; that self-preservation had been her sole ob-

ject; and that she did not wish to take the gipsy's life. The punishment to be inflicted on her was a matter of serious deliberation, as many of the common people were still so unconvinced of her wickedness, that an attempt to break the jail in which she was imprisoned might be feared, and as at that time the transportation system had not been established. It was not, however, unusual to send criminals, by their own consent, to the plantations, and the court gladly acceded to a desire by her relations, that she should be banished to New England.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE ARCTIC ROBINSON CRUSOE.*

In this extraordinary book we have a story intended to illustrate the wretched character of infidelity. The unreasonable doctrines of what is styled rationalism are dealt with by a master pen. The author chooses a new scene of adventure, and basing her plot on the favorite history of Robinson Crusoe, has written a narrative of intense excitement, but all directed to a noble purpose. Instead of criticising her production, we may more profitably employ a few pages in laying the substance of it before the reader.

Solitude is the nurse of great thoughts, and forms the crucible in which our reflections become refined and purified. Great minds have loved it, because by the force of fancy, what is loveliness to others is not such to them; for shapes and forms of beauty people the copse, the woodland, and the vale, which breathe inspiration upon them as they pass, and plant the first germs of those ideas which are destined afterwards to burst in superior grandeur upon the world. But to the young the charm of solitude is the boundless thought of independence it infuses. To be responsible to none, to be sole sovereign of a territory, sole possessor of its productions, to live in perpetual excitement and apprehension of danger, such is the fascinating ambition which inspires the boy when he peruses the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe." Hence the popularity which has ever attended

works of this description; and numerous are those which have appeared in emulation of the great original.

The trials and sufferings, however, of the Christian Robinson, lead but to one result—his conversion from unbelief to belief. Thrown, at an early age, into the dangerous society of Voltaire, and the disciples of his school, he imbibed their notions, and became reckless of his own opinions and their expression. His state of mind was such as few can conceive. Supported by false philosophy, buoyed up by unstable conjectures, he lived in perpetual excitement, scarcely daring to project his fancy forward, haunted by desire to know something, yet fearing to know the truth. His mind presented a hideous blank, dark thoughts overwhelmed his soul, and retreating, left a desert covered with wrecks and shattered fragments of all to which his spirit once clung, and the degrading idea of annihilation bounded his existence to the brief span which experience has set as the limit of human life.

The pride of this creature's heart refused to recognize the truth of Christianity; he was a miserable sceptic, and was in perpetual perturbation. The soul of man, in its passage through this transitory state, requires a resting place on which to repose its weakness. It refuses to be content with pleasures which result from the mere indulgence of earthly appetites and passions. It shrinks, as the sensitive plant recoils from the touch of man, each time that we are led into forgetfulness

* *Le Robinson Chrétien.* Par Madame Le Prince. Paris: 1861.

of the spiritual and divine portion of our nature. The God that called all things into existence implanted in our hearts a yearning for something purer than the delights of this world to distinguish and elevate us above other portions of the creation. He gave us thought, and the power of arranging thought with order and method, and the faculty of projecting our imaginations into a future, which is, in other words, the hope of immortality; of nourishing a never fully to be satisfied desire of eternal life, which, acting as a beacon through our mortal existence, beckons us forward, and teaches us how best we may attain to it. And this insatiable desire is the very essence of religion, by which mankind and states must stand or fall. They must be led by it to glory, or crumble to ashes. Each earthly fabric that has risen without it has fallen, the most glorious efforts of human genius have perished, the expansions of the finest intellects have been dimmed without its presence.

To understand the story of Robinson, for such we must call him, it is needful to reflect on his early career. In Paris he had mingled in every description of society; the lofty and inspiring oratory of Mirabeau and Lameth fired his enthusiasm; Robespierre subdued him by the fire of his genius. Into these ranks he entered, and was welcomed; but venturing to protect the cause of the Girondists, he was compelled, in order to avoid the vengeance of Robespierre, to fly from France. England, the universal shelter of the oppressed, was open to receive him, but it created for him no home. His thoughts were his worst enemies, continually urging him hither and thither, lashing him like scorpions into perpetual excitement; his faith in holy and spiritual things was shaken; and instead of repelling the assailant, he took it into his bosom and nourished it.

The vast, intricate, and subtle theories of metaphysics spread before him, his mind was too weak to follow out their investigation, to trace them back to their own origin. All we know, all we behold, the study of the stars, the planetary system, the dim glimpses we obtain of other worlds, of planets inhabited by beings like ourselves, confused and bewildered him; and pausing on the threshold of research, he retreated with his mind overpowered, and his reflective faculties apparently annihilated by the intricacies of philosophy.

It is but too often that a superficial glance at metaphysics leads to this result; therefore, it is the duty of those to whose care the task

of instructing the young is confided, to impose upon them the necessity of either bending their whole powers of thought and reflection upon the study of this branch of philosophy, and faithfully pursuing it, or of leaving it alone altogether. The young student, eager to grasp his subject at once, to embrace it in its whole extent, glances hither and thither, and, imagining he perceives on its surface a few discrepancies and inconsistencies, not being able at a glance to reconcile all that he beholds, hastily retreats with a disordered and shattered state of mind from whose ill-regulated thoughts spring a series of doubts and hesitations, which ultimately lead to loss of faith and dependence on a higher power. Then comes a pause. A reaction speedily takes place; the soul, not having its natural resource to fly to, steals about in its nakedness, seeking rest and finding none. Man shatters by one weak impulse of thought the great and glorious system on which the theory of the universe is founded, without being able to raise up another in its stead. In vain does he seek to supply a wiser and nobler reason for the things that be. Each day his own weakness becomes more felt, as well as his incapability to soar upwards and look down upon the world, and comprehend the causes which maintain its balance. And, because of such results we say, it is far better for man to rest in ignorance of these things, than to go only so far in the study of them as to unsettle his thoughts upon higher and more important kinds of knowledge.

Religion is as necessary to our real happiness as light is to our existence. Without dependence on some higher and nobler influence than his own, how weak is man! And this principle is developed throughout every part of creation. The little child must have the support of its mother; without her care it prolongs its existence with difficulty; the mother of that child requires the support of a husband; that husband is dependent on the community, without whose direct or indirect assistance he cannot procure the means of daily existence. All mankind are indissolubly linked together; all created things draw nourishment one from the other; the fishes of the sea find sustenance from small ones of their own species; the plants require the shelter of hills and oftentimes the shade of trees; the stately oak is fed by the rain and the moist earth; the coral must be washed by the great ocean; the diamond nestles amidst rougher stones; the bird seeks a home in the friendly copse or lonely dell; the

flower must have its proper warmth and light; and light is regulated by Him from whom it flows. Hence, if we examine all things, we shall find all creation, all material things, united in one grand chain, one of whose links cannot be broken without injury to the whole.

Robinson now joined a vessel on the point of starting upon an expedition through the Arctic Sea. We pass over the details of the voyage until the vessel, on the point of return home, is suddenly surrounded by frozen water, and detained amidst a mass of flocs; the cold was intense, and alternating between hope and fear, exposed to tempests, and speculating on the danger which threatened if detained in these seas, and surrounded by the bergs, the crew of the Ptolemy passed a monotonous time. After a sojourn of many weeks amidst the frozen waters, diversified only by the sound of cracking flocs as they swept past the vessel's side, the supposed appearance of land a-head was hailed with joy by the whole crew. A boat was let down, which soon returned with the intelligence that the supposed land was a belt of bergs, slowly but surely advancing upon them, and by the aid of glasses its undulating motion on the surface of the horizon could be clearly discerned. To retreat was their first impulse; and a faint breeze which now sprung up took them on a few knots, when suddenly the wind was hushed, the sails flapped against the mast, and a sort of stagnation passed over the face of everything. Their very breath seemed congealed; and so intense was the cold, that, forgetful of the danger likely to come to the vessel, even the men on the look-out were compelled to descend below. The few waves that had hitherto washed the vessel's sides sank, and a leaden silence proclaimed that the sea was one vast frozen mass. Strange fears of abandonment in that voiceless solitude stole over the hearts of the crew; the surrounding of the ice, the blockade of their vessel was so sudden that they had scarcely in imagination prepared for it, and now they had nothing to do but to watch the grandeur of their ice-bound territory, and hope for the appearance of water faintly oozing up between the flocs and bergs. For months this state of things continued; but gradually a mildness seemed to steal over nature, and they were enabled once more to appear upon deck, and look out for the excitement of the chase.

One day whilst the crew were taking their ordinary recreation of walking up and down, a group of large bears made their appearance

within gun-shot of the vessel, which they at last were so hardy as to advance to attack. Foxes, rein-deer, &c., were successively seen, and flights of birds swept above their heads too high to ascertain their species. These facts induced the supposition that there was some island near at hand, which proved to be the case, and permission was accordingly given to the staff to go on a hunting expedition. At first the greatest discipline was maintained. The lieutenant was desired to keep a sharp look-out upon his charge, to see that they did not stray out of sight. By degrees, however, they expanded imperceptibly into small groups, as the strict discipline at first observed was relaxed, and further approach upon the island seemed to inspire them with security. Robinson, at the head of one or two, advanced forward in the pursuit of a flight of birds, and hastening on without looking back, called out to his companions to follow. Onward he went, and at length shot down one of the birds, which, however, wounded as it was, rose to continue its flight, but soon fell dead. Proud of his capture, Robinson turned to receive the congratulations of his friends, but found himself utterly alone. Crying out their names, no answer but the echoes of his words was heard. A fear of being surrounded by the bears was at first his only apprehension, since he felt certain that the moment he was missed others would be sent in search of him; but as time stole on, and his cries and volleys continued unnoticed, his distress became great. A small barrel of rum, his sword and gun, constituted his stock of wealth; and overcome with fear, he stole hither and thither, bending down his ear to the earth to listen for some sound to break the dread silence. The night—a long night—passed at length, and the sun rose upon the sublime solitude of the frozen territory, but it aided him no more than the stars had done before. Another day was spent in wandering to and fro, in scanning the horizon in every direction through his spy-glass, to discover traces of the vessel, but nothing around gave him hope. No sign of life disturbed the grandeur; all was still, deserted; and his own wildly-throbbing heart seemed the only thing that did not rest. The vast ocean was quiet and glassy. A frozen hand had passed over and stilled its waves. Vast broken substances reared themselves from its surface, forming mountains, and hills, and hillocks, from which darted irregular peaks and arms of frozen water. During this time his barrel of rum, the bird he had slain, and

the pure snow that glistened around, had formed his sustenance; but the desire of sleep after a waking so unnaturally prolonged, now became so strong that he saw no resource but to lie down, and accept the death which this exposed slumber should bring to him. But courage and the desire of life inspired him once again. He rose from the earth with a bound, and continued his course, in the hope of discovering a safe retreat for the night. At length, following the track of some foxes, he came to a fissure in the mountains, which presented to his view two openings. Into one of these he fired the contents of his gun, and five or six foxes immediately crept out on the other side and made off. Into this place he succeeded in creeping; and when within, a bit of twine dipped in rum served him for a torch. Here, wrapping himself in the skin of a deer he had previously killed, he fell asleep, and did not awake for more than eleven hours, as he discovered by consulting his watch. The next morning beheld his temporary home crushed by the melting of the snow, and underneath it were buried his gun, his barrel of rum, the reindeer's skin, &c. These losses were great. They left him with a pair of pistols and a knife to defend himself against the attacks of bears, and to procure himself food. Regrets, however, were vain, and he once more set out in the hope of discovering some traces of his vessel. Faint tremblings of the earth, and a sound in the distance as of thunder tremulously muttering at broken intervals, inspired him with the fear that he was standing on a volcanic isle, a fear that was but too soon realized! At some little distance ahead he beheld a dark mass spreading over the snow-covered ground which attracted his attention. Advancing rapidly towards it, he discovered a troop of polar dogs surrounding the carcass of a huge bear. The animals took to flight on his approach. The creature had been lately wounded, and, as it proved upon examination, by guns; and had evidently crawled thither from some spot at no great distance to breathe out its last. By the lingering twilight he still saw the track of blood distinctly marked on the glistening snow. Hope fired him once more. Following the dark traces, he hastily proceeded, confident that he should be able to discover his friends. Night, however, fell, and about midnight he came upon the spot where the combat must have occurred. Three bodies, freshly skinned, lay around. Certainty that he was not far distant from those he so anxiously sought to join animated him, and with

a light heart he awaited the dawn, that, following still the tracks of blood, he might come upon the ship. Early as light shone upon his path he advanced, and as the morning fog cleared away he beheld the white sails of the ship gleaming in the sun. They were, however, spread, and intently watching, he perceived that they were in motion, filled with a light breeze, and were steadily, slowly, bearing her away. His heart seemed about to break with its fearful agony. He had seen her for the last time! His companions had then quietly deserted him! With a cry of despair he rushed forward, and flung himself upon a small berg; which he hoped, driven by the waves, might overtake the rapidly disappearing ship. For a time his ice boat rose and fell on the crest of the waves, and faint hopes kept him from the last agony of despair; but ere long it ceased to move, and he knew it had struck upon some strand. When he strained his eyes athwart the strange sea, he discovered no sign of the ship; the bergs alone, in their grand threatening aspect, travelled and rocked on the waves, and he once more felt himself abandoned to all the horrors of his position.

A series of sufferings and of protracted struggles between hope and despair, convinced him of the necessity of action; and the chance sustenance he had hitherto relied on, save birds, and the uncooked flesh of the reindeer, inspired him with the natural desire of providing something better to satisfy himself. Cinders, sulphureous incrustations, ravines, and basaltic rock, convinced him of the nature of his island; and as escape from it seemed impossible, he resolved to find for himself a habitation. Excavations and grottoes, formed by volcanic stones, served him for a home; and selecting one, he set about clearing it, and soon converted it into a broad open hall. Here he located himself, and spent his time in reconnoitring his territory. In one part of the island he discovered an anchor, and portions of her cable, which proved that some wreck had taken place within a few years. Proceeding further, he came upon a rivulet gushing from beneath a mass of lava, and rendering the earth close upon its banks green and fertile. Other signs strewn around convinced him of the existence of some village, once filled with human beings, but now completely engulfed beneath the surface. Searching about, he at length found the earth gave way under his feet, and was himself precipitated some considerable distance down. Here he discov-

ered a grotto, evidently formed by the hand of man, strewn with signs of its former inhabitants—dried fish, cooking utensils, and rough beds, decorated the apartment; and the state in which all these things still existed proved that much time had not elapsed since their occupation.

A fearful eruption overtook him as he was journeying back to his grotto. A muttering sound arose as from the midst of the sea, whose waves rushed to land with such violence as to engulf the border of the island. They were like mountains, lashing each other and foaming; tall bergs rocked to and fro, and the mountain on which Robinson stood participating in the general disorder of nature, opened in the centre, and rolled down vast portions of her rocks to the ocean. Blood-red clouds swept over the sun, and waves rose, all colored as with ruby flames, to meet the overhanging and lowering horizon, while streams of fire burst upward from the sea, casting a lurid glare upon the surrounding scene. Gradually these sounds became hushed and the convulsions stilled; and when the morning rose, a few streams of smoke slowly curling upward, were all that remained of the tempest, save that an infant islet rested on its green waving bosom, born from the commotions of the night.

A few weak efforts at procuring himself sustenance by smoking the birds he had killed, and amusement by wandering in and out of his grotto, diversified the early days of his sojourn on the volcanic isle. Each day the lingering hope of being discovered inspired him; but as it grew more faint, he became habituated to his position, and inspired with courage to confront it. His first experiment was to manufacture salt by evaporation, since without that preservative it was useless to attempt a store of provisions against the winter. After much labor and pains, he succeeded in his attempt. In the buried grotto he discovered some few utensils, some tools, foxes' skins, a wooden box full of pointed bones, probably intended for the points of arrows, and a few other useful articles. Fishing, now, by means of skins cut into strips, constituted his principal employment. The first day that he threw his strange line over the water he was very fortunate; but, inspired by this success, he set his line by night, fully anticipating that on the morrow he should rise to a plentiful harvest. What was his mortification at discovering that the skins had dissolved, or been washed away by the force of the waves,

so that there remained nothing but the stakes by which they were fixed to the earth. Fresh endeavors upon the hair of the fox, by twisting it inwards, proved no more successful, and he found himself compelled to renounce this mode of fishing. Chance directed him to a hollow, however, filled with crabs and lobsters. The number of these fish was enormous;—they formed a complete incrustation, and he procured more than would suffice for many days' food. The next day other fish made their appearance, and in a short time Robinson had dried and salted enough to serve him for twelve-months. His next care was to collect within his grotto fuel for cooking and procuring warmth in the winter, which was partially supplied by a hot spring which bubbled up within his little dwelling. Besides, condemned to a long sojourn there, he knew that he should require some means of employing his time, so that he might not find it to hang wearily upon his hands. The next want that made itself felt was that of oil; how else should he procure a light during the long hours of darkness inseparable from a winter in these ice-bound regions? The scheme at first sight presented little prospect of accomplishment; but the strong necessity for its being carried into effect suggested the means. He set about constructing a raft from pieces of wood and reindeer skins, which he formed into balloons, and set up his large cloak for a sail. This little bark he launched upon the water, and in it went on a famous fishing expedition. Herring floated in such abundance around, that he came home laden several times in the course of the day. Depositing these in a sheltered spot, dry at low tide, but frequented by large fish when it was high, he continued to entice thither the sea-wolf, sea-cow, and other amphibious creatures from which oil was capable of extraction. These animals having the greatest horror of sulphur, Robinson collecting a large quantity, and propelling himself forward over the water in his raft, strewed considerable quantities over its surface. With dismay the creatures snuffed and reared their heads, and fled exhausted towards land in such vast numbers that, following up his victory, he pursued and easily overtook and killed more than were sufficient for an enormous supply of oil. Some he destroyed for their skins, with which he proposed to construct flasks to contain the oil he should manufacture from their flesh; the intestines of others would do instead of glass,

to spread over the aperture that admitted light, and their bones would make cooking utensils, or arms for hunting.

The oil made, the wood collected, the fishes dried, he saw himself protected against darkness, cold, and hunger; therefore, while fishing still occupied his attention, he found leisure between the intervals further to explore the capabilities and resources of his isle. Some discoveries which betrayed the shocks to which it had been subject inspired him with dread, but others proved causes for rejoicing and thanksgiving. He came one day upon a little stream of fresh water, whose borders were faintly strewn with green verdure. Fine grasses struggled into existence, and a few other plants peeped out from crevices in the rock. Even this little spot of green, in the midst of the coldness and desolation by which he was surrounded, came to him like an oasis bursts upon the sight of the traveller as he journeys through wild wastes and desert tracks. Each blade of grass, each trembling plant, was stored with a thousand memories. One, he had watched budding into life in that far off valley when his tiny hand was grasped by a mother, whom he could look up to and meet love and encouragement in her eye; another had flourished in his father's meadows; another had been washed by the waters of his native well-loved river. In an instant he had overleaped space and time; he had abandoned these ice-bound retreats, and sought the warm precincts of a home rendered dear and sweet by absence, and the impossibility of beholding it. No gentle sound, no voice broke the stillness; yet what is that? He listens: a soft low murmuring, like the lullaby of childhood, floats upon his ear; he bends down his head; he almost fancies his cheek presses the soft bosom of his mother. No, Robinson, it is the gentle, low, and broken voice of the rivulet that everlastingly makes its music here; it is a link between thee and others who are listening in like manner to similar sounds elsewhere, but it is no mother's voice! The thousand joys of childhood, its security, its pleasurable griefs, his brilliant youth career, the companionship of man, the bustle of discussion, the stormy revolution, the burning eloquence of the orator, the vast, the ennobling sentiments of ambition, what were they? Remembered amid these silent caverns, these sulphureous odors, these streams of lava, these hillocks of ice, these still waters, these gigantic bergs, they seemed like attributes of another world; and Robinson woke from his m mories and felt himself the sole, the sol-

itary sovereign of an untenanted land, where people had passed away, and which, perhaps, while nations were rising to greatness or crumbling to decay in the far distant universe, would remain untrodden, save by that solitary human being, cast like a reed upon its strand. Softened and armed by these memories, Robinson prayed earnestly, and looked upward for protection to the Heavens in meekness and humbleness, as he had in childhood gently reposed on the protection of the mother's eyes that had bent over and so often watched him.

To protect and nourish this little verdant spot was his constant care. Every evening he watered the grass and plants, and constructed on either side a sheltering bank, composed of cinders, which kept off the winds and cold. Beyond, a little space sheltered by overhanging hillocks, but now buried beneath a mass of cinders, was discovered. Here a few raspberry plants and juniper trees were faintly struggling for life, and mosses and lichen straggled here and there upon the calcined earth. A few small trees inspired him with the hope of converting this spot into a garden, although the rapid approach of winter gave him little time to develop its resources that year.

Large flights of birds now made their appearance, journeying towards the south, and, while they proclaimed the coming of the cold, inspired Robinson with the most melancholy feelings. He beheld them happily sweeping through the heavens, close to the very clouds, onward to those regions where he could not go. Those senseless beings, those creatures that find no delight save in material impulse and sensations, could travel to scenes which were a thousand fold endeared to him by their distance. Perhaps one of these winged things would flutter near his wife, mourning his absence on the far Alps; perhaps would form the amusement of his little children, who would clap their tiny hands, and watch its circuits in the air, and laugh, and be all unconscious that their father had sat in utter hopelessness, and watched that same bird wing its way unheeding abroad to those spots of happiness, while he must remain behind to mourn and watch their happy flight through the cloud-built heavens.

Robinson made himself a bow and some arrows, and attempted to bring down some of these creatures; but by the time his bow was completed they had become less numerous, though troops of falcons hovered on the heights, apparently waiting the approach of the birds. Some of these he shot,

but his object was to catch, not destroy them, and he succeeded at length in capturing two, which he conveyed to his grotto. He one night placed a lamp in front of an aperture in his dwelling, in the hope that the light might attract some birds to it, but though he watched for hours nothing came, so he retired to bed. Scarcely had he fallen soundly asleep before he was roused by a loud cry above his head, followed by a shower of dust and cinders, which extinguished his lamp. The two falcons trembled with agitation, and fluttered incessantly. Another cry they now made was heard, accompanied by a loud snort close above his head; the aperture, though not large enough to admit a bear, was still sufficient to awaken alarm. Relighting his lamp, he saw the same endeavors at enlarging the orifice above continued, and he discovered that the wolves and hyenas were busily engaged in seeking a method of descent upon their prey. When Robinson saw who his strange visitants were, he smiled at his own terror, and set about tantalizing them by throwing them scraps of food, which irritated, instead of satisfying their hunger. In order to be the better enabled to secure them ultimately, he enlarged the opening, so that they were induced to insert therein, first their fore-paws, then their hind-legs, then their noses, performing between each endeavor restless manœuvres, and giving utterance to wild cries of anger. When he had prepared his nooses, Robinson stealthily placed them so as to secure their legs by one pull; and no sooner did a proper opportunity occur than, hastily drawing it, he secured them both, to their infinite rage. In the morning he killed them, and put aside their skins for his own use, while the flesh he preserved for his falcons. While snaring these birds, and striving to tame them, a thought suddenly struck him, which he immediately put into execution. He tore a leaf from his pocket book, wrote a letter on it with his blood, describing his position, and attaching it to the largest hawk, set him free, with a faint hope that it might reach some spot where his letter might find a response. With a strange wild throb of hope he let loose the beautiful bird, and watched its glad flight through the air, as it dipped and rose, and seemed to dance on the tiny clouds for very joy that it had its loved freedom again. He watched its course for a long, long time, but soon it grew as a speck on the far horizon, smaller and smaller, until his eye rested on vacancy. His winged messenger had fled: his silent prayer for rescue had careered through the heavens, but would that

bird seek the habitation of man? would it rest in his home, and send back an answer speedily?

To fortify himself against the ensuing winter more strongly was now the care of our hero. From a rough natural cavern he had, by hewing away large masses of rock, converted his grotto into a habitable dwelling. The roof showed no opening save the fissure by which the hyenas had peeped in, and a door in front, seven feet above the level of the ground, and ascended without and within by natural steps in the rock. And this at once protected him against the snow, and partly wild beasts. One aperture in the wall admitted light and permitted him to gaze forth upon the expanse of frozen waters, and at night upon the spangled firmament, and served also as a look-out to mark the approach of wild beasts. Through this also he obtained snow to serve him as drink, since the hot spring within was of too mineral a nature to answer this purpose. The smoke from his fire evaporated through the window, and over the door, when the real chimney was blocked up by snow. In the furthest recess of the grotto were piled his logs for the winter; those intended for other use were placed in another pile. His flasks of oil were ranged to the left on a bed of hay, covered over with dried bones. His victuals occupied the right of the grotto, with smoked birds, dried and salt fish, that resembled most the flesh of animals, in one place; parcels of a few vegetables, moss for medicinal purposes, veronique for tea, seeds of the plants whose budding and growth he had watched were ranged in different compartments, while the birds taken in the autumn, quarters of the sea-cow, and various plants were stored away in various places. Then there were besides various liquids, oil, vinegar, or that which served him for such, a sort of beer, his juniper wine, and the raspberry wine he had manufactured from the wild raspberries. A few miscellaneous articles completed his stores, and here with his falcon he was to pass the long winter months. His clothes had suffered, as might be expected, during his vicissitudes; but these, by ingenuity and skill, he trusted to repair, ere the summer and the time for action came.

Once within his domicile, secure from the wild confusion without, protected against the heavy falls of snow that wreathed the summits of the tottering bergs, and crested the frozen hillocks, yet not shut out from their view, Robinson set industriously to work. His time was now his own. He had provided

against his material wants; he had laid up a store; there was no need either to hunt or to fish, and his hands required employment. The first thing he did was to fashion a cross, the rude symbol of his religion, and before it he offered up in sincerity, prayers of deep earnestness. To construct tools was his next attempt, out of the anchor which had, as it seemed, been cast so providentially in his way. Various implements, after great patience, were constructed, and then the grand object of his ambition was commenced—the formation of a boat. With what dim object this was undertaken, whether with a faint view of future deliverance, whether he intended to confide his slight bark to the mercy of the waves, or whether it was to serve him as an amusement, or the means of extending his researches, he scarcely owned to himself. Earnestly, however, he set to work, and in his regular employment the hours flew by, and his winter retreat ceased to display itself in all its monotony. His mind was becoming reconciled to his condition, and the more so as his work proceeded. In six weeks a canoe was formed, rude, perhaps, but compact, strong, and complete. A wheelbarrow, clothes for himself, made out of the skins, boots, &c., employed next his attention, and the winter insensibly glided away in these interesting occupations.

Work alternated with lighter amusement. The taming of his hawk was his recreation; and the creature learned to love him so well that it could not bear to be out of its master's sight. A bond of companionship was established between them. Both had been born to freedom, but both learned almost to forget that there was a great, a peopled, a happy world beyond, for which it were vain to sigh. The presence of the bird softened Robinson's solitude; and he loved it as those only can know who have been forced to seek in a dog the friendship denied them by human beings. A guitar, formed from cord and a wildy-shaped piece of wood, helped to pass away the evening hours. In the morning he would stand at his little window and watch the scenery spread before him. Now the drifted snow would pile itself in hillocks over the frozen seas, now it would be strown like a soft carpet over the ice. Occasionally, thick columns of smoke curled up to the heavens, and a slight shock of distant thunder—a faint trembling was felt which seemed to speak the insecurity of all around.

The eruption came at length. Robinson one night was watching at his window, unable to retire to rest from the tremblings of

the earth which every instant made themselves felt. The roar of the crater was loud and incessant; vast columns of smoke, red, yellow, and gray, rolled over the sea, and soon the fiery lava gushed upward and converted the darkness into a strange glare, neither day nor night. This continued until the mid-evening, when increased throes caused the eruption to reach his cavern, where, kneeling before the cross, he tremblingly prayed for protection and mercy. A feeling of desolation stole over him, when a shock more violent than any previously felt made the grotto creak and groan; and presently a huge mass of rock gave way, and his provision, his oil, all his victuals were buried beneath. For days he suffered the torments of hunger, and then sought nourishment from the skins. Then his poor falcon was destined to be killed, and he gave with pleasure the blow which deprived it of life, since he spared it a thousand sufferings and agonies, yet in store for it had it lived.

The winter gradually stole away, and Robinson issued forth and brought down his canoe to the edge of the sea, and was one evening occupied in putting it together, when he thought he perceived upon the horizon a sail; through his spy-glass, he soon discovered a vessel, her sails furled, at a little distance off. What tumultuous hopes agitated his breast! he fired a pile of wood; he shouted, he made every possible sign, but he could not reach it without his boat. This he had taken to pieces. Hastily putting it together, he took another glance at the ship. There she lay, and her masts, her rigging, her sails, the very sailors were distinctly revealed. The boat was launched on the great ocean, calm as a lake; the sun shone brightly; and while full of eager hope and expectation of deliverance, the sails fluttered, the vessel moved, it glided off, it became more indistinct—it was gone!

This was the last delusive hope that ever disturbed Robinson in his retreat. When the bitterness of the disappointment was over, he returned quietly to his employment, mended his habitation, cultivated his garden, tamed some young fawns, and sought in constant occupation to distract his thoughts for ever from the earth. Gradually, as years passed, the scenes of his childhood became like dim clouds on the far horizon, the brilliant scenes of youth as they never had been, the sounds of earth as naught, the voices of man as of no more value than silence, and the passions of the world, love, ambition, hope, joy, and sorrow as empty sounds! Instead, he loved the

green herbs by the rill side, the plants and flowers became his children, the graceful fawn his companion, the cracking of the mighty bergs, and the roar of the wild beasts his daily sound, the great solitudes his world, and his busy thoughts of future life and immortality filled up the void in his bosom.

Gradually his early mists and errors had faded from his eyes. He gave free vent to the impulses of his heart, and chastened by affliction, purified by solitude, and ennobled by sorrow, he knelt before God, indeed and in truth, confessing his sins, and petitioning for mercy.

So Robinson died in his lonely grotto. A whaler from England found his body and buried it among the green grass he had reared. The flowers cherished and planted by his own hands, perhaps, there bloom around his grave, and his requiem is ever sung by the babbling brook and the lashing of the waves.

We have refrained, on account of our space, from dwelling as long as we might on the progress of his religious convictions, or upon the many improbabilities of the story. There are many, but in the interest of the narrative these will be forgiven and forgotten.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THEODORE HOOK.

It is no new thing now to say that old Time has been beaten in his progress; it is no astonishing thing to mention that the words of man to his fellows in other parts of the world outwing the sunbeams; one of the most common expressions to be met with in the magazine or heard in the drawing-room is, that time and space have been annihilated. The expression can hardly be quarrelled with; it is metaphorical, of course, but the metaphor is in sufficient approximation to an appearance of truth, to infringe upon no rhetorical canon. As yet, however, we can hardly add to the category of what modern physical advancement has annihilated, the sad attendants upon modern travelling—fatigue and botheration. We look back upon our fathers,—and they look very ancient if we make our glance extend but fifty years,—we consider their modes of travelling, and we are apt, in filial pity, almost to forget filial respect. Making their wills before undertaking a journey which costs our modern commercial traveller little more thought than filling his cigar case; rumbling on, stage after stage, in their coaches, in somnolent tortoise fashion; they seem objects almost of derision to us moderns, as we hear the snort of our fire-horse, and the trampling of his resistless and untiring hoofs, and dash onwards in his train, through mountain and over meadow, with the wind in our rear. But, in one point, our fathers might well re-

pay our derision with interest. True, they might say, you go at a most insane and unnatural rate, but you are shut up, with scarce a moment's respite, in dusty, suffocating boxes, and you can steal but a passing glimpse at the fair summer greenery spread around you; say what you will of our slowness, but mention also our calmness, and your boisterous din and turmoil; and, most of all, only think of your distressing refreshment-rooms; your soup or coffee too hot to be taken in your mad haste without risk of scalding; your crowding, your bawling, your mistaking, your remarkably thorough *paying*; and, put the whole in comparison with the well-supplied dinner or breakfast-table, and the cheery, orderly stage inn. The laugh would be, in a great measure, on the side of our fathers. But modern ingenuity and enterprise have here again stepped in; and if refreshment-rooms are beyond reform, and only to be thought of in silent hopelessness, it has been attempted, and with singular effect, to make the hours spent in the interior of the carriage pass as pleasantly and swiftly as possible. The mode taken has been, to present to the railway traveller a great variety of cheap and very interesting reading; and when, for an additional shilling, any person can provide himself with the choicest essays of Macaulay, the raciest volumes of Washington Irving, the most celebrated and classic portions

of the "Spectator," it is but reasonable to conclude that the hours will not hang with drowsy wings, and that the ennui and fatigue of a railway carriage will be very considerably alleviated. Of all the volumes which have been published, with a title indicating their special appropriation for railway reading, we would venture to predict for no one a greater share of popularity than the sketch of Theodore Hook, issued in the series entitled "Murray's Reading for the Rail." It is written in a rapid, lucid, attractive style, and presents a very satisfactory view of the life of one of the most singular men of our time. In no sense a great man, not possessed of any talents of massive weight or important utility, we yet feel ourselves safe in pronouncing him, in character and in history, a most singular man. We can see also, that both of these are fraught with important instruction, give us glances into the heart of our social system in some of its departments, and show us, as the history of every man, if rightly read, will, wherein the great essentials of sound character, and the indispensable requirements of complete development, consist. In the following paragraphs, we shall not undertake to present a full or connected view of his life, but shall endeavor to display the formation of his character, and ascertain what were its merits and its defects.

Theodore Hook was the son of a musical composer, and was born in London in the year 1788. His education was by no means duly attended to. He was at Harrow at the same time as Byron and Peel, but was no attentive student. When about fourteen years of age, he left Harrow, and his father, manifestly a weak man, enjoyed his society too much to push on his education with energy. Besides, Theodore had fine musical talents, and one day astonished his father by "his singing, to his own accompaniment, of two new ballads, one grave and one gay." The father looked upon his son's versifying powers, simply in a profit and loss point of view; and associated him in the business, to write songs to be set to music. He was then sixteen; at which age, such an arrangement was almost of necessity fatal to his character.

Already he evinced an exuberance of spirits, and an effervescent smartness of wit, which promised much. In 1804, an attempt was made to enter him at Oxford. He was about sixteen, and his youthful appearance prompted the Vice-Chancellor to remark, "You seem very young, sir; are you pre-

pared to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles?" "Oh yes, sir," was the reply; "quite ready; *forty*, if you please." He succeeded in obtaining entrance, but departed for London immediately afterwards, to pass an interval in reading; Theodore changed it into—writing a farce! It was called, "The Soldier's Return; or, What can Beauty do?" It was almost entirely copied from French vaudevilles, but it proved cleverness, and it was received with "vociferous applause." This led him very extensively into theatrical society; and play followed play in swift succession. By the time he was seventeen years old, his wit, which flowed in unintermittent stream, and needed no excitement, made him remarkable. Its abundance was perhaps its distinguishing characteristic. His whole nature seemed pervaded with fun; his whole existence a continual titter. But he had, besides a most pliant and unfailing ingenuity, a buoyant activity, and a power of invention or appropriation which seemed inexhaustible. We hear of about ten dramatic pieces written before he was twenty, which brought into play a singular tact and sagacity in ensuring popularity, displayed extreme facility in composition, prose and poetic, and afforded a vent for his irrepressible vivacity. In his twentieth year, too, he found time to produce a novel, in three volumes duodecimo, which, though boyish in some glaring characteristics, was yet what probably no other boy in England could have produced. All this points to a degree of natural endowment, which renders its squandering and its debasement very sad.

One might reasonably suppose that, in the various channels indicated above, Theodore's inordinate love of all which goes under the general designation, fun, might have found sufficient outlet. It was not so. "His life," we are told, "was one uninterrupted succession of boisterous buffooneries—especially of what the future lexicographer might almost be pardoned for supposing to have been called after him *hoaxes*. Of these, his true 'Sayings and Doings,' his own talk *inter pocula*, was the only adequate memorial. We may catch some outlines in his 'Gurney and Daly;' but even his pen was too slow and cumbrous for the vital reproduction of such scenes. They are nothing without the commentary of that bright eye; the deep gurgling glee of his voice; the electrical felicity of his pantomime—for, in truth, he was as great an actor as could have been produced by rolling up Liston, and Terry, and Matthews into one. So told, no mirth

in this world ever surpassed the fascination of these early mountebankeries. We have seen austere judges, venerable prelates, grand lords, and superfine ladies, all alike overwhelmed and convulsed, as he went over the minutest details of such an episode as that, for example, of his and Matthews, as they were rowing to Richmond, being suddenly bitten by the sight of a placard, at the foot of a Barnes garden—"Nobody permitted to land here. Offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigor of law:" their instant disembarkation on the forbidden paradise; the fishing-line converted into a surveyor's measuring-tape; their solemn pacing to and fro on the beautiful lawn; Hook the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand; Matthews the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf; the opening of the parlor window, and fiery approach of the napkined alderman; the comedian's cool, indifferent reception of him, and his indignant inquiries; the gradual announcement of their being the agents of the canal company, settling where the new cut is to cross the old gentleman's pleasure; his alarm and horror, which called forth the unaffected regrets and commiserations of the unfortunate officials, "never more pained than with such a duty;" the alderman's suggestion that they had better walk in and talk the matter over; their anxious examination of watches, and reluctant admission that they might spare a quarter of an hour—"but, alas! no use, they fear, none whatever;" the entry of the dining-room; the turkey just served; the pressing invitation to taste a morsel; the excellent dinner; the fine old Madeira; the bottle of pink champagne, "a present from my lord mayor;" the discussion of half a dozen of claret and of the projected branch of the canal; the city knight's arguments getting more and more weighty—"Really this business must be reconsidered—one bottle more, dear gentlemen;" till at last it is getting dark; they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge; Hook bursts out into song, and narrates in extempore verse the whole transaction, winding up with—

"And we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
And this clerk here is Matthews the player,
And my name, sir, is—Theodore Hook."

In this, although the affair cannot be pronounced justifiable, there was, unquestionably, displayed a singular amount of talent; and this alone could render tolerable such

concentrated calmness of impudence. The alderman himself, if a jolly fellow, may have had the worth of the whole afterwards in side-shaking guffaws; and, in any case, no real harm was done. But the piece of frolicsome mischief known by the name of the "Berner's-street Hoax," was too serious to admit of such palliation, and displayed, in reality, no talent sufficient to brighten its darker tints. Hook, walking in Berner's-street with a companion, had his attention called to the quiet neatness of one of the houses; and, by way of reply, remarked, "I'll lay you a guinea, that in one week that nice quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was accepted, and Hook forthwith commenced the writing and despatching of a thousand letters. They were sent to tradesmen of all grades, to gentlemen of all professions; all were embraced. The Lord Mayor and his chaplain were "invited to take the death-bed confession of a speculating common council-man;" the governor of the Bank, the chairman of the East India Company, a Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, were all included; brewers, coal carters, wine merchants, confectioners, not omitting even popular preachers, and parliamentary philanthropists, were in the list, and they were all directed, with their various commodities, or to discharge their various professional functions, upon that devoted house, concerning which Theodore had staked his guinea. "We are not sure that they all reached Berner's-street, but the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the widow's astonishment had risen to terror and despair." The fact, if such it literally was, that the inhabitant of the house was a "poor widow," was the blackest part of the business; had it been a stout bachelor, or sturdy alderman with six sons, one might laugh; but so to torment a widow, whose affliction may have been recent, and whose circumstances may have been poor, was clearly and utterly reckless and heartless. "Fierce were the growlings of the doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours. Attorneys, teachers of all kinds, male and female, hairdressers, tailors," all were there, all vociferating, all furious. "Awful was the smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, and coach-panels. Many a horse fell, never to rise again. Beer barrels and wine barrels had been overturned and exhausted with impu-

nity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It had been a fine field day for the pick-pockets." And behold, during the whole transaction, drinking it all in like a draught of nectar, his impish heart in absolute luxury of delight, sat Mr. Theodore Hook contemplating all! He had hired lodgings in the house opposite the widow's; and, with audacious impudence, had come to view the chaotic sport. Puck would have envied him his situation. He was not discovered. It must certainly be allowed that the composition of such a vast variety of letters, so as to avoid detection and ensure attendance, exhibited a singular ingenuity and versatility, if nothing higher.

Of Hook's improvising talents, we have numerous examples: the following scene is remarkable also on another account; we quote from the book before us: "A friend says, 'The first time I ever witnessed it (Hook's improvising) was at a gay young bachelor's villa at Highgate, when the other lion was one of a very different breed—Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the *Ancient Mariner* proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced, the bowl was planted before the poet, and, as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of the 'Lay Sermons' and the 'Aids to Reflection.' The room was becoming excessively hot. The first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane; the example was followed generally; the window was a sieve in an instant; the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song; and window and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer, had apt, in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained — and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—that was his example!' To us the boisterous frolic and joviality of this scene are deeply mournful. Alas! what had he of the god-like forehead to do there! Alas! how pro-

foundly sad to see the bacchanalian light of that eye, as he staggered up to imitate the foolery of Hook! Well might Theodore transfix him with the shafts of his raillery, and speak of his 'Lay Sermons' and 'Aids to Reflection.' When Ariel goes to drink with Puck, when Hamlet goes to revel with Bardolph, Pistol, and the fat knight, both Ariel and Hamlet become mere laughing-stocks. How Southey, though he never could have written the 'Aids to Reflection,' would have blushed and saddened at the thought of such a scene!

"The delicate and fastidious, but on the whole very dull world of fashion,"—the utterly stupid and vacant world of fashion, we would incline to say—was, after a few preliminary pieces of pretentious etiquette, very glad to receive Hook into its circles. Henceforward he was admitted to the distinguished and coveted privilege of being stared at by mindless eyes, and laughed at in shallow half-comprehending giggle, and permitted to startle for a moment the brooding ennui, from the hollow heart of which it had a life-rent. He had, however, if we mistake not, an adequate contempt for the whole paraphernalia of fashion, never fell into the mistake of counting it worth a farthing in itself, and kept his eye ever open, in observant attention, to detect and chronicle, for after use, its follies. "The richness of the harvest he had gathered is apparent in the whole series of his novels." We are not acquainted with these novels, but have no doubt whatever that, in order to obtain a clear and accurate insight into English "high life" in "this enlightened age," their study would be most serviceable. Strange enough, but not more anomalous than other incongruities offered to our observation by our late biography, Hook, while seeing through the tomfoolery and hollow vanity of fashion, yet felt its fascination, and was its slave until the end.

For the present, he reaped what appeared a solid and permanent advantage from mingling in fashionable circles. His talents had delighted the Prince Regent. They were of the sort which "he might be expected to discern and appreciate, and the outcome was, that, in 1812, Hook received the appointment of Accountant-General and Treasurer to the Colony of the Mauritius, with a salary and allowances amounting to nearly £2000 per annum." In 1813, he reached his destination. At the age of twenty-five, it might be expected that his youthful gaieties, and the effervescent folly of his boyish mind, would begin either to vanish or to be-

come subordinate to calm energetic common sense, as the ruling power in the mind. He was far from destitute of sagacity; he had an eye which could at once and unerringly detect what was radically foolish and wrong; he must have desired the attainment of respected competence and general estimation, if nothing more. But his character had in effect been ruined. We use these words, not in the common sense, but in a psychological one. He was as yet quite a "respectable" man; but his character was ruined, in that his theatrical associations, his interminable fun, his neglected education, his precocious emergence from boyhood, and the vanities of fashion, had utterly dissipated all accuracy, punctuality, and calm reflection. The attempt to form business habits seems never to have been made, and if made it was certainly and conspicuously unsuccessful. The time of his government in the Mauritius was one of confusion and waste, of amusement, rioting, and excessive extravagance; his discharge of the office was an emphatic failure; and was closed, in sudden summary fashion, by an arrest and a government prosecution. He, as usual, had been observant, and, among other things, recorded that the inhabitants of Mauritius were extremely good dancers; "for, like all fools, they are fond of it, and naturally excel in proportion to their mental debility; for the greater the fool, the better the dancer." This, we take it, comports with ball-room experience everywhere.

Arriving at home, Hook, in very reduced circumstances, settled at Somers Town, out of prison only on bail. He supported himself by writing for magazines and newspapers; and, in 1820, became editor of the "John Bull," a violent party newspaper, in which Queen Caroline was vehemently assailed. Of this we hear, that "in addition to its wit, its humor, its blazing audacity of invective, its curious delicacy of persiflage, its strong caustic satire, and its keen dissections of evidence—the paper at first, and for a considerable time even, was remarkable as a specimen of dexterous getting up; most carefully edited throughout; no department neglected." It soon grew popular, and was at one time worth to Hook £2000 per annum. Hook's editorship was kept strictly private, and when it began to be whispered, the following appeared. It is worthy of the Canal Company surveyor:—

"*Mr. Theodore Hook.*—The conceit of some people is amusing. Our readers will see we have received a letter from *Mr.*

Hook, disowning and disclaiming all connections with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from an anxiety to show this gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which doubtless will be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business: the first, that anything *we* have thought worth publishing should have been mistaken for *Mr. Hook's*; and, secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with—
JOHN BULL."

Of this we must say, as Byron of Pantisocracy, that it was "not so moral as 'twas clever." We certainly do not remember meeting with anything its superior in delicate comicality and tact. It began to be known, however, that Hook was the man; and they who had been the objects of his keenest shafts began to exert their influence against him in the House of Commons concerning the Mauritius business. Mr. Joseph Hume appears to have been very severely stung, and, in a note to the small volume which has been our text-book, we have the following, extracted from an article entitled "Court of Claims," where various persons were represented as offering their services at Queen Caroline's coronation:—

"Mr. Joseph Hume claimed to be carver, because he had been a surgeon.—Rejected. Mr. Joseph Hume claimed to say grace, because he had been a chaplain.—Rejected. Mr. Joseph Hume claimed to hire quadrupeds for the day, on the ground that he did so in India.—Rejected. Mr. Joseph Hume claimed to supply beef for the Queen's table, because he had been a commissary.—Rejected in favor of Mr. Slade, of St. Giles's, her Majesty's friend and butcher. Mr. Joseph Hume claimed the upright props of the platform, because he had been a post-master.—Rejected. Mr. Joseph Hume prayed that a list of his claims be printed.—Rejected."

The long investigation connected with the Mauritius prosecution ended in Hook's being declared debtor to the Crown for £12,000. He was imprisoned for a considerable time, and never paid the debt. As to whether there had been any direct peculation in the case, it is unnecessary to inquire; we think the carelessness, extravagance, and inexperience of the governor—which were culpable in a high degree, and which rendered the final balancing an affair of extreme difficulty

and risk—sufficient to account for the state of affairs.

In 1824, he published "Sayings and Doings," a novel. He cleared by it a profit of £2000. In a year or two afterwards, he re-entered society, and continued, until the close of his life, the delight and the victim of fashionable circles.

The author of the sketch before us mentions two grand errors of Hook's life, to which its other incongruities and failings may be traced; the formation of an unlawful connection with a young female, and the obstinate refusal to pay his debt. They were sufficiently great errors—greater could hardly have been; but they were as much the products as the producing evil agencies of Hook's life; they were the climacteric points, the topmost out-blossoming of his history and character. In his character there was a radical and essential flaw, which could result only in anomalies; morally, he was nothing. And the habitual and conspicuous practical negation of a man's position as a moral being (which we call in all cases equivalent to an abandonment of true manhood) can be hidden by no intellectual brilliancy, can be brightened by no blazoning of fame. Despite certain fleeting aspirations, despite certain hopeful but nerveless resolvings, Hook never felt his relation to his God—never felt his life-motto and watchword to be, duty; and so his whole life became one protracted giggle. His ingenuity became the slave of theatrical managers, of novel publishers; his geniality of heart never got higher than that maudlin, moonstruck sentimentality, which, in the shape of "goodness of heart," constitutes the main ingredient in the morality of Dickens's novels; and his fantastic, overflowing spirits and wit found their honor and their vocation in raising the "noisy laughter of the fool!" We try him by a high standard, but it is, we think, the only true standard; and the commission to Hook of such gifts as were his, make him unquestionably amenable to it. It is very painful to see the distinct intimations of a knowledge of something better than he ever attained to; the clear perception that he moved in an environment of utter folly; and the scarce-smothered consciousness, that his life was abnormal, deflected, and, in fact, contemptible. He had, after all, a deep good-humor, a loveable, affectionate nature, and an honest self-knowing straightforwardness. Light is thrown upon much of his satire, and an important glance into the recesses of his character is afforded, by the

following: "Such is human nature, such the happy construction of our minds, that we go on ridiculing the personal imperfections of others, whose deformities are beauties when compared with our own; censuring in our acquaintance follies which we are daily perpetrating; holding up to contempt their faults, while we are committing precisely the same; believing our own cases exceptions to general rules; and flattering ourselves, even though our conduct should produce similar results to those we abhor and detest in others, that we have been ourselves victims, and led into all manner of vice upon the impulse of feelings originating in sentiment and virtue." This a less honest man might have breathed to his heart, but would not, probably, have uttered publicly. We like much the confession that Hook had satirised many a better man than himself.

Of the latter period of his life, we quote the following incidental picture, which, with graphic power, gives insight into a strange state of affairs, and a strange set of circumstances:—

"There is recorded, in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth, evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude—even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England; the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight; or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune; Hook's is the only untitled name, except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of "John Bull," to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried fifty miles across the country, to some appointed Blue Boar or Crooked Billet. Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighborhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr. Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed. He enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood. In half an hour behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the

ladies; his headache, fortunately, gone at last; quite ready for the turtle and champagne; puns rattle like a hail shower; "that dear Theodore" had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire; it is supposed that the evening is over, that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelor's gallery, with half a dozen bachelors of far different calibre. One of them, a dashing young earl, proposes what the "Diary" calls "something comfortable," in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates, but is persuaded. The broiled bones are attended by more champagne—Roman punch—hot brandy and water finally; for there are plenty of butlers and grooms of the chamber ready to minister to the delights of the distant gallery, ever productive of fees to man and maid. The end is that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town. But

he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money."

So it continued until it wore him out. Although he now saw clearly into the utter rottenness of fashion, the utter headlessness and heartlessness of its votaries; although he even scorned those who, like himself, prostituted their talents at their tables; although he called them witlings and merry-andrews, and said they were as contemptible as buffoons; he yet continued one of them while he could. For his character was fatally devoid of true manly resolution: he had never attained manhood; he had never got beyond the fever of youth; he had never mastered the power of saying No. What a No he should have uttered in many a scene such as we have seen!

Hook died ere completing his fifty-third year.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A DAY IN A FRENCH CRIMINAL COURT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

As I chanced, in the autumn of last year, to be residing in a town in the north of France during the assizes, I became a regular reader of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, in the hope of comprehending, thanks to this professional study, the daily and hourly reports which were made to me of the proceedings of the melancholy tribunal which had, by the influx of visitors that it occasioned, rendered the ordinary quiet streets of our gray old city a scene of movement and bustle wholly foreign to their usual aspect. My purpose, however, singularly failed. With my thorough English notions of a court of justice, and the solemnity of a trial on whose result frequently hinged the whole future welfare, and even the life, of a fellow-creature, I was unable to recognize as feasible the piquant anecdotes and startling discrepancies which afforded subject of conversation at our tea-table; while the broad and bold columns of the official journal afforded me no

efficient assistance; for, even these—although in point of fact I found the crime, the accusation, the defence, and the sentence, all duly recorded—to the more unprofessional reader formed by no means the most salient or engrossing portions of the report, wherein the compiler—like certain reviewers, who, in order to manufacture a "taking" article for their own pages, are accustomed to pass over unnoticed the more important and solid portions of a work, and to fasten upon its entertaining passages, in order to lighten at once their own labors and those of their subscribers—the compiler (as I was about to say, when I indulged in the above interminable parenthesis) had apparently occupied himself rather in weaving a species of legal romance, than in simply stating the broad facts composing the framework of the moral tragedy upon which he was engaged. To me it appeared strange, even with all the love of dramatic effect natural to our Galli-

can neighbors, that they should be enabled to deduce a social novel from every trial of any importance which came before their courts; and so greatly did this wonder increase upon me, that, after considerable hesitation, I resolved to judge for myself in how far these extraordinary reports were worthy of credence. To do this effectually, it was of course necessary to witness the passage of some great criminal through the awful ordeal of human justice—to brace my nerves, and to resolve to watch, with all the philosophy I could command, the fearful wrestling of foul guilt or outraged innocence with the stupendous power of legal talent and of legal ingenuity. No petty crime could enable me to do this; for in France, as I was well aware, trials for minor offences are conducted with a haste and brevity proportioned to their insignificance; and I accordingly awaited with considerable trepidation the announcement of one of those more fearful accusations which involve the penalty of death. Unhappily, this was not long in coming; and I was, ere the close of the session, informed that a young peasant woman, from an adjoining hamlet, was about to take her trial for the two-fold crime of murder and arson; and at the same time assured that no doubt whatever, from the evidence of the *procès-verbal*, (or preliminary examination,) existed of her guilt; while, at the same time, it was a great relief to me to ascertain that her intended victim still survived.

The approaches of the Palais de Justice were almost choked by the anxious multitude who were struggling to effect an entrance, as, led by a professional friend, I made my way by a private staircase to the seat which had been reserved for me. The aspect of the court was solemn and imposing. Immediately before me was a dais, raised two steps above the floor of the hall, in the centre of which, behind a long table covered with black serge, stood the chairs of the President (or judge) and his two assistants, over whose heads extended, from the lofty roof to the summit of their seats, a colossal painting of our Saviour upon the cross. On the left hand, an enclosed space was appropriated to the Procureur-Général de la République (or attorney-general), beyond which stretched, to the extremity of the platform, the jury-box. On the right hand, a second enclosure (or *loge*) formed the place allotted for the greffier (or registrar), while a tier of seats, corresponding with those occupied by the jury, were destined to accommodate the counsel for the defence; and, in cases of political

delinquency, the accused themselves, and their friends. These seats bear the name of Benches of the Accused; but behind them rises a third, beside which opens a small door, and which is distinguished by the frightful appellation of the Bench of Infamy. In minor trials, this elevated seat is occupied only by two gendarmes, who, after having escorted their prisoners to the entrance of the court, and delivered them into the keeping of the proper officers, afterwards introduce themselves by the small door already alluded to; but, in all cases involving life or the galleys, they seat themselves on either side the culprit, over whose every movement they keep a scrupulous watch.

To complete the picture, it is only necessary to add, that in the centre of the platform, facing the president, and consequently with its back to the audience, was placed a large arm-chair, raised one step from the floor, and appropriated to the witnesses; while four ranges of enclosed benches formed the reserved seats, and shut in the dais, being themselves separated from the main body of the court by a stout wooden partition, breast-high, behind which all ingress is free, and is accomplished through a separate door.

At the appointed hour, a bell rang, and the officers of the court entered and took their seats. The President wore a black coat, lined and edged with scarlet, and a high cap of black cloth, with a scarlet sash about his waist. The Procureur de la République was also robed in black, edged with white fur, with a blue sash, and two rows of broad silver lace upon his cap; while the counsel for the prisoner—a young and eloquent man, who had volunteered to undertake her defence—wore a gown of black silk, and differed little in his appearance from a student at one of our own universities.

After some examination of papers, and an exhibition of that by-play among the officials which appears to be the usual preliminary of all legal investigations, a second bell rang out. The twenty individuals composing the jury were called and sworn; and they had no sooner entered the box, than the President adjusted his spectacles, and fell back in his seat. The small door—that which has been the door of doom to so many trembling and justice-fearing criminals, and which is doubtlessly still fated to afford ingress to scores of others—opened as noiselessly as though it feared to drown the heart-throb of the wretched woman who stood

upon its threshold, and behind a stalwart gendarme, entered a female peasant with her head bowed upon her bosom, followed in her turn by a second armed guardian.

It is not my purpose to excite a false sympathy, by describing the prisoner as one of those fair beings whose personal beauty is adapted to disarm justice by captivating the pity of its ministers; but I may, nevertheless, be permitted to remark that her appearance was singularly prepossessing, and that it was easy to decide at the first glance, that, under other circumstances, she could not have failed to attract notice: She was young; and, although her features were now swollen from incessant weeping, and her complexion almost purple from emotion, the luxuriance of her pale brown hair, the long lashes by which her eyes were shaded, the extreme neatness of her dress, and the remarkable, although somewhat redundant, symmetry of her figure, could not be passed over without remark. As she dropped upon the bench, in obedience to the gesture of one of her guardians, her head fell heavily upon her bosom, and she covered her face with her handkerchief, which was already steeped with her tears.

There was a momentary hush throughout the crowded court, interrupted only by the rustling of papers, or the occasional heavy sob of the prisoner; and then the voice of the President broke coldly and harshly upon the silence.

"Accused, stand up."

He was obeyed, but still the burning cheeks were hidden by the friendly handkerchief.

"Remove your hand from your face—hold up your head—and answer me."

The hand was withdrawn—the head raised, but only for a moment—and then the interrogatory was resumed.

"What is your name?"

"Rosalie Marie ——"

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Your calling?"

"Wife of Baptiste ——, a farmer; I assisted him in his farm."

"An able assistant," remarked the Procureur sarcastically to the President, who replied by a quiet smile.

"Are you aware of the crime of which you are accused?"

The answer was a violent passion of tears.

"Sit down"—said the cold voice. "Greffier, read the accusation."

This formidable document, based on the

procès-verbal drawn up on the spot by the mayor of the village, amid the dying embers of the fire, set forth that Rosalie, having been hired as a general servant by the proprietors of a small farm, the joint property of an aged man and his sister, had engaged the affections of her master's son, who, finding that he could not induce her to return his passion upon easier terms, had ultimately married her, to the extreme annoyance of his family, and especially of his maiden aunt, whose pride was wounded by what she considered as a degrading union. At the period of the fire, Rosalie was the mother of a child of four years old, and was looking forward to the birth of a second; but discomfort and dissension had already supervened between the young couple. The father of Baptiste, indeed, had become reconciled to his daughter-in-law; but such was far from being the case with his sister, who lost no opportunity of exciting the anger of her nephew against his wife, whenever the latter failed to obey her behests; while, as it was proved by several witnesses, Rosalie became at length so much irritated by the ceaseless severity of which she was the object, and so indignant at the taunts uttered against her previous poverty, that she had been more than once heard to declare that she wished the farm burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common laborer; and that she would gladly fire it herself, in order to be delivered from the life of wretchedness to which she was then condemned. More than one witness, stated the accusation, would swear to this fact, which at once pointed suspicion towards the prisoner; when, several months previous to the present trial, on a calm evening, between seven and eight o'clock, long after the farm-servants had quitted the premises, a fire broke out in a barn adjacent to the dwelling-house occupied by the family, which, after consuming the out-buildings, and several stacks of unthrashed grain and beans, had been with difficulty extinguished by the energetic labor of the villagers.

Among other evidence tendered to the mayor during this examination was that of the maiden aunt, who, to her unqualified accusation of the prisoner as the sole author of the catastrophe, superadded the information that Rosalie had, only a week or two previously, attempted to murder her husband by mixing a quantity of white powder in some soup, which had been kept warm for his supper upon the ashes of the hearth, and which had produced violent vomitings, after

he had partaken of it about half an hour.

As the monotonous accents of the greffier fell upon her ear, the unhappy woman sat with her hands forcibly clasped together, and her flushed face and eager eyes turned steadily towards him; but he no sooner ceased reading, than she started convulsively from her seat, and, leaning forward eagerly towards the bench, exclaimed, "I am innocent, M. le President; I am innocent."

"Peace!" thundered out the frowning official; and then, as the wretched prisoner sank back between her guards, and once more endeavored to conceal herself, he extended his arm towards her, and, with outstretched finger, directed the attention of the court to the quailing form of the accused, amid a silence so deep, that it could almost be heard, and which he ultimately terminated by these extraordinary words:—"You see that woman, gentlemen of the jury, who has just so vehemently declared her innocence; and now, I, in my turn, tell you that I entertain no doubt of her guilt; and that I, moreover, believe her to be capable of anything."

Be it remembered that this declaration on the part of the presiding officer of the court—of the man who sat beneath the awful effigy of a crucified Saviour—and to whom had been delegated the supreme duty of administering even-handed justice alike to the accused and to society, did not even await the evidence of the witnesses whose revelations were to decide a question of life and death—but that *he volunteered this frightful assertion before any distinct proof of the guilt of the prisoner had been adduced*; nor should the fact be overlooked that the jury, which was composed of small farmers and petty tradesmen, regarded with awe and reverence the solemn and stately personage who had arrived from the capital expressly to preside over the tribunal of their remote province, and that they were consequently prepared to consider his opinion as infallible.

I watched the countenances of those who were nearest to me, and I at once perceived that the cruel words of the President had not failed in their effect; nor was it, indeed, possible that such a declaration, pronounced, moreover, with an emphasis which appeared to insure the perfect conviction of the speaker, could do otherwise than impress every one who heard it; and it was amid the sensation produced by this startling incident that the first witness was called and sworn.

This witness was the aunt; and, if my

preconceived notions of a criminal trial had already been shaken, I became still more bewildered and surprised as the proceedings progressed. Instead, as is the case in our own courts of law, of rejecting all merely hearsay evidence, the old woman was urged, alternately by the President and the Procureur, to detail all the reports consequent upon the fire; and to repeat what Jean-Marie So-and-so had said relatively to the prisoner to Dominique, or Joseph, or Jules; while the bitter volubility of the vindictive witness, whose occasional glances of hatred towards the accused sufficiently testified to the feeling by which she was actuated, ably seconded their efforts; and throughout a whole half-hour she poured forth, in the most guttural *patois*, a tide of village gossip and scandal, all of which tended to cast suspicion upon the prisoner. Two leading facts were, however, elicited from her evidence, which threw considerable doubt upon her statements. The farm at which the fire had occurred was the joint property of her brother and herself; and she had been careful to insure her own portion of the estate against the very calamity which had taken place; nor had she failed, within twenty-four hours of the event, to claim the amount due to her, after having solemnly sworn that she believed the fire to have been purely accidental. She, moreover, admitted, that she had not accused the prisoner of the crime of arson until the money had been paid over to her; while the cross-questioning of the prisoner's counsel soon enabled him to prove that, subsequently to her having done so, on being informed that should her step-niece be found guilty of arson, she would be called upon to refund the insurance money, she had endeavored to recall her accusation, and to persuade her neighbors that they had misunderstood her meaning. It was, however, too late; her extreme loquacity had rung an alarm throughout the village—the ignorant are always greedy of the marvellous—and her disclaimers were universally disregarded. All the inhabitants of the hamlet at once decided that Rosalie was the incendiary; and, with a pertinacity which almost drove the aunt to desperation, quoted her own declarations as evidence of the fact. Thus taken in her own toils, the heartless old woman, instead of acknowledging that she had no authority for the rumors which she had spread, but had been instigated to this act of cruel injustice by her hatred and her jealousy of her step-niece, vehemently declared that, since such was the case, if she were compelled to

fund the money, she would at least have the life of the prisoner as some compensation for the loss.

When accused by the counsel of having made use of this threat, her denial was faint and sullen, and finally terminated by the fiendish remark, that, if she had ever said so, she was prepared to abide by it; that she maintained the guilt of the prisoner; and that they should do better, even if they lost the money, so that they were rid of her nephew's wife along with it.

As these malignant words passed her lips, a low murmur filled the court, and the President ordered her to stand down. Half-a-dozen other witnesses were then successively called on the same side, and in every case were asked whether they were relatives, friends, or lovers of the prisoner? to which question two sturdy young peasants answered bitterly, "No, thank God!" and in both instances it was elicited by her counsel that they were discarded suitors, who had, since her marriage, caused frequent misunderstandings between herself and her husband.

Still, hour after hour, the tide of words flowed on, and no one *proof* of guilt had been brought against the prisoner. At intervals, some leading question, well calculated to cause her to criminate herself, was abruptly put by the President, and at each denial she was desired to remember that she had confessed as much during her previous examination; but, agitated as she was, she still retained sufficient self-possession to refute the assertion, declaring that she never could have accused herself of a crime of which she was innocent.

As the next name was called, and one of the ushers of the court was about to introduce a new witness, a faint scream burst from the lips of the prisoner, which was succeeded by a violent fit of weeping; and I grew sick at heart, lest she was at last to find herself in contact with an accuser whose charge she could not refute. A slight confusion at the extremity of the hall, a low murmur, and the dragging of heavy steps along the floor, at that moment diverted my attention from the wretched woman; and I saw, slowly approaching the witness chair, an infirm and aged man, supported by two of the subordinate officers of the court. As he was led forward, he looked helplessly from side to side, as if bewildered by the novelty of the scene about him; and, after having been assisted up the steps of the dais, he dropped into the chair to which he was conducted, nor did he at-

tempt to rise when told by the President to stand up while he took the customary oath.

"Stand up!" repeated the usher; but the old man continued motionless.

"He can't hear!" shouted the harsh voice of his sister from the extremity of the court; "he's been deaf this many a year; you must shout into his ear." The usher acted upon this suggestion; but the poor old man only shook his gray head, and laughed.

"Does he know why he is here?" asked the President impatiently.

"Not he!" replied the same voluntary spokes-woman; "we didn't tell him, or he wouldn't have come."

"Can he be made to understand the nature of an oath?"

"May-be yes, may-be no; he's childish like; but you can try him."

"This is trifling with the court!" exclaimed the President angrily; "and cruel to this poor old man. Who is he?"

"Her husband's father, my brother; the father-in-law that she tried to burn out," responded the woman.

"Silence!" shouted the President. "Usher, remove this man from the court, and see that he is taken care of until he can be conveyed to his home."

He was obeyed; the old man was with difficulty induced to leave his seat, and many a tear followed him as he disappeared. It was a most painful spectacle, nor was it the only one which we were destined to witness; for, before the examination was resumed, an individual approached the bench, and whispered a few words to the President, who, with an irritated gesture, impatiently replied, "Well, if it must be so; but we are losing time."

The messenger made a sign, and he had no sooner done so than a woman appeared at a side door, carrying an infant in her arms, with which she approached the prisoner, who eagerly leant forward to receive it. The child sprang, with a joyful cry of recognition, into the embrace of its wretched mother, who for a moment strained it convulsively to her bosom; but when she endeavored to give it the nourishment which it required, the infant flung itself violently back, terrified by the feverish contact, and could not be induced again to approach her. Never shall I forget the agony depicted upon the countenance of the unhappy prisoner; her tears seemed to have been suddenly dried up; and, rising from her seat, she gave back the struggling infant into the arms of its nurse, without a word. Had she been the veriest criminal on

earth, she was an object of intense pity at that moment!

The proceedings were once more resumed. Other witnesses for the prosecution followed, but the evidence was still vague and inconclusive; and at length the Procureur rose to address the court. His speech was eloquent and emphatic; but, although he cleverly availed himself of every opportunity of bringing the guilt of both charges home to the prisoner, he was rather startling than convincing in his arguments. He repeatedly called upon her to deny the truth of his conclusions, but he gave her no opportunity of doing so; he hurled at her the most bitter invectives, applied to her the most opprobrious epithets, and defied her to summon a single witness to prove her innocence, or to save her from an ignominious death: and, finally, he reproached her with her ingratitude to a family by whose generosity she had been raised from poverty to comfort; reminded her of the disgrace which she had brought, not only upon the wretched old man of eighty-six years of age, who had been made through her means a public spectacle, but also upon the helpless children to whom she had given birth, and especially upon the innocent and ill-fated infant who had first seen the light through the iron bars of a prison.

It was a frightful piece of elocution; never for an instant did he appear to remember that the wretched prisoner might yet, despite appearances, have been wrongfully accused, and have been a victim rather than a criminal. There was no leaning to the side of mercy, no relenting, no gleam of light thrown upon the darkness of the picture; and it was evident that the miserable woman felt she was lost long before his terrible words ceased to vibrate in her ears. For a time she had sat motionless, gazing upon him with a wild stare of affrighted wonder; but as he rapidly heaped circumstance upon circumstance, recapitulated the gossip of the villagers, and deduced from the most apparently unimportant facts the most condemnatory conclusions, she gradually sank lower and lower upon her seat, until she appeared no longer able to sustain herself; and, when a deep and thrilling silence succeeded to the speech of the public accuser, her choking sobs were distinctly audible.

The Procureur was right: the witnesses for the defence were unable to prove her innocence of the crime imputed to her; but they one and all bore evidence to the irreproachability of her character; to her piety, her industry, her neighborly helpfulness, and her

charity, both of word and deed. They showed, moreover, that she had borne with patience and submission the tyranny of her husband's aunt, the violence of that husband himself, and that she had been to her father-in-law a devoted and affectionate daughter.

"But," said the Procureur to one of her panegyrists, "if the accused were indeed the admirable person whom you describe, how do you account for her having made so many enemies, and for the general belief in her guilt prevalent throughout the village?"

"Ha, monsieur!" replied the brave young peasant, as he turned a hasty and sympathizing glance towards the prisoner; "hate grows faster than love, and lasts longer. Before the neighbors dreamt of Rosalie's good luck—or rather bad luck, as it has since turned out, poor woman!—there was many a lad in the village that hoped to make her his wife; but she listened to none of them, and they can't forgive her for having married above them."

"And you, not having been of the number, can afford to say a good word for her. Is that what we are to understand?" asked the Procureur, sarcastically.

"No, monsieur;" was the sturdy reply; "but I loved her too well to bear malice."

A gleam of light at last! But alas! too faint to penetrate the gloom of her prison cell.

"Stand down," said the President; and the heroic young man obeyed. And this was heroism; for he had boldly avowed his affection for one who had appeared to be abandoned by every other human being—her adopted father had abandoned her in the unconsciousness of second childhood—her infant, in the terror of helplessness—her friends, from the dread of shame—she stood alone, until that humble but upright man braved the world's withering scorn, and dared the contemptuous laughter of his fellows to silence one throb of her bursting heart.

The last witness had been heard, and the counsel rose for the defence. He no doubt felt that he had undertaken not only a difficult, but an onerous task, for at the commencement of his speech he was visibly agitated: he perpetually repeated himself; and, instead of plunging boldly into the heart of his subject, and at once grappling with the charges brought against his client, he dwelt upon her youth, on the agony of mind and body which she had undergone for so many months, and on the misery which she must have endured when she gave birth to her last infant in disgrace and tears. Suddenly, how-

ever, he rallied ; and declared, with an energy as startling as it was unexpected, that although the sufferings which he had enumerated were of themselves almost a sufficient punishment for the crimes of which she was accused, he had no intention of asking an acquittal upon such grounds.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, vehemently, "we seek no such subterfuge—we desire no impunity which does not restore our honor. We have already endured enough, more than enough ; we care not to remain a mark for the finger of scorn and of suspicion ; we must leave this court not only free, but justified. I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that we have a right to demand this ; and I have no fear but that you will feel as I do. What has been proved against the accused ? I will tell you in a few words. It has been proved that she was pretty and good—so pretty and so good, that half the young peasants of the village sought to win her affections ; that she was industrious, obliging, and modest ; and *that* so pre-eminently, that, although poor and humble, the daughter of a daily laborer, and a menial in the family of a richer neighbor, she was chosen by the son of her master for a wife. I will even recall to your minds the fact that he would have won her more lightly, and that it was only when he became convinced of the uselessness of his illicit addresses, that he came forward loyally and generously to offer her his hand—for this circumstance tends to prove her worth—aye, and that hand was given despite the reproaches and opposition of his relatives, who in their ignorance of the just value of qualities like hers, believed their kinsman, the heir of a few acres of land and a few thousands of hoarded francs, to be degrading himself by such an alliance. You have heard that the marriage was an unhappy one, and it has been inferred that my client was the cause of this unhappiness ; but I will merely ask you to reflect upon what you have seen and heard this day, ere you credit the assertion. The prisoner is accused of having attempted the life of her husband by poison. Where was the husband—the intended victim—when his would-be murderess was arraigned for the offence ? Where was he ? I will tell you, gentlemen : so securely hidden away, that even the emissaries of his vindictive aunt could not trace him out, and drag him hither to appear against a traduced and injured wife. What was the poison ? You must allow me to fall back upon the evidence, and to add to it a most material fact. The accusation sets forth

that Rosalie, assisted by her aunt, prepared a pan of cabbage-soup for the dinner and supper of the family, and that of this soup they all partook at noon ; it was then set aside till evening, when it was once more placed upon the fire ; and at five o'clock, Baptiste being still absent at the wine-shop, the prisoner and her female relative again ate of the soup ; and the embers of the fire being still warm, the pan was carefully surrounded by hot ashes, to await his return. More than once the lid of the pan was raised to stir the contents, lest they should adhere to the bottom of the vessel ; and this precaution was taken by the aunt herself, who never moved from the chimney-corner from the termination of her own supper to the return of her nephew, who, according to his usual habit, was far from sober, and who, after partaking of the soup, was attacked by violent sickness. On the following morning, the aunt—you have seen and heard her, gentlemen, and can consequently appreciate her character—showed the dregs of the soup, upon which there floated a species of white flaky film, with infinite mystery, to half-a-dozen chosen friends ; after which, she herself flung out the residue of the soup beside the door of the house, where pigs and poultry could alike devour it, and where it doubtless *was* devoured, without any detriment to either from the ashes, which, in the action of stirring the contents, she had herself, beyond all doubt, introduced into the mixture. Why, if she indeed suspected poison, did she cleanse the vessel with her own hands ? Why did she, whose god was mammon, incur the risk of poisoning the animals who might partake of it ? Great stress was laid upon the fact of the vomiting by which her nephew was attacked after having eaten of this soup ; but we have shown that he was a man of intemperate habits, who was subject to this malady ; and our wonder should rather be excited by the fact, that he could, while full of wine, have swallowed a mess of this description, than that it should have produced, under the circumstances, the effect ascribed to it.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before God and society, is Rosalie — guilty of having attempted, in that soup, to poison her husband ? We calmly await your decision. We now come to the second charge. On a certain evening the farm of Baptiste's father and aunt is fired ; the two women are seated in the common room, or house, as the witnesses have universally described it, meaning thereby the single apartment not used as a sleeping chamber ; this room looks upon the farm-

yard: the prisoner is near the window, occupied in repairing her husband's linen; the aunt, according to her habit, is dozing near the fire. Rosalie leaves the room for a few minutes, and shortly after her return remarks that she hears an extraordinary noise upon the premises; upon which she is told that she is a fool, and always full of absurd fancies; but, notwithstanding this rebuff, she again exclaims that she is sure something must be wrong, and that she smells an odor of burnt straw. The words are scarcely uttered, when a body of flame bursts from an adjacent barn; upon which the accused, uttering a loud scream, rushes to the bedside of her sleeping child, hurriedly wraps it in a blanket, and leaves the house at all speed.

"Was this extraordinary? Was this unnatural? Was this a proof of guilt? M. le Procureur has decided in the affirmative; but I boldly demur to his conclusion. The first impulse of the mother was to save her infant; and in this instance it must have been doubly powerful, since, disappointed in all her other affections, the child of her bosom was all in all to her. You have been told that she lent no assistance in extinguishing the fire; and, personally, I admit that she did not do so. It has been asserted upon oath, that no one knew where she was hidden until the flames were extinguished; and yet it has been proved that, on leaving her home, she made her way, with her precious burden, to the cottage of her aged and widowed father, who hurried, at her entreaty, to the farm, while she remained alone in his hovel to watch over her infant. We would have produced that father to swear to the fact, gentlemen of the jury, but he has been summoned to a higher tribunal than ours; he was poor, but he was not too poor to feel—humble, but not too humble to be beyond the reach of shame;—and the birth of his last grandchild in a prison—I cannot, I dare not dwell upon this subject, gentlemen of the jury—I am warned by the suffocating sobs behind me that my zeal is degenerating into cruelty; suffice it, then, that the unhappy old man is dead, and that thus one important witness has been lost to us.

"M. le Procureur expatiated largely also upon the expressions of bitter hopelessness, which were from time to time forced from the wrung heart of my unhappy client. She 'wished that the farm were burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common laborer;' and even declared, while smarting under the tyranny of her near relatives, that 'she would gladly fire it

herself, to be relieved from the life of wretchedness to which she was condemned.' I am not about to justify these expressions; I am ready to admit that they were alike unguarded and unseemly; but, gentlemen of the jury, remember the provocation! Is there one of us who has never rashly uttered a word that he would gladly recall? Do we, men of education, of station, and eager for the applause of the world, do we always measure our sentences, and weigh our phrases in a moment of passion? Do not let us lie to our own souls.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. What the prosecution could not prove we cannot disprove; but we can appeal to our God—we can appeal to the judgment of all honest men—and we can appeal to your decision. This we do boldly; this we do fearlessly; we are in your hands, and we are safe. You will restore a wife to her husband—a mother to her children—an outcast to her home. You will do this, for you have sworn to defend the right; and that right can only be maintained by our acquittal."

A low murmur of applause, which was, however, instantly checked, was heard throughout the court; and silence was no sooner restored, than the Procureur once more rose. He dissected with great forensic eloquence the address of the counsel, and aluded with keen and even indelicate sarcasm to the youth and good-looks of the prisoner, which had, as he asserted, stood her in stead of her innocence. He commented upon the want of experience of her advocate, who had, as he declared, sacrificed his judgment to his enthusiasm; and where he should have convinced, had only dazzled his hearers. He even appealed to the prisoner herself whether, had an acquittal been possible, she could have desired it, when, as she must be well aware, it could but entail upon her an existence of obloquy and suspicion; and, finally, he called upon the jury to deliver society from a woman, whose after career, should she leave that court absolved, might be readily prophesied from its antecedents.

I confess that as I eagerly watched the countenances of the jury, I entertained little hope for the wretched woman, who sat with clasped hands and bent head utterly motionless, as though she also were counting the brief moments of her forfeited existence; until, as the jury were preparing to retire, one of her guards laid his hand upon her shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear, upon which she passively rose, and disappeared with the two gendarmes through

the narrow door by which she had entered. Thence, as I was informed, she was conducted to a cell, where alone and in darkness, all prisoners await the verdict about to be pronounced upon them; a fearful ordeal to those upon whose guilt or innocence the arbiters of their fate were tardy in deciding.

And while she was thus abandoned to all the agonies of suspense, the court itself became a scene of bustle and excitement. The President, the Procureur, and half a dozen of their friends, had retired to the apartments of the former to partake of refreshments; and they had no sooner withdrawn, than a group of some twenty or thirty privileged individuals gathered together on the platform, some of whom were busied in devouring *bon-bons*, and exchanging jokes which elicited hearty, although suppressed laughter; while others drew the daily papers from their pockets, and were soon absorbed in politics, totally forgetful of the wretched woman whose fate was even then under discussion in the jury-room.

To myself this appeared the most painful feature of the trial; the careless mirth and heartless indifference to the agonies of a fellow-creature, so recklessly exhibited at such a moment, revolted me; but, happily, the suffering was brief. Ten minutes only had elapsed when the bell once more sounded, every one resumed his seat, and the officials returned to their places, closely followed by the jury. When order had been restored, the President, in a tone of more solemnity than he had hitherto used, asked the supreme question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The jury rose, and the foreman steadily replied,

"NOT GUILTY, M. le Président."

The effect of the verdict was electrical. It appeared as though, like myself, nine-tenths of the auditory had believed that there existed no hope for the accused; and while a joyous whisper arose on all sides, I remarked that the Procureur, who had so earnestly striven to secure the condemnation of the prisoner, turned a congratulatory smile upon her advocate, whose anxiety had rendered him as pale as marble; but this circumstance was soon forgotten in what followed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the President, "it is my duty to compliment you upon your verdict; you have ably and honorably fulfilled the trust reposed in you. There can be no doubt, in any honest mind,

that you have come to a true and just decision. At the commencement of my legal career, when I was yet a mere youth, the interests of my employer compelled me to reside, during several weeks, in the hamlet of which the accused was a native. I have never forgotten—I never *shall* forget—what I witnessed in that obscure village. It is enough for me to assure you that throughout the whole of my after-experience, I was never forced into contact with so utterly worthless a set of individuals: jealousy, slander, and falsehood were the aliments upon which they appeared to exist; and it was more than sufficient that the accused, whose reputation you have restored by a most righteous verdict, was pure and modest; and that by the united charms of her person and her character, she had raised herself from a low station to one of comparative affluence, for every mouth to be opened against her. Gentlemen of the jury, once more I say, that I congratulate you; and that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crimes imputed to her as either you or I."

I could scarcely trust my senses as I listened, and remembered that this very man, only a few hours previously, had branded the prisoner as a wretch so sunk in vice as to be "capable of anything;" but I could detect no similar surprise on any countenance about me. It did not appear to strike his listeners that he had, at the commencement of the trial, cruelly exceeded his privilege, and even foresworn his own conscience. There was no murmur of indignation, no evidence of disgust; but, on the contrary, an approving smile beamed on him from every side, as if in recompense of his tardy frankness.

I was still lost in wonder, when his voice again sounded through the hall—

"Bring in the prisoner."

In another moment she once more occupied her frightful station; and then the greffier announced to her, in the same monotonous tone as that in which he had read her accusation, the verdict by which she stood acquitted.

In an instant the purple flush faded from her cheeks, and she became as white as a corpse. She swept her hands across her forehead, gave one long stare about her, and then, with a shriek which rang through the court rather like the cry of a wild animal than the utterance of human lips, she made a spring towards the door, nearly upsetting the gendarmes by whom it was guarded, and disappeared.

All was over. The officials collected their

papers; the council threw off their gowns; the crowd dispersed: and I regained my home, fervently thanking God that it was not

thus that justice was administered in my own happy country.

From Hogg's Instructor.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IN glancing mentally over the unwritten literary annals of the last eighty years, what a vast and wonderful variety of phenomena present themselves to our gaze! What a history were that which would portray for us the manifold and multiform schools of poetry and criticism, which have been successively evoked or influenced by the changeful circumstances of that time; and how would he stir our bosoms, who could once more, by the nameless magic of genius, awaken within us the varied and conflicting emotions, the hopes, the fears, the forebodings, which agitated their various actors and votaries, during that strange and eventful period! If, even when we stand upon the platform of manhood, and turn our eyes upon the bright paths and gay companions of boyhood and youth, an undistinguishable throng of sad and sweet recollections crowd upon our minds; if the dreams and remembrances of every old age furnish a more pleasing, though a mournful, mental occupation than the present environment of the hoary head; what an inexhaustible fund of the strangest recollections; what an endless maze and phantasmagory of vicissitudes, of hazards, of reputations, of schools, of governments, must shape itself out in hues of gladness and of sorrow, before the poet or literary man who has seen the snows of the last eighty winters! Of James Montgomery this can be said. Born when the first faint mutterings which foreboded the mighty thunderbursts that closed the last century were just beginning to be heard, he was an ardent rhyming youngster when Mirabeau was flashing his lightnings over the assembled French legislators in the Salle de Menus, and when the Bastille was tottering before the rabid thousands of Paris. He was the proprietor and editor of a journal when the little Corsican was wreathing his brows with the diadem of Charlemagne,

and Toussaint l'Ouverture was minutely mimicking the ceremony in Hayti. He aided with most strenuous endeavor the cause of slave emancipation, and celebrated the consummation in song. He saw Beau Brummelism arise from the realm of the Anarch old, and return to its native Chaos! He saw the world all join in rapturous applause of the genius of Scott; he witnessed the avatar of the satanic and sentimental schools; he heard the jubilant critics (deeming their power immortal) laugh and bark at Wordsworth and Coleridge; he saw Europe sink into troubled slumber after the last thunder-peals of Waterloo. He has lived to a time of railways and telegraphs, of steam-looms and cotton kings, of Californias and Bathursts. He saw Byron consigned to a mournful and too early grave, and he waited till Wordsworth sunk into his rest like a shock of corn fully ripe. And now he alone, or almost alone, survives—loved by many, honored and respected by all—looking with an eye still lively upon the faces of a new and strange generation, and not even the iron tongue of criticism—the most heartless of entities—daring to speak a word against him!

It is our intention in the following paragraphs to glance at a few of the more remarkable events and circumstances in Mr. Montgomery's career, and to suggest a few hints as to his place in our poetic literature, rather than to present our readers with a complete biography or critique.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, in the county of Ayr, on the fourth day of November, 1771; just at the time when Robert Burns—a boy in his thirteenth year—might be roving on the banks of the Doon, a little to the southward, in the same county. His father was, we understand, a Moravian minister. Scotland has thus the honor of

being the birthplace of Mr. Montgomery, but can lay claim to little more. When he was still a very young child—three and a half years old—his parents removed to Ireland; whence, in 1777, he was sent to the seminary of Fulneck, in Leeds. Here he remained till 1787, and then took his departure to Mirfield, near Wakefield. By this time the features of the man were beginning to show themselves very distinctly in the boy; he found the duties of “a small retail concern,” in which for nearly two years he had employment, by no means so congenial as the penning of verses; and finally, bursting the small bonds which confined him, he struck out, in the fearlessness of boyish ignorance, into the great sea of literary adventure. In 1790, we find him located with a bookseller in Paternoster Row, London, having at length found something like a kindly resting-place for the sole of his foot. In London, however, he did not rest, and in 1792 he took up his abode in Sheffield, which has continued to be his residence until the present time. He supported himself by literary exertion, contributing to the “Sheffield Register.” In 1794, he entered upon more regular and important duties. In July of that year, the “Iris” was published under the joint management of Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Gales. The latter shortly withdrew, and left his youthful coadjutor to the whole toil and risk of the undertaking. This brings us to an important and interesting part of Mr. Montgomery’s career.

It was the period of the French Revolution; intense excitement pervaded all parties; prosecutions for sedition, or the appearance of sedition, were the order of the day. The government was thrown into tremulous perturbation by the slightest appearance of commotion, and was ever and unscrupulously prepared to visit with severe penalties the slightest appearance of disaffection. In the present day—when our legislators look with such a calm, unmoved eye upon the occasional clamor of demagogues, and properly leave the various kinds of stump oratory and quackery to spend their strength in unresisted exertions—we experience a difficulty in imagining the watchful solicitude with which those who held the reins of power in the beginning of the French war looked upon men who were liberal in their opinions, or who could think without abhorrence of French Politics. Wordsworth was deemed by some a dark and dangerous man, whose democracy was the more to be dreaded that

it lay under the mask of taciturnity. The mild Coleridge, and another of the Lake brethren, were actually such objects of fear and suspicion to government, that a spy was put upon them to watch their proceedings. In a more serious and alarming shape, the storm burst on James Montgomery. He shared with almost all ardent and enthusiastic young men of the time, a predilection for liberal sentiments. To use his own phrase, every pulse of his heart was beating in favor of the popular doctrines. His position, too, was singularly adapted to arm against him the rigors of state malice. Mr. Gales, of the “Sheffield Register,” with whom he was at first associated in the management of the “Iris,” was very obnoxious to government, and the accumulated hatred which had been entertained for the senior partner was transferred, apparently with handsome interest, to the junior. We can conceive, moreover, that men in power—having obtained a sufficient knowledge of Mr. Montgomery’s abilities to rank them among the decidedly dangerous—snatched greedily the first opportunity of inflicting a stroke which might daunt or discourage the youthful editor. He was in fact pitched upon as the scape-goat to bear much. This is placed beyond doubt by the following extract from the original draught of the brief delivered to the counsel for the prosecution: “*This prosecution is carried on chiefly with a view of putting a stop to the meetings of the associated clubs in Sheffield; and it is hoped that, if we are fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the prisoner, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested, and particularly since the late acquittals.*” When the wolf has his eye on the lamb, the most inextinguishable syllogisms on the part of the fated victim are found ineffective. “If it was not you, it was your father, and that is all one,” was, if we mistake not, the final and unanswerable rejoinder which preluded the application of the wolf’s fangs to the limbs of the unresisting pleader; “if you are innocent, your partner is guilty, and it is all one,” was, in effect, the language of the government in prosecuting Mr. Montgomery. The proximate circumstances of his arrest and conviction are worth relating; they give us a slight but clear glance into the time.

Mr. Gales, during the time of his connection with that printing office which ultimately became Mr. Montgomery’s, had an appren-

tice concerning whom we know two facts: the first is, that his name was Jack; the second, that he, on one occasion, being, we presume, of patriotic temper, set up types in the office, for the printing of a certain song—the composition of Mr. Scott, of Dromore—in jubilant commemoration of the destruction of the Bastille. It had been composed in 1792, and alluded, in denunciatory patriotic tone, to the invasion of France by the Austrians and Prussians under Brunswick. The types set up by Jack were not taken down by that personage, but remained standing in the office until Mr. Montgomery became sole editor; the precise date of Jack's operations we cannot fix. About a month after the commencement of Mr. Montgomery's connection with the "Iris," a ballad-seller happened to pass the office-door; a printer in the establishment, hearing the proclamation of the wares, was attracted by its being in the voice of an old acquaintance; he called him in, and, by way of civility, pointed out to him Jack's songs, with the suggestion that they might enable him to turn a penny. The suggestion was adopted, and the ballad-seller came to an arrangement with Mr. Montgomery, to whom the printer referred him, for a certain number of copies. The copies were duly received and paid for. "Two months afterwards," we quote Mr. Montgomery's words, "one of the town constables waited upon me, and very civilly requested that I would call upon him at his residence in the adjacent street. Accordingly I went thither, and asked him for what purpose he wanted to see me. He then produced a magistrate's warrant, charging me with having, on the 16th day of August preceding, printed and published a certain seditious libel respecting the war then raging between his Majesty and the French government, entitled 'A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast.' I was quite puzzled to comprehend to what production from my press the charge alluded, not the remotest idea of the ballad-seller occurring to me at the moment. Accordingly I expressed my ignorance, and begged to see the paper that contained the libel. He then showed me a copy of the song which I had allowed to be printed, as aforementioned, at the request of a hawker whom I had never seen before nor since. I said immediately, 'I recollect that very well; but this song cannot be a libel on the present war, because it was published, to my knowledge, long before hostilities between England and France began in 1793, having been composed for an anniversary celebration of the destruction of

the Bastille, and referring solely to the invasion of France by the Austrian and Prussian armies under the Duke of Brunswick, in July, 1792.' That, however, was a question not to be settled between the constable and me. The former, on further inquiry, told me that on the 16th of August, as he was going down the High Street, he observed the aforesaid ballad-monger, and heard him crying, 'Straws to sell!' As it was his business to look after vagrants, he went up to the man and bought a straw of him, for which he paid a halfpenny; but, complaining that it was a dear bargain, the other gave him one of these songs to boot. On looking at the contents, he thought there was something not right about them or the manner of their disposal. Hereupon he told the chapman that he would be a wholesale customer, and take both himself and his stock into safe keeping. The prisoner, terrified at the thought of going to jail, immediately informed him how, where, and from whom he had got the papers. He then took him before a magistrate, who, on hearing the case, committed the culprit to Wakefield House of Correction as a vagrant, where he had been detained till the West Riding Sessions, on the 16th of October, the day on which it had been deemed expedient to arrest me as the principal in the affair. All this was news to me, and quite as unwelcome as it was amusing and instructive. The trick of selling a straw, and giving something not worth one with it, was a lesson which, having never learned before, certainly reduced to the amount of its value the vast stock of ignorance of the world with which I had set out in it; which, however, was otherwise so rapidly diminishing by my daily experience, that I had a fair prospect of becoming, within a reasonable time, as wise in my generation as the people with whom I had to deal then and in the sequel."

This august and momentous matter—which, among other imposing results, furnished some respectable solicitor with a bill of costs indorsed "Rex. v. Montgomery, J. B.'s bill, £66 : 8 : 2d."—afforded occasion for the display of much forensic and oratorical ability, learned gentlemen perorating for more than five hours. All this eloquence has happily passed into its final repose, but its result was, that Mr. Montgomery was sentenced to "three months' imprisonment in the Castle of York, and a fine of twenty pounds." This was not the last time Mr. Montgomery experienced the effects of that hatred with which he was regarded by the

public authorities. Within a short period after his first incarceration, he was again brought to trial, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the king, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. This time, if not equity, there was at least law on the side of the prosecution, and Mr. Montgomery expresses himself as on the whole satisfied.

For no less a period than nine months, then, within a year and a half, was James Montgomery the inmate of a prison. It did not break his heart; and in two epistles to a friend, published under the inviting title of "The Pleasures of Imprisonment," he gives a graphic, interesting, and hearty account of his daily proceedings. An extract or two from this clever *jeu d'esprit* cannot fail to interest readers; it is a good instance of a brave heart looking a sour fortune resolutely in the face, and flinging at her, from merry eye, quips and cranks, and wanton wiles, until the answering smile is forced to kindle on her cheek:—

"You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me how I spend the day.
I'll tell you in unstudied rhyme
How wisely I befool my time:
Expect not wit nor fancy, then,
In this effusion of my pen;
These idle lines—they might be worse—
Are simple prose in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamant doors unlock;
Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder;
The gates of iron burst asunder;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains in concert mingle;
So sweet the din, your dainty ear
For joy would break its drum to hear;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound:
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again.
Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I'm fast asleep.

But everything is good in season;
I dream at large—and wake in prison.
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late;
I rise as early even as eight:
Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
For any man, in four-and-twenty.
You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun!

When dress'd, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure fresh air;

But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now, air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing.
Yet bards are not chameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light:
Who ever dined or supped on fame,
And went to bed upon a name?

* * * *
At half-past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging postboy come
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seems absurd,
The paper messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends.
But, if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try."

The following is in a different strain, but no less replete with cleverness and hilarity; the thought is worked out with great ingenuity, and there is an airy picturesqueness in the sketching, which characterizes Mr. Montgomery's best manner:—

"Sometimes to fairy-land I rove:
Those iron rails become a grove;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains;
Yon felons grim with fetters bound
Are satyrs wild with garlands crown'd;
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers;
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs:
While wretched female prisoners, lo!
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit;
That dunghill swells into a mountain;
The pump becomes a purring fountain:
The noisome smoke of yonder mills
The circling air with fragrance fills;
This horsepond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make:
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves;
Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles;
The rattling rain, that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills;—
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene."

"Rex. v. Montgomery" appears not to

have had a very effective victory; the young heart shows no symptom of breakage. Prisons, in fact, seem to have no terrors fit to tame the energy or restrain the flights of genius. Sunnier painting of the smiling motherly face of nature, or more melodiously-flowing harmony than delight us in Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini," it were a fastidious critic who would desire; and a sprightlier or heartier running fire of smart wit than pervades the far-famed "Tour of Dr. Syntax," it were difficult to find; yet both of them were written in prison. The eloquent perorators who congratulated themselves on the success of their piquant and persuasive pleadings, must have looked a little abashed when their victim, audaciously unrepentant, published the small series of poems entitled "Prison Amusements."

In the summer of 1796, Mr. Montgomery was finally released from prison, and recommenced his editorial functions.

In the whole history of Mr. Montgomery hitherto, we cannot fail being much struck with the elastic irrepressible strength of his nature. Scorning the confinement of a "small retail concern," he burst its bonds in early boyhood, impelled by the half-conscious power which lay within him, and lured by the shadowy air castles of fame to which young Hope so confidently pointed in the distance. The palaces, which looked so fair and so easy of access, of course dissolved on approach, and left the young struggler on the arid sand. But he flinched not; he fought on; and, in a period which may be considered remarkably short, he cleared his way to an honorable standing-point. Then they threw him into prison; surely that would daunt the young enthusiast. It did not daunt him. He had his dog "Billy," the kindest of four-footed friends; and there was "Ralph"—

"A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions.
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is;
They fight like Hector and Achilles."

Besides all which, his fancy could at any moment convert the felons into satyrs, and the felonesses into Dian's nymphs of virgin snow. So that, on the whole, it was found a matter of extreme difficulty to break his spirit; and finally, it was deemed wisest to abandon the attempt. At first there was "ferocious exultation" over his "fall;" but, when it was found that the ferocious exulta-

tion had to feed itself on "Prison Amusements" and the like, it subsided into a low moan or growl, and finally deceased. "They were mistaken," says Mr. Montgomery, with pardonable pride, "and so soon, as well as so thoroughly, were they convinced of their mistake, that from that day I do not remember I ever again experienced any annoyance from one of them. Twice, indeed, in later years, I was menaced with legal visitation from persons who did not avow themselves openly, but who, when they might have fought, exercised 'the best part of valor,' and in their 'discretion' let me alone." Whether let alone or not, Mr. Montgomery put his arm to the wheel with determined energy; and, gradually quelling all appearance of opposition, he went on with an ever-widening circle of friendship and of fame, until he became an object of pride and respect to his townsmen. In 1825, he withdrew from the discharge of editorial functions in connection with the "Iris," and on that occasion he issued a farewell address to his readers, from which we quote the following general glance at his mode of conducting the journal; it is the honest, plain-spoken declaration of an upright man, free alike from the blustering pretension of conceit, and the affected modesty of sentimental self-depreciation: "From the first moment when I became the director of a public journal, I took my own ground; I have stood upon it through many years of changes, and I rest by it this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the far greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave when I shall no longer have a part in anything done under the sun. And this was my ground: a plain determination—come wind or sun, come fire or water—to do what was right. I lay stress upon the purpose, not on the performance; for that was the pole-star to which my compass was pointed, though with considerable variation of the needle; for, through characteristic weakness, perversity of understanding, or self-sufficiency, I have often erred, failed, and been overcome by temptation on the wearisome pilgrimage through which I have toiled—now struggling 'through the Slough of Despondency,' then fighting with evil spirits in the 'Valley of Humiliation;' more than once escaping martyrdom from 'Vanity Fair;' and once at least (I will not say when) a prisoner in 'Doubting Castle,' under the discipline of 'Giant Despair.' Now, though I am not writing this address in one of the shepherd's tents on the 'Delectable Mountains,' yet, like Bunyan's

Chistian, I can look back on the past, with all its anxieties, trials, and conflicts, thankful that it is past. Of the future I have little foresight, and I desire none with respect to this life, being content that 'shadows, cloude, and darkness dwell upon it,' if I yet may hope that 'at evening time there will be light.'"

Of Mr. Montgomery's career since his withdrawal from public life, it is not requisite for us to speak; and it remains only to state, in connection with this part of our subject, that he is in the enjoyment of a pension of £200 per annum from her majesty's government—a very happy change, creditable to both parties, since those old days of "Doubting Castle" and "Prison Amusements." We shall now briefly survey Mr. Montgomery's character as a poet, availing ourselves, at the same time, of the light which may be reflected from his poetic efforts and the circumstances of their compositions upon his general character.

James Montgomery was an early rhymster. An intense desire of fame possessed him in his boyhood, and prompted his running away from Fulneck. With assiduous and unresting endeavor, he pursued the phantom, and found himself led farther and farther into the morass. Fame would not come, and Mr. Montgomery sunk from the enthusiastic ardors of youth into moody dispiritment, and an almost total distrust of poetry. He still had enough of vital fire left to enable him to discharge all his office duties; but the flights of the imagination, and the soft dalliance of the muse, had given place to despondency, and something very like chagrin. There had been, in fact, a radical defect, a deep-lying taint, in the whole mental condition and equipment with which he commenced. We cannot recognize any deep enthusiasm for beauty on its own account, such as so mightily thrilled the breast of Shelley or Keats; nor was there that which moral earnestness imparts, a superiority to temporary or even lasting disappointment. There was this radical displacement: the motive power came from without, assuming the shape of a certain desirable entity, called fame; we cannot discern that inward enthusiasm which renders the opinion of his fellows well-nigh indifferent to the rapt and irrepressible bard; we cannot see that indwelling power, at once the pledge of success and the warrant for effort, which impels its possessor to utter his thoughts in song. This deep-lying morbidity in our youthful bard took the outward shape of a feverish

restlessness, a sort of mania, which nothing but fame could allay or satisfy. Mr. Montgomery, in telling us of his utmost aberration, thus confirms and illustrates our remarks:—"The renown which I found to be unattainable at that time, by legitimate poetry, I resolved to secure by such means as made many of my contemporaries notorious. I wrote verse in the doggerel strain of Peter Pindar, and prose sometimes in imitation of Fielding and Smollett, and occasionally in the strange style of the German plays and romances then in vogue. Effort after effort failed. A Providence of disappointment shut every door in my face by which I attempted to force my way to a dishonorable fame. Disheartened, at length, with ill success, I gave myself up to indolence and apathy, and lost seven years of that part of my youth which ought to have been the most active and profitable, in alternate listlessness and despondency, using no further exertions in my office affairs than was necessary to keep up my credit under heavy pecuniary obligations, and gradually, though slowly, to liquidate them." We venture to say that those seven years were by no means lost. Disappointment, trial, and the experience of failure, are a valuable discipline for any man. In this period of comparative rest, Mr. Montgomery's powers had time to strengthen, amplify, and settle; his resolves became firmer, his energy more enduring, and his whole manhood more fully developed. The first wild herbage fell swiftly enough into decay—into total forgetfulness and dissolution; and lo! in the fresh beauty of a second spring, there arose upon its decayed masses a healthy and umbrageous foliage. About the year 1803, Mr. Montgomery once more attempted to draw a strain of true and noble beauty from his almost forsaken lyre. He swept the strings with a strength which he had never before shown, and his courage revived as he listened to the music. Besides, there was no lack of "applauses," and these, from all we have been able to gather, have always exercised perhaps too powerful an influence on Mr. Montgomery. The result was, that he fixed his eye on the laurel crown with a more resolute and a nobler ambition than heretofore; and on his banner, under which to conquer or to die, he inscribed the motto—"Give me an honest fame, or give me none."

To investigate the question, how far is fame, even honest fame, a lawful motive to poetic exertion, would lead us far. We mean not to investigate it. Suffice it to say,

that one grand result of that strange sympathetic affinity which, underlying, as it were, our personality, links us so mysteriously and so closely with those around us, is the in-born desire, stronger in some than in others, but existing in all, to win the praise and the esteem of our fellow-men. This is that strength of weak and ignoble minds, and that infirmity of strong and noble minds, called the love of fame. Assuredly, there is a nobler motive than fame of any sort; and the mighty ones of the earth have been mighty, just as they have been able to rise above the opinion of their contemporaries, and appeal to their God above, and to their own hearts within. But, it may be questioned, whether the very noblest, surveying mankind as stretching forward into the dim vistas of futurity, have not been fired by an earnest aspiration after that fame, which would render their names household words to the latest generations. Milton, we well know, was fully conscious of the mighty stimulus which he derived from the idea that mankind might not easily let what he sung perish. The aspiration after an honest fame, when used and not abused, must, we think, be pronounced a sound human emotion; in the noblest type of humanity, it must be subordinated, and, as we have said, independence to it, and the power of rising above it, mark the loftiest human development.

Mr. Montgomery's manhood had now, as far as we can gather, attained its ultimate development: fame he still ardently desired, and we say not that it was not still too constantly present to his mind as a motive power, but an honest fame it must be; and, girding up his loins, he commenced a new poetic career. "The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems," were published early in 1806. We understand Mr. Montgomery to inform us in his preface, that the "Wanderer of Switzerland" was commenced in 1803; that is, about the time when he attained to the firmer standing-point upon which we saw him. We shall not pronounce the poem free from defects; we shall not claim for it either profound passion or lofty ideal beauty; but it is rich in promise, it is full of vigor and fire, and occasionally rises into a really lofty strain. If not singularly original, it is not fantastical; and in those days, when commonplace haunts our bards as a phantom of horror, how many instances have we had of that false and pallid semblance of originality—fantasticity! The following lines, in which the Swiss wanderer describes his birthplace, and the first irrup-

tion of French tyranny upon his native land, were never written by an every-day bard:—

"Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe,
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of "hope deferr'd,"
My tormented bosom tear;—
On the tomb of hope interr'd,
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd,
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world,

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail,
O'er a sea of mountains borne:

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm:—
Oh! it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast;

Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke:
To the lake of poor Lucerne,
All submitted to the yoke."

Mr. Montgomery's small volume met with speedy and extensive popularity; edition upon edition was called for; whereupon, a very mighty little critic thought it his duty to mankind and to posterity, and perchance also to his tailor, to pounce upon the said volume from his dim turret. He did pounce; and smarter critical small-talk than the following needs not to be:—"We took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery, on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati, and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment

A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though we are perfectly persuaded that, in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or of any of the other poems in this collection, still we think ourselves called upon to interfere, to prevent, in as far as in us lies, the mischief that may arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic. It is hard to say what numbers of ingenuous youth may be led to expose themselves in public, by the success of this performance," &c. This invaluable guardian of ingenuous youth published his lucubrations in the "Edinburgh Review," of January, 1807. We trust that he lived, and had lost none of his estimable anxiety concerning the welfare of humanity, when, after the appearance of a thirteenth edition of the poems which so alarmed him, Mr. Montgomery remarked, "When a giant of twenty-horse power undertakes 'to break a butterfly upon a wheel,' it is ten to one but he misses his aim, and stuns his own arm by the violence of the first stroke; while the silly insect flits away, to the delight of 'it is hard to say what numbers of ingenuous youth,' who have been 'led to expose themselves in public,' on so august an occasion irreverently shouting—*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.* Publius Syrus."

We find we must hasten to a conclusion, and abstain from commenting at any length upon Mr. Montgomery's other poems. Among these, one of the principal is "The West Indies:" a poem in four parts, in celebration of the abolition of slavery in the West Indian Islands by the British legislature. This was a subject on which the author had very decided opinions, and very deep feelings. In his poem he gives expression to both. There is a fervor, an intensity as of youthful energy, in its stanzas; there is occasionally very vivid, and, one might venture to say, even gorgeous description; the sincere intensity of the author's feeling has an exciting effect upon the reader; and, if there is not much of rhythm or varying melody, the ear is certainly never offended by the lines. The "candid critic," however, who gently hinted to Mr. Montgomery that the versification suggested the idea of "loud speaking," will be opposed by no one whom excessive admiration has not blinded; it is certainly in parts rather rhetorical than poetic.

"The World before the Flood" is a poem of a purely imaginative kind; it possesses all the beauties of Mr. Montgomery's style, and is not free from its defects. The following description is a bold effort, and required a strong hand to do it with such power:—

"Here Jubal paused; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd like the gazing serpent's on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd
Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
Deep-plough'd by time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose:
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind;
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unsheltered head;
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night moon.
"Twas Cain, the sire of nations."

Mr. Montgomery has published two other poems of great length, entitled respectively "Greenland," and "The Pelican Island," besides a large number of smaller pieces; they have enjoyed an extensive popularity.

We cannot draw these remarks to a close without directing the attention of our readers to the amount of work which Mr. Montgomery has performed. Early inured to hardship and toil, he struggled long and dauntlessly, until, at an early age, he attained an honorable and important station in society. During the noontide of his years, unallured into dreamy indolence by the smiles of the Muses, he devoted himself, with manly energy, to the prosaic, but honorable and responsible task of conducting a newspaper. He pleaded with zeal, and with what honest insight he possessed, all those great social changes which met his approval. Withal, he found time to utter strains of song which would have been pointed to with pride as the whole work of many a lifetime, which have been such as to spread his name to the ends of the earth, and which have won him a place in the homes and hearts of thousands among his countrymen. Well does it beseem us to twine this slender laurel about his honored and patriarchal brows!

From Dickens's Household Words.

LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

THE learned Jesuit, Hardouin, in his work upon Chronology and Coins, published in 1696, somewhat startled the weak minds of his readers by the bold assertion that the ancient history, which is so dear to the learned men of the present day, through the delightful agency of Doctor Goldsmith and others, had been entirely re-manufactured in the thirteenth century, with the aid of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace—the only works which, according to him, belonged to antiquity—the Bucolics, and the *Æneid* of Virgil, the Odes, and the Art of Poetry of Horace, and all the collection of poets, historians, and ancient writers in general, whom we are unfortunately addicted to admiring, having been, according to the same veracious authority, fabricated by the monks of the middle ages.

We have not been in the habit of paying much more attention to such erudite speculations as that of our friend, the Jesuit, than they deserve; but the other day, "a very modern instance"—that of the Shelley forgeries—set us wondering upon the subject of literary mystification in general. The Jesuitical hypothesis presented itself with more than usual force, and led us insensibly, through a long catalogue of impostures, some of the most prominent of which we will note for the benefit of our readers.

Before the Revival of Letters, errors, such as those in question, were made through ignorance; but after that period—as befitted a more advanced degree of civilization—it was by fraudulent means that the learned were misled. It was one of the favorite amusements of the learned of the sixteenth century to mystify one another. In many cases, the only motive seems to have been the gratification of some personal whim, or the bewilderment of some literary associate. But we now and then find examples of elaborate attempts to misrepresent history, and to confuse names and dates to a most mischievous extent.

Of the latter class, a very large number of forgeries and fictions were concocted for political purposes. Among these may be included the false *Decretals* of Isidore, which

were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and, for eight hundred years, formed the fundamental basis of the Canon Law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity; the deception of young Maitland, who, in order to palliate the crime of the association of the Regent Murray, drew up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, in which they were made to plan the dethronement of the young king, and the substitution of the regent in his place; and the story of the "bloody Colonel Kirk," related by Hume and others, which was originally told of a very different person in a previous age.

The great majority, however, of deceptions of the kind seem to have been contrived without any other object than the mere artistic love of ingenuity, to which the credulity or mystification of the learned was a flattering and irresistible tribute.

One of the boldest and most uncompromising of a very mischievous class of literary impostors was Anniius of Viterbo. Anniius published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from well-known authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged—were gradually detected, and at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favor of Anniius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, the declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. One historian died of

grief for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of Annius. Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved; and the silence of Annius, in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt as to whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings as a forgery, and has been equally rejected and defended.

It should not be forgotten that the statements of Annius received a supposed confirmation in some pretended remains of antiquity which were dug up in the grounds of the Inghirami family. These remains—which were Etruscan—consisted of inscriptions, and some fragments of an ancient chronicle. Curtius Inghirami had no doubt of their authenticity, and published a quarto volume of more than a thousand pages in their support. Nevertheless, they bore self-evident marks of modern times. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters: it was more difficult to defend the small italic letter, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides which there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised until the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary. But, Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives.

The only conjecture respecting the origin of these “antiquities,” that has any reasonable foundation, is, that they were manufactured by one of the Inghirami family; who, some fifty years previously, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and who might have been influenced by a desire to establish the antiquity of the family estate.

The writing of Christopher Columbus has, on more than one occasion, furnished a subject for fraudulent ingenuity. The Prayer-book presented to him by the Pope, and which he bequeathed to the Genoese republic, contains a codicil, purporting to be in his own hand-writing; but which, apparently on very good grounds, has been pronounced a forgery. Only the other day we were told

of a bottle having been picked up at sea, containing, it was alleged, an account of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. This last appears to be a very promising performance of our friends the Americans—not very ingeniously contrived, and classified by comparison with other perversions of human dexterity, not rising much beyond the dignity of a hoax.

Petrarch's first meeting with Laura took place in the church of St. Clair, on a Good Friday, the sixth of April, 1327, so says the well-known inscription in Petrarch's Virgil. Alas for the belief of our youth! This famous inscription is said to be a forgery. The sixth of April, 1327, had, it seems, the perverseness to fall upon a Monday. But facts and figures are proverbially impertinent. The forger seems to have rather obtusely misunderstood the second sonnet in the printed editions (which differ somewhat from the MS.), and never to have got so far as the ninety-first sonnet, which would have informed him that the meeting took place, not in a church, but in a meadow. The Laura of Sade, moreover, is ascertained not to be the Laura of Petrarch, but Laura De Baux, who resided in the vicinity of Vaucluse, who died young, like all those “whom the gods love,” and died, we are happy to say, for Petrarch's sake, unmarried.

It is pleasant to find an attempt to impose a fiction upon the world, fail most egregiously. Such was the fate of the nevertheless deeply planned scheme of the Duke de la Vallière and the Abbé de St. Leger. These two notabilities attempted to palm off upon the great bibliopoliſt De Bure, a copy of a work which had long existed in name, but of which no person had ever seen a copy. This was the *De Tribus Impostoribus*. A work with this name was manufactured by the Duke and the Abbé, who caused it to be printed in the Gothic character, with the date of 1598. Their intention was to sell copies of it by degrees, at very high prices; and De Bure was honored by being made the subject of their first experiment. That learned man, however, at once discovered the cheat, and the discomfiture of the concoctors was most signal. De Bure made two enemies by this piece of sagacity; who subsequently attempted to write down his reputation.

Spain has produced several very accomplished forgers. About the end of the sixteenth century, a Jesuit, named Jerome Romain Higuera, applied himself to the task of making up for the silence of the historians

on the subject of the establishment of Christianity in Spain. By the aid of popular traditions, and of every kind of document which he could collect, he composed several chronicles, and ascribed the most important of them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, but whose histories were lost. He made a confidant of Tortalba, one of the brothers of his order; who, going to Germany, lost no time in announcing that he had found in the library of Fulde an authentic MS. containing the chronicles in question. The Jesuits believed this story, and Tortalba addressed a copy of the MS. to Calderon, who published it at Saragossa (4to. 1619), under the title of *Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri, cum Chronico Marci Maximi, et Additionibus S. Brantionis et Helecani*. Higuera, who went so far as to pretend to enlighten various parts of this work by notes, did not live to see its publication, nor the controversies caused thereby. Gabriel Pennot, an Augustin, was the first to attack the authenticity of these chronicles, and he had for an adversary Thomas Vargas, whom he soon reduced to silence.

The imposture of Joseph Vella will be long remembered. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador from Morocco in a visit which that diplomatist made to the Abbey of St. Martin, and where he was admitted to see a very ancient Arabic manuscript. Being aware of the desire which existed to find in the Arabic writings materials for the completion of the history of Sicily, in which there was a gap of two centuries, Vella took the hint, and, after the departure of the ambassador, asserted that he had found in the library of the Abbey a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and the sovereigns of Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended discovery, and to give it additional importance in the eyes of his protectors, Airoidi, archbishop of Heraclea, who paid all the expenses of his researches, Vella manufactured a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco, in which he made the latter give an assurance that there existed in the library of Fez a second and more complete copy of the manuscript found in the library of St. Martin; that another work in continuation of the manuscript had been discovered; and also a series of medals, confirmatory of the history and chronology of the document in question.

The imposture had such success, that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his

translation of the supposed manuscript, wished to send him on a mission to Morocco to make further inquiries. This was as unfortunate a turn as the royal favor could take; but, luckily for Vella, circumstances occurred to avert the disaster.

The translation of the Arabic manuscript had been announced in all the journals of Europe. The first volume was published in 1789, under the sanction of Airoidi. The sixth volume appeared in 1792, and was to be followed by two others. Vella was everywhere courted, and loaded with pensions and honors. Airoidi, however, having caused a fac-simile of the original manuscript—which Vella had taken great pains to alter and make nearly illegible—doubts arose as to its authenticity; and finally, after the "translation" had been everywhere read, and everywhere celebrated, and everywhere extracted from, the whole was found to be a deception. The original manuscript was nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family, and had no relation to Sicily whatever. Vella was induced to confess his imposture, but not until he had been threatened with torture.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter which he passed at Basle by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model, that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena; and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But, this time he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor of Jena, Eichstädt, announced in the following year, that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript, in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody, committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spaniard.

Poetical forgers have been comparatively scarce. One of the most distinguished of these was Vanderbourg, who in 1803 published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a female writer, said to have been contemporary with Charles the

Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Surville, who was executed under the directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which perhaps did not penetrate into France until towards 1475 : her mention of the seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens, in 1635, and the last by Herschel in 1789 ; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and delicacy—sufficient, indeed, to induce any person with a love of approbation not simply diseased and fraudulent, to avow the authorship.

About the same period Fabre d'Olivet published the "*Poesies Occitaniques*," a work which professed to be a translation from the Provençal and Langued'Oc ; and in his notes he inserted fragments of the pretended originals. "These passages," says Raynouard, "written with spirit and grace, and often with energy, have deceived the critics, who believed them original, and have quoted them as such. Wishing to give to these fragments of his composition the advantage of passing for authentic, the author employed a means equally ingenious and piquant. In one of the works professing to be translated, he mingled some passages drawn from the poetical manuscripts of the Troubadours ; and by this mixture of veritable and fictitious fragments, he found it more easy to seduce the credulity of the critics. He did more : as the language of the old Troubadours, from whom he had quoted passages in his notes, had some obscurities, which, being cleared away, would perhaps have facilitated the discovery of the fraud, he reduced their language to the idiom which he used himself ; and by this means it became much more difficult to doubt the authenticity of these pretended productions, which, for the rest, have a real merit of their own, under any respect."

Then there was the celebrated "*Voyage Round the World*," written by a Neapolitan nobleman, named Carreri, who, it has been said, braved every peril of sea and savages very comfortably in his own chamber, which he never quitted for years, owing to a serious indisposition. There is every probability, however, according to more recent accounts, that Carreri was unjustly accused—that he had previously visited the places he describes. Still, for some years, his book was believed to be an imposture. The *Travels of Damberger*, which made a great sensation in their day, differed from these last : they were undoubtedly genuine—as a fiction.

Disraeli, the Elder, notices a singular imposition which has been practised by a variety of authors, of announcing a variety of titles of works "preparing for the press," but of which nothing but the titles were ever written. This system seems to have been very considerably practised by Paschal, historiographer of France, "for obvious reasons," as the phrase goes : he received a pension for writing on the history of France, and was obliged, in decency, to announce titles at any rate. When he died, it is stated that his historical labors did not exceed six pages !

An anecdote of a very recent date will conclude the list—as far as we are at present in a condition to extend it—of the most curious continental mystifications.

At the commencement of 1836, the French and foreign journals announced that the Greek translation of the Phœnician historian, Sanchoniathon, by Philon de Byblos, had been discovered in a convent in Portugal. This discovery astonished the whole learned world—not a very large body to astonish, by the way—but they were truly astonished, because nothing remained to them of the work in question but fragments quoted by Eusebius. Some months later, however, there appeared at Hanover a German treatise purporting to be an analysis of the primitive history of the Phœnicians, founded upon the newly-discovered complete translation of Philon, with observations by F. Wagenfield. This publication contained, in addition, a fac-simile of the manuscript, and a preface by the learned Grotefend, director of the Lyceum of Hanover. But our "learned friend" last mentioned, soon found that he had been completely the dupe of Wagenfield, a young student at Brema, whose work, however, displayed considerable imagination, and profound knowledge. In spite, however, of the pompous announcements which were several times made, the Greek text never appeared.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The principal issues of the press during the last month are comprised in the following lists:

FOREIGN.

The second volume of a work of some interest, the Autobiography of William Jerdan, has appeared, disappointing, as did the first volume, the hopes which the author's position and ability had inspired. The *Literary Gazette*, of which Mr. Jerdan was for many years Editor, thus dashes at the present volume:

"Another volume of inconsistent grumbling, unjustifiable invective, and puerile complaint! Volume II. of Mr. Jerdan's 'Memoirs,' like the volume that preceded it, is a miserable but unauthorized whining over the literary profession, relieved by scarcely a page of biography or original composition that an indifferent reader will care to peruse. We entreat Mr. Jerdan, for his own sake, to desist from this unmanly and unnecessary wailing. We tell him again, and in all sincerity and good will, that he is not the man from whom the public is anxious to be informed whether the literary profession is one that may be followed with hope of substantial reward, or whether it is a trade from which scavengers and street-sweepers with literary aspirations would do well to shrink. If the plain truth must be spoken, Mr. Jerdan does not come into court with clean hands. Men who desire to be listened to as authorities must produce vouchers for their competency; and Mr. Jerdan can bring no such attestations. It may be, as he says, that let a man practise self-denial, prudence, moderation, and every other humble but wholesome virtue as actively as he may, he shall find after all no return for labor as a literary man; still his eternal and querulous repetition of the statement shall not go one inch in the way of conviction, because he, at least, has never once thought, from the commencement of his career until the present moment, of exercising any one of the virtues in question."

Western Himalaya and Tibet. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. The *Literary Gazette* describes this as "a most important contribution to geographical science, containing, as it does, an ample account of the physical features of countries respecting which our knowledge has been scanty or nothing. It is a thoroughly straightforward and honest description of a series of laborious journeys, in which the results, so far as they are of intrinsic value, are fully stated, whilst the personal exertions and privations of this modest and able traveller are kept out of sight."

Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai—[Briefe aus Ägypten, &c.]. By Richard Lepsius.

The Prussian Expedition to Egypt in the years 1842—5, directed by Professor Lepsius, has already in various ways given earnest of its results to the scientific world. Since his return, Dr. Lepsius has been diligent in arranging and reducing to system the fruits of his discoveries. His "Essay on the

Chronology of the Egyptians," of which a first part has already appeared, is likely to mark a new stage in the science, partly by the rectifications which he has been enabled to make in the extant canon, but still more by the disappearance of lacunæ in the oldest dynastic series, now filled up with names supplied by monuments unvisited or overlooked by his predecessors. The present volume is more popular. It is characterized by the *Athenæum* as "a series of letters written by Dr. Lepsius on the spot during his three years of absence. The object of these letters in the first place was, to report the proceedings of the Expedition to those at home who had a right to information respecting it;—and for this reason, perhaps, although partaking of the manner of familiar communications, they say less of the personal fortunes of the traveller than is usual in notes from the Nile. Yet, there are few accounts of that region which will give the European reader a better view of its essential features, or that will more clearly inform him of what is remarkable in the present state, and bearing on the past, of its chief monuments."

Assyria; her Manners and Customs, Arts and Arms: restored from her Monuments. By Philip Henry Gosse.

The main object of this volume seems to be, to connect, as far as possible, the recent discoveries at Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorsabad with Scripture history, and the representation of manners, customs, arts and arms as we find them in the Bible. This design, the *Athenæum* asserts, Mr. Gosse has carried out with considerable learning and ingenuity. "At the same time," it says, "we could have dispensed with not a few of his detailed descriptions of the marbles as they now exist in London and in Paris, because they have already been described in works of the highest authority, compiled and written by the discoverers themselves,—Dr. Layard and M. Botta,—to say nothing of what may be called the ancillary works of Mr. Bonomi and Mr. Vaux. Mr. Gosse attempts in some respects a more popular view and treatment of the various subjects in question; but he fails, not so much from want of clearness of style, or of knowledge of his subject, as from the need of more frequent illustrations, and often on a larger scale, than those by which his book is accompanied."

Journal of a Voyage in the years 1850—1851, under the command of Mr. William Penny, in search of the Missing Crews of H. M. Ships Erebus and Terror. By Peter O. Sutherland, M.D., Surgeon to the Expedition. Longman and Co.

"Of the four expeditions," says the *Spectator*, "that started in 1850 in search of Sir John Franklin—the American, the vessel under the command of the veteran Sir James Ross, the squadron of steamers and sailing-vessels, and Mr. Penny's—the last undoubtedly was the most satisfactory in its results, especially when its paucity of means compared with those of the larger Government expedition is con-

sidered. This was chiefly owing to the long experience of Mr. Penny in command of a whaler, and to his faith. That habitual faculty which in practical matters supercedes reason and almost seems instinct, enabled him to see and seize opportunities of action among the ice which many men would have lost, and to jump to just conclusions as to the course to be pursued, when even he could give no reason for his decision, except his experience. So many accounts of Arctic Expeditions have been published within the last thirty years, that even their strange and striking scenes have lost something of their novelty. Interest as well as variety, however, are given to Dr. Sutherland's narrative by the pursuits of the author. The profession of medicine and a taste for natural history not only directed his attention to the hygienic circumstances of the voyage and the wintering, as well as to the many rare facts in natural history that such a voyage would produce, but they have colored the work by constant pictures of external nature. This feature continually varies the monotony of a sea-voyage by exhibiting some of the wonders of the deep, and gives animation to the barrenness of the Arctic regions by calling attention to the vegetable, insect, and animal life, with which the most rigorous regions are teeming at times."

The *Athenæum* regards it "a book that may be read with pleasure now, and referred to with profit, hereafter."

Notes on the North-western Provinces of India. By Charles Raikes. The *Spectator* says of this work:

"Mr. Raikes is, to judge from his book, an active and observing magistrate. At all events, he exhibits observation in these Notes, containing the results of his experiences; and activity in some of the stories, in which he figures under the ready disguise of a friend. The laws and usages of North-western India, exemplified by living cases, is the main subject of his book. The particular branches which occupy his pen are—infanticide among the Rajpoots; the history and working of the land-revenue system in Bengal and the North-western provinces, with its ruinous effects in the former, and sketches of its operation among the Rajpoots."

Hints to Travellers in Portugal in search of the Beautiful and the Grand. A new volume of Murray's Hand-books. The *Spectator* introduces it thus:

"As Portugal is a country without roads, and pretty much without hostels, where the traveller often has to quarter himself upon a farmer or a priest, and sometimes to carry his own provisions even down to bread, it follows that it is not a very attractive region for those who like to 'take their ease in their inn.' Even the enterprising Mr. Murray does not venture a 'Handbook for Lusitania,' but confines himself to a few general hints, and to an itinerary or brief sketch of some forty tours, which the adventurous lover of the picturesque, with patience, pluck, time, and money, may make in that country; and if he has not all these qualifications, he had better stop at home or go elsewhere. The particular directions are briefly touched; indeed, brevity is the characteristic of the Portuguese part of the volume."

Inner Africa Laid Open, in an attempt to Trace the Chief Lines of Communication across that Continent South of the Equator. By William Desborough Cooley. Within the last few years hopes have

been raised of our at length obtaining some authentic knowledge of the interior of Africa. In the present work an analysis is given of the discoveries of Messrs. Oswell and Livingstone in the interior, and the journeys of the Rev. Drs. Krapf and Rebmann on the Eastern coast. From other sources much information is collected on different parts of the country. The book certainly contains matter which, although known to those who study the journals of the Geographical Society, and other sources of recent information on these parts, is little known to the general reader.

A new edition of Niebuhr's *Lectures on Ancient History*, in 3 vols. The *Literary Gazette* eulogizes them thus:

"No work has appeared of late years presenting greater vigor of thought and shrewdness of remark, and its study may be recommended as much for the healthful exercise of the intellect as for the acquisition of historical knowledge."

The Analysis of Sentences explained and systematized. By J. D. Morell, A. M. The *Athenæum* remarks of this work: That the English language might in the hands of a competent instructor be made almost as useful a means of intellectual discipline as those of the ancient classics, has been repeatedly remarked,—but not so frequently exemplified in practice. Now that Mr. Morell has supplied teachers with so admirable a model, it will be their own fault if they do not make English grammar a much more prolific source of mental improvement than it has hitherto been. The first and second parts of his present production are devoted to an explanation of the elements of sentences, and a description of the different kinds of sentences. In the third part he enters into a logical analysis of sentences, and shows how the rules of syntax may be thence derived. The entire work satisfactorily supplies a serious deficiency in almost all books on English grammar."

Annals and Legends of Calais. By Robert Bell Calton. Few places on the Continent have to English readers more historical interest than the town of Calais. The most memorable events are here recorded, from the time of the famous siege under Edward III., when John de Vienne made so long and gallant a defence, and when at length the chief citizens had to bring out the keys of the town and castle with halters round their necks in unconditional submission. The *Literary Gazette* sums up the contents of the present work thus:

"It gives sketches of the Hon. Messrs. Tufton, Captain Dormer, and Edith of Valenciennes, Beau Brummell, Jemmy Urquhart, who ventured over to London to see his friend Mr. Fauntleroy hanged, Mr. Apperley, better known as 'Nimrod,' Mr. Berkeley Craven, Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, and other notables. The last chapter is devoted to a memoir of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, who spent the close of her life at Calais in great distress, and was buried in the timber-yard there. From the copy of the official register, it appears that she was 51 years of age when she died, Jan. 15, 1815. Mr. Calton's book is amusing to the general reader, as well as valuable for its historical facts."

Astronomical Observations taken at the Observatory, Regent's Park, London, during the Years 1839-1851, under the Direction of George Bishop, Esq., F.R.S. So many astronomical discoveries

have been communicated to the public from Mr. Bishop's observatory, that it may be considered a sort of national scientific institution. "The volume before us," says the *Athenæum*, "contains a record of the useful labors that have been pursued at this observatory day and night for the last twelve years. It contains a catalogue of double stars, with repeated and minute observations of each,—a history of double-star astronomy,—observations of recently discovered planets, two of which were discovered at Mr. Bishop's observatory,—and cometary observations,—with an appendix on two other planets discovered at the same place since the bulk of the work was written. As a book of reference, we need hardly say, it will be invaluable to astronomers."

Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas, by George Fowler, Esq. In 4 vols. The *Examiner* notices this work thus:

"Mr. Fowler says that in no English book are lives of the sovereigns of Russia to be found; and this he thinks a strange and vast omission, considering that it is an empire which has lasted for ten centuries, &c. &c. But the truth is that the existing English books on Russia tell us all of the subject that it much imports us to know, and the value set by Mr. Fowler himself on more than eight of the ten centuries to which he refers we may estimate by his managing to dispose of them completely in the first hundred-and-eighty pages of his volume. Peter the Great created the empire, and with him its history properly begins. His life is related in the last half of the volume before us, and, though not very gracefully or connectedly put together, will interest readers who have not other and less accessible authorities at hand. The author, however, should manage to be more careful in his way of writing. Style may be thought comparatively of little importance, but there should be no doubt as to what a writer means.

The *Life of the Rev. William Kirby*, by John Freeman. The names of Kirby and Spence have been so long household words on account of their classical introduction to Entomology, that it will be startling to some readers to hear that the first has but just died, and that the latter is still actively engaged in the pursuit of science.

"On the first announcement of this life," says the *Athenæum*, "we expected that Mr. Kirby's early friend and associate in literary labor, Mr. Spence, would have been intrusted with its execution; and although in the volume before us we observe many details that can be more appropriately treated by the pen of a clergyman than by that of a naturalist, we think the biographer of Mr. Kirby has put forward more prominently than was desirable his position as a clergyman and a theologian. It was as a naturalist, as an admirer of the works of the creation, that Mr. Kirby was universally known, and that his name will be handed down with that of White to posterity; and it does violence therefore to the feelings of the lovers of science to find his biographer taking every opportunity of representing him as the minister of a sect and the champion of the orthodoxy of a particular church."

Sermons on National Subjects, preached in a Village Church, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, claim a word of announcement and characterization, as containing much of that bold suggestion and passionate assertion of rights and wrongs which mark all the writings by the author of "Alton Locke."

Lettre de M. Charles Mathews aux Auteurs Dramatiques de la France, with a Translation according to the Terms of the International Convention, (Letter from Mr. Charles Mathews to the Dramatic Authors of France, Translated from Himself by Himself.) This is as merry a contribution to the "Annals of Literary Property" as has been made since Hood pleaded the cause of "Copyright v. Copywrong,"—a racy walnut for the English Society of Dramatic Authors to crack over their wine the next time they dine together. We shall be curious to hear in what humor it will be received by the dramatic authors of Paris—before or after dinner.

A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics, by G. Cornewall Lewis. This work is highly spoken of. The *Athenæum* pronounces it—

"Full almost to redundancy—every argument and every topic is surrounded with illustration—and the depth and range of learning displayed in the text and in the notes are of a character very unusual in these hasty days. The style, too, is entitled to great commendation. The book will take its place permanently by the side of the most famous treatises on political philosophy,—but it will be far less useful than Mr. Lewis's own tract on the Rating of Railways, or than the least of Sydney Smith's party pamphlets.

Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and of his brother, James Alexander Haldane, by Alexander Haldane, Esq. Few men less known to the busy world have exerted greater influence on the times in which they lived than the brothers Robert and James Haldane. In early life they both entered the navy, and distinguished themselves by gallantry and good conduct. Having the advantage of high patronage as well as personal merit, there was every prospect of rapid promotion and honorable distinction in the service. Their father, Captain James Haldane, was representative of the old barons of Gleneagles in Perthshire, who had often occupied a prominent place in Scottish history. Their mother was sister of Admiral Duncan, Viscount Camperdown. By marriage the family was connected with some of the chief aristocracy of Scotland, and Lord Duncan was married to one of the Dundas family, the political influence of which was in those days paramount. The greater part of this volume consists of a record of the unceasing and ever-varying works of benevolence in which the brothers were engaged for more than half a century. The first scheme in which Robert Haldane took deep interest was the introduction of Christianity among the natives of India. This was in 1795, when foreign missions were only beginning to be attended to by the church at home. His was no sentimental philanthropy, for he had himself resolved to go as one of the first missionaries, and he sold his estate of Airthrey in order to provide funds for the undertaking. Both of the Haldanes were authors of various works, the most important of which in theological literature are, a "Treatise on the Doctrine of the Atonement," by James Haldane; and by Robert Haldane, "An Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans," "On the Evidences and Authority of Divine Revelation," and "On the Inspiration of Scripture." These works have been widely circulated on the Continent as well as in America.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

Sixteen Months in the Gold Diggings, by Mr. Daniel Woods, published by the Harpers, is noticed by the *Literary Gazette*, thus:

"In a compact and interesting little volume a Philadelphia clergyman has given us the results of his sixteen months' experience at the diggings. In Stock Exchange phrase, the Rev. Daniel B. Woods is decidedly a *bear* of Californians. His view of the gold-seeker's employment is melancholy in the extreme. We are not on that account less disposed to credit his statements than those of writers who have drawn a brighter picture of the subject."

Mr. Curtis's Nile Notes of a Howadji, published by Harpers, has been reprinted, and is favorably noticed. The *Critic* says:

"The author is an American, and he describes his visit to Egypt, and what he saw therein, with much humor. The ludicrous and picturesque are equally sources of gratification and excitement to Mr. Curtis, whose book is really a 'readable' one. We wonder our publishers have not sooner retorted on the American 'houses,' for their wholesale robberies, by republishing such works as this. The illustrations are well managed, but whether designed in Fleet-street or by the author, we have no means of ascertaining."

The *Athenaeum* also speaks of Mr. Curtis as "one of the cleverest American writers of the day."

America as I Found It, by the author of a memoir of "Mary Lundie Duncan," published by Carvers, New-York, is called by the *Critic*—

"A careful compilation. It refutes the statistical errors of English authors who have written on America, and affords a good deal of information respecting schools, places of worship, and public institutions. The best parts of the work are those which contain information respecting religious, charitable, and educational institutions, and on these the historical student and the political economist may profitably ponder."

Professor Stuart's Commentary on the Proverbs, published by M. W. Dodd, New-York, is characterized by the *Athenaeum*, as "a sound and useful production, written with ample knowledge and in a spirit of sedate and subtle criticism, worthy of an accepted commentator on the literary merits and character of these ancient Hebrew productions."

Mr. Epes Sargent's "Standard Speaker" is spoken of by the *Athenaeum* as—

"A capital specimen of American typography. The collection is remarkable chiefly for its originality, the recent date of its citations, and the abundance of the latter from American authors and orators. The preliminary essays on the art of eloquence are free from the pedantry that besets most elocutionary treatises: for the most part the remarks are sensible, and the directions few, simple and serviceable."

Messrs. R. Carter and Brothers have published, during the month, a few excellent works:—Family Commentary, by One Hundred and Eighty Clergymen of Scotland—a companion of a previously published volume of prayers. Its peculiarity consists in its practical character, and adaptedness to the purposes and spirits of family worship. Though the work of one hundred and eighty men, it has a perfect unity of religious teaching and spirit. Its object is not so much exegetical, as to bring out the

religious meaning of the passage considered. In this, it is sometimes very happy; and, arranged as it is for daily use, its introduction into the family must be very acceptable and profitable.

Near Home is the title of an agreeable little book, descriptive of European countries, interlarded with historic incidents, personal adventures, and wholesome reflections, well calculated to excite a taste for historical reading.

Shades of Character, a religious tale, fairly discriminating, and abounding in interest. Its moral lesson, unobtrusively, yet most forcibly taught, is of the highest importance.

This enterprising house has also issued a new expository work, by Rev. Dr. Brown of Edinburgh, entitled, The Discourses and Sayings of our Lord, an Exposition of the Gospel, in 8 volumes. Its scope will be readily imagined—a full and thorough exposition of the four evangelists, with reference particularly to their doctrinal and religious import. It exemplifies in an admirable manner the expository style—flowing, learned, suggestive, and hortatory. The reader gets a clear view of the sacred narrative in its order, with many acute and learned expositions of particular passages. It will commend itself to scholars as a work of great learning, admirable spirit, and candid reasoning, worthy of place among the most enduring religious literature of the age.

Mr. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York, has given another volume from the eloquent pen of Alice Carey—Hagar, a Tale of To-day, which though less striking and meritorious than Olovernook, discloses those traits of feeling and power which are to make Miss Carey, if they are properly used, the first female writer of the day. This tale brings up, at the last, with great power; but as a whole, it is not to be considered worthy of so nervous a pen as hers.

Men of the Time is a very useful and laborious work, giving brief biographical notices of most of the men of celebrity now living, both European and American. That there are some omissions in such a work is not to be wondered at, but the minute and accurate information which it does present is truly marvellous. It is a very useful work, which does credit to the industry of the compiler, and supplies a kind of information which every reader needs.

Messrs. Blanchard & Lea of Philadelphia have added to their most admirable list a fine work, much praised in England—Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw, edited by Henry J. Tuckerman. It is a succinct sketch of literary history, with specimens and criticisms, well adapted to excite a taste for larger draughts at our copious "will of English undefiled." It is judicious, entertaining, and suggestive, and well fitted for the study of young readers.

Mr. Scribner, New York, publishes a very judiciously selected and attractive list. One of his latest issues is a new work from the ingenious pen of Dr. Cheever, entitled Voices of Nature to her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man—a series of analogies between the natural and spiritual world, suggested by the various seasons of the year. They are exceedingly graceful, rich in learning, and full of thought, poetically conceived and expressed. The wealth of the whole circle of English literature has been rifled to adorn and suggest the writer's fine trains of thought.





ENGRAVED BY J. M. W. T. LAMBERT'S PORTRAIT HOUSE IN 1844.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



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* *The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects.* By GEORGE COMAR. Edinburgh, 1851.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

From the North British Review.

PHRENOLOGY: ITS PLACE AND RELATIONS.*

THE work which we have placed at the head of this Article has by name, at least, been long familiar to the public. We say by name, not because its actual circulation has been small, but because we believe that the number of those who have read it, is at least small when compared with the number of those who have as decided an opinion of its character as if they had. It is often referred to as belonging to a set of works usually to be found on the shelves of the chartist and the infidel; and under this general impression it is avoided by a large class of readers. This is hardly a safe state of matters in connexion with such a book. It has passed through seven or eight editions, and boasts of a circulation of some 90,000. If, therefore, it be true, as a matter of fact, that it is often associated with very doubtful company, the characteristics which make it acceptable there must be an important subject of inquiry. Is it from any direct attacks on revealed religion? If not, censures founded on this supposition will only tend to strengthen the influence of any errors it may really

contain. Short of this, however, it may be from an indirect connexion between the principles it involves, and the opinions of the class referred to—a connexion possibly real, though not seen by the author—possibly erroneous, and such as would be repudiated by him. In this case reasoning and discussion cannot be too much directed to sift its views, and point out their real tendency. Again, it may be simply from the absence of any reference to the doctrines of religion, that the "Constitution of Man" is said to be so much read by those to whom that absence is agreeable. In this case, the author may plead, as he actually does, that the nature of his subject justifies the omission, and that the vague idea of its hostility to the cause of religion has no other foundation, than that nervous jealousy which has beset every new branch of the natural sciences, before its bearing and results were thoroughly understood.

Now, in dealing with this book, we hold that one charge, and one plea in defence, must be both dismissed. It is certainly untrue, that this work contains any direct or wilful attack on the Christian Faith, which is always spoken of in general terms at least

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expressive of respect. There are no dishonest hints or malignant sneers. Christianity is frequently referred to as being true, and the Scriptures as possessing authority. When conclusions of the author are opposed to any given tenet commonly held by the Christian world, he uniformly represents himself as disputing not the authority of Revelation, but the popular interpretation of its words: and as regards the "practical results" on conduct, he makes the anxious but somewhat negative declaration, that to the best of his knowledge there is not one of them, as the "result of the natural laws expounded in the subsequent pages, which does not harmonize precisely with the moral precepts of the New Testament."

But when Mr. Combe deprecates criticism as to the religious bearing of his work, on the general plea that he confines himself to the domain of natural science, or to quote his own words, "exclusively to man as he exists in the present world"—we can only accept it with great reserve. We admit, indeed, the necessity of meeting the man of science on scientific ground; and the danger of committing the authority of the Bible to any conclusions, which researches in the physical world may be competent to overthrow. But it is one thing to admit the independence of the physical observer, and another to admit the total irrelevance of his subject or his reasonings, as regards the things which belong to faith. The truth is, that there is no branch of human inquiry, however purely physical, which is more than the word *branch* implies; none which is not connected through endless ramifications with every other—and, especially, with that which is the root and centre of them all. If He, who formed the mind, be one with Him who is the orderer of all things about which that mind is occupied, there can be no end to the points of contact between our conceptions of them, of Him, and of ourselves. Whilst, therefore, it is folly to attempt to stop, by a religious interdict, the progress of the man of science in his own walk, it is both right and wise to follow his steps with a jealous and watchful care. Jealous—did we say?—yes, but a jealousy not of the subject, only of the inquirer. The very ground on which that jealousy is felt as regards the one, ought to be ground of sure hope in reference to the other. If the natural sciences, in certain stages of their progress, are apt to raise objections in the minds of some to the truth of revealed religion, let us never be tempted to escape from the difficulty, by denying that deep connex-

ion which is undeniable, and whose existence is witnessed by the very misinterpretations it suggests. Let us rather look to that connexion as the highest source of interest in the physical sciences, and as promising through their endless analogies, and suggestive types, new and inexhaustible proofs of harmony between the word and works of God.

Certainly, if there is one subject of inquiry, which less than others, can be viewed as separate from the domain of religious faith, it is that to which this work of Mr. Combe refers. The CONSTITUTION OF MAN—was there ever so large a title—not a physical description of this or that organ of man's body, or this or that function of his frame, but a treatise on the constitution of *Man*, with all his powers of body or of mind? It is true, that Mr. Combe adds, "considered in relation to external objects"—words which in themselves may mean anything or nothing, but the intended import of which is probably better conveyed in the form before quoted—"man as he exists in the present world." But so little does Mr. Combe find it possible to restrict the range of his speculations, that we find him defining limits to the efficacy of prayer; and stating his own inference, as to the invariable manner of operation of the Divine Spirit. But, indeed, illustration is needless on such a point. The belief that man, "as he exists in this world," is to have a personal identity with himself, as he is to exist in the world to come, is essential to the idea of a future state: and it is clearly very possible that doctrine taught as to his "constitution" here, may and must, more or less, affect our notions of his prospects hereafter.

Consenting, therefore, to follow Mr. Combe on his own ground of inquiry, whether physical or metaphysical—but refusing to put off the watchfulness which arises from a knowledge that the path on which he treads leads us directly into the mysteries of the Spirit, and the deep things which belong to God—we proceed to walk with him for a while into this land of things very real, but very darkly seen: and we apprehend, that in judging of the safety of our guide, there are two questions mainly which we should endeavor to determine: *first*, Are those things which he does see, seen rightly, and in their due proportion? *secondly*, Are there other things which he has overlooked altogether—in themselves, or in their bearing on the rest?

As to the general drift and purport of this book, let us hear the author. His account

of his own production is really fair. "I lay no claim to originality of conception. . . The materials employed lie open to all. Taken separately, I would hardly say, that a new truth has been presented in the following work. The facts have nearly all been admitted, and employed again and again, by writers on morals, from the time of Socrates down to the present day. The only novelty in this work respects the relations which acknowledged truths hold to each other." So, then, the beads are old, but the string is new; and never was such value set upon so strange a thread. The essential element of the work is referred to, as a system of *mental philosophy* the "clearest, most complete, and best supported" which has hitherto been taught. It is spoken of, as opening up a new path to human improvement alike in morals, politics, and religion. For the want of it, we are told, all previous works on mental science—that of Dr. Chalmers in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, as well as all the rest of that celebrated group of writings—in short, many of the highest efforts of genius and learning have been comparatively wasted, throwing "extremely little new light on the moral government of the world."—What can this "theory of mind" be? Most men would think it better distinguished as a "theory of matter"—in this important respect, that its special distinction from other "philosophies of mind" is, that it is founded on the physiology of the brain. It is Phrenology!

Referring Mr. Combe, then, to the large development of our organ of combativeness, we pass over the "acknowledged truths," and proceed at once to this new "philosophy of mind," by which old facts are to be drilled into new form and order. It is not needful to define Phrenology. Every one knows, generally, what it is, and what it means. In this work our author "assumes" it, giving only an outline, and referring for more minute details to works expressly devoted to the subject. And as he assumes it—so shall we. That is to say, we do not care to oppose it; nor do we share in the hostility entertained by many against this "science" in itself. It is very true, that phrenology may be chosen, by minds of a certain class, as the basis of a gross materialism. But this may be said, and is actually true, of most, if not of all the natural sciences. The great question always is—not whether such deductions are, or may be drawn, but whether they are logical and true? Though not ourselves phrenologists, we should be very sorry to stake our faith in a single spiritual truth, on the successful disproof of any of its as-

sumed facts. The truth is, that the main fact—that of which all the rest are, as it were, but subdivisions more or less justified by observation—is one which has been instinctively assumed in every age and country. "That man has no brains!" is a sentence on mental capacity which would be universally understood, and would have been equally intelligible before Gall and Spurzheim were born. How painfully does the brain sometimes indicate its functions! A slight blow—a temporary pressure on that mysterious substance, will break down for ever the powers of a lofty intellect. Then, what is it in the aspect of idiocy, in many of its forms, which we instantly recognize and never can mistake? In that low, pinched and retiring brow, instinct tells us that reason cannot hold her seat. That there is a connexion, and a close and intimate connexion too, between the powers of thought, and the development of brain, is known by the millions who never question the grounds of their belief, as certainly as to the few who have made it the subject of special observation and research. These last, indeed, know farther, that it is a connexion not limited to our own species, but extending over the whole range of animal life, from man down to the reptile and the fish. This is the great *fact* which may, undoubtedly, be so perverted as to form the plausible basis of a materialistic philosophy. But we do not see, that the farther *refinements* on this fact which phrenology has made, are in this respect one whit more formidable than the fact itself. If it be true, that there is a direct relation between the mind and the brain, each considered as a whole, we see no ground for alarm, if it should also prove to be a fact, that there is a similar relation between the separate regions of the one, and the several faculties of the other. At first sight this may seem a great step in advance: and so in one sense it is; but not in that sense in which, perhaps, it may be heralded by some friends, as it certainly is dreaded by many enemies of phrenology. It is the discovery of some detailed points of contact in that general connexion which has long been known: but it is not one hair's-breadth advance towards any explanation of the nature or source of that connexion in itself. Still less does it tend to justify the reasoning which confounds connexion with identity. Yet we are not surprised at the anxiety, which arose from a first view of the announcements of phrenology. When, for example, Mr. Combe takes in his hand that human skull, and lifting off its upper cover, tells us that the oval of

convoluted matter thus exposed to view, "manifests the Moral Sentiments"—with what feelings can we receive the statement? The MORAL SENTIMENTS—what do not these include? The power of seeing moral beauty, and of loving truth—the sense of justice, and the desire of serving in her cause—conscience and benevolence, charity and faith—all that is best and noblest in the human spirit—these are what we are told are "manifested" *there!* Some, of course, will turn away with ridicule and disgust. For ourselves, we listen with no such feelings. We watch, indeed, the evidence on which the assertion is made, the inferences drawn from it, and last, not least, the very terms in which it is conveyed, with almost as fixed attention as we gaze on the object to which those terms refer. But we do not reject it with absolute incredulity; because we know some things connected with that abode of life, which are at least analogous, and as full of wonder.

Now, as regards terms and forms of statement, no writer ever required to be more closely watched than Mr. Combe. A "mental philosophy"—a "theory of mind," what can he mean by this as a description of phrenology? Words, which ought to be the servants of thought, are so often its masters, that this becomes a question of the first importance. Does he mean to represent it as telling us anything on the *nature* of mind—on the *source* of its powers—or even one new fact concerning the scientific division of its faculties? If he does not, in what sense is it a philosophy of mind? If he does, let us cross-question him on the extent of this pretension. Phrenology maps the human head into a series of minute divisions, and allocates to each of these some known faculty or power of mind; but does it profess to have discovered these faculties themselves? It seems to be forgotten that this mapping of the brain can only proceed upon a previous mapping of the mind; and that this last no more belongs to the department of the phrenologist than the perception of national character in a people belongs to the department of the geographer who surveys their country. The geographer may, indeed, be also an acute observer of human nature, and in taking the measurement of their abode, he may likewise take accurate observations of their capacity and genius. He

may go farther, and fitting to each other these two classes of fact, he may observe that vague but undoubted connexion which obtains between the character of a race, and the physical condition of the region in which they live. But geography is not, on this account, a philosophy of mind, and the greater closeness of connexion between the texture of mind and the development of brain does not redeem the confusion of thought which is implied in this description of phrenology. The phrenologist may, indeed, be also an excellent metaphysician: but the process by which we observe in others, or analyze in ourselves, those various faculties of the mind which are capable of being separately considered, is wholly independent of that after process by which we find for them a local habitation in the regions of the brain. The phrenologist must not be allowed to cut out any new faculties to distribute among his bumps; nor to confound under a single name powers which, in the same point of view, are essentially distinct. His business is simply topographical—to reconcile, as best he may, the observed phenomena of the mind with the outward mouldings of a material organ. And in the observation of these phenomena themselves, mental science is not only absolutely independent of phrenology, but phrenology is absolutely dependent upon it. In all reasoning, we must have a basis of fact already known, from which to argue to other facts which remain to be discovered. Now, in this case, the *mental* facts are those which must be known or assumed before phrenology can even render intelligible the *physical* facts which she undertakes to prove. If, for example, it were not a well-known fact, that pugnacity of disposition is a distinct feature in some men's characters, capable of being distinguished from other qualities of their mind, the phrenologist would be compelled to choose some other name for that section of the brain which he now rails off for "combativeness." And so with every other "organ." The very word enforces our explanation. If the phrenologist consents to accept such division of the mental faculties as a higher science than his own has established, he is welcome to find for them, if he can, a separate corner in the house of thought. But if he makes one such division for himself which is not approved by the consciousness or experience of mankind, then must his imaginary lines be obliterated or changed.*

* We need hardly say, that we accept the term "Phrenology," simply as that assumed for the "science." "Craniology" is repudiated as a nickname: though, since the only accessible mode of measuring the brain is by measuring the cranium, the latter is the fairer term of the two.

* It is impossible to consider the 35 heads under which Phrenology divides the mental faculties

To call phrenology, then, a "philosophy of mind," can only be accounted for on one of two suppositions;—either that the writer uses very careless language, covering a real confusion of ideas: or else that a pretension is advanced on behalf of phrenology not merely to point out the *places where*, but the *manner how* the brain and mind are mutually connected: or, in other words, to advance a "theory of mind," based on certain phenomena of matter, as regards the *source* and *nature* of its powers. Yet when Mr. Combe has occasion to bespeak the favor of readers who disbelieve his favorite science, he takes care to recognize the distinction we have pointed out, and separates, with tolerable justice, between the provinces of physiology and metaphysics. He says in the preface to this edition, "We are physical, organic, and moral beings, acting under general laws, whether the connexion of different mental qualities with particular portions of the brain, as taught by phrenology, be admitted or denied. In so far, therefore, as this work treats of the known qualities of man, it may be instructive even to those who condemn phrenology as unfounded." Here the important truth, obvious enough, certainly, is admitted, that phrenology can only refer "mental qualities" already "known" to a local connexion previously unknown. Yet totally forgetting that of these two connected things—the qualities of mind and the particular portions of brain—the important one as regards the "philosophy of mind" is that division of its faculties which is well known and familiar, he uniformly speaks as if the foundation of that philosophy were the discovery of the associated bits of matter; and as if, instead of the skull being mapped from the observations of mind, the mind were to be mapped from the diagrams of the phrenologist.

Throughout the "Constitution of Man" this strange inversion of ideas betrays itself in forms which, if sometimes mischievous as regards the truths of moral science, are, at least, very often droll in the images they present. Mr. Combe's philosophy is like a glass in which we see everything upside down. Everything is regarded, as it were, from a cerebral point of view. A man is but an agglomeration of bumps; his conduct the result of their "spontaneous" activities: and historical events but the issue of their combinations. Moral principles are but laws

without seeing that they are extremely arbitrary and extremely imperfect. But this is a subject which we cannot pursue.

of brain, and cannot be really understood, unless treated of in proper cerebral phraseology. Under the Chapter of calamities arising from the infringement of the moral laws, many examples are given of the new light which this method is supposed to cast. For example, the retribution which arises from the indulgence of cruelty and selfishness in the treatment of the lower animals, is referred to by Mr. Combe, in the supposed case of a carter "who half starves his horse, and unmercifully beats it." Now, the vicious dispositions which such conduct shows, and the higher qualities of mind which it proves to be absent, or in abeyance, are all of them not difficult to specify in the ordinary forms of language. But Mr. Combe evidently thinks that a flood of new light is cast upon the subject, by informing us that this carter "manifests excessive Destructiveness with deficient Benevolence, Veneration, Justice and Intellect." The consequences of such a character are very properly described as pursuing him in every relation of life, and the result, we are told is, that his active cerebral faculties "rouse Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness, in his wife, children, or associates, against him, and they inflict on him animal punishment." Very sound moral philosophy all this, doubtless; but, proceeding on a "theory of mind" vastly older than Mr. Combe or his master, and to which their science has added nothing. So far as any novelty in this respect is concerned, Mr. Combe might as well expect it from proceeding to describe, anatomically, the precise nature of that "animal punishment" which the carter's wife, &c., are supposed to have inflicted, and the particular muscles called into play in the course of their laudable exertions. Again, the moral judgment of our time has pretty well settled the character and disposition in which the slave-trade originated, and which the prosecution of it tended to aggravate. Mr. Combe volunteers his phrenological explanation, that England was guilty of this crime, "under the impulses of excessively strong Acquisitiveness, Self-Esteem, and Destructiveness." The first American war, likewise, is rescued from the imperfect judgment of former historians, and Britain is described as having "desired to gratify her Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem in opposition to Benevolence and Justice." "This roused," we are farther told, "the animal resentment" of the transatlantic colonies, and "the propensities of the two nations came into collision:" "that is to say"—says

Mr. Combe, naïvely, aware of the necessity of a translation—"they made war upon each other." There is no end to the illumination which this phrenological verbiage is supposed to cast on the most familiar doctrines of moral and mental philosophy. There is one doctrine shortly expressed in the popular proverb, that "Honesty is the best policy," which is made the subject of a very elaborate explanation from a text of Grecian history. It occurred to Themistocles, in a time of profound peace, that it would be very convenient for Athens to destroy the naval power of Sparta, by burning her fleet. Aristides is reported to have said, that doubtless it would be very advantageous, but equally unjust. This verdict was certainly not in a spirit of literal acceptance of the doctrine of our proverb—and Mr. Combe objects that it was still more clearly contradictory and wrong, when tested by the science which deals with brain. He undertakes, therefore, to "trace the project of Themistocles to its result," thus:—

"The inhabitants of Sparta possessed the faculties of Self-Esteem, Combative-ness, Intellect, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness. The proposed destruction of their ships would have outraged the higher sentiments and intellect, and these would have kindled Combative-ness and Destructiveness into the most intense activity. The greater the injustice of the act the fiercer would the flame of opposition and revenge have glowed. . . . The Athenians, then, by the very constitution of nature, would have been assailed by this fearful storm of moral indignation and animal resentment, rendered doubly terrible by the most virtuous and intelligent being converted into the most determined of their opponents. Turning to their own State, again, only those individuals among themselves in whom intellect and moral sentiment were inferior to Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem, which give rise to selfishness and the lust of power, could have cordially opposed the deed."

And so, Mr. Combe proves to his own satisfaction what we think has often been proved before, with at least equal force, and much greater brevity, that dishonesty has a natural tendency to bring about its own reward.

What is the meaning of all this? It may be excellent sense as regards what is old and familiar in moral principles; it is nonsense as regards the new light which the phrenological jargon is supposed to cast upon them. Why does Mr. Combe imagine that the well-known qualities of the human mind become for the first time clearly understood when the initial letters of their names are

printed in capitals? It is for the purpose, of course, of continually referring our thoughts and his own to the material "organ"—to the little spot of brain. But why does he set such prodigious value on this reference—why does he think it amounts to a new "philosophy of mind?" Why, for example, when he speaks of justice or benevolence, will he insist on withdrawing our contemplation from those familiar ideas of their nature, which the mind immediately apprehends, and for which it loves their names, and force us to fix our outward eyes instead on a bit of skull? What new information does he think that surface can give us of the nature of those glorious spiritual attributes which are the joy of earth and heaven? What can it be that makes him fancy light from such a source—ah! we see the illusion. The notion has arisen in the mind of the phrenologist, that he has discovered not merely the house which is the abode of mind—but a material thing which is that mind itself, and that the looking at and handling of this substance is a looking at and handling of the faculties of the soul. Such ideas may not be definitely expressed—they may not be even consciously entertained. But this is the *direction* in which a habit of looking at the phenomena of mind through the mere physiology of the brain will infallibly tend, and nothing else can account for the extravagance of representing the facts of phrenology as constituting a new theory or philosophy of mind. It is the peculiar danger of this particular science, that unless the man who comes to know its facts, habitually regards them with reference to *other* facts with which it cannot deal, and which are beyond its ken, his pretended philosophy is very apt to degenerate into a gross materialism.

As it is thus a matter of first importance to keep phrenology in its proper place as regards the idea we form of *what it is*, so also is it important to keep it in its proper place in respect to *what it does*. A number of inferences will suggest themselves, from the fact that different mental qualities are connected with different portions of brain; but the precise character of these inferences will depend on what the nature of that "connexion" is. Let us push on then to the great question—how far, and in what sense, is the brain and its several parts, the "organ" of the mind and of its various powers?

Mr. Combe, in context with the passage before quoted, says, "Individuals under the impulse of passion, or by the direction of in-

telleet, will hope, fear, wonder, perceive, and act, *whether the degree in which they habitually do so be ascertainable* by the means which it (phrenology) points out, or not." Here we have an intimation that the connexion between the brain and the mind may be such, that we can determine by external form, the "degree" in which individuals are "habitually" under the influence of the several faculties. Now, even supposing this to be strictly and literally true, we need hardly say, that it in no way helps phrenology to assume the rank of a "philosophy of mind." The fact of men differing from each other in natural character, and in the dispositions which exercise habitual influence on their conduct, is as much a matter of instinctive knowledge, as the fact of those dispositions being themselves different. As in relation to the abstract consideration of the human mind, the known division of its powers is the only basis for the partitioning of brain, so it is only the known fact of the variety of individual character which can give meaning to the varieties of organic conformation. Here again, Mr. Combe is perpetually guilty of the confusion of setting more value on the new discovery, that the "organs" vary in size, than on the very old one, that the faculties vary in power. He thinks this of such importance in the "philosophy of man," that the circumstance of its having been unknown until Dr. Gall's discovery of the functions of the brain, is sufficient to explain the past barrenness of mental science, and to render probable the assertion, "that a great flood of light on this subject is now pouring forth on the world." If the discovery of a process by which character is to be recognized in external forms be such an event, then must physiognomy also be a "philosophy of mind," and he who reads with discernment the lines of the human countenance, is as great a philosopher as the man who arrives at a similar result by measuring the "organs."

The truth is, we suspect, that the science of nature, which interprets the "human face divine," has forestalled much of what is best established in the "science" of the Man of Bumps. The material forms which tell with such force so many secrets of the spirit, have among them, as one of their component parts, the general aspect and calibre of the head, with many others which are beyond the department of phrenology. Of the dispositions this is eminently true; and in endless cases it is true also of the intellect. Genius often

betrays its presence by a glance, where its throne is not visible on the brow.

Now, how far has phrenology really advanced our powers of discerning character, even assuming the whole of its topographical survey to be accurately made? We readily admit, that if there be a connexion between the "qualities of mind and certain portions of brain," there must certainly be some corresponding connexion, perhaps a visible one, between the peculiarities of a man's character and the peculiarities of his cerebral development. But when the phrenologist is asked for the formula which his science has enabled him to construct, for arriving at the required result, we find that the powers of his "philosophy" are very humble indeed, if compared with the pretensions advanced on its behalf.

"It has been ascertained," says Mr. Combe, "that each faculty is connected with a particular portion of brain; and that, *OTHER CONDITIONS BEING THE SAME*, the *power* of manifesting each bears a relation to the *size* of its organ." The form of expression is slightly varied in another passage: The brain is the organ of mind: different parts of it manifest distinct faculties; and the "*power of manifestation* in regard to each, is proportionate, *cæteris paribus*, to the *size and activity* of the organ." Nothing can be more satisfactorily vague. Mr. Combe does not tell us that the organ "manifests" the faculty—but only that it has a "power" of manifesting it. He does not tell us any law by which we may determine how often that "power" is put into operation; and with regard to the extent of the "power," he is content to say, "that it bears a relation to the *size*" of its material counterpart. This is something: but then in the second form, he seems to fear lest even this should be too definite to be free from the danger of contradiction, and so he adds to "*size*" the important element, "*activity*." But with all these precautions to avoid a precision incompatible with facts, he is not satisfied, and casts total uncertainty over the whole, by the general rider, "*cæteris paribus*."

Now what are the mental phenomena, to which the phrenologist must shape and suit his theory—and to be consistent with which he finds it so difficult to express the practical result of his science? True it is, one man differs from another man in natural character: but true it is also, that one man differs during his life, quite as widely from himself. He is a reprobate perhaps for years—living in defiance of every law of God and man; reckless,

selfish, intemperate. Sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly he is changed. Every law which he had broken is now his guide. He is scrupulous, generous, benevolent, and temperate in all things. These latter qualities must have, and must have always had, their appropriate "organs" in his brain; and among the many cases of such a change in character, we are not aware that any corresponding growth has been observed among the bumps. Clearly then, the phrenologist is wise when he qualifies the test of "size" by the more important element of "activity." But then size can be estimated—activity cannot. There have, indeed, been opportunities, we are told, of actually seeing the "activity" of the brain. A poor woman in France lost a portion of her skull—and during a sleep of agitated dreams, that mysterious substance which is honored by this incomprehensible alliance, was seen to be agitated also. But could the curious physicians who saw those movements read the moving thoughts? Could the motion of those keys enable them to hear the music? At all events we are safe in saying, that the opportunities of seeing such "activity" are rare. Then, if this knowledge be an essential element to enable the phrenologist to determine character from the "organs," he must either trepan his patient to enable him to acquire it: or else he must descend to the level of the vulgar, and watch the signs and "activity" in life and conduct. If, on the other hand, the phrenologist pretends that size alone is enough for him, then the notorious facts of every day's experience are contradicted—to wit, that faculties are often dormant, remaining undeveloped until some sudden change of circumstances calls them into activity—and with many in whose case no such change happens, are carried undeveloped to the grave. On the other hand, it is equally notorious that the strongest tendencies of natural character are vanquished and overcome; that faculties originally strong become feeble, and powers naturally feeble are made strong. These are the undoubted facts of psychological science; and to these facts the mere physiologist must bow with absolute submission. No wonder then that he finds it necessary to fence with innumerable reservations his rules for measuring phrenologically the varieties of individual character. The young man of dissolute and selfish life is brought to him, and he finds perhaps benevolence and conscientiousness largely developed; and although he observes also other faculties of equal or perhaps greater size,

he pronounces, let us suppose, a character which gives a prominent place to the active virtues. When told that the actual conduct does not correspond with this description, he must retain it in his power to say, that although the organs referred to are really large, it is quite possible they may not be "active." The same individual, let us suppose, comes before him in that later life which has become so completely changed, and the phrenologist seeing the animal propensities largely represented in his brain, draws naturally an unfavorable inference. On being told of the high character of this man's walk and conversation, he must again retain it in his power to say, that though these propensities are large, they may be suppressed or put to sleep, and so through the whole range of the faculties, propensities, and powers, the phrenologist can judge of "size" only, and all the important element of "activity" is beyond his range of vision. The large "organ" may be sluggish, the little "organ" may be in ceaseless play: and for every discrepancy of whatever amount and degree between the actual character or conduct of the man, and the size and capacities of his brain, the phrenologist must still farther keep for his own protection—over and above the explanation of activity—the broad shield of his "*ceteris paribus*." There is nothing which may not be included under this comprehensive salvo—it embraces everything which makes man different from himself—though never altering the outline of his skull.

The result is, that as Mr. Combe has wholly mistaken phrenology in respect to what it is, when he calls it a "philosophy of mind," so also does he misstate it in respect to what it *does*, when he speaks of it enabling us to "ascertain the degree in which individuals *habitually feel and act*, whether under the impulse of the passions or by direction of the intellect." The utmost that phrenology can do, granting its proofs complete—would be to indicate a general idea of the *original elements* of a given mind—its natural tendencies of disposition, and capacity of powers. But it can tell us nothing of the whole which these elements have combined to form—because it knows nothing of the proportions in which they have been united. It cannot tell which has been cultivated, or which left waste—which encouraged and which repressed. It can tell us something of the soil, but nothing of the crop.

Entertaining as we do a profound respect for every one of the natural sciences, we should never be disposed to contest,

without adequate inquiry, the observations of those who are devoted to their study. But it is lawful to march round the enclosures, and to see that the bounds are kept. We do not, therefore, dispute any of the facts which phrenology professes to have discovered in respect to the physiological connexion between the parts of brain and the faculties of mind; and we should hail with pleasure any aid which this fact may be able to lend us in forecasting, earlier than could otherwise be done, the natural elements of character, and in so directing the education of the young, as to run with their natural abilities, and strengthen them against their natural defects. But perhaps there is no science which demands such vigilance against the tendency of its disciples to stray beyond the limits of legitimate induction. From the habit they acquire of looking at mental phenomena entirely through the medium of physical organization, they are apt to overvalue those which seem most clearly to depend upon, or to be influenced thereby; and to undervalue, or overlook, those others which are most purely spiritual, and which indicate the subordination of matter under the power of mind. A curious instance of the effect of looking on all mental phenomena from the mere anatomical point of view, is to be found in a passage in one of the works of Dr. Andrew Combe, brother of our author, which has been ably edited by Dr. Coxe. He says, "We can no more form a conception of the abstract qualities of mind disjoined from the body than we can of the principle of gravitation as separated from matter." Now, to every human being except an M. D., an assertion exactly the reverse would be nearer the truth. Our difficulty is not to form any conception whatever of a separation between mind and matter, but of their connexion. When we think of the qualities of mind we always do think of them in the abstract, and it is only with difficulty and effort that we can associate those qualities with bits of brain. This is admitted and well expressed by the same author in a subsequent passage. "We cannot conceive even in the remotest manner, in what way the brain,—a compound of water, albumen, fat and phosphate salts, operates in the generating of thought." So long, however, as physiologists keep within the limits of their own immediate subject, their materialism is natural and comparatively harmless; but it is when they cross into the adjacent territories of morals and religion, that this language comes to involve fal-

lacies of the most dangerous kind. Let us look for a moment at the treatment bestowed by Mr. Combe upon questions of moral science, when these are treated in the light of his phrenological doctrine.

The fact of men being born with natural characters extremely various, and strongly impressed upon them from the womb, is, as we have already observed, one long familiar to the observation of the world, before "phrenology" undertook to connect it with the corresponding fact of congenital varieties in the development of brain. And as the fact is an old one, so also are the difficulties it suggests touching the question of moral responsibility. If we look only at the familiar fact that propensities exist in some individuals in great excess, and that they are placed in circumstances of strong temptation, we may be sometimes disposed to argue that responsibility in such cases does not exist, or is so modified in character as hardly to deserve the name. This is only one of the forms in which the great question of man's freewill encounters us, whether in morals or theology; and although the difficulties which it presents are real, there is always the one great and sufficient answer, that man's own consciousness, against which there is no appeal in the mental sciences, proclaims a responsibility from which no subtlety of argument can relieve him. Then as the idea of responsibility admits of—indeed involves varieties of degree, of these we must be content to leave the adjustment to Him who only knows completely the elements on which that adjustment must depend. The difficulties which perplex arise in fact from our attempting a task which neither our knowledge nor our faculties enable us to discharge. Now on this great question phrenology can throw not one ray of independent light, whilst at the same time its disciples are prone to imagine that it supplies them with all, or much, that before was wanting to the solution of the problem. The certainty that men are born with particular tendencies strongly impressed upon their mental constitution, is not one whit increased by the discovery that there are corresponding developments of brain; but the same confusion of thought which we have traced throughout in the language of Mr. Combe, pursues the phrenologist into this higher subject. He fancies that his science not only does lend a new certainty to the fact referred to, but also that it gives to each such tendency a more absolute and independent existence. He is so accustomed to consider mind

in relation to something that he can feel, and touch, and measure, that when he sees an organ developed in excess, he fancies he has got not only a new proof of the corresponding tendency, but a new idea of the relation in which it stands to the whole constitution of the human spirit. He is disposed to view conduct simply as the result of separate impulsive powers, to sink consideration of those higher endowments to which no determinate place can be assigned, and especially of that independent WILL to which the exercise of moral control belongs. Hence Mr. Combe speaks of the "*cause*" of a criminal's conduct, just as he would speak of the "*causes*" of the phenomena of matter; and he stigmatizes the moral indignation against him, which arises from the instinct of moral responsibility, as "*animal resentment*." Thus in reference to the sources of crime, we are told that phrenology has "*enabled us to answer*" that these are three; "*first, from particular organs being too large, and spontaneously too active; secondly, from great excitement produced by external causes; or thirdly, from ignorance of what are uses and what are abuses of the faculties. These causes exist independently of the will of the offender.*" The criminal, for example, is not the cause of the unfortunate preponderance of the animal organs in his brain, neither is he the creator of the external circumstances which lead his propensities into abuse, or of the ignorance in which he is involved." In confirmation of all this, Mr. Combe tells us that he has examined the cerebral development of a considerable number of criminals, and inquired into the external circumstances in which they had been placed, and "*he has no hesitation in saying, that in the case of every offender, if the three sources of crime here enumerated had been investigated, the conviction would have become general, that the individual had been the victim of his nature and external circumstances.*" If this be the new "*philosophy of mind*," we can only say that it is subversive of the first truths of moral science—truths in themselves both infinitely more important, and infinitely better ascertained, than any which Phrenology reveals. Phrenology, however, is not to blame. Its facts afford no shadow of justification for such doctrines, which are dangerous only because thoroughly unphilosophical.

First of all, be it observed, that the above enumeration of the sources of crime professes to be a complete one; the assertion is, that crime proceeds from these, and these

only, for, of course, if the list is incomplete, it would not be announced as the basis of an argument on general principles. Now, it is certainly true, in a loose popular sense, that strong natural propensities, circumstances of great temptation, and ignorance, are amongst the sources of crime. But are there not others, the most abundant of all, of which these are, in truth, but the tributary streams? Where is the consenting WILL? Where is the intellect?—that which Mr. Combe elsewhere tells us, "*is universal in its applications,*" but whose "*proper use*" it is "*to direct the propensities and sentiments to their proper and legitimate enjoyments.*" Is the perversion of these high powers, and the abandonment of their directing duties, not worthy of being named among the "*sources of crime*?" But we pass from this, because our objection to Mr. Combe's enumeration is not simply that it is fragmentary when it pretends to be complete, but that it is essentially erroneous. We must speak with logical precision in a question so abstract, and of such momentous import; and if such precision be attended to, it will be clear that not one of those in Mr. Combe's list is, in reality, a source of crime at all. He forgets what crime is. It is not simply evil, but evil arising only out of one definite source—and that source the very one excluded by Mr. Combe,—viz: the action of a WILL which is free and responsible. The crime of murder, for example, is not simply the killing of a man. "*Destructiveness*" may be the source of this evil, but if it be "*destructiveness*" as developed in a beast of prey—that is to say, if it be "*destructiveness*" apart from a responsible will, no man ever calls its indulgence a "*crime*." In like manner, the infliction of death by a maniac, is due to the action of destructiveness, which action, however, is not in him considered criminal, simply because he is supposed to have lost that responsible will, on the possession of which the very idea of criminality depends. The animal propensities, therefore, the outward circumstances which excite them, and ignorance of what is good, are indeed the sources of innumerable acts entailing evil on ourselves or others; but these acts are only "*crimes*" when considered as the acts of a being, who *could* have controlled these propensities, *could* have resisted the temptations, and whose ignorance, however great, still left him the knowledge of right and wrong. When these conditions do not exist, man is not himself; and then though his actions may be evil,

they cannot be criminal. It is only, therefore, by carefully excluding from the inquiry the very elements which are most essential to it, by reducing him to the level of the beasts who have no reason, or of the maniac who has lost it, that this writer on the "Constitution of Man" contrives to represent the criminal as the mere victim of his "nature," and of external circumstances.

The mischievous nonsense on which we have thus commented, is not unconnected with one of the features of this work which is most pleasing, and has, doubtless, much contributed to its popularity, viz., the general benevolence of its views. It occurs in the chapter which is devoted to the investigation of the subject of "Punishment," as conducted under the operation of the natural laws, and of the laws of man. Mr. Combe's opinions on this subject are such as to require that negation of moral responsibility which we have seen him thus attempt to establish. A definition of the sources of "crime" which excludes the idea of criminality, is the natural basis of a rule for the treatment of crime which excludes the idea of punishment. Mr. Combe absolutely objects to the idea of a *retributive* infliction of suffering. He would shut up the murderer exactly on the same principle on which he would shut up a lunatic,—first of all, for the sake of prevention; and, secondly, for the sake of cure. But the infliction of any suffering not necessarily involved in the effecting of these objects he considers the result of the "yet untamed barbarism of our own minds." Now, it is obvious that the idea of punishment, properly so called, is not recognized at all under this system. Punishment, like crime, is a relative term—relative to the very element which Mr. Combe excludes. Punishment is something more than mere *suffering*. It is only in a derived and secondary sense that we should apply the word at all to the suffering accidentally incurred, for example, by one of the lower animals; nor does the treatment to which the lunatic is subjected, though involving suffering, more or less, ever receive the name. The essential idea of punishment is, that *kind* of suffering which the sentiment of justice perceives to be due, retributively, to the infraction of a moral duty, by a responsible agent. Accordingly, in order to forbid this *kind* of suffering, Mr. Combe finds it necessary to exclude as much as possible, the element of a free moral will: and hence that enumeration of the sources of crime, so carefully framed to keep out of

sight the existence of such a will. In conducting this operation, Mr. Combe exhibits a facility of shutting his eyes, for the time being, on every fact which cannot be made to fit neatly in, however certain and obvious, which is very wonderful, although characteristic of all extreme theorists. For example, in his first "source" of crime, particular organs being too large, and *spontaneously* too active—it never seems to occur to him that, at least, another source of crime—and a more real, because more ultimate source—may be the too great activity of an "organ" which was *not* spontaneous, but which was voluntarily roused, and thereafter deliberately encouraged. So of his second cause—"great excitement produced by *external* causes," he forgets that "great excitement" may be produced by causes *not* external—but *internal*, to the stimulants administered by a combination of the other faculties voluntarily directed, so as to supply them. Again, it never occurs to him, that even in the case of the excitement really coming from external causes, the criminal is frequently responsible for having voluntarily exposed himself to their influence—perhaps that he failed to avoid them, perhaps that he actually sought them. Again, he forgets that even in the extreme cases in which evil passions or propensities do exercise a power which is almost uncontrollable, this power is generally an acquired one—acquired through a long course of criminal indulgence and wilful cherishing. If these indisputable facts of mental science are incompatible with the phrenological system, it would only prove, that that system is false: if they are beyond the sphere of its cognizance, it would prove that that system is incomplete. But the truth is, that these facts are not only perfectly compatible with those which phrenology undertakes to prove, but, if we are to believe Mr. Combe, in other portions of his book, are facts on which phrenology has cast a new and original light. We cannot allow, indeed, that this science has made it more certain than it was before, that mental capacities, naturally weak, may be strengthened by exercise and legitimate use, or that others naturally overstrong, may be repressed by voluntary discipline; but it is, at least, satisfactory to know, that in Mr. Combe's opinion, phrenology has revealed to us the very mode in which these ends are accomplished. He tells us—

"The brain partakes of the general qualities of the organized system, and is strengthened by the

same means as the other organs. When the muscles are called into vivacious activity, an increased influx of blood and of nervous stimulus takes place in them, and these vessels and fibres become at once larger, firmer, and more susceptible of action. Thought and feeling are to the brain what bodily exercise is to the muscles."

When Mr. Combe, therefore, draws up a definition of the sources of crime, which excludes all consideration of the existence of a responsible will, it is not that he is ignorant of its commanding influence over the elements of character, and the results of conduct, for he traces this influence to the operation of a physiological law: but it simply is, that this is an inconvenient fact—inconsistent with the position he is maintaining at the time. The facility with which he narrows his field of view, so as to leave outside of it everything which it is troublesome to include—everything which does not fit easily into the plan of his definitions—is one of the characteristics of the book. The orbits of the heavenly bodies are modified and altered by the attraction of surrounding spheres: but there is nothing of which the theories of Mr. Combe shows such an absolute independence as the disturbing influence of an adjacent truth.

We do not mean to accuse Mr. Combe of any conscious dishonesty of argument. There is no artifice whatever. It is merely the common error of extreme enthusiasts, that of dealing in half truths:—so easily convertible, as every one knows, into whole untruths. His errors are those of a class; and are inseparable from that idolatry of the physical sciences which places a disproportionate value on their truths, as compared with the higher truths which lie beyond. Passing from morals to religion, in so far as Mr. Combe incidentally refers to it, we shall find the same tendencies of opinion. On one point, indeed, of no small importance, it seems to us that he makes himself out more at variance with received doctrines than he really is. The corruption of human nature is an idea to which he never refers, except in terms of somewhat scornful rejection. Yet every page of his own writings is one continued groan over the manifold evils which man has brought, and is bringing on himself, by wilful violations of every natural law—not always through simple ignorance, but on the contrary, very often with knowledge ample enough to have required from him more complete obedience. He does, indeed, express his hope, that through the blessings of that new philosophy, whose foundation-

stone is a knowledge of the mind's physical "organs," man may yet be found in harmony with himself. But when we turn to his own descriptions of what that "self" has hitherto been, this hope turns out to be but a sorry consolation. He says—

"In all ages, practical men have dedicated three-fourths of their time to pursuits calculated to gratify the faculties which bear reference to this world alone: but, unfortunately, the remaining fourth has not been devoted to objects related to their higher powers. Ambition has not been directed exclusively to moral objects, but, generally, the reverse. The hours which should have been dedicated to the improvement of their higher faculties have been either devoted to the pursuit of gain, sensual pleasure, or the objects of a vulgar ambition, or spent in mere trifling amusements or relaxations."

Then, has not Mr. Combe to deplore that even now the truths of his phrenological "philosophy of mind" are habitually disregarded, even those of them which are generally admitted? It is as difficult to place Mr. Combe "in harmony" with himself, as it is to effect this object, in reference to mankind in general, until we discover that he does admit "corruption," in a certain sense, telling us that it "consists in man's tendency to abuse his faculties." For our own part, we are satisfied with this:—An universal tendency to abuse his faculties, visible, more or less, in all men, and in all ages, from the first moment of his will being able to show itself,—is as much on this head as can be required by the most zealous divine. That *kind* and *degree* of corruption which is involved in the subjection of man's nature to the excesses of separate impulsive "organs," without a Will to guide them, is no part of the Christian system, but belongs exclusively to the "philosophy" of Mr. Combe.

There is a whole chapter devoted to the "relation between science and scripture," a subject on which the author tells us that he enters rather for the sake of the interest of the subject than from any feeling of the necessity of a defence. There is a great deal of what we may call the Galileo class of argument in this chapter, which we have no inclination to dispute; and a long array of the cases, certainly numerous enough, in which the bigotry and ignorance of ecclesiastics and religious parties have opposed and impeded the investigation of scientific truth. But unfortunately Mr. Combe, by the manner in which he handles the subject, does much to aggravate the evil. He must re-

member that though it is the height of folly to oppose religious to scientific truth—or to be jealous of any fact which our faculties enable us to ascertain, it is by no means foolish but very wise, to be exceedingly jealous of the use which may be made of such facts by that strange Being, who, as Mr. Combe admits, exhibits an inveterate “tendency” to the abuse of his faculties. He must also remember that each particular class of mind, and each particular exercise of the faculties, is connected with a tendency to some particular abuse; and that one besetting danger of those who have an active inquiring intellect, much engaged in the search after secondary causes, is to over-estimate the relative value of the little which their knowledge has revealed, as compared with the truths, vast and infinite, which their ignorance conceals. Whenever, then, the facts of science are made the subject of this abuse—when such men look on their “Philosophy” as embracing a very much larger circle than it really does, and are therefore perpetually “intruding into the things which they have not seen” by presumptuous conclusions from what they do see, they are serving the cause of bigotry and ignorance, by exhibiting as the result of science, what is nothing but the result of their own infirmities. Now we cannot be surprised to find that a writer who, even within the legitimate circle of his own investigations, groups together so unskillfully the facts with which he has to deal, and seems incapable of keeping in mind more than a few even of these at any one time—who regards phrenology as the basis of the philosophy of mind, instead of the philosophy of mind as the basis of phrenological observation—and who omits from among the sources of crime, that one source apart from which it ceases to be a crime at all—is still less capable of estimating fairly the great truths which lie beyond the boundary of his own science; or that when he treats of these at all, he does so in a light which is not their own. Accordingly, his arguments continually tend to explain away all those spiritual influences which are more especially the subjects of religious faith, and which do not easily come under the explanations of the phrenological philosophy of mind. Although the existence of such internal influences is among the deepest intuitions of the human spirit, as well as emphatically declared in Revelation, Mr. Combe surmounts every difficulty by reminding us that “all existing interpretations of Scripture” have been made by men who were ignorant of phrenology; and as

this is, in his opinion, the “most complete system of mental philosophy which has hitherto been taught,” he naturally is disposed to doubt any mental phenomena which that system finds it difficult to include. Thus, where the doctrine of God’s direct influence on the soul is referred to, Mr. Combe seeks for some form in which he can reconcile it with his own notion of the brain’s inalienable functions, and exclude the idea of any external interference: declaring “his inference that the Divine Spirit mentioned in Scripture as a power influencing the human mind, invariably acts in harmony with the laws of organization.” Now this *may* bear a meaning to which no serious objection can be made. Undoubtedly, if God acts on the human spirit, he must have given it faculties and dispositions on which that action can be made to operate. But if no more than this be the import of Mr. Combe’s “inference,” would he have thought it worth while to express it? Is not the idea he intends to convey something of this sort: that the power of operation on the human mind, by the Divine Spirit, is strictly limited by the “size and activity” of the cerebral organs with which each man is born? And do we not see in this position—only carried into a higher department of truth—that same narrowness of vision which could not combine into one view the existence of separate faculties, and the existence also of an independent will gifted with the power of regulation and control? We have seen that within the limits of the mind itself, he so merged the ruling authority, and exalted the mere force of individual “organs,” that the criminal was considered a mere passive agent in their hands; and it is therefore quite natural that outside, as it were, the limits of the mind, he should have great difficulty in admitting the ordinary operation of a power to restore, strengthen, and direct the will. The same tendencies of opinion are apparent in every one of the numerous points in which Mr. Combe’s subject leads him to the borders or beyond the borders of religious truth. When, for example, Mr. Combe tells us that the sermons of the last century were generally “equal, if not superior, in sense and suitability to human nature, to those delivered yesterday”—when he looks forward to the time when “Divines shall introduce the natural laws into their discourses, and teach the people the works and institutions of the Creator”—when speaking still more positively he refers to the ignorance which has so long “represented Christianity as a system of

spiritual influences, of internal operations on the soul, and of repentant preparation for another life; rather than an exposition of pure and lofty principles addressed to responding faculties in human nature itself, and, therefore, capable of being applied in this world"—and again, when he speaks of religious discourses often "partaking in consequence of the abstractedness of the scholastic philosophy"—we see the same habit of misplacing or exaggerating a few subordinate truths, at the expense of others far more important, either forgotten or denied. If it be simply meant that every fact discovered by science, and every law traced in nature, are to be viewed in a religious light, and referred directly to the will of God, we accept the principle with cordial assent. But if it be meant, as it too plainly is, that these can be made in themselves the objects of a religious faith more capable either of influencing human motive, or satisfying the human spirit, than that system of spiritual beliefs which Mr. Combe seems to think so erroneous a representation of Christianity—we can only wonder at the credulity which hopes so much from the force of logic, and at the blindness which fears so little the effect of passion, and has observed so little of the power of faith. The moral essays, for example, of the last century, whatever Mr. Combe may think of their superior "sense and suitability to human nature," had, *as a fact*, infinitely less practical effect on character than the more spiritual discourses of the present time. No law, among material things, has its existence more thoroughly ascertained, or its effects more frequently observed than that which constitutes our belief in spiritual things, by far the most powerful spring of human action: and where those things have not been revealed, there they have been imagined. But without any belief in a class of truths which reason may confirm, but cannot of itself discover, no race of human beings has yet been found existing; nor is any influence on life and conduct so subtle and pervading. It is a principle of mental science, which even Mr. Combe's philosophy admits, that every faculty and desire "stands in a definite relation to some external object."*

So we presume that answering to this universal sentiment of belief in things unseen and spiritual, there *are* spiritual realities, to which reason cannot of itself attain, but which all men have yet an intense desire to know.

* Mr. Combe says "*almost*" every faculty stands, &c. He surely cannot mean that any of the highest faculties of all are an exception to this law.

If we grant, then, as Mr. Combe never disputes, that the Christian revelation of those realities is a true one, it follows that the teaching of *them* must be the only effective basis of that corresponding moral code, whose surpassing excellence he frequently admits; and it is an inversion of the order of nature, and of the observed law of sequence, to suppose that the abstract principles of morality can ever in themselves be made to occupy the place or exercise the influence of a religious faith in these realities. Still more unphilosophical and at variance with all experience, is it to suppose that this place and rank can ever be assumed by the knowledge acquired in the investigation of the natural laws. From these we can, indeed, infer by reasoning some general ideas of the Creator—of his "eternal power and Godhead," of His goodness, and of His justice. But such general conclusions are in themselves too abstract, and fall too far short of satisfying the affections, to exert any permanent influence on the human spirit, or become the object of a vital personal belief. Very different, however, is the value of the natural laws, when they are regarded as the works of a Creator, whose revealed character and government has been previously believed and known. Then, indeed, will the light which they are capable of yielding in their endless variety yet close connexion—in their types and analogies—be enjoyed and understood. Recognition is easy where original discovery would have been impossible. There is no science which supersedes the question which David asked—"Who by searching can find out God?" although every one of them may add new meaning and illustration to the character He has revealed. When, therefore, Mr. Combe objects to the spiritual doctrines of the Christian Faith, as parts of religion which have exclusive reference to a future life, and when he points to the investigation of the natural laws, physical and moral, as the true basis of a practical religion, he is exhibiting almost incredible blindness to a fundamental principle in the "Constitution of Man." We do not now condemn this teaching on any higher ground than one purely philosophical, having for its basis the observed phenomena of mind, as exhibited in every age and country. But we are bound to say in passing, that the language of Mr. Combe, in pushing back, as it were, the more spiritual doctrines of Christianity, from the foreground of its teaching, as having remote effect on the practical affairs of this life, requires such dealing with frequent and

emphatic declarations of Scripture, as cannot be fairly called a mere various interpretation. And if this be so, he cannot be surprised, that his book is often connected with opinions which carry this postponement of the spiritual beliefs of the Christian Faith, much farther than possibly he himself may be disposed to do. The disposition he evinces, as we have seen, not merely to postpone, but to explain away such of them as cannot be easily reduced under his phrenological formulas of the spontaneous action of individual "organs," is the very spirit which rouses against the natural sciences, those jealousies which are, indeed, most irrational as directed against any class of truths, but which are too often thoroughly justified as against the fanaticism and presumption of those who can see nothing beyond the narrow bounds of some favorite pursuit.

Mr. Combe's enthusiasm in the cause of phrenology, and the simplicity of his belief in the unbounded blessings it may yet confer upon the world, is only displeasing where it crosses into sacred ground, and occupies a territory which belongs to truths much higher than any on which his theories are built.

Very often we can follow with some instruction, and still more often with real pleasure and amusement, the footsteps of a mind possessed by many useful and practical ideas, and whose benevolence is conspicuous even in its widest deviations. Who would not wish to be initiated into the happy brotherhood of which Mr. Combe gives us the following picture:—

"A party of thoroughly practical phrenologists meet in the perfect knowledge of each other's qualities: they respect these as the gift of the Creator; and their great object is to derive the utmost pleasure from their legitimate use, and to avoid every approximation to abuse of them. The distinctions of country and education are broken down by unity of principle: the chilling restraints of cautiousness, self-esteem, secretiveness, and love of approbation, which stands as barriers of eternal ice between human beings in the ordinary intercourse of society, are gently removed; the directing sway is committed to benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, and intellect; and, then, the higher principles of the mind operate with a delightful vivacity unknown to persons unacquainted with the qualities of human nature!"

Who would not be a thoroughly practical phrenologist? But, by the way, it occurs to us to ask Mr. Combe who it is, or what it is, that "commits the directing sway" as above described? Is it a faculty of will? If it be, how is this itself directed?

We have left ourselves little space to refer, in any detail, to those portions of the "Constitution of Man," in which we can follow the writer with positive assent. It is the less needful, however, to do so, as the truths which Mr. Combe enforces, are such as are generally admitted, but yet do not the less require to be frequently and emphatically repeated. The plan of the work is simple—being an exposition of the relation in which we stand to the natural laws, which fall under the great leading divisions of physical, organic, and moral. The principle that these have all a separate and independent operation, so that obedience to the one class of laws will not obviate the punishment, or evil consequences involved in the violation of another class—is announced as "the key to the true theory of the divine government of the world," and as having not been hitherto duly appreciated. The farther principle that all these natural laws are expressions of the Creator's will, and, therefore, to be investigated and obeyed as such, is one frequently enforced, as it cannot be enforced too much. All the leading and best ideas in the chapters treating of the moral laws, as, indeed, of the other natural laws also, are derived from the noble work of Bishop Butler—that great pioneer in a path of investigation which will never cease to afford interest and instruction to the highest faculties of man. The obligation is most fully and honorably acknowledged. In the sections devoted to the organic laws, a subject which has been handled with such eminent utility by the author's brother, the late Dr. Andrew Combe, there is much curious and interesting information. Here, however, as elsewhere, the relative value of individual truths is sometimes so much forgotten that the result arrived at is most erroneous. For example, on the important subject of the laws of health which regulate the transmission of a sound bodily and mental constitution to our children—no one will dispute that these, so far as they can be ascertained, ought to be borne in mind, and ought to influence our conduct in determining the circumstances of the marriage union. But the mere physiologist forgets that there are other considerations to be kept in view than the improvement of the race considered as a breed. And even in this narrow, though important point of view, nothing can be more unguarded than to lay down as Mr. Combe does, by quotation and adoption from an American writer, that all "persons in any way constitutionally enfeebled—persons predisposed to scrofula, pul-

monary consumption, gout, or epilepsy, should conscientiously abstain from matrimony." A very large proportion of the population of the civilized world have some predisposition more or less distant, more or less decided, to some one or other of such diseases. Without adverting to other laws which may determine the path of duty in an opposite direction to that laid down here, it is enough to observe that the highest benefits to mankind may be, and have been derived through the agency of persons laboring under constitutional taints of every variety and kind. Nay, it is a matter of familiar observation that the highest gifts of genius, the noblest dispositions, and the utmost holiness and purity of spirit, are constantly associated with physical frames hasting to premature decay. Among the number of poets and philosophers who have delighted and instructed the world, how many names occur to us of men whose bodily infirmities were as remarkable as their mental gifts! And in the circle of our own private acquaintance, how many are there under similar circumstances whose character has been eminently fine and their influence eminently beneficial?

In the section devoted to calamities arising from infringement of the moral law, considered in reference to the welfare of individuals and the general progress of society, Mr. Combe makes many interesting observations, and lays down many wholesome principles. Of the many great evils of our existing social system, as the result of a too exclusive pursuit of material wealth—the want of all leisure for moral and intellectual improvement left to thousands of the manufacturing operative class—and of the punishment by which the natural laws of God will in the end vindicate their own authority—there are strong and useful representations. Nor can we withhold the expression of our sympathy and assent from many of the views expressed as to the direction which our efforts should take for the counteraction of these evils. The time saved by the rapid progress of mechanical invention, involving as it does, some temporary evils, is justly regarded by the author as a fund out of which increased opportunities for the mental cultivation of the working-classes may, if duly improved, be reconciled with the rapidly increasing wants of society. And as regards the part which may be taken by legislation towards the attainment of these great ends, Mr. Combe, we think, takes his stand on the true principle when he says, "that the Legislature may considerably accelerate improvements by

adding the constraining authority of human laws to enactments already proclaimed by the Creator." This, at least, is one form of expressing the true answer to the extreme economists, who deny that law ought ever to interfere in any case with the province of industry, and who consider such evils as the absolute neglect of a whole generation of the young, and the total abandonment of them to the debasing effect of excessive and unremitting toil, as nothing compared with the slightest check on the accumulations of the warehouse. It is very true that there are natural laws in operation which will tend to counteract all evils, but that counteraction will be in the form of tremendous punishment; and assuredly none more severe or sweeping will attend the infraction of any law of God, than those which must in the end overtake the community which gives itself up to the exclusive pursuit of wealth, and deliberately refuses such self-restraint as may reconcile the duty of labor with the higher duty of religious and moral culture.

In conclusion, we should say of this work, that its great fault lies, as is very commonly the case, in that which the author thinks its peculiar merit. He says that it contains no new truths, but that, in the relation in which admitted truths stand to each other, he thinks his ideas are new and important. We should say, on the contrary, that his book is full of single truths, not certainly new, yet requiring to be impressed and often put with ingenuity and force; but that the relation in which these truths stand to each other, and to other truths which are kept out of view, is essentially erroneous. As regards the bearing of this work on the interests of religion, we have said enough to indicate our opinion. Mr. Combe is justified in saying, that the practical results he teaches are in general harmony with the *moral precepts* of the New Testament. It is likewise true that he takes pleasure in pointing out this harmony to his readers. Nay more: those who look with attention to the natural laws which he expounds, will not fail to be struck with new instances of that pervading analogy which obtains between the principles of divine government involved in the spiritual doctrines of Christianity, and those which are even now seen in active operation in this present world. But such harmonies as these the reader must be prepared to discover for himself. He will often find spiritual beliefs brought down as it were under some form of physical "explanation:" but never any law of the material world traced upward

to its spiritual meaning. We do not forget that Mr. Combe's purpose in investigating the natural laws is different from that of the theologian in dealing with the same subject. He professes to confine himself to "Man as he exists in this world," and may fairly decline to pursue any line of thought beyond the bounds of its visible horizon. But, even supposing this limit to be faithfully adhered to, infinite errors on what lies beyond this world may be involved in our description of what goes on within it. Of old the earth was regarded as itself the centre of a system, and the heavenly bodies as moving round it. Even when there was no direct reference to this erroneous theory of the nature of celestial objects, it imparted a false light or coloring to every idea of terrestrial things. And, as in the physical world all just conception of the phenomena of our planet depends on a knowledge of the relative position and magnitude of the great bodies amongst which it moves; so, in the moral world, does everything depend on a right understanding of the great spiritual truths which extend beyond the boundaries of time. It is very easy, in giving an account of the different climates of the globe, and of the variations of the seasons, to convey the most monstrous errors on the science of astronomy; and it is not less easy in constructing a "Philosophy of the human mind," to assail the first elements of moral and religious truth. Such, in our opinion, must be the effect of doctrines tending to deny or explain away, in ethical science, the free will and responsibility of man; and, in religion, those external spiritual influences on human character which are a fundamental part of the Christian faith, but which, of course, cannot be made sensible to the fingers of the phrenologist. Observing, as we do with pleasure, some individual passages which indicate a glimpse of higher views, we must condemn the general tendency of Mr. Combe's system, as hostile to the reception of these essential truths. Does the Christian rejoice in a belief and consciousness of a personal change effected and maintained through help of the Divine Spirit holding intercourse with his own?—Mr. Combe admits, with that air of patronage which belongs to superior knowledge, that such a person "labors under great disadvantages from their ignorance of the functions of the brain and of the laws of its activity," and then proceeds to explain to him that he is not "aware of the extent to which a large development of the

moral organs, combined with an active temperament, contributes to such effects!" Or again,—fortified as he is on this as on the other belief, by the most express declarations of Scripture, does he believe in the power of prayer to effect the issue of events? Mr. Combe tells him that the (only?) use of prayer is to be found in its influence on his own mind. Now that prayer, when believed in as regards its *outward aim*, has a reflex influence on the character of him who prays, is indeed most true. Whether it would continue to have that influence, if *no other* were believed in—whether we *could* pray, knowing that to petition God is but a form—fallacious and yet wholesome—of preaching to ourselves, we leave Mr. Combe's "philosophy of mind" to settle as it can.

That our author does not see all the consequences of his own principles, nay, that he himself admits truths which ought to have given more elevation, and a wider grasp to his philosophy, we are very willing to admit: whilst his evident sincerity and benevolence must leave on the minds of his readers many pleasing impressions. But truth compels us to condemn the general tendency of his "philosophy," on grounds which we trust we have sufficiently explained. Our conclusion, however, is not that which Mr. Combe so often assumes as the necessary resort of his adversaries. We do not dread Phrenology in itself: we see no "danger" in this or in any other of the natural sciences, except that danger which belongs to every pursuit, arising from the faults of the inquirer. But against these the best security is to be found in a wider diffusion of the knowledge and of the love of science: that its facts may be brought into contact with many minds: and so their true place and bearing may be more quickly ascertained. The division of labor is a principle applicable not less to the labor of the intellect than to the labor of the hands. Mr. Combe belongs to a class of writers who are of great use in the ascertainment or illustration of separate facts, but whose views of their relation to each other, and to higher departments of truth, can be seldom trusted. They who make the parts of a machine are not generally those who can construct the whole; and, in like manner, those who are engrossed in the discovery, or in the contemplation of single truths, are often incapable of assigning them their proper place in the general system of human knowledge. The danger of such "philosophies of mind" as that we have been examining, must be met, and not evaded. It cannot be done

either by discouraging scientific inquiries, or by proclaiming an absolute separation between the things which belong to reason and those which belong to faith. Every outward form *has* an inward meaning—a relation real, though often obscure, to the things which are unseen and eternal. Where the true meaning is not found, some false or illusory meaning will be imagined. As surely as the organic frame assimilates to itself every variety of substance which enters into

the composition of its food, so surely will the human mind, after its own spiritual nature, assimilate every appearance of the visible creation. "Who shall read the interpretation thereof" is written on everything we see, and carried in every sound we hear. To interpret nature rightly, and to harmonize its material facts with those of the spiritual world, is one of the great works to be attended to in our day.

From the Eclectic Review.

ROBERT AND JAMES HALDANE.*

It has been from no want of due appreciation of the merit of the work, that we have not, ere now, noticed these valuable memoirs of two of the most extraordinary men of this century. In thus designating the well-known brothers, Robert and James Haldane, of Scotland, we refer not merely to originality of personal character, as regards either their genius or moral excellence, but to their remarkable history, considered as a fine practical exemplification of the too much forgotten, not despised, doctrine of a special Providence.

The misty brilliance of philosophy, falsely so called, once more perplexes our intellectual and spiritual vision. It is much to be feared, that by men in some sort evangelical, the good old truths of a sound scriptural religion are eloquently apologized for rather than cordially embraced. The humbling but sublime doctrines of inspired, authoritative revelation seem to be half denied by the affectedly patronizing mode of their reception. The "divine idea" is, forsooth, piously discovered everywhere and in everything, while the distinct personality of the great and holy God is rather inferred than maintained. Much of our so-called religious literature is little better than a species of spiritual obscu-

rantism. The school of the rationalists is becoming more and more irrational, even to a wild and almost canting fanaticism. We thus refer to what we must call the symptoms of the intellectual and religious degeneracy of the day, because we feel that such works as that now under review must and will be the most natural and effective antidote. What good have your conceited, everlasting eulogists of the "earnest" *themselves done*, compared with the morally heroic achievements of such men as the Haldanes?

The ancestry, both paternal and maternal, of these distinguished men is traceable, by many a noble and brilliant name, for six centuries. It is interwoven with the history of Scotland, full as it is of romance, of misfortune, and of glory. Brave warriors, accomplished statesmen, and great lawyers of other days, illustrate the long ancestral roll. "On the 15th of December, 1762, Captain James Haldane married his first cousin, Katherine, daughter of Alexander Duncan, of Lundie, and Helen Haldane, commonly called Lady Lundie, by the courtesy of Scotland then allowed to the wife of a minor baron. Of this marriage there were three children—namely, 1. Robert, who succeeded his father in the estate of Airthrey; 2. Helen, born in 1765, who died in childhood; and 3. James Alexander Haldane, his younger and posthumous son." The biographer, after this closing paragraph of a brief genealogy of the family, remarks with characteristic

* *Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and of his brother, James Alexander Haldane.* By Alexander Haldane, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

modesty and good taste:—"It was the privilege of the two brothers to be enabled practically to sympathize with the sentiments expressed in the noble lines of Cowper, when he exclaims:—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Captain Haldane was an officer in the East India Company's naval service, and a man of exemplary character and ability. He was expecting soon to be elected a director, when, in June, 1768, he died, leaving good evidence of his evangelical faith and piety. A fortnight after the decease of her husband, the bereaved widow, in consequence of her grief, gave birth, prematurely by two months, to her second son, James Alexander. "Mrs. Haldane belonged to a family in which there had been much true religion. Her father was distinguished as a strenuous supporter of the Protestant succession, and, as Provost of Dundee, did good service to the government during the rebellion in 1745." This young and well-connected widow was an eminently pious woman; and we think it proper to notice particularly this significant fact, taken, as it should be, in connexion with the remarkable lives and characters of her two fatherless boys. "Often, when she had seen her children in bed, and supposed that they were asleep, she was overheard by them, and particularly by her elder son, on her knees by their bedside, earnestly praying that the Lord would be pleased to guide them through that world which she felt that she was herself soon to leave; that their lives might be devoted to His service upon earth; and finally that they might be brought to His everlasting kingdom." She died in 1744. "Shortly before she expired, she was asked if she would like once more to see her children, but she declined, saying, that it would only agitate her: that she had been enabled implicitly to surrender them into the hands of God, and she would rather leave them there." "She was buried in her husband's grave at Lundie, in the burial place of the Duncans, next to the vault where the ashes of her brother, the great admiral, now also repose." At the death of his sister, Captain Duncan, "who had served for more than a quarter of a century in different parts of the world," was residing along with Lady Lundie, his mother, at Mrs. Haldane's house, along with the children. This excellent

grandmother—who had once been distinguished as a beauty in the circles of fashion at Bath and elsewhere, but had now, for some time past, been retired from the scenes of worldly gaiety—took, along with her sons, their uncles, the charge of the young Haldanes. They had one sister, Helen, who died in July, 1766, "so that once more," as the biographer affectingly remarks, "the orphan boys stood beside their two uncles at another funeral, when their only and much-loved sister was committed to the dust in the vault of the Murrays, in the ancient and romantic churchyard of Monivaird."

A few months after the loss of her young grand-daughter, in 1777, Lady Lundie died; and the boys were now left to the care of their maternal uncles. The captain, this same year, married the amiable and accomplished daughter of the Lord President Dundas, "a lady, the remembrance of whose many admirable qualities the two brothers cherished with the grateful feelings of almost filial affection. In 1779, Captain Duncan broke up his establishment at Nellfield, and once more entered upon active service. He soon distinguished himself, while in command of the *Monarch*, in Lord Rodney's action off St. Vincent. As long, however, as he resided at Nellfield, it was the home, on Saturdays and Sundays, of his nephews, who had been now placed at the well-known High School of Edinburgh: they boarded with Dr. Adams, the rector. Their vacations were spent at Lundie House, where their uncle, Colonel Duncan, resided.

Robert Haldane had, from his early boyhood, entertained a desire to fit himself for the ministry in the Church of Scotland; but it seemed almost the natural result of his position, that, attracted by the fame of his uncle, he should ultimately choose the navy as his profession. Early, therefore, in 1780, leaving the College of Edinburgh, he joined the *Monarch* at Portsmouth. In 1781, James went to college, and for three sessions attended the professors of Greek, Latin, mathematics, logic, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. In 1785, in his seventeenth year, he went to sea in the East India Company's naval service.

It is difficult, even in a somewhat extended work, to relate with perspicuity the incidents of two contemporary lives, though our author seems to us to have accomplished the task with lawyer-like skill, while, happily, his *style* is characterized by the most lawyer-like conciseness. In a brief review such as the present, however, we cannot profess

even to attempt anything in the nature of a sustained and concatenated historical narrative, though we have thought it desirable to advert, so far, to the circumstances of the family connexions and early training of these remarkable brothers, as tending to give interest and significance to their subsequent career.

In 1781, Robert was transferred by his uncle from the *Monarch* to the *Foudroyant*, commanded by his friend Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. In the celebrated action between that ship and the *Pégase*, the distinguished captain of the former is said to have marked the admirable behavior of the dashing young midshipman; and, after the action, he wrote to Captain Duncan, "congratulating him on the determined spirit and ability of his nephew, and predicting that Robert Haldane would one day be an ornament to his country." As the biographer remarks, the prediction, though true in effect, was accomplished in a far different manner than that which the hero of St. Vincent imagined.

The friendly connexion which, under the blessing of God, both brothers formed with the excellent Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, will be best described by a short extract.

"After the return of the *Foudroyant* to Spithead, and during the period which elapsed before the relief of Gibraltar, he had frequent opportunities of spending much of his time at Gosport, and attending the ministry of the late David Bogue, whose influence on his own mind and on that of his brother, both intellectually and spiritually, was greatly blessed. Dr. Bogue was a Scotch Presbyterian minister, educated for the established church, who ultimately settled, in 1778, at Gosport, where he continued until his death, in 1825, the pastor of an independent congregation, but still foremost, throughout the land, in all those great objects of Christian philanthropy which marked the close of the eighteenth century. Between 1779 and 1787 Gosport was the headquarters of Lord Duncan. Till the peace of 1783 he was attached to the channel fleet, successively commanding the *Monarch* of 74, and the *Blenheim* of 90 guns, and chiefly cruising between Spithead and Gibraltar. After the peace he commanded the *Edgar* guard-ship until he obtained his flag, in 1787. These circumstances are to be numbered among the providential links in the history of both the brothers. It was thus, that they were brought much into contact with Dr. Bogue, to whom they became attached. They attended his ministry, and by him they were directed in their course of reading and in their choice of books, both on shore and at sea."—pp. 32, 33.

While in the *Foudroyant*, Robert Haldane was a witness of the melancholy fate of the

Royal George, at Spithead, on the 29th of August, 1782; when, on a fine day, and in a perfect calm, she sunk, having on board a noble crew that would have constituted the population of a small town. In charge of a boat, he was one of the most active in saving the drowning crew. He was present in the *Foudroyant* when it led in the masterly manœuvre by which Admiral Howe safely carried the convoy into Gibraltar. On the return from the straits, the *Foudroyant*, which had taken part, on its way, in a gallant action, was paid off. Sir John Jervis, in the *Salisbury*, having now hoisted his broad pennant as commodore, expressly selected young Haldane to accompany him. The peace, however, put an end to the South American expedition, for which the squadron had been destined; and, on that commander retiring for a time, Mr. Haldane rejoined his uncle at Gosport, and 'bade adieu to a service to which he was enthusiastically attached to the very last.' He was now in his twentieth year. After remaining for some months, 'enjoying the advantage of Dr. Bogue's society and tuition,' he returned to Edinburgh and resumed his studies at the university. In the ensuing winter session of 1784-5, he continued to attend the professors at Edinburgh. In the spring, he set out on what formerly was called the 'grand tour.' Having attained his majority in February, 1785, shortly after his return, he married, in the April of the following year, Katherine Cochrane Oswald, then in her eighteenth year, second daughter of the late George Oswald, Esq. She was the sister of the late Richard Oswald, Esq., of Auchinruive, long M.P. for Ayrshire. 'The union was destined to prove long and happy. It lasted nearly fifty-seven years, and Mrs. Haldane was singularly adapted to be a true helpmeet in all his future plans, participating in his designs of usefulness, aiding him by her prudent counsel and sympathy, and never interposing her own personal wishes or comforts as an obstacle to their accomplishment.' They settled, in September, 1786, at his residence at Airthrey, near Stirling. Here, for nearly ten years, he continued to occupy himself in a great measure in the improvement of his beautiful estate. In this he is said to have evinced not only good taste, but considerable ability. His spirited example was the occasion of spreading a habit of improvement among other proprietors in the same part of the country. As to his personal and social character during this period, it is remarked that 'it was impossible to be in his society

without admiring his great abilities, his originality of thought, his vivacity and his general information.' 'His near neighbor, the celebrated Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was always remarkable for his sagacity and quick discernment of character, used often to say that he never was in Mr. Haldane's company without hearing something worth remembering.'

James Alexander Haldane, as we have seen, went to sea in the East Indiaman, the Duke of Montrose. To this service he had been destined from his infancy. His family, for several generations, were joint proprietors in one of 'the regular chartered' ships of the East India Company, 'along with other connexions or friends of the Gleneagles and Lundie families, including Mr. Coutts, the banker, and the Dundases of Arniston.' James Haldane was offered by Mr. Coutts a share in the celebrated banking firm of which he was the head; but the youth, who was fond of the sea and of adventure, declined the kind and flattering proposal. As a contrast to this state of things in this age of anti-monopoly, it may be entertaining to cite a passage descriptive of the former relative value, in 'the good old times,' of commercial property connected with the East India Company's service and trade.

'The voyage was tedious even in those days, when a great monopoly prevailed, and economy in time was of little consequence. The charge for freight in an East Indiaman then ranged as high as forty pounds sterling per ton, and upwards. The same freight now ranges as low as forty shillings. In like manner, the crew of an Indiaman varied from a minimum of 126 up to 180 men. That of the Duke of Montrose was 145; whilst a little more than a third of that number would now be deemed adequate. The armament of the company's ships used to be on the same scale, each carrying from twenty-six to thirty-six guns, and in time of war sometimes successfully beating off, or even capturing ships of war. Many of the captains, such as the Elphinstones, Lindsays, Ramsays, and Trenches, were the younger sons of nobility. Some of them were baronets, most of them were either connected with the landed aristocracy or the great merchants, and all of them frequently indulged in expensive habits, which rendered them rather objects of jealousy to the juniors in the royal navy, who had not the same means of acquiring fortune. These matters are all so much changed since the alteration of the company's charter in 1814, and the complete overthrow of the monopoly in 1834, that this notice of a splendid service now extinct may neither be wholly useless nor uninteresting.'—pp. 46, 47.

In the Montrose, Mr. James Haldane took four voyages; and such, it seems, was his

ability, as a seaman and an officer, that the ship was placed, substantially, under his command. There are some most interesting anecdotes related of him, during this period of his life, including several most singularly providential deliverances from imminent danger, or, as our great poet would have described them, "hair-breadth 'scapes." Mention, in a very proper spirit, is made also of a duel into which, as regards his adversary, he was most unjustifiably provoked. In connexion with circumstances of this nature, some other incidents in his after life are alluded to, with pertinence and effect, as "furnishing a just representation of the character which he had by nature, but which was changed by grace." Having, in July, 1793, been appointed commander of the Melville Castle, bound to Madras and Calcutta, he married, in September of that year, the only child of Major Alexander Joass, of Culleopard, by Elizabeth Abercromby, second daughter of George Abercromby, Esq., of Tullibody, county Clackmannan. By this alliance he became related to the distinguished Scotch family of Abercromby, with whom he and his family had been before intimately acquainted; and Sir Ralph Abercromby wrote to the father of the bride a most affectionate congratulatory letter on the occasion of the marriage.

The ship, which was destined to sail in December, was by various circumstances, and latterly by long-continued contrary winds, detained at Portsmouth, with the rest of the East India Company's fleet, until May, 1794. "Upon these contingencies was suspended the future history of Captain Haldane's life." But before we touch on the events of this history, it would be absolute injustice to omit a distinct reference to the fact of his having been, almost singly, instrumental in the suppression of a desperate mutiny on board the East India Company's ship Dutton. A lieutenant, with a boat's crew from one of H. M. ships, had felt it prudent to leave the mutineer Indiaman, which they had boarded with the hope of quelling the disturbance. Captain Haldane now came to the point of danger, and of his conduct there we have this characteristic and graphic scene:—

"It has been said that the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port, but at this moment far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the ship's gunpowder, and madly end the strife by their own death and that of all on board. One of the two medical men on board had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment, that Captain Haldane, of the Melville Castle, appeared at the side

of the vessel. His approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults. The shouts of the officers, 'Come on board; come on board!' were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, 'Keep off, or we'll sink you!' The scene was appalling, and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed to be an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to lead an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, cutlasses in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But, observing that there was still much confusion, and inquiring at the same time from the officers where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder magazine, threatening, with horrid oaths, that whether it should prove heaven or hell they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovel full of live coals, ready to throw in! Captain Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed, first on this man and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were then secured, when the crew finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the captain returned to his own ship. Next day, the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, king's ship, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably."—pp. 68, 69.

While detained for four months at Portsmouth, the good effect of his early religious training and subsequent reading and reflection became evinced in his gradual distaste for the habits and pleasures of the world. "However dark my mind was, I have no doubt," he says, "but God began a work of grace on my soul while living on board the *Melville Castle*." He was enabled to get free from his command under favorable circumstances; and, early in 1794, he returned with his wife to Scotland. His mind became more and more occupied with religious inquiry, and more especially with a renewed and serious examination of the holy scriptures. The result soon was,—that cordial embrace of the method of salvation the sincerity of which was proved by his subsequent life of Christian obedience, piety, and zeal. The religious experience of Robert Haldane, as regards the process of his spiritual conversion,

was, in a great measure, like that of his brother. It seems, however, that the excitement of the French Revolution was one cause of his being aroused from "the sleep of spiritual death." He was never a partisan enthusiast in favor of that revolution; but he was, on the other hand, not so alarmed as to approve of the severely repressive policy of the government of the day, or to admit the prudence of the war in which the country had been so fatally plunged. His sentiments on this subject he manfully expressed in an eloquent speech at a freeholders' meeting, in the County Hall at Stirling, "in opposition to the lord lieutenant and principal landholders." As we are told, "he was not the man to quail before what was called the reign of terror in Scotland." But the "personal coldness" evinced towards him by some of his more aristocratic friends "threw him more into the society of learned and pious ministers." His conversation and intercourse with such men induced in him a renewed anxiety respecting his spiritual condition. He went through a course of reading on the evidences of Christianity, in the faith of which he became more than ever confirmed. He was accustomed to say, that, "though he traced his turning to God to the early instructions of his mother, and had never been entirely without some convictions," he had derived most spiritual light at the beginning of his career, from his conversation with a good journeyman stonemason, of the name of Klam, or Clam, of Menstrie, who was employed at the works at Airthrey. This excellent man was remarkably intelligent, and well read in the Bible and the works of the best old Scotch divines. The biographer worthily observes—"To recall the name of the almost-forgotten stonemason of Menstrie, is a pleasing duty. It is one which will be found in the registry of God, although lost in the records of man."

Mr. Robert Haldane was much impressed by the first report of the Baptist mission in India. On the London Missionary Society being established, in 1795, he and his brother both became members, and subscribed £50 each. The Rev. Dr. Innes, of Stirling, was a frequent guest at Airthrey; and his mind, also, was now much occupied with the cause of missions. "To him, therefore, Mr. Haldane proposed that they should go to Bengal, and spend the remainder of their lives in endeavoring to communicate the precious truths of the gospel to the Hindoos, who were living under the British government." A plan was subsequently resolved

upon, between himself, Dr. Bogue, Mr. Innes, and the Rev. Greville Ewing, that they should proceed to India as missionaries. Mr. Robert Haldane engaged to take the entire expense of the mission. He proposed to appropriate £3,500 each to his colleagues, to indemnify them against all responsibility and care, and he arranged to place the princely sum of £25,000 in the hands of trustees for the accomplishment of the purposes of the mission. Benares was the city chosen for the scene of their labors—the very centre of Hindoo paganism. But this truly apostolic design was frustrated by the prejudices of the government and the East India Company. The necessary permission for these zealous evangelists to proceed to India was refused by the Company, notwithstanding that Mr. Haldane and Dr. Bogue used repeated exertions with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Secretary Dundas—himself a family connexion of the Haldanes—to obtain the consent of the government. Some sort of excuse for the refusal was attempted on the ground of the supposed extreme political views of these noble-minded men; but the biographer has amply vindicated them against the unworthy insinuation. It is much to be regretted that, in doing this, the author felt himself compelled to animadvert on the careless, if not somewhat disingenuous conduct, on this subject, of the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce. But, as they have, in a great measure, retracted their error, we will not dwell on a matter which, even through his sons, might seem to cast the slightest speck on the illustrious name of that great and good man. We cannot better conclude our allusion to this subject, than by recording the well-merited eulogy of Bishop Porteus. In a letter to Mrs. H. Moore, dated 16th Jan. 1797, after alluding, with admiration, to the self-sacrificing patriotism of Lord Cornwallis, who, in his old age, had “offered his services to quiet the military commotions in India,” adds—“Yet, on recollection, there is another instance of *heroism* with respect to the same country not less honorable to the actors in it than this. I lately saw three Scotchmen, (Mr. Haldane, Dr. Bogue, and Mr. Innes,) who are all going to India, without support and without protection, to make converts to Christianity. When we hear of these and some other instances of disinterested feeling and benevolence that I could mention, who will dare say that there is no religion or virtue in the land?” It may be as well to mention here, that though the original object of the sale of his estate was not carried into effect, yet Mr. Robert Haldane,

in 1798, did dispose of Airthrey, and “thus he found his power of applying property usefully very considerably increased.”

Mr. James Haldane, after leaving the Melville Castle, had entertained the project of purchasing an estate and settling down in Scotland, as a country gentleman. But, whilst residing in Edinburgh, he became most intimately acquainted with Dr. Walter Buchanan, Mr. Black, Dr. Erskine, and others, in whose Christian objects he became interested, “and in those of certain active and devoted laymen whom he met in their society.” Among the latter were Mr. John Aikman and Mr. John Campbell, so well known, years after, as the enterprising missionary African traveller.

Evangelical religion in Scotland was, at this time, at a very low ebb, even among the clergy of the established church; and among the educated laity, especially in the circles of literature and science, infidelity was sadly prevalent, if not predominant. A most affecting description is given of the positively anti-religious feeling of the General Assembly evinced in its malign attempts to suppress Christian missions. It was in such a state of things as regards religion that the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, at the invitation of Dr. Walter Buchanan, visited Scotland. This visit communicated to Mr. James Haldane “another and holier impulse.” This excellent clergyman—one of the brightest ornaments of the Church of England—after a short visit as a guest at Airthrey, accompanied Mr. James Haldane on a tour through the Highlands. Mr. Simeon preached several times,—twice at Glasgow, and in Lady Glenorchy’s chapel, in Edinburgh.

In the spring of 1797, a short journey by Mr. James Haldane to the west of Scotland, along with Mr. Campbell—whose object was to establish, in different places, Sunday schools—was, we are told, “the commencement of an active career of usefulness which continued for no less than fifty-four years.” He had before then had “a secret desire to be allowed to preach the gospel,” but his “heart suggested that it could not be.” But on this journey, at the village of Gilmerton, circumstances occurred which, as it were, compelled him to preach, which he did, with much effect, on the 6th May, 1797. The preaching now went on by Mr. Aikman and Mr. James Haldane; and “crowds flocked to hear the sea captain.” Much excitement was created in consequence of this lay preaching, but “the two preachers increased in

boldness," and resolved to make a tour, and preach the gospel in the principal towns and villages of the North of Scotland. "It was the commencement of a series of successive itinerancies in which Mr. James Haldane, accompanied by Mr. Aikman, Mr. Innes, or Mr. Campbell, preached in almost every populous town and village from Berwick-on-Tweed and the Solway Firth to John O'-Groats and the islands of Orkney and Shetland." Into the details—full of incident and instruction as they are—of these and his other apostolic travels in subsequent years, our limits forbid us to enter; but we may mention that the results of them, under the blessing of God, in arousing many of the slumbering clergy, in increasing among the people the desire of hearing the gospel, and in the conversion of souls, were encouraging beyond description. With the revival of primitive zeal there came, as of course, the triumphs of primitive success.

An institution for promoting the preaching of the gospel by itinerants and catechists was established, principally at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane. Much doubt and discussion arose in various quarters about the propriety of a system of itinerancy, as being an improper infringement on the supposedly more authorized services of the regular and ordained clergy and ministry, whether in or out of the Church. It was, considering the temptations to a contrary course naturally presented by their worldly position, the glory of the Haldanes, to disregard all such miserable priestly assumption, and save souls in spite of the Church.

In 1798, Mr. Robert Haldane adopted a scheme suggested by Mr. Campbell, "for bringing over from Africa twenty or thirty youths, to be educated in Edinburgh, and to be sent back to their own country to spread knowledge, especially religious knowledge." Steps were taken with Governor Macaulay, of Sierra Leone, for carrying the object into effect; but, on the latter arriving with his young African charge in England, it seems that he became jealous of leaving them under the educational control of the benevolent man who had actually set apart £7000 to defray the expense of the concern! Mr. Haldane could not consent to be thus treated, and the plan was subsequently adopted and carried out by the Sierra Leone Company. In this year (1798), Mr. Haldane purchased a large tabernacle at Edinburgh, formerly used by the relief congregation, which would contain more than two thousand people. The Rev. Rowland Hill was invited to open

the chapel. That celebrated and useful preacher remained for three Sabbaths preaching at the tabernacle, or, as it was called, the circus; and he is said to have, on one occasion, preached in the open air, on the Calton Hill, to 15,000 people. On the week days between the Sabbaths of his engagement, he went short tours, either with Robert or James Haldane, his time being much occupied in preaching to crowded congregations in the towns and cities which he visited. The opening of the circus was only preliminary to the establishing at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane of other places of worship at Glasgow, Dundee, and Perth, and subsequently at Thurso, Wick and Elgin. Supplies of preachers were partly obtained, for some years, by the services, at intervals, of the Rev. Messrs. Parsons, of Leeds; Boden, of Sheffield; Burder, of Coventry; Slatterie, of Chatham; Simpson, of Hoxton; Taylor, of Ossett; and Griffin, of Portsea. The general effect of this system of supplies was undoubtedly beneficial to the English preachers and their Scotch hearers. Most of these earnest and useful ministers—for they had all commenced their labors more or less under the stirring influence of the Whitfieldianism of the day—preached, on their visits to Scotland, at the circus and on the Calton, and on certain week days at some of the other chapels at Glasgow, Dundee, and Perth. But the difficulty of obtaining a regular supply of ministers led to the establishment, by Mr. Robert Haldane, of a seminary for the education of a select number of young men for the ministry. He paid, at this time, a visit to his friend Dr. Bogue, at Gosport, and, on his return, he proposed his plan to Mr. Ewing and Mr. Innes. Mr. Ewing now felt it his duty to quit the Established Church of Scotland; and in December, 1799, he resigned his charge. He subsequently became pastor of a church meeting in Glasgow. At this time, about twelve of those who, including the two Haldanes, had interested themselves in the establishment of the circus and the society for the propagation of the gospel at home, formed themselves into a congregational church, of which Mr. James Haldane was elected, and on the 3rd of February, 1799, ordained, the pastor. The congregation met in the circus, and Mr. Aikman was subsequently ordained as co-pastor. Mr. James Haldane "never aspired," we are informed, "to be the leader of a sect, but he was the first minister of the first church formed amongst the new congregational churches of Scotland." It will be convenient to mention

here, that these new congregational churches established by Mr. Haldane subsequently became anti-pædobaptist, though communion with them was not denied to the pious of other denominations. Mr. James Haldane had entertained doubts as to the propriety of infant baptism in 1804; and at length, in 1808, he himself submitted to baptism, and a considerable portion of the Church, who thought that the subject "might be made a matter of forbearance," still continued under his pastorate at the tabernacle. But, as might have been expected, a disruption of the body, generally, took place, Mr. Robert Haldane, in the following year, having also embraced anti-pædobaptist views. The Haldanes subsequently held other opinions with regard to the duty of the present observance of primitive example in certain matters of worship and discipline which distinguished them alike from the Congregationalists, and more particularly from the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Among these may be mentioned the practice of a weekly administration of the Lord's Supper, and plurality of pastors. Into the history and consequences of the disruption, however, it is not consistent, either with our limits or our plan, to enter. Mr. Robert Haldane at first intended to establish his seminary at Gosport; but on further consideration, though he contributed for a time towards the expense of the education, under Dr. Bogue, of ten students for the ministry, the institution was established in Scotland, and was placed under the presidency of the Rev. Greville Ewing, about a month after he quitted the establishment. The seminary commenced with twenty-four students. They were maintained at Mr. Haldane's expense, but they were expected, at the expiration of their term, to "depend upon their own exertions and the leadings of Providence." Mr. Haldane collected another class of missionary students and catechists, whom he placed under Dr. Innes, intending that they should be instructed for fifteen additional months by Mr. Ewing at Glasgow.

We must now necessarily pass over many interesting details with regard to the generally successful results of the various schemes of the two brothers for promoting the spread of the gospel in Scotland. In fact, the materials, documentary and narrative, furnished by the esteemed author on these matters are, as regards the state of evangelical religion in Scotland, to be considered as valuable *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

We must refer our readers to the book itself to enable them to appreciate their value.

Mr. Robert Haldane purchased, in 1810, the estate of Auchingray, Lanarkshire. Its extent, however, was small, compared with his patrimonial seat at Airthrey. While here, he commenced his well-known and valuable work on the Evidences of Revelation, which he published in 1816. We must now refer to his invaluable exertions for the restoration and propagation of evangelical truth on the Continent,—in Switzerland and in France. Happily these are so well known to most of our readers, that we may be justified in being brief on a subject which would supply ample materials, not merely for an article, but for a history. "For many years I had cherished the idea," says Mr. Haldane, "of going to France, with a view of doing something to promote the knowledge of the gospel." He soon perceived that he had no means of furthering this object at Paris, and he set out for Geneva. "From all I could learn from M. Moulinie"—a young pastor to whom Mr. Haldane had been introduced—"Geneva was involved in the most terrible darkness." It was, as Mr. Burgess observes, 'an unbroken field of labor,' with 'a fallen church.' Calvin, once its chiefest boast and ornament, with his doctrines and works, had been set aside and forgotten, while the pastors were, in general, 'Arians or Socinians.' As early as in 1810, Empeytaz, Bost, and a few others who 'had begun to be dissatisfied with the wretched food supplied by their spiritual pastors,' formed a reunion called *La Société des Amis*. To these, afterwards, in 1816, was joined a good young man, named Richard Wilcox, an English or Welch mechanic, of the Calvinistic Methodist school. But M. Empeytaz 'had quitted the field of his unequal combat with a consistory determined to crush him,' and M. Bost had gone, as pastor, to Montiers. Just at this critical time, the immortal reformer of Switzerland arrived. 'In a very short time,' we are told by the biographer of Henry Pyt, 'a striking revival, effected by his means, was manifested in the school (l'auditoire) of theology. Around the venerable Haldane, their true professor, there gathered habitually more than twenty pupils of that auditory, converted (altérés) by the instructions of that blessed word which they began immediately to distribute at Geneva, or, at a later period, to carry to neighboring countries, and amongst the latter may be named Henry Pyt, Jean Guillaume Gontier

and Charles Rieu, who died pastor at Fred-erica.' Much opposition was made by the pastors of Geneva to the proceedings of Mr. Haldane, and, at one time, they contemplated to cite him before the 'venerable company.' As one of them shrewdly observed—*Vous ne gagnerez pas grande chose par cela!* They shrunk from their intention, learning as they did that, if measures were carried too far, their students would desert them. Professor Chenviere attacked, in a publication, Mr. Haldane for his troublesome proceedings, and was guilty of much misapprehension and misrepresentation. But besides an able vindication of Mr. Haldane by Dr. Pye Smith, the dauntless man himself—like a true Great-heart as he was—gave to his malignant opponent a most crushing reply, which constitutes also 'in itself a memorial of solid and practical divinity.'

Having thus laid the foundation of a system of evangelical reform in the city of modern neologianism, Mr. Haldane removed to Montauban, in France. Here he resided for more than two years. He pursued a somewhat similar course as in Geneva, in the exposition and maintenance of the great leading truths of the evangelical faith to such students and others as attended on his instructions, whether of a more regular or of a general and conversational nature. Among those much indebted to his labors at Montauban, were MM. Monod, Marzials, and others. It would have been sufficient proof of the great success of the labors of this continental apostle, that God honored him to become the human instrument of the conversion of such a man as M. Merle D'Aubigné. Family circumstances led to his return to Scotland in 1819. But still, while ever devising some plan of Christian usefulness in his own country, he continued his exertions for the extension of the gospel in Europe by his zealous support of the Continental Society.

We cannot but speak in terms of grateful admiration and approval of his invaluable services—as we consider them to be—in his resolute, persevering, and ultimately successful resistance to the circulation of the Apocrypha by the Bible Society. But we must refer to our author for details on this subject, which are valuable as a portion of the religious history of our day. "To assert the authenticity of the canon and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures was"—we are told—"one of the great objects for which Robert Haldane lived."

Rather more than three years after the death of his first wife, Mr. James Haldane

married, in April, 1822, Margaret Rutherford, a daughter of the late well-known physician and professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Daniel Rutherford, the maternal uncle of Sir Walter Scott; so that the second Mr. James Haldane was the cousin-german of the celebrated poet.

Mr. James Haldane lived to commemorate a jubilee of his faithful pastorate. He published besides an "Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians," some valuable discourses and controversial pamphlets, evidencing his constant desire of the salvation of souls and the propagation and conservation of pure evangelical truth. He conducted the "Scripture Magazine" from 1809 to 1813, and the "Christian Quarterly Magazine" from 1832 to 1837, in both of which are many valuable contributions from his pen. Mr. Robert also was much occupied at various times in writing and publishing pamphlets, from 1825 to 1833, principally on the Apocrypha question. Among other subjects of controversy in which he engaged, was one with our respected friend, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, on "The Duty of paying Tribute."* Mr. Robert Haldane's work on the Evidences of Revelation, and his "Exposition of the Romans," are, and will long be, standards in our theological literature.

In August, 1842, Mr. Robert Haldane showed symptoms of that illness which, in about two months after, terminated his long and useful life. On the night of the 11th December, after exhorting his attendant to store up the scriptures in her memory, he was heard to utter his ever-memorable last words, which he repeated several times, "For ever with the Lord"—"for ever"—"for ever!" The next day, on Monday the 12th, he "peacefully departed," in the seventy-ninth year of his age. The venerable brother survived for more than eight years, till,

* We find from a pamphlet, by Dr. Brown, which we have received since we commenced this article, that some of the observations of the biographer have led to some disagreement between himself and the doctor, as to the extent of the practical effect in Edinburgh of the letters published on this subject by Mr. Haldane. We cannot settle this matter; but we must avow, without having a minute recollection of the precise points of dispute in the controversy between Mr. Robert Haldane and the doctor, that our views would, probably, on such a subject, be more in accordance with those of the latter than of the former. At any rate, we must in all honesty say, that whatever of correctness there may be in the views of Mr. Haldane, as expressed in his letters, his noble pen was, in this instance, employed for a most questionable purpose, in practically upholding such an iniquitous impost as the annuity tax.

after a very brief illness, he, also, on the 8th February, 1851, was called to "rest from his labors," at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. He died, as has been said, "in harness," as he was engaged to preach on the day following that of his death, in Dr. Chalmers's free church, at Westport. "During his waking intervals, he was in possession of every faculty, even to the last day." About an hour before his departure, his devoted wife said, 'You are going to Jesus. How happy you will be soon.' A vivid smile lighted up his countenance with the expression of ineffable joy, as he emphatically said,—“Oh, yes!”

We feel that any general comments on the facts of these remarkable biographies would be worse than useless. Robert and James Haldane were an honor alike to their own justly famous country, and to the age. Their beautifully *intertwining* lives of energetic usefulness form one of the very best specimens of the *ingenium perfervidum Scriptorum*. All that we will say of a practical nature—differing perhaps, in this respect, from some whom we esteem,—is, that we do not believe

that this "intelligent age," as it is somewhat complacently called, needs, after all, so much a more profoundly-philosophic style of theological dissertation, as it requires a succession of modern apostles of the spirit of the Haldanes. In saying this, however, we are not to be supposed as expressing our entire concurrence in every opinion held and maintained by these excellent men.

We should do injustice, if we were to conclude without expressing our high opinion of the candor, good sense, and general ability which the author evinces in the performance of his unusually difficult and delicate task. The book is highly interesting and instructive. It abounds with passages of good writing, and well depicts many a graphic scene, and tells many a valuable anecdote that will live in the memory and be told over and over again with delight and profit. It will, as we doubt not, have, what it well deserves, a wide circulation, and soon become, and long continue to be, a favorite and a standard in the most valuable department of our biographical literature.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NEGLECTED FRENCH AUTHORS.—CHAMFORT.

THERE are in every country which has a literature some authors who attain during their lives considerable celebrity—nay, even great popularity and renown; and yet who, when once removed from this scene of care and trouble, are speedily and unjustly forgotten. Others there are again who, unmeritedly neglected during their lives, acquire, as soon as death crowns their labors, a posthumous popularity which might have cheered their chequered existence when living, and rendered their departing struggles less bitter. Into the causes of these unjust judgments of the gentle public—into these caprices of fortune, or arbitrary awards of fate, we profess not here to enter. But of the certainty of the fact which we announce there can be no doubt. If a man has come to maturity in times of great public excitement—in periods of intestine or foreign war—in epochs of excitement or revolution, his labors, unless he become a journalist or a pamphleteer, may be overlooked; and if he become journal-

ist and pamphleteer, in how great a degree do these labors encroach on his time, distract his attention, and unfit him for the calmer walks of literature and philosophy. How often do the unceasing labors of the journalist affect his health, embitter his existence, and raise him up deadly enemies. One among the many pleasing and agreeable French authors of the last generation, Marmontel, was himself a journalist, and thus he speaks of journalism, after abundant experience—*Rediger un journal c'est-à-dire me condamner au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes*. Marmontel, however, did not allow journalism to become an absorbing passion or an engrossing pursuit; nor did he engage in the fierce political contests of his time. Yet, withal, journalism conducted him for a short time to the Bastille, to which he was unjustly consigned by the Duke de Choiseul for an article which he had not written.

A man who in a far greater degree suffered

from his connexion with journalism was Chamfort, who is so little known by the English public that it will be necessary to give some account of his history.

Sebastian Roch Nicholas Chamfort was born at a village near Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1741. All accounts agree in stating that he never knew who his father was. As to his mother, one account describes her falsely as a *pay-sanne*—the other, more truly, as *dame de compagnie*. As to the misfortune of his illegitimate birth, it cannot be imputed to Chamfort as a crime. The fault was not his, though unquestionably he was subjected to some of the punishment, and to many of the inconveniences. It cannot be supposed that this had no influence on Chamfort's disposition and feelings and future life. Some portion of the bitterness, and a great deal of the misanthropy and soured feelings of our author may be traced to the events of his earlier years. As soon as the condition of the mother of Chamfort became known in the family in which she was residing, it may be supposed there was a sudden rupture and dismissal. The unhappy creature came to hide her shame in Paris, and in Paris Chamfort first saw the light. The young mother soon found friends and protectors in the gay and gilded, but not utterly heartless, capital; and when her son was the requisite age, she had the influence to obtain for him a *bourrier's* place at the College of the Grassins. The young Nicholas merited this good fortune. Though aware of his birth, and that he came into the world without father or fortune, he exhibited towards his mother tenderness and affection, consoled her solitude, and commiserated her sorrows.

The first years of Nicholas—(that was the name under which he entered at the Grassins)—were undistinguished in his Academical career. In his third year, however, he shone out brilliantly, and terminated his "rhetoric," as it is called, with the most brilliant success. This *filius nullius*—this child of misfortune "baptized in tears"—carried off the five grand prizes of the University. These his first successes promising so many others, determined his vocation for letters. In fact, before he had terminated his philosophy, his caustic and satirical spirit had displayed itself. In conjunction with Letourneur, he wrote something which rendered them both obnoxious to the principal and masters. The two young friends thus rusticated, if not expelled, suddenly left their Alma Mater, travelled over some parts of Normandy, and, after having sowed their wild oats, returned to ask

an asylum of the offended principals. The college authorities nobly revenged themselves by taking the foolish young men back, and affording them the asylum which they penitently sought. A time, however, was soon to come, when Chamfort must do something for himself. His pen was his only resource; and he was forced to live on what he gained in writing for a few journals, and in composing sermons for popular preachers. For this last task Chamfort was wont to receive a louis per sermon, and this traffic lasted about a year. With the proceeds of what he thus gained from the booksellers, newspaper-proprietors, and priests, he supported himself and his mother.

Like Piron and Duclos, and so many other men, literary and not literary, with youth and good looks on their side, he fell early into the company of actresses and courtesans. Soon convinced that this was neither the road to fortune nor to fame, he determined to try for a prize at the academy, to write a comedy and what not besides. The prize at the Academy he obtained; for *l'Épître d'un père à son fils* was crowned *d'emblée*; and more than this, the comedy *La Jeune Indienne* was well received. Chamfort was now sought for and caressed. His figure was good, his countenance agreeable, his wit brilliant and ready; so that his manners and personal appearance impressed the world as favorably as his talents. Men and women of rank now sought his society. The Princess of Craon said of him, *Vous ne le croyez qu'un Adonis et c'est un Hercule*. The gay and dissipated life which Chamfort at this period led at Paris affected his health. He went from watering place to watering place—from Spa to Bâges—from Bâges to Contreuveille, without receiving much benefit. A humor fell upon his eyes and face, which in no degree improved the personal beauty of the Adonis or the Hercules. Though the name of the writer had now become familiar, and was well known to the Parisian public, yet the pecuniary position of Chamfort was by no means flourishing. Often was he in want of money, and obliged, like Piron and Rivarol, to dine here and there sometimes even with Duke Humfrey. It was at this epoch that Chabanon, who had a pension of 1200 francs on the *Mercure de France*, and who had formed a warm friendship for Chamfort, forced him to accept this pension. Madame Helvétius, too, (born Mdle. Ligneville, and niece of Madame Graffigny,) befriended him, and gave him a small apartment in her house at Sevrès, where he remained for two or three

years. He also received some kindnesses from the Duke of Choiseul, and from a rich citizen of Liege, M. Von Eck. But notwithstanding these aids, Chamfort occasionally suffered from the *res angusta domi*.

It is not, therefore, wonderful that he was a candidate for so many academic prizes. The Academy of Marseilles proposed at this period for a prize the *Eloge* of La Fontaine. Necker, who knew that La Harpe was a candidate on the lists, and who had not a doubt that he would win the race, added to the amount proposed to be given a sum of 2,400 francs out of his own pocket. But the event turned out differently from the expectations of the rich Genevese. Chamfort, excited by the circumstances, entered the lists and succeeded. Both productions have now been long before the public. There has been abundant time to test their merits, and there can be no doubt that the Marseillaise were right in awarding the palm to Chamfort. This *Eloge* of La Fontaine is unquestionably one of the most exquisite pieces of the kind in the French language.

It was at Bareges that Chamfort made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Grammont, who introduced him at the house of her brother, the Duke de Choiseul, at Chanteloup. Mlle. de Lespinasse, the daughter of Madame d'Albon, and better known as the friend of D'Alembert and the Count de Guibert, was at Chanteloup at the time, and thus she writes of the new visitor. "I have seen M. de Chamfort, who is arrived. We shall read one of these days his *Eloge* of La Fontaine. He is returned from the waters in good health, crowned with more of glory and wealth than when he left. Above all, he possesses four friends, every one of whom *l'amient chacune d'elles comme quatre*—these are Madame de Grammont, Madame de Rancé, Madame d'Amblimont, and the Countess of Choiseul. I can answer for it, that M. de Chamfort is very well satisfied, and *il fait de son mieux pour être modeste*. Notwithstanding this too flattering portrait of the content and satisfaction of Chamfort, it is well known that he was neither contented nor happy. His health was far from good, and the care of it absorbed all his literary resources. After his visit to Chanteloup he retired to Sevres. It was at Sevres, in the apartment furnished for him by Madame Helvetius, that he labored at his tragedy of *Mustapha et Zéangir*, which was represented with great *éclat* at Fontainebleau. The Queen conceived there were flattering allusions to herself in some passages, and

the King, probably in consequence, granted a pension of 1200 livres to the author. Further, the Prince of Condé offered him the post of *secrétaire de ses commandements*. He had scarcely been installed in the Palais Bourbon when he wished to get out of it, and to be a free man again, without however offending the Prince of Condé. With this view he passed six months in writing letters in prose and in verse begging the Duke to accept his resignation.

Chamfort at length, in a fit of moroseness and misanthropy, resinged his secretaryship, and there were not wanting people to raise a cry of ingratitude, as though any man, however little of a millionaire, were obliged to bear a weight which he found too burdensome. It was at this epoch of his life that Chamfort, following the example of Boileau, retired to Auteuil. He even took up his residence in the house of the satirist, saying, "it is not with the living but with the dead that one should commune"—meaning thereby with books. He had hardly, however, been installed among his books than, at the very dangerous age of forty, he fell in love. He had met at Boulogne a lady of the court of the Duchess of Maine, a beauty who counted eight-and-forty winters. This lady had a great deal of talent, had travelled much, and was exceedingly agreeable and companionable. Chamfort proposed, was accepted, and married her. From Auteuil they went to reside at Vancouleurs, not far from Etampes. They had not been more than a few months in their new residence when death broke the bonds so recently tied together. A settled melancholy now took possession of the mind of Chamfort. He was roused from this state of sadness and torpor by M. de Choiseul Gouffier, who invited him to travel with him in Holland. The Count de Narbonne, subsequently an emigrant in England, and employed on obtaining, through Madame de Stael, permission to return to France, was of this party. The lively and original mind of the count sparkled in collision with that of Chamfort. On his return from Holland, Chamfort was admitted a member of the Academy in the place of St. Palaye. As an Academician he returned to the world and to Paris. His discourse, on being received a member, was a remarkable production, distinguished by brilliancy and talent. But Chamfort went seldom to the Academy, and no sooner was he one of the forty, than he wrote his *Discours contre les Académies*, which subsequently contributed to the suppression of all such Institu-

tions. Occasionally he went to court, where Marie Antoinette once said to him, "Do you know, M. de Chamfort, that you pleased all the world at Versailles, not because of, but in spite of your talent?" "The reason, your majesty will see, is quite simple," rejoined Chamfort, with his usual frankness; "at Versailles I am content to learn many things I know from people who are entirely ignorant of them." Chamfort acquired the friendship of the Count de Vaudreuil, who lodged him in his mansion. During this period Mirabeau, who had heard much, who had read more of Chamfort, and met him occasionally, sought his friendship. There was a similarity of tastes and opinions between them. As M. Arsène Houssaye says, in a recent publication, *tous les deux étaient emportés et railleurs*. It is a curious and significant fact, that in this intercourse Chamfort assumed the ascendancy, or probably it would be more correct to say, that Mirabeau, for once in his life, knocked under. Writing to Chamfort, he thus expresses himself. "There is hardly a day I do not find myself stating, '*Chamfort froncerait le sourcil; ne faisons pas, n'écrivons pas cela*'; or on the other hand, *Chamfort sera content*," No doubt Mirabeau, who was extremely solicitous of literary renown, knew all the advantage he might reap from intercommunion with a mind such as that of Chamfort; and Chamfort, on the other hand, was well aware of the glory to be acquired by allying himself with a personage of the force of character and splendor of eloquence possessed by Mirabeau. Force, impetuosity, passionate sensibility predominated in the character of Mirabeau; delicacy, neatness, subtlety, and finesse, were the characteristics of Chamfort. During the period of this friendship, which was only interrupted by the death of Mirabeau, the great orator submitted to Chamfort not merely his writings for the press, but his opinions, his conduct, his hopes, and his fears. He affected to treat him as even his superior and his master in moral force. Knowing the character of Mirabeau, one may well doubt the sincerity of this assumed or affected deference. On the other hand, it is certain that Chamfort contributed considerably to Mirabeau's published works. The most eloquent passages in the book on the order of Cincinnatus were written by him.

The epoch of 1789 had now arrived. Both Mirabeau and Chamfort had done everything in their power, by writing and speech, to promote the Revolution. They were accordingly ready to serve the spirit they had

powerfully contributed to evoke. Whilst Mirabeau proclaimed the new doctrines in the Assembly in burning words, the whole heart, mind, tongue, and pen of Chamfort seemed to be imbued with the same spirit. Never did this brilliant thinker utter words and phrases clothed in more attractive forms, or which more impressed themselves on the memory and imagination. His republican fervor knew no bounds. He applauded the decree which suppressed pensions, albeit the whole of his fortune was in pensions. The pensions, however, or the void which the absence of them created in his receipts, was replaced by labor, and the *Mercur de France* became doubly valuable from the contributions of his pen. His articles increased daily in interest and attraction.

Chamfort appeared in popular assemblies only when there was danger in showing himself. Accustomed to think and act like a freeman, he could not be made to feel that there was any danger in explaining himself upon men and things. He did not wait for the Revolution to adopt this course. Neither Marat, nor Robespierre, nor any one of the sanguinary tyrants who weighed on France were safe from his sallies. Indignant at the prostitution of the words "fraternity" and "liberty" traced on all the walls, Chamfort translated them thus: *Sois mon frère ou je te tue*. He used to say the fraternity of these people is like that of Cain and Abel. When it was remarked that he often repeated this word—"You are right," he used to observe: "I ought to say, by way of variation, of Eteocles and Polynices." These sarcasms were so many crimes for base dilators to note and to denounce—crimes of which Chamfort was later to bear the punishment. Nevertheless, as it was under the mask of patriotism and the name of liberty that men were at this period persecuted, and that tyranny was ultimately established, it was difficult to discover a pretext for incriminating Chamfort; for he had ever been consistent in his opinions, and walked in the leading ranks of the Republican phalanx. But he had been named one of the librarians of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* by the Minister Roland, and this was enough to draw down vengeance on his head. Denounced by one Tobiasen Dubuy, a subordinate *employé* in the establishment, he was arrested with his colleagues, and conveyed to the Madelonettes. To this prison he was conducted in company with the Abbé Barthélemy, whose gray hairs ought to have been his protection. Imprisonment, which so many at this period

bore with fortitude and resignation, was particularly odious and irksome to Chamfort. "It is neither death nor life," he cried; "and I want no middle term, for I desire to open my eyes on heaven, or to shut them in the tomb." When released, he found himself under the surveillance of a gendarme, who never quitted him.

This produced a profound and melancholy impression on his mind, for he saw in it a proof that a prison would again open for him. It was under the impression of these painful feelings that he inwardly swore to die rather than to be conducted back to his dungeon. Tyranny, however, sustained by public terror, now became day by day more cruel. It was harshly intimated to Chamfort that he should go back to the *maison d'arret*. While the myrmidons of authority were waiting to fetch him, he remembered his oath. Retiring to an adjoining room, under the pretext of making preparations to accompany the officers, he locked the door, charged a pistol, pulled the trigger with an intent to blow out his brains, but only succeeded in shooting out his right eye and destroying the bridge of his nose. Astonished at his own *maladroitness*, and still resolved to die, he seized a razor, and attempted to cut his throat. His hand, however, was not as powerful as his will, and after several attempts the unfortunate prisoner failed too in this object. Next he attempted to reach the heart, stabbing himself in that region, and ultimately tried to open the veins in the arms. Overcome at length by torturing pain, he cried aloud, flinging himself upon a chair. The inmates of the house, as well as the officers of justice, aware that something strange had occurred, and hearing the report of a pistol-shot, rushed to Chamfort's room, and attempted to staunch the blood streaming from his wounds along the floor. But the struggling and suffering man declared that his desire was to die as a freeman rather than again be conducted to prison as a slave. "If you persist in dragging me thus to prison," he said, to the officers, "sufficient strength remains to me to accomplish what I have begun. I am a freeman," he added, "and no earthly power can make me enter alive into that prison." Suffering from pain and loss of blood, he explained to those around his reasons for laying violent hands on himself. "You see what it is to be *maladroit* in the use of one's hands," he exclaimed: "one cannot even kill oneself to escape the fangs of tyranny." Contrary to all expectation, the recovery of Chamfort was most rapid. He

amused himself during his convalescence in translating the epigrams of the *Anthology*. Indignant at the atrocities and horrors he saw everywhere committing around him, he said more than once, *Ce que je vois me donne a tout moment l'envie de me recommencer*. Forced now, by the total loss of his means of existence, and by the very considerable expenses resulting from his detention and treatment, to live in privacy, Chamfort retired, with such books as remained to him, to a modest apartment in the Rue Chabanaïs. Insensibly and by degrees returning to his literary habitudes and avocations, Guinguen  and some other friends of his conceived the project of a journal, to be called *La D cade Philosophique*, chiefly, if not solely, with a view to give a profitable occupation to Chamfort; but the hand of death was upon him, and he never contributed a line to it.

Chamfort expired on the 13th April, 1793, in the 52nd year of his age. Terror prevailed in that infelicitous time to such a degree that it was an act of courage to accompany his remains to their last home. There were only three individuals who shed their tears over the bier of Chamfort. These were MM. Van Praet, Si yes, and Guinguen .

Chamfort did not foresee, and therefore did not acclaim with enthusiastic welcome, the Revolution. He was much more a man of wit, of cleverness, and of *esprit*, than of thought or foresight; but though his mind resembled that of Rabelais, or Bayle, or Voltaire, and was more critical and carping than enthusiastic, yet he flung himself with ardor into the democratic passions of the time. He assisted at all the assemblies and at all the clubs, now at the side of Robespierre, now at the side of Barnave; now with Mirabeau at Versailles, now with Camille Desmoulins at the Palais Royal. It is a curious peculiarity in the psychological history of Chamfort, that he entertained in 1790 the revolutionary sentiments of the democrats of 1792; in 1792, on the other hand, seeing the ideas of 1790 about to triumph, he was the first to throw cold water upon them.

Having read the account of the sufferings Chamfort inflicted on himself, the generality of people will express surprise that he did not expire within four-and-twenty, or at all events within forty-eight hours after the infliction of such self-torture and horrible mutilation. But it is still more extraordinary that the authorities did not abstain from persecuting him and restore to him his liberty. Widely different was the conduct pursued. The surveillance under which he originally

labored was still continued, and he was forced to pay a crown a-day to the gendarme who guarded him. No wonder that he said to Siéyes, who saw him in this plight, *Ah ! mon ami, je m'en vais enfin de ce monde, où il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronze.* The opinion of Chamfort himself was, that the pistol-ball was in his head ; *Je sens (said he) que la balle est resté dans ma tête ; ils n'iront pas l'y chercher.*

The youth of Chamfort was irregular and stormy. His birth, his poverty, his passions, his decided taste for letters—a taste which led him away from all lucrative occupation—were all circumstances unfavorable to him in a worldly sense. The lightness and liveliness of his mind—the vivacity and originality of his humor—the readiness of his repartees—his natural causticity, which veiled the kindness of his nature, and caused the goodness of his heart to be unjustly suspected—all contributed to throw around him a certain haze of unpopularity. This feeling was greatly increased by his unconquerable aversion to the numerous race of impudent, unabashed, and self-contented fools with which society is so thickly studded, and by his thorough disrelish and openly expressed contempt for pretenders of all kinds. Such sentiments, ever openly expressed, inspired many with fear, and not a few with hatred. Independently of this, the zeal with which Chamfort embraced the Revolution and its doctrines, made of every one opposed to his opinions a personal enemy. He had adopted from the clubs a custom of speaking out his mind perhaps too boldly, and of substituting loudness and vehemence for that politeness and courtesy of which he had been earlier a model. He has himself truly said, that there is a certain ardent energy incident to or inseparable from a particular kind of talent, which often misleads men into imprudences who are well inclined at bottom, and who are not morally wrong.

The events of Chamfort's life prove that he possessed a mind naturally strong and vigorous. Accustomed from early youth to struggle against adversity, he never once allowed himself to be cast down by despondency. After having enjoyed for many years the comforts of ease and independence, he looked with serenity and courage, in the last year of his life, on a prospect less cheering than lay before him at his outset in early youth. His proud spirit compounded with nothing mean or servile,—he abhorred all chains whether of silk or of gold.

Chateaubriand, who had met Chamfort

during the progress of the Revolution, gives us an account of his personal appearance. "Chamfort," says he, "was above the middle height, a little bent, pale faced, and of a delicate complexion. His blue eye, occasionally cold and veiled when unexcited, sparkled and flashed with fire when he became animated. His open nostrils gave to his countenance an expression of energetic sensibility. His voice was flexible and well modulated, but during my last moments in Paris it had become harsh and unpleasant. There was the agitated and imperious tone of factions and of clubs."

No man mixed more in the world than Chamfort, and he brought into it a spirit of observation so remarkable and ingenious as to appear to the ablest and shrewdest of his contemporaries almost unerring and miraculous in his judgments. This spirit of observation is most remarkable in that portion of his work with the title of *Maximes et Pensées*. In these maxims and thoughts we perpetually find that which Herault de Sechelles, himself a man of great wit and cleverness, called *les tenailles mordantes de Chamfort*. If it be alleged, on the one hand, that Chamfort is too prone to seek in French society, as it then existed, food for ridicule, or pictures of hypocrisy and insincerity, on the other hand it must be admitted that no one painted these vices in less attractive colors. Chamfort may have inclined too much to the opinion that the extreme development of civilization in the refined society in which he lived led only to corruption of morals, to hateful, ridiculous, and odious vices, to insincerity, to selfishness, and to dissimulation. But, at all events, he gives the reason, if not the justification, for the faith that was in him, in respect to this theory, in the portraits and salient traits which he presents to us, either in full length or *en buste*. It was his daily habit to write out on little slips of paper the results of his observations and reflections reduced into maxims—the anecdotes he had picked up in the great world—in the society of men and women of fashion, or of persons celebrated in the professions or as men of letters. Every trivial fact that could serve to illustrate manners or customs—every *mot piquant* or *spirituel* which escaped from himself or others he noted down. There is thus infinite variety in his remarks. The court, the camp, the city, the exchange, the theatres, even the churches are put under contribution, and by turns appear as they really existed sixty or seventy years ago, in his brilliant and pictured pages. The following speci-

mens, from the *Caractères et Anecdotes*, will show that our description is not exaggerated :

It is an undoubted fact that *Madame*, the daughter of the king, playing with one of her maids, looked at the hands of her attendant, and after counting the worthy woman's fingers, exclaimed with surprise, "What! and is it really so? Why, you have also five fingers, like me!" And her royal highness commenced re-counting the fingers by way of assuring herself of the fact.

Marshal Richelieu having proposed a noble lady of a great house (whose name I forget) to Louis XV. *pour maîtresse en titre*, the king would not hear of it, saying, that when he was tired of the lady, it would be far too costly a job to send her about her business.

Marshal Biron had a very dangerous illness. Wishing to confess, he said, before many of his friends, "This I owe to God, this I owe to the king, this I owe to the State," &c. &c. A friend interrupted him thus, "Hold! hold! imprudent man that you are. If you don't mind what you are about, assuredly you will die insolvent!"

M— once said to me, "I have known women of all countries. The Italian woman only believes in the sincerity of her lover when he is ready to commit a crime for her; the Englishwoman when he is disposed to be downright mad in her behalf; and the Frenchwoman when he is disposed to render himself silly and ridiculous for her sake."

A certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, had been, for thirty years, in the habit of passing his evenings at Madame H.'s. At length, his wife died. People thought he would marry the lady whose house he frequented, and his best friends encouraged him to perpetrate the deed. He refused, saying, "In that case, my dear friends, where should I find a house of refuge to pass my evenings?"

Madame de Tencin, with the suavest manners in the world, was an unprincipled woman, capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. "Ay, ay," said the Abbé Imblet, "if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and least disagreeable poison in the world."

A clever man, M—, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies he was answered, that the public had come to a very different conclusion from his. "The public!" he rejoined, "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"

A certain gentleman of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless, was in the deepest mourning—in mourning, as they familiarly say, from the crown of the head to the sole of his foot. He wore a black scratch wig, weepers, and pulled the

longest of interminable long faces. A friend, addressing him in a subdued tone, said, "Alas, my dear friend, who, then, have you had the misfortune to lose?" "I!" rejoined the man in sables and weepers, "I have lost nothing: the literal fact is, that I have been a widower for some days."

"All that I have seen in the world," said M—, "were undigested dinners, suppers without pleasure, conversations in which there was no confidence on one side or the other, alliances without friendship, and marriages without love."

I once said to an agreeable misanthrope, who had introduced to me a young friend of his, "Your friend, my dear sir, has no worldly tact; he knows nothing whatever of the usages of life." "Ah," said R., "he is already as mournful and downcast as if he knew every tittle of that of which you reproach him with utter ignorance."

In a large company, many details of the gluttony and *gourmandise* of various sovereigns were mentioned. "What would you have," said M. de Brequigny; "in the name of heaven, what would you have? These poor kings must do something, and it is as necessary they should eat as Jack, Tom, or Harry."

"You must flatter or frighten," said M—, "the interest or the self-love of men. Men are asses or monkeys, who only jump for nuts, or skip about in fear of the whip."

The familiarity which the great Frederick of Prussia permitted to those who lived on intimate terms with him, is well known. A certain general, who shall be nameless, enjoyed this intimacy in the highest degree. The king, before the battle of Rosbach, said to his friend, that if he lost it, he would retire to Venice, and there practise physic. "Ah," replied the general, "*toujours assassin—toujours assassin*."

During the last illness of Louis XV., which from the first was considered fatal, the physician Lorry, who was sent for with Bourdeu, in the opinions and advice which he gave, used the words *Il faut*. The king, shocked at this freedom, kept muttering in a low and dying voice, *Il faut! Il faut!*

A friend was complimenting Madame Denis on the admirable manner in which she played *Zaire*. "In order to play the part well," said Madame Denis, "an actress must be young and pretty." "Ah, Madame," ingenuously enjoined the complimenter, "you are a living proof of the very contrary."

A friend advised the English satirist, Donne, to denounce profligacy and vice, but to spare the profligate and vicious. "What!" said he, "denounce the cogged dice and packed cards, and let the players go scot free!"

On the death of Louis XIV. a courtier said, "Well, well, after the death of the king, I really can believe anything."

L'Eclure used to relate, that when quite a young man, and without fortune, arriving at Lunéville, he obtained the place of dentist to King Stanislas on the very day on which the king lost his last tooth.

When Louis XV. was a young man, it was found necessary to correct him of a habit which he had contracted of tearing the lace of his courtiers. M. de Maurepas undertook this task. He appeared before the king with the most exquisite lace in the world. The king, approaching him, tore one of his ruffles, whereupon De Maurepas himself, with the greatest *sang-froid*, deliberately tore up the other, simply saying, "There's no pleasure in *that*." The king, surprised, blushed slightly, and from that hour was never known to tear lace.

After Stanislaus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had granted pensions to many ex-Jesuits, M. de Tressan said to him, "Sire, will your Majesty do nothing for the family of Damiens, which is in the greatest distress?"

The Chevalier de Montbarey lived for a time in a provincial town of no note. On his return to the capital, his friends were condoling with him as to the wretched society, &c. "You are quite mistaken," cried he; "the good company of that little town is like good company everywhere, and the bad company is most excellent."

In order to judge what the *noblesse* is, said M—, it suffices to observe, that the living Prince de Turenne is more noble than M. de Turenne, and that the Marquis de Laval is more noble than the *Connétable de Montmorenci*.

While the King of Prussia was talking with D'Alembert, there entered one of the servants, a man of the very handsomest face and person. D'Alembert appeared struck with the circumstance. "That is," said the king, "the very handsomest man in my states. He was for a while my coachman, and I have a great mind to send him ambassador into Russia."*

When M. Dubreuil was on the point of death, he said to his friend M. Pebacéja, "Why is it, tell me, that so many people are in the room? You should be the only one here, for the disease is contagious."

Marshal de Broglie married the heiress of a merchant, by whom he had two daughters. It was proposed to him in the presence of his wife that one of the daughters should enter a noble religious chapter as a *chanoinesse*. "I have," said he, "in marrying madame, closed against me an entrance to all chapters." "And you have also, by marrying me, closed against you the door of the alms house," rejoined his wife.

M. de Turenne, seeing a child pass behind a horse in such sort that the urchin might be maimed for life by a kick, called the little truant towards him, and addressed him thus: "My fine little fellow, never pass behind a horse without leaving between you and the animal abundant space to escape unharmed. I promise you that in thus acting you will not travel an additional league in the whole course of your life, and remember it is Turenne who has told you so."

Diderot was asked what manner of man was M. d'Epinal. "He is a man," said Diderot, "who has got through two millions without once saying a good thing or doing a good action."

M. de C——, one day speaking of the government of England in a society in which there were some bishops and abbés, one of the latter, by name the Abbé de Seguerand, said to him, "From the little I know of England, I am not in the least inclined to live there, and I know I should not like the place." "Ah," said M. de C——, "it is because you would find yourself ill at ease and would not like the country that it is in every way excellent."

Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Caylus were one day walking round the pond at Marly. The water was pellucid, and the ladies could see the carp moving slowly about, melancholy and meagre. Madame de Caylus drew Madame de Maintenon's attention to the fact. "Ah," said Madame de Maintenon, "the carp are like me; they regret their native mud."

The coachman of the King of Prussia having upset him, the king fell into an ungovernable rage. "Well," said the coachman, "it is a sad accident, a misfortune that might happen to any one—you, for instance, have you never lost a battle?"

A lady aged 90, said to Fontenelle at 95, "Death has forgotten us." "Silence! not a word," said Fontenelle, placing his finger upon his mouth.

M. de Turenne, dining one day at M. de La-moignon's, the host inquired of his guest if his courage was never shaken at the commencement of a battle. "Yes," said Turenne, "I sometimes undergo great nervous excitement; but there are in the army a great number of subaltern officers and soldiers who experience none whatever."

The King and Queen of Portugal were at Belem to witness a bull-fight the day of the earthquake of Lisbon. It was this saved them, and it is a fact which has been averred to me by many French then sojourning in Portugal, that the king never knew the real extent of the disaster. He was first told that some houses were destroyed; then some churches, and having never returned to Lisbon, it may be said that he was the only man in Europe who had no idea of a disaster which happened within a league of him.

* The Empress Catherine was then on the throne.

Duclos, not to profane the name of Romans, in speaking of modern Romans, used to say an Italian of Rome.

"In the world," said M., "there are three sorts of friends: your friends who like you—your friends who do not care for you—and your friends who hate you."

A relative of M. de Vergennes asked him why he permitted M. de Breteuil, who was likely to succeed him, to come to Paris. "Breteuil," said he, "is a man who has always filled embassies in foreign countries, and who is not known in Paris. His reputation is quite a fictitious one, though there are many who believe him fit to be minister. It is necessary to deceive these people by producing the Baron de Breteuil, and showing what manner of man he really is."

"My enemies can do nothing against me," said M.; "they cannot deprive me of the faculty of thinking rightly or acting well."

M. de ——— asked the Bishop of ——— to lend him a country box to which he never went. The Bishop answered, "Don't you know it is necessary to have a place where you never go—a place in which you fancy you might be happy if you went there?" M. de ———, after a momentary silence, answered, "That's true, and this feeling it is which has made the idea of Paris so popular."

A man of letters, whom a *grand seigneur* had made to feel the superiority of his rank, was thus addressed by an author: "M. le Duc, I am not ignorant of what I ought to know, but I also know right well that it is easier to be above me than on a level with me."

A village doctor went to visit a patient in a neighboring hamlet, and took with him his gun, that he might wing any game he encountered in crossing the fields. A peasant meeting him on the way, asked whither he was going? 'To see a patient,' was the answer. 'What then,' said the peasant, 'do you really fear to miss him, in the ordinary way, that you take your gun with you?'

"You yawn," said a lady to her husband. "My dear friend," said the husband, "husband and wife are but one, and when I am alone I become weary."

A theatrical proprietor requesting M. de Villars to deprive the pages of the privilege of the free-list, said, "Observe, Monseigneur, that numerous pages make a volume."

A lady who shall be nameless, was at the representation of *Méropé*, and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised. Perceiving which, the lady said, "I could indeed have wept, but I am engaged out to-night to supper."

Gabrielli asked for singing for two months 5000 ducats of the Empress Catherine of Russia.

Why," said the empress, "none of my field-marshals are paid after that rate." "In that

case," replied La Gabrielli, "your majesty may make your field-marshals sing."

A very young man who had been in love with a woman of forty, with whom he had a quarrel, was advised by an elderly friend to require a return of his letters. "Probably she has them no longer." "Yes, yes," said the elderly friend, "undoubtedly she has them, for after thirty women very carefully treasure all love letters."

Madame de Talmont, seeing M. de Richelieu, instead of lavishing attention on herself, paying court to Madame de Brionne, a very pretty woman without the least mind, said to him, "Marshal, you are not blind, but I believe you a little deaf."

The King of Prussia seeing one of his soldiers with a scar on his face, said to the man, "In what wine shop have you been thus treated?" "In a wine shop in which you well paid your scot—at Collum," rejoined the soldier. The king, who had been well beaten at Collum, found the reply excellent.

After he had learned the details of the battle of Ramillies, Louis XIV. exclaimed, "God Almighty has then forgotten all that I have done for him."

A certain lady had lost her husband. Her confessor *ad honores* came the next day to see her, and found her playing with a well-dressed young man. Seeing the confessor amazed, "Sir," said she, "if you had come half an hour sooner, you would have found me bathed in tears, but I staked my grief against the gaiety of this gentleman, and have lost, as you see."

Voltaire, passing through Soissons, received a visit from a deputation of the Academy of that town. The deputation declared that the Soissons Academy was the eldest daughter of the French Academy. "Yes, gentlemen," replied the wit, "the eldest daughter, a prudent, modest, virtuous girl, of whom nobody has ever said a word."

Little Philosophical Dialogues.

A. I am at daggers drawn with her.

B. Why, pray?

A. I've spoken ill of her.

B. I undertake to arrange the affair. What have you said?

A. That she was a coquette.

B. I'll reconcile you.

A. And further, that she was ugly.

B. Oh! then I'll have nothing more to do with the affair.

Cook. I could not buy that salmon.

Dr. of the Sorbonne. Why not?

Cook. A counsellor bid for it.

Dr. of the Sorbonne. Here, take one hundred crowns, and straightway purchase the salmon and the counsellor.

A. The wife you propose to me is not rich.

B. But you are.

A. I wish to marry a rich woman. It is necessary that man and wife should be assorted.

A. The place is respectable.

B. You mean to say lucrative.

A. Respectable and lucrative are one and the same.

A. You know the Count de —, is he agreeable?

B. No; he is a man of noble feelings, elevated mind, cleverness, and acquired knowledge; that's all.

Dialogue between two Courtiers.

A. It is a long time since you have seen M. Turgot.

B. Yes.

A. You have not seen him since his disgrace, for example?

B. I believe so. The fact is, I fear lest my presence should recall the happy time when we daily met at the king's council.

Philosophical Dialogue between the King of Prussia and Darget.

The King. Now for it, Darget. Amuse me by relating the etiquette of the King of France. Commence with his morning toilette. [Darget enters into all these details, describes the officers, valets de chambres, their functions, etc.]

The King. (in a fit of loud laughter). Ah! Grand Dieu! If I were king of France I'd make another king to do all those sort of things in my place.

Dialogue between the Emperor and the King of Naples.

The King. Never was an education more neglected than mine.

The Emperor. How is that? (Aside.) There's something in this man.

The King. Imagine to yourself that at twenty years old I didn't know how to make a fricassee of chicken, and the little of cookery I know has been self-taught.

Why is it that you give nothing new to the public.

Under this head Chamfort assigns many reasons for his silence, some of which we give:—

For this among other reasons, that the public uses literary men as their chimney-sweeps of the Pont St. Michael serve the climbing boys they enlist in their service. They get ten crowns the first day, are made drunk, and receive more kicks than halfpence for the rest of their lives.

I give nothing new to the public because people press me to write for the same reason that when they go to the window they wish to see passing monkeys or bear leaders.

I give no more to the public because I don't wish to die without having lived.

I give no more to the public because I wish not to act like men of letters in general, who may be

likened to donkeys plunging and kicking before an empty manger.

I give nothing new to the public because I prefer the esteem of worthy people and my own happiness to some praises, some crowns, accompanied with insults and calumnies.

I give nothing new to the public because I have known all the celebrated men of our time, and have seen them rendered unhappy by this passion for celebrity, have seen them dying degraded in running after it.

Maxims and Thoughts.

You ask how a man makes his fortune? Look at what passes in the pit of a theatre on a day on which there is a crowd. See how some remain behind—how those in the first rank d'aw back—how those in the last ranks are carried forward. This image is so just that the word which expresses it has passed into popular language. It is called making one's fortune, pushing one's way.

For instance, the mass say, 'My son, my nephew, will push himself on.' Politer people say, 'will get on, will advance himself, will arrive at the goal.' These softened terms exclude the thought of force, of violence, of coarseness, but the leading idea subsists nevertheless.

There are men who have a need to go on stilts, and to raise themselves above others at whatever price. All is equal to them whether they be placed on the trestles of a charlatan, on the boards of a theatre, on a throne or scaffold, they are equally content, provided they draw attention.

The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not once laughed.

Prejudice, vanity, calculation—these are the things that govern the world. The man who only knows as rules of conduct, reason, truth, sentiment, has nothing in common with society. It is in himself he ought to seek and find his only happiness.

The Dutch have no commiseration for men who get into debt. They consider that every man in debt lives, if he be poor, at the expense of his fellow-citizens, and of his heirs if he be rich.

Of society, the great, the rich, and people of the world.

The world is never known by books. This has been often said, but the reason has never been told. It is really that this knowledge is the result of a thousand fine and delicate observations which self-love confides to no one, not even to one's best friend.

Men fear to show themselves as occupied with little things, though these little things are very important to the success of the greatest affair.

In reading the memoirs of the time of Louis XIV. one finds in the bad company of that day something that is wanting in the good of the present.

That which is said in circles, in drawing-rooms, in public assemblies, in books, even in those books which are published with a view to make known

society, is all false and insufficient. One may describe all this by the Italian word *per la predica*, or by the Latin *ad populum phalaras*. That which is true, that which is instructive, is what a conscientious man, who has seen much and seen well, would say to his friend by the fireside. Some of these conversations have more instructed me than all books, or than the commerce of society. They put me on the right road, and cause me to reflect more.

From a thousand characteristic traits which I have heard related, I am sure that if apes had the talent of parrots they would be made ministers of state.

Society is composed of two great classes, those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

People give ten guinea dinners to entertain those for whose good digestion of the expensive dinner they would not give a groat.

The friendship of the court may be compared to the faith of foxes and the society of wolves.

You believe that a minister, that a man in place, is imbued with such and such a principle, and you believe it because you have heard him say so. In consequence of this, you abstain from asking him for this or that thing which would place him in contradiction with his favorite maxim. You soon, however, learn that you have been a dupe, and you see him do things which prove to you that a minister has no principles, but solely a habit of making certain declarations.

When one wishes to please in the world one must be resigned to be taught many things which one very well knows by people ignorant of them.

The menace of a neglected cold is for the doctors that which purgatory is for the priests—a mine of wealth.

A man of talent is lost if he does not join to talent energy of character. With the talents of Diogenes you should also have his stick.

No one has more enemies in this world than an upright, proud, and sensible man, disposed to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

The world hardens the hearts of the mass of mankind. That class of human beings least inclined to become callous are obliged to create for themselves a species of factitious insensibility, in order that they may not be the dupes of men or women.

We know not at all the man we know not thoroughly. There are a few men who deserve to be studied. From this it arises that the man of true merit has in general little solicitude to be known. He is aware that few would appreciate him, and that in this small number each one has his connexions, his interests, his self-love, which prevent him from forming an unbiassed opinion, and from giving to merit its proper place.

On love, marriage, and gallantry.

A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous.

Women of the middle rank who have the hope or the mania of being something in the world, enjoy neither the happiness of nature or of society; they are the most unfortunate creatures I have known.

The most rational word that has been said on the questions of celibacy and marriage is this—whatever decision you take you'll repent of it. Fontenelle, in his latter days, regretted he had not married. He forgot ninety-five years passed in careless indifference.

Of the slavery and liberty of France before and since the Revolution.

The natural character of the Frenchman is composed of the qualities of the monkey and the setter. Merry, frolicsome, and mischievous as the monkey, he is, like the setter, caressing and licking the master who strikes him. Like the setter he submits his neck to the chain, like the *chien de chasse*, too, he leaps with joy when he is let loose for sport.

The most respectable title of the French noblesse, is to have immediately descended from some one of those 30,000 helmeted, curiassed, iron-braceleted, mailed men, who, mounted on caparisoned horses, trampled under foot eight or nine millions of unarmed and defenceless men, the ancestors of the existing nation. Here is a well-proved, a well-averred right to the love and respect of their descendants. And to render this noblesse still more respectable, it recruits and regenerates itself by the adoption of men who have increased their fortune in robbing the cottage of the poor man not in a position to pay taxes. Wretched human institutions, which, made to inspire contempt and horror, require that you respect and revere them.

The being obliged to be born a gentleman in order to be a captain of a ship (which was the case in France before the Revolution of 1789), is about as reasonable a regulation as the requiring a sailor and cabin boy to have been one of the king's secretaries.

The only history worthy of reading, is the history of a free people. The history of a people groaning under a despotism is but a collection of anecdotes.

France, a country in which it is always necessary to display one's vices, and always dangerous to disclose one's virtues.

Can people believe that despotism has partisans under the pretended necessity of encouraging the fine arts? The number of those who have taken up this notion has been greatly increased by the splendor of Louis XIV.'s reign. According to these sages, the perfection of human society is to have fine tragedies, fine comedies, &c. People

such as these and the like of them, pardon all the ill done by priests, considering that without priests we should never have had the *Tartuffe*.

Paris, singular city, where you can dine for thirty sous, but must pay four francs for taking the air, one hundred louis for the superfluous in the necessary, and four hundred louis for only having the necessary in the superfluous.

Had space permitted, we should have been glad to give some extracts from the tragedy of *Mustapha and Zangir*, and from the comedy of the *Merchant of Smyrna*. In the tragedy, the reader would have seen how carefully Chamfort had studied the manner of Racine, and how much he had gained of his suavity and polish.

One of the most striking of the prose pieces of this author, is his *Tableaux of the French Revolution*, written to describe the principal scenes of 1789—such as the taking of the Bastille, the Serment du Jeu de Paume; but having re-read these pieces carefully, though we do not deny they are composed with picturesque vigor, yet it must be admitted they smack too much of the democratic passions and feelings of the time to pass for history. Penned in a time of fierce exultation and excitement, the burning ardor of the writer would now appear too fervent, more especially as time has dissipated many too sanguine illusions, and dashed to the ground too flattering hopes.

Among the poetical pieces of Chamfort, there are some madrigals and barcaroles, some imitations from Ovid, Martial, and the Anthology, not without grace and causticity, but we see no particular reason for reproducing them. Many of his reviews and *résumés* of French works published in the ten years between 1780 and 1790, are admirable, and may be considered as the papers which, a quarter of a century later, served as models to the Edinburgh reviewers. The letters of Chamfort are not as light and lively as might be expected from an author of so caustic a humor; but some of them, more especially those to Mirabeau and Morellet, will repay perusal. Chamfort had written much on the drama, the theatrical art, and theatres; but the French drama and theatres are so essentially different from our own, that we cannot see any reason for dwelling on the subject. It remains, therefore, for us merely to present certain passages from his *Eloge* of Molière and La Fontaine.

Extract from the Discourse on Molière.

In this crisis ancient morals and manners contrasted with the new lights and the national char-

acter formed by ages of barbarism ceased to harmonize with the new spirit spreading from day to day. Molière sought to reconcile both the one and the other. The savage temper of fathers and husbands—the virtue of women savoring overmuch of prudery—learning disfigured by pedantry, cramped the spirit of society, which became the spirit of the nation. Medical men attached to their costume, to their Latin, to the principles of Aristotle, deserved the eulogium which M. Diaforius gives to his son, namely, that of combating the most self-evident truths. The ridiculous mixture of ancient barbarism and the false modern *bel esprit* had produced the jargon of the *precieuses*; the prodigious ascendant of the court over the city—airs, pretensions, false importance in all orders of the state down to the bourgeoisie. It was in a moment so favorable to his particular talent that the youth of Molière was passed—Molière who contributed to render reason agreeable, pleasure virtuous, and vice ridiculous.

Molière carefully studied the writings of Aristophanes, the most singular monument of Grecian antiquity. He saw with astonishment the most opposite characteristics mingle in the character of that poet, cynical satire, ingenious censure, boldness, true comicality, superstition, brilliant sallies, jeering, buffoonery—Rabelais on the boards, such is Aristophanes. He attacks vice with the courage of virtue—virtue with the boldness of vice. A certain comical fervor and aim, and again a certain whirling rapidity are the theatrical merits of Aristophanes, and these are the only qualities which Molière has despised to appropriate to himself.

What in effect is a good comedy? It is the frank and ingenuous representation of a pleasant action, where the poet, under the appearance of a facile and natural arrangement, conceals the most profound combinations, places in the foreground, in a comical manner, the development of his subjects and of his characters, contrasting their situations, and hurrying the spectator from surprise to surprise; giving him much, promising him more; causing each incident, sometimes each half word, to weave itself into or loosen itself from the plot; producing with one single means many effects, all prepared and not foreseen till the catastrophe discloses a useful moral, and exhibits the philosopher hidden behind the poet. Why is it that I cannot show the application of these principles to all the comedies of Molière? You may see what extreme art has presided over each of these works, with what boldness he raises himself up in his first scenes to the highest degree of comedy, and presents to the spectators, as in *l'Ecole des Femmes*, a vast and deepening background; with what address he finds comicality in the subsidiary parts, not being able to work it out in the principal; this is the artifice of the *Tartuffe*; with what art a solitary personage, almost detached from the scene, but animating the whole picture, forms a piquant contrast to the inimitable groups of the *Misanthrope* and of the *Femmes Savantes*; with what difference he treats the comic noble and the comic bourgeois, and the

advantage he draws from both in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Then again the moment he chooses for the entry of his characters, exhibiting to us Harpagon in the happiest moment of his life, when he marries his children, when he marries himself, the day, in fine, on which he gives a dinner.

In another passage Chamfort truly says—

To the most solid common sense Molière joined one of the most observing minds that ever existed. He studied man in every situation; he observed above all, and curiously pried into that involuntary movement which escapes from the secret soul in its surprise, a movement which reveals the secret of character, and which one may call the *mot du cœur*.

From the *Eloge of La Fontaine*, we can only extract a few detached passages, which will serve to show how justly he appreciated that simple and charming writer:—

Mankind, corrected by Molière, ceasing to be ridiculous may still remain vicious; corrected by La Fontaine, man would neither be vicious nor ridiculous, he would be reasonable and good; and we should find ourselves virtuous as La Fontaine was a philosopher without once doubting the fact. His book is the natural law in action, it is the morality of Montaigne poured into a softer soul, rectified by a more sterling sense, and embellished with the colors of an imagination more agreeable and not less brilliant. La Fontaine is not the poet of heroism, but of common life and of common sense. Labor, vigilance, economy, prudence without restlessness, the advantage of living with one's equals, the need that one has of one's in-

feriors, moderation in all things, these are the qualities which he loves, and causes to be loved. Where existed before his time, at least to the same degree, this art of preparing and melting together, so to speak, incidents, of generalizing local scenes, of arranging those surprises which form the soul of comedy? Who possesses like him the charming art of chatting with his reader and playing with his subject? The style of La Fontaine is perhaps the most astonishing of which the literary history of ages offers an example. It was reserved to him to cause to be admired in the brevity of an apologue the agreement and harmony of the most opposite colors. Often in one single fable you find united the *naïveté* of Marot, the *badinage* and *esprit* of Voiture, touches of the highest poetry, and many of those verses tingling with sound common sense which remain for ever in the memory. No author has possessed in a higher degree that suppleness of mind and of imagination which yields and lends itself to all the varying hues and movements of his subject. All the reproaches that have been levelled at La Fontaine have not weakened the charm which leads us ever back to him, which renders him the favorite of all nations and of all ages, without even excepting the age of infancy. What magic is it by which all minds and tastes are thus fixed? It is the simplicity of that style in which they find the language of conversation.

Here we must break off. They who would know more of what Chamfort says of Molière and La Fontaine must refer to his long neglected volumes.

Whether they deserve to be so neglected, after the specimens we have given of his *esprit* and cleverness, we leave the reader to judge.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

WHAT is the use of being in parliament? The same use that there is in having been to Eton, or to the University, or to Court,—to keep in the sacred legion of the somebodies. It being convenient to younger brothers as a stepping-stone to place, or to elder ones in search of a title and in love with town-life. It could help a bad lawyer to eminence through the lubber-hole of politics. It gives the idlest fellow the power of obliging connexions, and of making use of connexions in return. But all this supposes one to be a ministerialist, which I was not. And a mel-

ancholy thing it was not to be a ministerialist in those days, when a great lady of the court, or a minister's wife, governed Almack's, as it were St. James's or Downing Street, and admitted or excluded girls from high routes, according as their sires shared the opinions of Grey, or sat down contented behind those of Vansittart.

If such a tyranny was established with respect to the beauty of the fair sex, what chance had the bearded, or even the incipiently bearded, to work their way in public or in social life, unless they had great wealth,

great expectations, or that kind of talent and impudence which are employed by ingenious people to supply either or both? And this suggests the answer to the most often-asked, and not often-answered question of modern times.

Why is this Whig party so much more aristocratic and exclusive than the Tory? Mr. Disraeli, in "Coningsby" and "Sybil," explains it by stating the fact, that Pitt and his party created a mushroom nobility to support or countenance them, whilst the old families received nothing but affronts. But this is not sufficient explanation, as Englishmen are not given to look back more than half a century. The fact is, that an opposition permanently out of place, is unable to recruit, except amongst the great and the wealthy. Men can afford socially and politically to be in opposition, the *onus* of which falls on fortunes like those of the Russells, the Wentworths, and the Burdetts. It was the same in the days of Walpole, who had all the old aristocracy against him, until they ran him down. Divided as is ecclesiastical patronage in England, the part in opposition might still retain a considerable portion of the church. And the churchmen were useful, as the only class with leisure or inclination to wield the pen. But the church had become as torified as the army itself in their times.

There was more liberalism at the bar than in the church, chiefly on account of the indignation caused by monopoly, and by the natural independence of forensic life, which here at least looks to the people. And there are even some of the best legal heads, and these most naturally Conservative, who still give their adherence to Whiggism,—need we recall the names of Scarlett and Denman. But lawyers as lawyers cannot do much. And Brougham himself did more for the cause by his pen than by his oratory.

Who then saved the liberal opposition, and set it on its legs once more? The inaptitude of the Tories no doubt in a great degree, and the discontent of the country gentlemen, whom they rode too hard. But what enabled the opposition to take advantage of this, was not their wealth, or Whig virtue, or Whig talent. Nor was it the liberal churchmen or the liberal lawyers. The reaction was begun, and the resuscitation brought about by that class which has ever been the most decried, the most contemned, and the most maltreated by both parties, viz., the literary class. It was the literature, and the literary pens of England and Scot-

land, that regenerated the political creed and philosophy of the country, laboring at the least during a quarter of a century, and achieving it in about that time.

The literary history, or as a prelude to history, the literary memoirs of the three kingdoms will thus be most important to write or to have, as they really include that revolution worked in politics and party, and in parliament itself, although parliament was last in showing the symptoms of it. And hence, amongst the rising generation of my time, there was quite as strong a desire to use the pen as to use the tongue. All the effect of the tongue fell dead upon a parliamentary packed audience, predetermined in its tastes and its votes. Whereas a wider public was addressed by means of literature, and successfully addressed. For, some how or another, the public had then an ear and an attention, and a zest for everything that appeared in print, whether in the independent form of a volume, the unpretending one of a pamphlet, or the light garb of a periodical. A good thing then really never escaped attention and commendation. And I cannot but think it was the great general zest for literature that acted like the atmosphere of a hot-house, and drew forth such noble plants, as Scott, Byron, and the innumerable that one might put on one side of, or after their names.

The "literary set" of both Whigs and Tories were then the most esteemed and most respectable, and it was from them that proceeded the great impulses. I need not say, that it was from Edinburgh that proceeded the great revulsion; and that literature, crushed in the metropolis, and dead in the kingdom, was resuscitated by the pens of a few reckless youths, who had been educated beyond the Tweed, and had grown to philanthropize and politicize there, out of the reach of the London world. The memoirs of Horner some years since, and the memoir of Jeffrey recently, have told how this was done. I must confess to have been disappointed and *désillusionné* by both, and especially by Lord Jeffrey's correspondence, and thought these young men were aware of the greatness of their task, and set about it with the conscientiousness and penetration of the founders of a sect. Instead of that, we find the lead taken from the first by two triflers, Sidney Smith and Jeffrey; the first of whom spent his whole soul on a jest, whilst Jeffrey's ambition was to dispute with poets about taste, and tear any unfortunate butterfly to atoms, that he caught entangled in his web. In fact,

the young Edinburgh Reviewers were building an engine, of which they knew not either the calibre or projection. It was the events and literature of the times, rather than the foresight or ingenuity of its originators, that made the Edinburgh Review—what it certainly became—the great regenerator.

Be this as it may, a visit to Edinburgh, as the modern Athens of literary and scientific Britain, was as necessary and as natural as a trip to Paris now. And there was even in those early days, which is not to be seen now, and never, perhaps, may be seen again, a literary capital. Everything, in fact, hinged on literature. Politics were a mere succedaneum to it. Philosophy was smelted in it; the University made a part of it; Toryism took its tone from its polemics; and so overwhelming were these, that the Edinburgh Tories, in order to live, to have the favor of speech, and enjoy the attributes of existence, were obliged to get up a literature of their own. It grew to be a noble one, with Scott for its central stem. But still it was being overshadowed by the full-grown forest of Whiggism, till fortune and their own ambition transplanted the chief oaks to the more genial parks of London.

But, notwithstanding the desertion of Edinburgh by the Whig leaders, and notwithstanding the tower of strength which Scott erected for the Tories at Abbotsford, the Whigs got possession of Edinburgh society, and moulded it after their fashion, enlisting the best of the professional and the forensic, and blending with them that due admixture of distinguished females, which alone crown and constitute society. There could be nothing more profitable or delightful than a winter spent at that time in Edinburgh. It was Paris, with its active intellect, and not its active idleness. Jeffrey was then in that advanced state of exuberant boyhood, which formed the staple of his character, until he became a downright politician, and he never became a right one.

Poor Jeffrey! had any one told him then, that he should live to see the day, when no one in the three kingdoms cared one jot either for his criticism, or for any one else's; when the world would become dead alike to Byronism and to Lakism; when novels would be devoured without discernment, and prove successful without conferring character; when, in short, he, Jeffrey, like another Prospero, might break his staff upon the critical world, which he had formed and fashioned, becoming evaporated before him, Jeffrey

would not have believed what he nevertheless lived to see.

There has seldom, if ever, been spent more wit, judgment, and even genius in criticism, than at that epoch. The question arises, was it not utterly thrown away? Did it prevent a single bad book from being published? Did it cause an author of genius to come forward, or, when before the public, did it help him in the right way? Did it even make a due return to the wielder of such power or influence, revenue or profit of any kind? It is doubted that any one of these views were attained. As to preventing or encouraging writers, the critics of the day had no effect whatever. They came at the tail of literary production, and barked at it, but even in driving it they had not the least power. There was not, indeed, a new turn or original impulse given to a portion of English literature, the turn and impulse which have rendered our literature the first in Europe, which the critics did not lament or ridicule, or endeavor to crush. When the literature of the past age is read by posterity in conjunction with its contemporary criticism, the remark can be no other than to explode and erase criticism itself from the list of the useful or tolerable arts.

In Edinburgh, however, although criticism was the sceptre of the literary Jupiter, his brethren of the pen had higher views and more useful aims. Political criticism was then as much wanting, and as certain to be productive of great results, as literary disquisition was certain to lead to small. And whilst Jeffrey lost himself in the one, Brougham launched forth upon the other. It is one of the saddest and disheartening of things, to be drawn from each record of the past as they come forth, the Mercutio of the liberal party was scouted, or sneered at, and vilipended by all and each of his *friends*. They had really nothing to allege against him; no crime to lay to his charge. All they object to is, that he was never broken in to the discipline of either friendship or party; that he launched into life, as he did subsequently into politics, on his own account, and feeling quite above that system of mutual assurance for praise and blame, which is the law of coteries or cliques, and which makes mediocre men thrive and be esteemed geniuses, because their clique or coterie so have it.

But clique, which is law in all things, even in literature, and which when it turns to idolatry, will often choose mediocrity for its idol,

is still more fatal in politics. For your clique or party founded on personal knowledge, and social connexion, takes in all the mild, good, amiable, social men, i.e. Horner and Romilly, but excludes and irritates the impetuous, the passionate and the original, like Brougham or Roebuck. Now, the amiable persons, that run so readily into the bosom of a coterie are precisely the characters least fitted for keeping and strengthening a political party. This has been the grand ruin both of the Whigs in London and in Edinburgh. They cast aside the clever men, that have originality and address, and *vellété* about them, and will enlist for soldiers only the nice, easy, joking, quiet gentlemen, who talk under their breath, think by rule, abhor popular heresy, and are, in short, "safe men." We have seen in other days how Palmerston himself was too eccentric for them. They could not bear to see even that old stager kick up his heels under all the weight of party gear and official trappings. No wonder the young and the mercurial are or were not tolerated.

One quality Brougham had not, which is the most indispensable to those who would join the mutual associations of political or literary friendship: he was chary of admiration. Full of genius himself, lavish of it, he marked and admitted the genius of others, but did not fall down before it, and was therefore unable to enter into any part of mutual worship. Let a man be ever so vain of his own person, his vanity will be sanctioned, provided it leaves room for the vanity of others. But if a man be silent as to the merits of others, though at the same time silent as to his own, it is taken for granted that he is absorbed in the latter, and contemptuous of the former, and therefore both selfish and vain. Thus Brougham has always passed for a vain man, while in truth this was merely because he stood alone, and made no outward demonstration of worshipping others.

The old and new school of letters and penmanship, that of the last century and that of the present, could not have been more fitly represented and contrasted than by Brougham and Mackintosh, the one lavish, headlong, harum-scarum, the other economic of his good ideas, and placing them ever, as a general might his troops, to the best advantage. The one enjoying the vigor of youth even in age, the other showing the somnolency of age even in youth. Both were ill-used men; Mackintosh bore his like a man of letters and society, with a mild and not ungraceful peevishness; Brougham bore his fate, as the old giants did, when they were buried each un-

der a mountain,—they made their living sepulchre a volcano, and stirred it and the world with it from time to time by heavings that convulsed all nature.

The career of these two eminent disciples of Scotland are as different as the close of their career. Mackintosh, after a brilliant debut, was obliged to yield to circumstances, and unable to face the Tory ascendancy he stood aside, and provided for private fortune, with the expectation that youth being past a fresh era awaited his return. Youth and its fiery impulse, however, came not again. Brougham seized the bull of Tory ascendancy by the horns, and lived a manhood of combat against politicians, and princes, foes and friends.

Mackintosh made philosophy a play-thing, while Brougham made a weapon of it. The one waved the law of nature about like a graceful palm-branch; the other made of political economy and the rights of man a rod wherewith to fustigate the old Tories, the Sidmouths, and the Vansittarts, who were innocent as children of any political knowledge or philosophy whatever.

Writers and speakers had in that day a great advantage, which, fortunately, had been wanting to their sires. They had most splendid objects and materials for diatribe furnished them by their own and neighboring governments. What more atrocious business than the bombardment of Copenhagen,—what more imbecile than the Walcheren expedition? What finer themes could our unfledged political economist have to envelop his ignorance in eloquence, than the Milan decrees and the Orders in Council? If we are amazed at the tomahawk articles of Jeffrey, or the startling personalities of the "Quarterly," we must attribute them to the indignant and coarse tone, which political events had too naturally called forth. The Tories were lost even in English estimation, had not Bonaparte's atrocities in Spain and Portugal, and the gallant resistance of the people of those countries, given their scribes a noble and generous theme, as well as their generals a great and inspiring cause. Even the "Quarterly" was enabled to breathe a liberal patriotic fire, as it chronicled the feats of Spanish resistance. The Whig pleas for peace and Bonaparte were drowned in the acclamation attending the Spanish bulletins. The Tory citadel, thus strengthened in its bulwarks, it was through the covered trenches of political economy and philanthropy that the Whigs could only make advances. It was in the Bullion Com-

mittee that one of the Edinburgh school immortalized himself.

The germs of free trade were put forth there. There has been some dispute, and there will be further controversy, as to who originated Free Trade. The Tories assert, that Pitt was fully possessed and persuaded of this great truth, and that it actuated him in his celebrated Treaty with France. But Pitt had no commercial philosophy or views. We had lost America, and he wanted to fall back upon and renew Bolingbroke's and Walpole's feeling of amity with France. He saw the folly of sacrificing French friendship and connection to Portuguese friendships and Peninsular influence. This treaty of 1785 was to get out of that rut, and not to enter upon any policy of free trade, which was far beyond his age, his ideas, and his education.

It was Horner, when in the Bullion Committee, who first fully pointed out the impossibility of one country isolating its currency and system of value from the general system of the world, and least of all that of Europe. Money having been by his exertions, and by the conversion that he made of Peel, brought down to the European level, the next step was to bring down prices. And Peel spent his life in doing this, simply by arguing for, and following out this same principle. He completed the second act of the great change. The third still remains to be effected, but will not long await the hand of the accomplisher. This will be to bring taxation down to the more general European level, to which English currency and English prices, together with English rents, have been reduced.

I am not sure whether it is to Brougham or to Jeffrey, to both, or to the Edinburgh Review in general, that we are indebted for that great revolution in English literature and style, effected by the abolition of punctuation and the institution of the dash, for colon, semi-colon, comma, and often period. No doubt the great quantity of steam-power given to thought required it. Words now run on a rail, of which the dash is the visible portion. Of old, they used to rumble on a paved road at the rate of some four or five miles an hour. But by the aid of the dash the English pen has learned to run express, and at a speed such as new intelligence required. Amidst the rapid and young penmen of the dash, Mackintosh distinguished himself by adhering to the old school, period and comma, and of writing an essay or venting an effusion with all the conscientiousness and measured gravity of history.

The great literary school of Edinburgh naturally produced a Tory school, which was the more sure of existence and success, because, however Whig or liberal the population of the city, the country parts of Scotland were what they are, and will be, very close quarters of the highest Toryism. They were jovial and light-hearted, full of poesy and wit. Leaving philosophy, and political economy, and all the heavy armor of party to the Whigs, they carried on a war with small arms, which carried off the applause of all the laughers, whatever were their politics. Whatever may have been their achievements in politics, the result of their efforts in literature was remarkable. There is nothing in letters or criticism indeed, that Jeffrey and his friends ever accomplished, so remarkable as the vindication and stability of the Lake school of poetry as worthy of all admiration. The approbation by Blackwood was perhaps as exaggerated as the condemnation by Jeffrey, but the former triumphed and to a certain degree converted the public, which always seems unwilling to acquire a new sense and a new taste in these matters. And whatever poetical taste remains evidently seems at present turned in that direction, and away from the *dii majores* of our younger days.

But Edinburgh was the place for intellectual Whiggism. The aristocratic *nucleus* alone of the party was to be found in London. That head quarters of placemanship, barship, contestship, and courtship, offered a soil too congenial to Toryism, for that party not to have stricken deep roots, and spread forth wide branches and shade. The literary element was, however, wanting. And under the guise and promise of mere criticism this was introduced. The leading spirits were, however, at first far inferior to their great rivals; and it was only when the power and learning and talents of the English universities were brought to bear against the Scotch writers, that anything like equality was established. It is remarkable that at this critical period, when wit and learning came to the support of aristocracy and conservatism, and when such men as Scott and Southey bore banners in the cause, there was no member of the Tory aristocracy able, willing, or capable to enact patron, to evince the gratitude of his order, or make his home a proud rendezvous for men of intellect and letters. Whilst Holland and Lansdowne Houses were open night and day, the Tory peers, some of them rich enough and intelligent too, played the part of so many Hunxes, and let Giffard.

Croker, and Southey fight their battles without a salute or a recognition of gratitude. The literary and intellectual merits of the party were indeed confined to the bookseller's parlor. For Canning was forever in dudgeon and contempt with them, whose battles *he* had too thanklessly fought. And Southey undertook to be the great every-day writer for the same party, living retired at the foot of Skiddaw, and neither feeling nor seeing the necessity of the social, intellectual, and daily metropolitan life.

Southey was a fine example of a literary man, who kept his head in the clouds, though his feet remained always, if not in the mud of mother earth, at least on the bare soil of it. He had tried some of the lowest points of humanity, that, for example, in which want and uncertainty of provision makes man the enemy of all existing institutions. No wonder that he had a horror of vulgar infidelity and social anarchism when he had himself been in the position which naturally begets both. It is beautiful to see him rise from that depth by industry, steadiness, and coolness, with all the intellectual qualities that a poet can possess, and all the moral ones which poets so seldom possess, and live a life of high respect, intellectual action, literary dignity, and moral worth.

Welcker, the Friburg deputy, orator, and writer, always put me in mind of Southey, by his simplicity, his parson-like demeanor, and his inner fire of enthusiasm, buried under years of experience and thought; his early liberal *furor*, followed by his late conservatism, and from the purest motives, completed the resemblance.

Southey was right in having his cottage far from London. Edinburgh was a literary school, Paris was another. London was no such thing; it was and is a great market, whither all people hie for their necessities once or twice in the year. Such necessities, especially those of meeting and communicating, are thus enjoyed at certain periods by those who can undergo metropolitan expenses. But a permanent London society never existed, and never was attempted.

I have devoted this chapter, very unintentionally, to letters and men of letters, whom it was more or less my lot to observe and mingle with. Let me continue and exhaust the subject, as far as the period before 1830 is concerned, by records of what I may have seen of literary men and circles in France a quarter of a century back. Paris, I observed, was a school as well as Edinburgh, though London partook not of this character. It is

said of French regiments and brigades, that, however they disperse, and without a trumpet or a leader, they nevertheless rally by mere instinct, and form a compact body for defence at no very distant spots. So it is with Frenchmen of intellect. They may be scathed, oppressed, or crushed, but they surely rally to renew the war. And if, at the present moment, we find Eugene Sue at Chamberry, Victor Hugo in Jersey, Alexander Dumas in Belgium, we would advise the President to beware of the batteries against which the Censorship is no defence. What the Edinburgh people did against the Tories, that is, get up a literary and intellectual revolution and conspiracy, the Parisian *litterati* did against the elder Bourbons. But, at first, the *litterati* were not many, and those who could pretend to the name were few. Chateaubriand claimed all such pretensions to himself. And no one seems inclined to dispute these pretensions of the author of "Atala."

There was, however, one of Jaques Lafitte's clerks, who had got the knack of rhyming, and who at first circulated his poetic manuscript from desk to desk of the banker's counting-house. His fame for some time went no further than the *chefs du bureau*, and from thence found its way to the saloons in which Lafitte received his friends. This mild-spoken, mild-countenanced, thin and slovenly clerk was Beranger. He was the *bon homme*, Lafontaine come to life again, he, who instead of inditing fables for Monsieur Le Dauphin, put the *bourgeois* feeling of the popular and middle class public into such beautiful language and rhymes, that there were people who thought they had Beranger by heart before they read him, so familiar and true did he seem. The most stupid act of the Bourbons was the putting Beranger in prison. I saw him there, delighted with the laziness of confinement, grateful for the presents heaped upon him, and sincerely careless of the fame and popularity which his captivity swelled to a diapason. But with all the perfection of his poesy, Beranger's views of men and things seem to be infantine and *borné*.

Whilst Beranger expressed the *bourgeois* sentiment of the latter days of the Empire, that love of glory and belief in Epicurus, and hatred of the Bourbons, which form the common staple of opinion, Delavigne, a modest youth, of consumptive body and retiring nature, attempted to express the national indignation at being conquered in a more tragic and puissant vein. This was a task beyond

his physical powers, his poetic talent, and beyond the taste and style of the age. His "Messeniennes" were, however, widely popular, and gave promise of that greater and more legitimate work, which he afterwards achieved in the "Ecole des Vieillards," played by Talma and Mademoiselle Mars. Whilst the honors of renascent heroic poetry were thus shared between the clerk and the student, a man of the world, sick of the nullity of diplomatic life, in which he lingered, sought to ally the muses, and blend the veins of Byron and Chateaubriand. This was Lamartine. His look, however, was more that of a military man, than either a poet or a courtier. Whoever has seen H. B., the celebrated caricaturist, in his better days, has seen a perfect likeness of Lamartine. Both of them, you would say, wield the sword, and not either the pencil or pen.

Lamartine was in lyrics what Scribe was in the drama, the transition between classics and romantics. The latter, with Hugo at their head, rushed into the arena, to dispute the palm of literary eminence, but found all the *gens-d'armes* of criticism arrayed against them. When a new school of letters is menaced with being put down by an old clique, the truest mode of appealing to the people is through the theatre. For then the approbation or disgust of the audience cannot be feigned or impure. To do both classics and romantics justice they both manfully accepted the alternative, and brought forth their respective claims and challenges on the national stage. Jouy produced his "Sylla," Dumas his "Henri Trois," Victor Hugo his succession of tragedies. Here the romantics were at a disadvantage; the actors of the Théâtre Français were classical, and the romantics evidently could not make the full force of their merits be felt by the public, till they had a *corps dramatique*, with at least sympathy for their school. These at last they found, but not till after much dangerous delay.

That walk of literature, in which Dumas afterwards achieved most fame, the novel, was far from being frequented by successful genius before 1830. Balzac alone plunged into it without having, like his brother romancers, passed through the school of the drama. Like all of them he wrote very low novels for many years, and all of a sudden, and as if by miracle, awoke to the secret of writing good ones. His "Scenes de la Vie Privée" rivalled "Paul de Kock" on the shop-keeper's counter, "Madame de Dura" and the "Vicomte d'Arlingcourt" on the *bou-*

doir table. Balzac was like a ghost, a corpulent and florid one by-the-by, with one remarkable tooth, and but one in the front of the mouth. This one tooth, when he talked or smiled, gave Balzac the character of one of the impossible personages of his own romance. He was like a ghost, in that we never saw him save fitting in at a door or out of a door, up or down a staircase, thrusting in his head for a second and then withdrawing it for no conceivable reason. One would say he was in dread of imaginary duns, even before duns existed for him in any importunate degree. Strange for such an incomprehensible man, he was in literature what Proudhon is in political authorship.

By the side of Balzac, De Vigny's "Cinq Mars" and Merimée's "Chronique de Charles Neuf" were the most successful novels before 1830. It was evident that the first French writers of ability, who attempted to tread in the steps of Scott, and to compose an historical novel, must seize on Richelieu, that character made for romance. How it escaped Scott is a miracle, especially when our great romancer beat so near to him as Buckingham. De Vigny opened the not very voluminous memoir of the period, and found "Cinq Mars" written to his hand; but he certainly added very great talent of his own. De Vigny married an English lady, and still lives to enjoy his European renown.

So great was the rage before 1830 in France for dramatic amusements that, not content with the theatre, the great variety and excellence that they offered, there arose a demand for *dramas de société*, little dramas that might be read by one of the company, and that were considered more living than a narrative. Their want was admirably supplied by Theodore Leclerc, in his "Proverbes Dramatiques," some of which are admirable. Thiers's and Scribe's smaller pieces were all the rage, when a host of writers commenced writing *Proverbes*, little dramas to illustrate old saws. Theodore Hook caught up the idea, and applied it not to little dramas, for which English society was unprepared, but to the usual form of novels. "Sayings and Doings" were the result. Amongst those who gained most success in historical *proverbes* was Merimée, a youth of gay and laughing reputation, and a charming writer. It was as a present that he wrote his "Chronique de Charles Neuf," one of the best novels in the language, but one which shows the disadvantage of even a *chef d'œuvre* having a lumbering and immemorable name. Had this novel a facile name, it would be

every one's mouth and memory; as it is, it is only remembered by the name of the opera, to which it furnished the story and the inspiration, the "Pré aux Clercs."

M. Alexandre Dumas, in his "Memoirs," now in the course of writing and of publication, accuses Louis Philippe of being cold and averse to letters, and to men of letters. M. Dumas had at this very time a situation in the household of the Duke of Orleans, and he had thus good opportunities of knowing. But I remember, that upon the occasion of a new piece of the Théâtre Français, whether classic or romantic, the Palace of the Palais Royal was almost in as great emotion on the subject, as the green-room of the theatre itself; every member of the Orleans family betook themselves to their box, to witness and applaud the first representation. This was evidently the case when the first drama of Alexandre Dumas's penning was played, the "Henri Trois." The Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, appeared to be as much interested and agitated about it, as if it were his own. Dumas says, the Duke of Orleans deprived him of his situation, because his leisure hours were spent in literature, probably because not only literature occupied his time, and filled his pockets, but because he became immersed in journalism, of which that prince had a permanent terror. How well it speaks of French feeling, that Dumas's unmistakable negro head and African character, proved more recommendation to him than drawback, in the receptions, friendships, appreciations, and the patronage which he everywhere experienced. In his novel of "Rose and Blanch," is portrayed the prominent character of his father, the black Gen. Dumas, who commanded the troops of the republic during a portion of the Vendean war. It was to be feared that it was not so much his cultivation of letters, as of ardent politics after 1830, that estranged Louis Philippe from Dumas. Another assertion of Dumas's is, that Louis Philippe neglected Lamartine, and made little of him as a man of letters, which slight Lamartine but too fully avenged in 1848. In Louis Philippe's reign, however, Lamartine was far more the politician than the poet. There was one time that Louis Philippe might have made him a friend. It was when Lamartine disputed the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies with Dupin, and would have carried it but for the court. In this Louis Philippe made a great mistake. For in critical days, such as those of February, 1848, Lamartine could have defended or saved a throne, which a nerveless

man like Dupin could merely abandon to its wreck.

Whatever Louis Philippe might have done, Charles the Tenth, at least, was wrong in not having patronized the new and romantic school and men of letters. This, indeed, he had some inclination to do, and he obtained some odes both from Hugo and Lamartine. But Charles the Tenth had the misfortune of not comprehending what letters were. In this he was the more to blame, as there was a romantic school rising up in politics as well as literature, consisting of men who were anxious to break off from imperialism, from anti-religion, from hatred to England, war with Europe, and, in fact, with all that was vulgar and absurd in French ultra-liberalism. The anxiety of the French whig party, was to imitate what had been done in Edinburgh, get up a review, or organ, and attack ultra-royalism, as Toryism had been attacked in England, not by rabid democratic rage, but by reason and learning, enlightenment and talent.

With this view was formed the "Revue Française," under the auspices of the Duc de Broglie and his young friends. It failed utterly, had no sale, no influence, no reputation. The French could not ride over, or await the trimensal interval. The first number had been forgotten and totally consigned to oblivion, ere the second appeared, and the necessary *crescendo* of one good number succeeding another in time and in general interest was wanting. Whilst the French whigs were thus vainly endeavoring *à se faire jour*, and emerge into literary publicity, for their political existence in the Chamber did not suffice to give them either favor or renown, their opponents on either side sought to crush them with a nick-name: They were declared to be *Doctrinaires*, and this nick-name did them more harm, than if Pascal had written a new "Provinciales" against them.

About this very time an enterprising printer, M. Lachevardiere, undertook to establish a literary and philosophical paper, to be published three times a week. The editors whom he selected were Dubois, so long deputy for Nantes, a most able man, and Pierre Leroux, since so famous as a St. Simonian and a Socialist. But St. Simonian ideas were known then but in the germ, or they would have considerably alarmed the *Doctrinaires*, who rallied to the new literary journal. The writers in the journal were the future ministers of Louis Philippe, and the statesmen of his reign. The Duc de Broglie wrote in it,

M. Duchutel learned finance and political economy in order to write in it, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Remusat, Vitet, Lanjaunais, Cousin, the whole of the Orleanist party was hatched in "Le Globe." Two alone took small part in it. M. Guizot was too busy and too much of a veteran to come down and mingle with those whom he considered boys. Thiers came too late; every place in the paper was filled. M. Thiers, who had all the *fougue* of the south, had not at that time written anything moderate; and he never was philosophic or moderate enough for "Le Globe."

Thus excluded from what was evidently the journal of vigor and of promise, Thiers planned a political journal. One of the Globists, Mignet, joined him, whilst Carrel was associated with him as the working man. Laffitte furnished the funds, so that partly out of rivalry to the "Globe," partly to the consciousness of its inefficiency as a literary paper, sprung up the "National," one of the best journals certainly that was ever written, when Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel devoted to it their talents. Thiers wrote previously for the "Constitutionnel," a paper owned by timid *bourgeois*, whose hair used at times to stand on end at the audacity of Thiers's articles, and whom they soon got rid of, as a gentleman who would infallibly set fire to the said old journal, and get the whole *posse* of proprietors and printers thereof sent to prison. The "National" was soon made to satisfy the old Liberals as well as the Doctrinaires. There was, however, a sort of instinctive feeling then throughout France, or at least throughout the young and literary of the capital, that a great deal was to be achieved by the press, and by the men of the press. The success of "Le Globe," and the high position gained by its band of writers, filled every one with emulation, and men of all kinds of talents, resources, ingenuities, and ideas, resorted to the press, as they now might to the diggings of California or Australia. M. Emile de Girardin had not then turned his power to that source of intelligence, the press. He was endeavoring to make way by other means and channels, by industrial speculation in mines and joint-stock enterprises. A beautiful wife, with a beautiful talent for poetry, the intimate friendship of Lamartine, great talent himself, with a seat in the Chambers, placed Emile de Girardin, recognized son of Count Alexandre de Girardin, Grand Veneur, in a position from which, looking down on the

press, he had not fully turned his attention to it.

A very singular character had, however, set up a journal, and had made a most successful one, even more successful than the "National," notwithstanding the startling talent and conscientious writing of the latter. The proprietor of the other journal, the *Temps*, was a *Bordelais*, who was the Veron of that day, and was not only at the head of the influential journal, but who lived in Napoleon's house of the Rue de la Victoire, and in Napoleon's house, small as it was, received the intellectual and political *sommits* of Paris. There Lamartine sat by the side of Lamennais, Dupin tried to compare notes with Rubini, Delavigne and De Musset looked the representatives of the old and new school of poetry, though their feminine heads seemed no apt types of one or the other, there Cousin expounded Plato, and Henry Monnier other things decidedly anti-Platonic. M. Meyerbeer showed his Israelitish, Donizetti his melancholy countenance. There flocked the notabilities of the Institute, Cabinet Ministers of 1830, or it might be both in one. Coste received every one, fêted every one, made every one contented, and spent millions in doing so. All this in a house which was in size a nutshell and in splendor a palace. Never was journal or journalist's influence *exploité* with more art or more magnificence. Political science, literature, the arts, were all at the feet of Coste. He had the countenance of Casimir Perier, the most powerful and most able minister that France ever possessed. He had the intimacy of Dupin, the friendship of Sauzet. Coste merely asked to be secretary of the council of ministers. He declared the place necessary, and himself the fittest person for it. His ambition went no higher, and he asked no other reward of his service. But even the omnipotence of journalism could not demand this, as there was another power, called ridicule, with equal weight with the French, that forbade even the entertainment of the demand.

What poor Coste, with all his dinners, his hospitality, his fêtes, his intimacy with the first statesmen, could not do, the editor of the "National" did, without the expense of a row or a panic. Thiers leaped from the editorial desk to the minister's, and was thus minister. I have mentioned before, I believe, how he became under secretary to Laffitte, who was minister of France, and how he abandoned the "National" and journalism

for this secretarial office, but I did not say how the man of letters and journalist forced his way into the cabinet.

Louis Philippe had not been twenty-four hours on the throne when the man who placed him there perceived that he was not a prince to be led, or to be persuaded. He had ideas of his own, ideas far different from those of any one of all his counsellors, and to overawe any of these ideas or determination was a task which every minister tried, and every minister failed in. There were but two persons, indeed, who could at all manage Louis Philippe; and these were Casimir Perier and the Duc de Broglie. They bullied him and forced him to accede to all their wishes, for which he never forgave them. He would even have got rid of Perier had he not died. And he could not abide the sight of Broglie. But neither of these personages had as yet tried or begun to exercise the power of intimidation upon the citizen-king. The cabinet was wont to meet under the presidency of the King, as it does now under that of Louis Napoleon, but this was found so completely to nullify all independence, and convert councillors into courtiers, that constitutional government itself was felt to be a mockery if so carried on. Important intelligence having arrived of the concentration, I believe, of a Russian corps on the frontier of Luxemburg, Laffitte summoned a council of ministers to meet, not at the Tuileries or the Palais Royale, but at the Hotel de Finance in the Rue Rivoli.

Here the discussions were not long, for every one was agreed, that in order to stop any hostile invasion of Belgium, it was necessary to issue some declaration, or proclamation that the French would not suffer it. Such a proclamation, however unusual or inadvisable in ordinary times, was the only thing that could tranquillize Paris, and at the same time warn Europe at what price and on what conditions alone Paris and France could be kept tranquil. There was no denying, nevertheless, that the proclamation was a bold step, one certain to terrify the hesitating mind of the King, and, of course, certain to meet from him great opposition.

The Cabinet, almost one and all, determined, nevertheless, that such a declaration must be made, and who was the person who would undertake with success to communicate to the King their irrevocable determination, and get for it the royal assent. M. Laffitte had already tried his powers of persuasion and failed. Other ministers felt so certain of

being either snubbed or talked over, that they refused to undertake the task. They would resign, but not venture a single combat in the royal closet. In this general and terrible quandary M. Laffitte proposed to send for Thiers. M. Thiers, in his idea, could do anything that was to be done, so gigantic, and, indeed, so just an idea had Laffitte of Thiers' capacity. M. Thiers was therefore summoned before the cabinet. And it was explained to him that what was required of him, was to go to Louis Philippe and persuade or threaten him into doing that to which he had a most particular objection, and which his cabinet ministers, one and all, declined venturing to propose to him.

M. Thiers represented that the task proposed was one that none, save an influential minister, or prime minister, could execute, and even he could not succeed by means of a threat of resignation. "You may threaten the alternative of my resignation," said Laffitte.—"That is what one man cannot do for another, especially a subordinate, who may be disowned. The fact is, gentlemen," said M. Thiers, to the assembled ministers, "you have resolved to put the bell round the neck of the cat, and you want me to do it. Forlorn hope as it may be, I shall do my duty by making the attempt." M. Thiers accordingly proceeded to the palace, a man who, a few months before, could not get a bookseller to publish the first volume of his "History of the Revolution," without Bodin's name on the title-page, and who now went as representative of a cabinet to coerce a King. It was the first interview of any importance between Louis Philippe and his future minister, a long one, and on the monarch's part an angry one. But M. Thiers presented all the circumstances and necessities of the case, with the consequences of refusal, so clearly and powerfully before the eyes of the King, that he was enabled in an hour to bring back to the still assembled cabinet the satisfactory result of the monarch's adhesion.

This made M. Thiers a minister.

A far more remarkable man than Thiers, had the epoch been a decidedly revolutionary one, was Carrel. A man of courage and action, as good a speaker, and as ready a writer as Thiers; he had been a soldier, and could handle and influence men by other means than suggesting ideas or penning them. Carrel was the son of a Rouen shopkeeper, who sold broadcloth, the great staple of Normandy. When Carrel was a boy at the Military School of St. Cyr, he already display-

ed his aversion for the Bourbons, and his deep sympathies for the military renown of the ex-Emperor. He suffered several punishments on this account, and on one occasion he was summoned before the general in command of the district, who was inspecting the school. Hearing of Carrel's spirit, character, but disaffection to the reigning dynasty, he called the youth before him, and expostulated with him on the absurdity of his conduct, which might spoil his career as a soldier. Carrel was too young and too headstrong to perceive that the advice was well and kindly meant; so that instead of showing himself sensible of this, Carrel but the more boldly avowed his predilection.

"Young man," said the general, "if I hear any more of your freaks and insubordination, I will send you to your father's counter in Rouen to measure out cloth, instead of promoting you to the sword of an officer."

"*Mon General*," replied young Carrel, "if ever I take up the yard on my father's counter it will not be to measure cloth. (*Si je repends l'aune de mon père, ce ne sera pas pour auner du drap.*") For this significant reply Carrel was condemned to a fortnight's arrest.

He was, nevertheless, appointed to a regiment, but when the French, under the Duc d'Angoulême, entered into Spain, to suppress its liberties in 1823, Carrel joined that band of wild youths who opposed them, but who effected more by holding out the tricolor and other revolutionary banners, than by sword or shot. Carrel was captured, tried by court-martial, not shot, but his career as an officer under the Bourbon dynasty was definitely closed.

A young man of some fortune, and ardent temperament, who had known the rising generation at the university, and who knew the most spirited and talented of that generation, set up about this time a bookseller's shop, as the best way of serving himself and his friends. His name was Sautelet. It was he who introduced so many young men to literature and promotion, when losing the little fortune he had thereby, he ended by blowing out his brains. Sautelet replaced the sword in Carrel's hands by the pen.

Carrel pursued the same career as Thiers, who arrived about the same time from Aix, where he had been at college. Both gave themselves to history and journalism. Both wrote in "The Constitutional." But whilst Thiers made his way in commercial and financial society, and ingratiated himself with

capitalists, the independent spirit of Carrel failed to make friends of either the wealthy or the powerful. Military and literary commanders formed his society; and each adopted the politics of those amongst whom he lived. Thiers pursued any change that would place the financial aristocracy at the head of state and society, which Louis Philippe's accession did. Carrel, too refined to be either Jacobin or Girondist, became the partisan of a republic, after the American fashion, a republic which was to reconcile, not alarm, good shopkeepers and citizens. Whether he would have furnished at least an idea, and whether 1848 would have found Carrel by the side of Cavaignac, were more curious to examine than true to conjecture. His brother-democrat did not fail to consider Carrel's Americanism an aristocratic weakness. And as he refused to mingle with them, or be "hail fellow well met" with the *sans culottes*, he became unpopular with them. So much so, that when Carrel was in the prison of St. Pelagie, along with Thiers, they used to hoot at him with the cry of, *A bas les pantoufles jaunes*. Marat could not forgive Mirabeau his ruffles, Carrel's yellow slippers were equally unpardonable. Carrel had a passion for duelling, though he took the trouble neither to be a good swordsman nor a good shot. He dreaded the character of being a duellist—more of slaying his adversary. He fell a victim to this, though Emile de Girardin, by whose hand he perished, was not more skilful than himself. Few things have been done more bold than Girardin appearing on an anniversary of Carrel's death, when his friends were assembled round the grave; the man who slew him starting up at such a moment, and in such a place, to give vent to his tardy feelings of fraternity and regret.

Laffitte was fortunate in having fostered such men as Beranger and Thiers, and having set on foot such journals as the "National" and "Siecle." It was Laffitte certainly who placed Louis Philippe on the throne. Laffitte was stirring, active, venturesome, good-natured, lent money to every one, embarked in every one's enterprises, and when he had thus risked his whole fortune in ventures, which required peace and quietness to foster and come to issue, lo, he helped to make a revolution, which jeopardized all, and scattered his noble fortune to the winds.

Casimir Perrier, another banker-statesman, was the very contrary of Laffitte. To know and to observe them both, you would have said, that Laffitte was the calm, cautious,

stolid man of business, and that Casimir Perrier was all haste, fury, impulse, and precipitation. Laffitte was a phlegmatic man, Perrier a sanguine, hot, and irritable person. Yet the former was all rashness and weakness, the latter all circumspection and determination. The same may be observed almost at every gambling-table, where the fair and naturally phlegmatic son of the North invariably loses his head and his money, unless he has taken his degree in the honorable profession. Whilst the dark, bilious, and really irritable man, is rendered calm by staring risk in the face. Perrier had conducted his commercial house for years with the greatest caution, declining all the modern means of enrichment. In politics both he and Laffitte marched, or rather led to the march, to the very point of revolution; but when the nation plunged into it, dragging capitalists and statesmen with it, Laffitte was delighted. He thought it good fun, and great success. Casimir Perrier was alarmed, more alarmed than any one; for he saw more clearly than any one the difficulties and dangers in advance. When some of the journalists went to him after the Revolution for money to carry on their liberal exertions, he turned them aside with an oath, and almost with a kick, and said, "Get you gone, for Heaven's sake, ye idle writers, and let us govern."

Whilst I am writing, the knell sounds that D'Orsay is no more; D'Orsay of late years, the link between the literary and artistic world of London and of Paris, and who would have been more delightfully and usefully so than ever, had life been spared him, with the gleam of prosperity that already shone. How delightful a companion, how good-natured a man, how full of buoyancy and wit, a very ditto of Old Rowley, who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one."

D'Orsay was born a prince of fashion, and a dandy-king, formed, indeed, to be the Count Antony Hamilton of his day. But the Restoration would not have him. Even the marriage of his beautiful sister to the heir of the De Grammonts, herself a favorite with the Duchess d'Angoulême, could not extend the favor and countenance of the elder Bourbons towards him. And when young D'Orsay refused to follow the Duc d'Angoulême to Spain, or as a volunteer to storm the Trocadero, he was considered a black sheep, alias an Imperialist. Yet there was no one who better than D'Orsay could have allied imperialist sympathies and glories with loyal devotion to the descendant of Henry the

Fourth. But he could not forswear the one, even to become *duc et pair* under the other. His father had served Napoleon as general, and D'Orsay honored his *vieux moustache* more than he did his ancient blazon.

The Count was hence *mal-vu* at the court of Louis the Eighteenth. Nothing was more easy for him than to take rank with the Duc de Muelles, the Duc de Casse-Brissac, and other courtiers, holding lucrative places, not to mention the Duc de Guiche, his brother-in-law. But D'Orsay would not pay the price, and he became an *émigré*. Fortunate for him, could he have crossed the Channel with the same oblivion of French private morals, as he entertained disgust of their public morals. He did not enter English life by the good portal.

Yet what could he do but dazzle it? And that he did, plunging into tastes and pursuits so exclusively and rustically English, as to naturalize himself, when acts of Parliament would have failed to achieve that end. He made, however, one grand mistake. In English circles of fashion he saw an infinity of recklessness, dissipation, immorality: he saw the immensity that was pardoned to a young man and a nobleman. But he did not see a certain imperceptible line, beyond which immorality is not forgiven. This correct line, which separates the gentlemanly immoral from the ungentelemanly immoral, is very different indeed in other countries of Europe, from what it is in England. And it is the difference of this line that foreigners, even the most acute amongst them, so often fail to discern. This mistake ruined D'Orsay. No man, after having spent fortunes and sown whole granaries of wild oats, was so fully qualified to fall back, like so many an empty (in brain as in pocket) English nobleman upon diplomacy. And D'Orsay would have made an admirable ambassador. But having chosen England as his second home, he was judged by the specimens which Englishmen had of him. And then he was of an order not meet society for the Court. D'Orsay was fully as moral, we all know, as the general run of foreign diplomatists; and yet not only Louis Philippe, but the republican and imperialist governments who sent *saute russeaux* to represent them at all the courts of Europe, afterwards turned up a puritanic nose at D'Orsay.

D'Orsay had three epochs, that of which Melton may be considered the chief scene; that in which the library-chair of Gore House was his *sedes*; and the last his instalment in Gudin's studio, as a retired man of fashion,

man of letters, man of fine arts, and man of politics. Politics were his last calling, and he did not succeed in them. His idea was, that Louis Napoleon ought to have played the liberal, and flung himself into the arms of the democracy. Whereas Louis Napoleon told him, there was safety and support for him, Louis, in the arms of no party, save such as he made and paid for himself. D'Orsay saved the *idéal* from his friend Louis Napoleon, who had been bred an Italian, and who, consequently, thought of nothing but the *réel*. "*Je veux arriver à pouvoir, voilà en un mot tout ce que je désire. L'histoire peut me déchiqueter après comme elle*

voudra," Such were some of the last political words of the Prince to D'Orsay.

Most people will ask why the President did not make D'Orsay Directeur des Beaux Arts, in the place of Neukerke, a foreigner. But Louis Napoleon could not give to every one of his family a grade in the French army. His uncle Jerome alone enjoys that, because he actually served, and in truth merited it. The English thunder repelled Jerome's attack of Hougoumont. D'Orsay, therefore, had no place, save some beggarly, nominal one, attached to the Elysée, the excuse, no doubt, for conveying some livres to his death-bed. Alas! poor D'Orsay!

From Tait's Magazine.

LION-HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

A FEW years ago, while residing at the Cape, I became acquainted with several of those enterprising traders who are engaged in the lucrative but rather hazardous traffic with the natives north of the Orange River. These traders are sometimes absent for more than two years from the colony, moving about with their wagons and servants, from one tribe to another, until their goods are all disposed of, when they return to Graham's Town or Cape Town with the cattle, hides, ivory, ostrich feathers, and other valuables, into which their original merchandise has been converted, usually at a profit of some four or five hundred per cent. Most of those traders whom I knew in Cape Town confined their operations to the country lying along the western coast of the continent, and stretching from the Orange River towards the Portuguese possessions in Benguela. Some of them had advanced on that side nearly to the great lake which has since been discovered by travellers proceeding from another quarter. The existence of this lake is well known to the natives inhabiting the western coast, who have often spoken of it to their English visitors.

One of the boldest and most successful of these adventurous traders was a Mr. Hutton, a respectable English colonist, who had accumulated a small fortune by his excursions among the Namaquas and the Dammaras,

and was talking of retiring from the business. I had heard of him not only as a lucky dealer and a daring hunter, but also as being one of the most intelligent explorers of South Africa; and having been able on one occasion to render him a slight service, I obtained from him in return a good deal of information concerning those parts of the interior with which he was familiar. Some of his own adventures, which he occasionally related, in illustration of the facts thus communicated, seemed to me to be curious and interesting enough to be worth preserving. One of them I will endeavor to repeat as nearly as possible in the words in which he told it.

It may be as well, before proceeding with the narrative, to mention briefly the circumstances which drew from Mr. Hutton the account of this singular adventure. The service which I had rendered to him consisted merely in obtaining from the authorities, by proper representations, the liberation of a Namaqua servant, whom he had brought to town with him from the country beyond the Orange River. This dusky youth was in appearance and in character a genuine Hottentot. He had the small stature, the tawny complexion, the deep-set eyes, the diminutive nose, the wide and prominent cheekbones, and the curiously tufted hair which distinguish that peculiar race. He was usually silent, grave, and somewhat sullen in

mood, except when he was excited by strong liquor, of which, like most of his compatriots, he was immoderately fond. In this state Apollo (as he was preposterously named) became not only lively and boisterous, but excessively pugnacious. The latter quality brought him frequently into collision with some of the saucy and knowing blacks of Cape Town, who found the same malicious pleasure in teasing the poor Namaqua, that town-bred youngsters in a London school evince in annoying any rustic new-comer. It was in consequence of an affair of this sort, that poor half-muddled Apollo, after a desperate combat with a gigantic Mozambique "apprentice," had one day been bundled off by the police to the lock-up house; and his master, who was hardly more familiar than Apollo himself with the ways of the town, came to ask my advice and assistance towards getting the unlucky Namaqua released. There was little difficulty in accomplishing this, when the circumstances were properly explained to the presiding functionary; and Apollo, after a few hours detention in the "tronk" (or city jail), was restored to his master in a sober and very penitent condition.

I was somewhat surprised by the evidences of strong anxiety and even affection displayed by Mr. Hutton for his uncouth *protege* in this affair. The latter had certainly nothing in his appearance or ways which could be considered prepossessing. He had, indeed, the grace to evince some attachment for his master; but otherwise his mental and moral traits did not appear to be more attractive than his physiognomy. I had heard that Mr. Hutton, in spite of his reputation as a keen trader and an ardent hunter, was an upright and kindhearted man; and I concluded that Master Apollo had probably been intrusted by his parents to the trader, with a solemn promise that their precious treasure should be restored to them unscathed; and no doubt Mr. Hutton's solicitude proceeded from his conscientious anxiety to keep his engagement.

He called upon me that evening, to thank me for my attention to his wishes. In the course of our conversation, I casually remarked that Apollo must be a good servant to have inspired his master with such a feeling of regard for him.

"I ought to care for him," answered Mr. Hutton, "since he saved my life."

This reply led, of course, to further questioning, and finally elicited from the trader the narrative which struck me as so remarkable.

"I picked up Apollo about ten years ago," he said, "on the north bank of the Orange river. He was then a child, not more, I should say, than ten or twelve years old; though you never can judge accurately of the ages of these natives. I found him all alone, and half dead with fever, under a little shelter of boughs and grass, where his people had left him when he was taken ill. They almost always desert their sick people and decrepit relations in that way. It is a shocking custom, and I think it is about the worst part of their character; for, in other respects, I must say, they are not altogether so bad as some travellers would make them out to be. I put the little fellow in one of my wagons, and dosed him with quinine and other medicines; and in a few days he was running about, as well and lively as ever. He told me that his name was Thuetkue, or some other such crackjaw affair, with two or three clucks in it, that I would not attempt to pronounce. So thinking it best to give him a *Christian* name, I called him Apollo, in compliment to his good looks. He has remained with me ever since, and has always shown himself attached to me in his own way. He is a real savage still. No one but myself can control him; and he generally obeys my orders as long as he can remember them, which is seldom more than a day. But I cannot make him a teetotaller or a man of peace, although I believe I have set him a fair example in both those lines. He will drink whenever he can get the liquor; and when he is excited by drink or provocation he will fight like a mad tiger. Otherwise he is an honest, faithful fellow, and the best after-rider I ever had. An after-rider, you know, is the name given to the Hottentot or black boy who rides with you, and carries your spare gun and ammunition, and sometimes heads off the game, or assists you in any other way, as you order him."

I knew what an after-rider was, but I was curious to hear how Apollo had been able to render his master the great service spoken of. It seemed that in the first instance he owed his own life to Mr. Hutton's kindness.

"Probably he did," answered Hutton, "although if I had not found him he might have recovered. These Namaquas and Hottentots have wonderfully tough constitutions; it takes a deal of sickness or starvation to kill them. But the other affair took place about four years ago; and if you care to hear the story, I have no objection to repeat it. I have told it often, for the credit of my friend Apollo.

"I was on my way to Dammara-land with two wagons and about a dozen people. Two of them were Mozambique blacks, whom I had brought with me from Cape Town, and the remainder were Hottentots and Namaquas that I had picked up on the way. Most of them I had got at old Schmelen's missionary station, on this side of the Orange River. The two negroes were tolerably good servants; they had gained some knowledge of civilized habits in Cape Town. The others could do little besides helping to drive the wagons; though sometimes they were of service in following '*spoor*'—traces of game, you know. They knew the country well, and by keeping a pretty sharp eye upon them, I was able to make them useful. In tracking game, as I said, they sometimes rendered good service; but they were great cowards, and though some of them could handle fire-arms tolerably well, I never could get them to face any dangerous animal, such as a buffalo or a rhinoceros, and least of all a lion, with any steadiness. I shot two or three rhinoceroses with little support from any of them, except Apollo, who always stood by me like a Trojan, though his teeth sometimes chattered, and his eyes became like saucers, as we approached the enemy.

"One afternoon," continued Hutton, "I outspanned near a pool, where many animals of different sorts came at night to drink. We could see their tracks all about the margin. The Namaquas knew the place well, and urged me to encamp at a little distance off, saying that the lions were '*al te kwaad*,' or very angry, in that region; and that if we rested near the water we should be very likely to lose some of our oxen, and might perhaps be ourselves attacked. For it is a curious fact that when a lion has once tasted human flesh, he seems to acquire a peculiar relish for it, and will leave all other game untouched if he has a chance of seizing upon a man. I did not wish to run any risk, so far as my people, or my oxen either, were concerned; and so, after making them all drink heartily, I drove off to a distance of about two miles, and outspanned in a small valley, out of sight from the pool. We kindled a large fire to keep off any wild beasts that might be prowling about, and then turned the oxen loose to pick up what little herbage they could find among the rocks about us. For myself, I felt a strong desire to have a shot at a lion. I had not bagged one for more than three years. In fact, I had been unlucky in two or three long shots, and began to fear that I should get out of

practice in that sort of sport, which requires good nerves and experience more than any thing else. I asked four or five of my best men, including Apollo, if they would watch with me at the pool, that night, for lions. Three of them consented, and we left the others with the wagons, with strict injunctions to keep the fire burning, and not to let the oxen stray to a distance. We reached the water just at sunset, and set to work at once, with the spades and hoes which we had brought with us, to dig a hole in the sand three or four feet deep, about twenty yards from the pool. In about an hour we finished our hiding-place, throwing up the earth about it so as to conceal us still better from the sight of the wild animals. We then settled ourselves comfortably in the trench, and lay there with our guns in readiness, waiting for the lions.

"We stayed there all night to no purpose. A good many animals came down to drink, but no lions. There were springboks, gemsboks, zebras, quaggas, and some other creatures, but we did not waste our ammunition upon them, as we were in no want of meat; and, besides, a single shot would have alarmed the lions, and prevented them from approaching the water. However, as it happened, we fared no better for keeping quiet; and soon after dawn we came out of our grave, stiff, sleepy, and sulky, without having had a glimpse of a lion, though we had heard them roaring in the distance. They had probably been attracted by our wagons and oxen; for they were prowling about them all night, as we afterwards learned. The people whom we had left with them were in mortal terror, but had sense enough to keep up a good blaze. The oxen, in their fright, crowded almost into the fire, and by good luck the lions did not venture to attack them.

"I now gave up all hope of meeting the game I had come out for; but I was determined not to return to the wagons without something to show for our night's watching. We had gone but a few rods from the pool, when a small herd of springboks came bounding through a thicket of thorn trees just in front of us. They ran and leaped as though something had frightened them; but without waiting to see what it was, I fired both barrels in among them, and knocked over one of the largest. My men all blazed away at the same time, but without the smallest effect. I had just taken my gun from my shoulder, when an enormous lion walked out of the thicket, and came slowly

towards us. He was not more than thirty yards off, and there was no time to reload. I was taken so completely by surprise that for the first few seconds I stood quite motionless, and uncertain what to do. But I then saw that there was but one course for us. When a party of natives go out with their assagais and knives to attack a lion, as they sometimes do, their custom is, when they see the lion approaching, to sit down on the ground in a cluster. The lion, if he is in a fighting mood, singles out one of them, and pounces upon him. Sometimes the unlucky man is killed at once by the first grip of the lion's teeth and claws; but more often he only receives severe hurt. Then the other natives throw themselves altogether upon the animal; some seize his tail and lift him up, which prevents him from turning upon them, while others stab him with their assagais, and cut him with their knives; and frequently they manage to kill him without any loss of life in their party. But sometimes the victory is on the other side; the lion kills two or three of the natives, and the rest take to their heels. It seemed to me just possible that by sitting down together, and showing a bold front, we might intimidate the lion, and prevent him from attacking us until I had time to reload. I called out loudly, "Sit! sit!" and knelt down myself on one knee at the same moment, preparing to reload, if there should be time. But casting a hasty glance around, I saw that all three of my men had taken themselves off at full speed as soon as the lion appeared, and were already half way to the hill which was just on this side of the wagons. Apollo had started with the rest; but he told me afterwards, and I have no doubt with truth, that he thought I was running also; only, not being so light-footed as they were, I could not be expected to keep up with them. As the poor fellow did not dare to look round, he did not discover his mistake until they reached the wagons.

"In this way I was left alone, to face the lion. It was useless then for me to run. If I had started with the Namaquas he would have had one of us, and most probably myself, before we had gone fifty yards. My gun was discharged; and, while we were digging the trench, I had given my hunting-knife, which incommoded me, to Apollo; so that I was at that moment completely disarmed. I gave myself up for lost, as a matter of course; and, as I was kneeling there, I just said, 'God help my poor wife

and children,' and waited for the lion to spring. But the fellow did not seem to be in any hurry. He came slowly up, slackening his pace by degrees; and at last, when he was about twelve feet off, he stopped and sat down on the ground like a cat, looking me full in the face. I sat down also, and looked at him in return; fixing my eyes upon his, and staring as hard as I could. When I was at school, I had read that the lower animals could not endure the steady gaze of a man; and although I cannot say that my own experience had ever confirmed this opinion, it occurred to me to make the trial with the lion. But I really don't think it had much effect upon him. Now-and-then he would shut his eyes, or look round to one side or the other, but that was all. Presently he lay down, with his paws drawn up under him, and his head resting on the ground, exactly like a cat watching a mouse. At the same time he kept occasionally licking his lips, as though he had just finished a meal. I saw at once what the rascal's intention was. He had just been feasting on some animal he had killed, very likely a springbok, and was not hungry. But he had made up his mind to have me for his next meal; and as lions like their food fresh killed, the scoundrel was keeping me until he had digested his breakfast. Wasn't that an agreeable predicament for a Christian man, as the boers say?"

There was no denying that it was a terrible situation indeed. But I had read in some missionary work, of a Hottentot who was kept prisoner by a lion in a similar way, and was watched steadily by him for a whole day; but at night, if I remembered rightly, the Hottentot was overcome by exhaustion and went to sleep, and when he awoke the lion was gone.

"Yes," replied the trader, "I have heard of the story. The Hottentot was a lucky fellow. You see, a lion, in his disposition and habits, is nothing more or less than a great cat. Some people speak of the lion's magnanimity, and ascribe some noble qualities to the beast; but that is all nonsense. When a lion is not hungry, if he meets with game he will frequently pass it by without notice. He will seldom kill it out of mere wantonness and cruelty; but neither will a cat, unless it has been taught to do so. A cat, when it is not hungry, will sometimes play with a mouse: that, you would think, must be from a cruel disposition; but, in reality, it is only keeping the creature alive for its next meal. Now, this is exactly what

the lion sometimes does, and particularly one that has tasted human flesh; so the natives, at least, will tell you. The natives say that, in such a case, the lion usually waits for the man to go to sleep, and then watches him till he begins to move and shows signs of awaking, when he pounces upon him. In the case of the Hottentot, the lion must have been frightened away by something that occurred while the man was asleep. For myself, I did not doubt that the creature was watching me with the intention of waiting until I should fall asleep from exhaustion, and then springing upon me at the first movement I made. I was safe, I thought, so long as I could keep my eyes open; but if I went to sleep, I should certainly awake in the lion's jaws."

There was something so peculiarly frightful, as well as unexpected, in the picture thus conveyed, that I could not restrain a shudder and an exclamation of horror.

"Oh, don't be alarmed on my account," said Hutton, with a laugh. "You see I am here all alive and whole. I only want you to understand what the danger really was before I tell you how I escaped. You know I had been up all night, and was tolerably hungry and tired. I had brought a flask full of water with me, and had just emptied it that morning; so that, by good luck, I was not at all thirsty. But for that, I do not know how I should have been able to hold out through the day. The sun came up bright and clear, as it usually is in those deserts, with a blaze of heat, which was reflected from the sand about me until it seemed to burn my skin. I had a broad-brimmed felt hat, with ostrich-feathers round it, which warded off the direct rays; but still I think I never felt the sun more oppressive: perhaps it was because I was weak from fasting and want of rest. Still, I kept my self-possession, and was constantly on the watch to take advantage of any opportunity for escape. There was just a chance that my men might muster courage enough to come down in a body to my relief; but I believed them to be too chicken-hearted to approach within a quarter of a mile of a lion, and besides, there was the probability that the brute, if he should see them approaching, would spring upon me, and put me out of suspense at once."

I asked if he did not try to load his gun.

"Of course I did," he answered: "but at the first motion I made, the old scoundrel lifted his head and growled, as much as to say, 'None of that, my boy, or if you do—!' If I had persisted, it was clear that

he would have been upon me before the powder was in the barrel. He was a huge old fellow—I think the largest lion I ever saw; with a long grizzled mane, and very knowing look. These experienced old lions are amazingly cunning. He knew perfectly well that my gun was a weapon of some kind or other; and I have no doubt he knew, too, of my people being in the neighborhood; for every now and then he would look sharply in the direction of the wagons. On such occasions I could feel my heart beat violently, and the perspiration would start to my skin."

And no wonder! But did the lion, I asked, remain perfectly quiet through the whole day?

"No; unluckily he did not," answered the trader. "His restlessness kept me in constant anxiety. Once a troop of zebras came suddenly by us. When they saw the lion they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off furiously in another direction. The lion rose to his feet in an instant, turned half round, and looked hard at them. Lions are particularly fond of the flesh of the zebra, and I had strong hopes that he would leave me, and go off after them. But I suppose the cunning rascal reflected that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush; for he turned back and lay down again, grumbling, and staring harder than ever at me, as though he meant to say, 'You see, my fine fellow, I have lost a zebra through you; and now I mean to make sure of you.' You may believe that in my heart I bestowed a few witch's blessings on the beast; but I thought it best to keep silence."

"The next alarm came from the direction of my wagons. I saw the lion look earnestly in that direction, as he had done once or twice before, and then rise to his feet, and utter an angry growl, drawing back his lips and showing his teeth, as though he saw something that did not please him. I learned afterwards that my men, urged on by Apollo, had armed themselves to the teeth, and advanced to the top of the hill. Standing there, with their wonderful keen sight, they could perceive the lion keeping guard over me; but no sooner did they see the brute rise and turn towards them than they all scampered back to the wagons, and jumped into them, frightened almost out of their wits. After a little while, the lion crouched down again before me, stretched out his paws, yawned and winked, and I thought seemed to be growing tired of his watch. But it was clear that he had made up his mind to re-

main there till night, otherwise he would have settled my account without further delay."

I may observe that the calm indifference with which Mr. Hutton had thus far told this singular story was calculated to make a very peculiar impression upon a listener—half of wonder and half of amusement. He spoke, in fact, in the same quaint and cool manner in which an old soldier relates the history of a battle, or a mariner tells of the shipwrecks which he has experienced.

"Towards evening," he continued, "I heard a low roaring, which seemed to be at a great distance. It appeared to disturb my lion a good deal. From the sound I knew it to be the roar of a lioness; and I thought it likely that the old fellow's mate was looking about for him. He got up and lay down again, two or three times, moving about uneasily and sniffing the ground, as though he was troubled in his mind; but he remained silent, and at last the voice of the lioness passed gradually out of hearing. This, I think, was the most anxious moment of the whole day to me. For if the lion had answered his mate, and called her to him, she would most likely have been hungry, and in that case would not have delayed an instant in seizing upon the nice supper which her husband was keeping for himself. I dare say the cunning old rascal was of the same opinion, and so thought it best to keep his own counsel.

"At last, the night came. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. I could see objects indistinctly at a little distance, and could just discern the outlines of the hills to the eastward. The lion lay quiet, in a shaggy mass, a few yards from me. I knew that he was wide awake, and that he saw distinctly every motion I made. Occasionally I could see his eyes turned towards me, shining like two coals of fire. My last hope now was that, by remaining perfectly silent and motionless, I might tire him out, or keep him from attacking me until something happened, as in the case of the Hottentot we were speaking of, to draw him off. For this purpose it was necessary that I should remain awake, and this was really a matter of the greatest difficulty to me. I was completely worn out, as you may imagine, after being forty-eight hours without food or sleep, and my mind most of the time wrought up to the highest pitch of anxiety. The night was chilly, which alone would have caused me to feel sleepy. Everything about me was as silent as the grave, and I had to make continual efforts to keep my eyelids open. Every now and then I caught myself nodding, and

would awaken with a sudden start of terror, at the thought that the lion might be just preparing to spring upon me. That was really a horrid time. I hardly like to think of it even now. I was like a condemned prisoner who awakes from a night-mare to remember that he is to be executed in a few hours. I don't think I could have held out in that condition through the night. It was too much for human nature."

Here the trader paused for a moment, looking serious and absorbed, like a man who has painful recollections recalled to his mind. But he presently roused himself, and proceeded with his story.

"Two or three hours after the darkness had set in, I could hear the animals coming to the water to drink. Some of them passed at a little distance from me, but I did not get a sight of any. The lion saw them plainly, but he only moved his head a little as they trotted by. There was no chance of his leaving me and going after them, as I had hoped. All at once, he lifted his head, looked towards me, and began to growl. 'Now,' I thought, 'the time is come!' He rose on his feet and growled louder, all the while looking hard at me, as I thought. I braced myself up for a struggle, with my gun in my left hand and my handkerchief in my right. I had a notion of endeavoring to thrust the gun crosswise into his mouth, and then getting my right hand down his throat. It was a very poor chance, but the only one left, and I meant to die game. In fact, I had given up all hope. But in a few minutes the lion, to my surprise, became quiet again, and sat down: he did not lie down, as before, but kept his head stretched forward towards me, like a cat intently examining some object. At last he lay down again, as though he was satisfied about the matter that had disturbed him. But in another ten minutes or so, he rose up once more to his feet, and growled more ferociously than ever. It struck me then that another lion might be cautiously approaching me behind, and that my particular friend was objecting to any division of the spoil. If this were the case, my fate would soon be settled. Then I thought it just possible that my men might be making some attempt to save me, under cover of the darkness; but there was little likelihood of their mustering courage enough to do anything effectual. I was now fully awake, as you may suppose. The lion was standing up, growling continually, and moving from side to side, as if he felt uncertain what to do. At last he crouched, and I saw clearly that he was get-

ting ready for a spring. At that moment I heard a loud yell behind me, and saw everything around lighted up by a blaze of fire. The yell was kept up constantly for a minute or two, and all at once somebody, looking as though his head and shoulders were all in a blaze, came running in between me and the lion. The brute gave a tremendous roar, more in fright than in anger, and went bounding off into the darkness. I then saw that the person with the fire was Apollo himself. The blaze had gone out, but the little fellow had two or three lighted brands in each hand, and was flourishing them about his head, and dancing and whirling round, in a frantic way, like a little demon—though to me, just then, he seemed more like an angel of light. The poor little creature was in such a state of terror that he could hardly speak, and did not hear a word that I said. 'Load the gun! load the gun!' he kept screaming. 'The great beast will come back! Load the gun!'

"This was good advice, and I followed it as quickly as I could. At first, on rising, I found myself so stiff that I could hardly move my limbs. But the blood soon began to circulate again, and when I had loaded up, we moved off towards the wagons. Apollo ran before me all the way, still in a terrible fright, with a frying pan on his head, and a firebrand in his right hand, jumping and screaming like a madman, to scare the wild beasts. We got safely to the outspan place, and when I had something to stay my hunger, I made Apollo tell me how he managed the affair, which was still a mystery to me. I found that the poor fellow had tried hard all day to induce the other men to join him in going to my relief. They made one attempt in the morning, as I mentioned, but their hearts failed them. At night Apollo made up his mind to undertake the business by himself, and he set about it in a really ingenious manner. He took one of my large frying-pans, and covered the inside with a thin coating of gunpowder, just enough moistened to make it burn slowly; over this he placed some straw, which I used for packing, and sprinkled dry powder upon it; and on the top of all he raised a little heap of brushwood and dry sticks. With this on his head, he started from the wagons just after dark. When he had come about half way, he lay down and crawled towards me so slowly and cautiously that the lion did not observe him

until he was within about a hundred yards of us. Then it was that the brute first rose up and began growling. Apollo said that when he heard it his heart became as cold as ice, and he almost went into a fit. He lay perfectly still, until the lion became quiet, and he then began again to creep forward, dragging himself along the ground, inch by inch, and resting for a minute or two every yard he made. At last, when he thought he was near enough, he took out a lucifer-match from a box which he had brought from the wagon, and lighted it. He touched the straw, which blazed up immediately. It was while he was doing this that the lion became so much excited; but Apollo left him no time to act, for he dashed in upon us, as I have told you, with the frying-pan on his head, and a burning stick in his hand, and routed the enemy at once. So now you know the reason why I feel such a particular regard for the little Namaqua. I really believe he showed more ingenuity and courage in saving my life than he could have mustered to preserve his own."

Apollo had certainly behaved in a most creditable manner, and I was ready to admit that he deserved all the good that his master could do for him. As for the lion, I supposed nothing more was seen or heard of him.

"You are mistaken there," said Hutton. "I have the best part of him now at my house. I had an account to settle with the rascal for the horrid torture I had suffered through him. Besides, as he was evidently a 'man-eater,' it would not do to leave him at large, if I could help it. I was sure he would not quit the pool so long as the oxen remained near it; and as I knew that two other traders, Johnson and Le Roux, were only a day or two behind me, I waited till they came up, and we all went out together, with our people and dogs. We hunted for two days before we could manage to turn the old cannibal out of his den, among some rocks and bushes. Johnson happened to be nearest him, and bowled him over at a long shot. A capital shot it was, too; the ball went in behind the right shoulder and came out under the left flank. I gave Johnson five pounds for the skin, which I mean to have stuffed and set up at home, in memory of the day I passed with the living owner, and the day after. The first I consider to have been the most miserable day, and the other the happiest, that I have ever spent in all my life."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

NUMBER NINETEEN IN OUR STREET.

NUMBER NINETEEN in our street is a gloomy house, with a blistered door and a cavernous step; with a hungry area and a desolate frontage. The windows are like prison-slips, only a trifle darker, and a good deal dirtier; and the kitchen-offices might stand proxies for the Black Hole of Calcutta, barring the company and the warmth. For as to company, black beetles, mice, and red ants, are all that are ever seen of animated nature there, and the thermometer rarely stands above freezing-point. Number Nineteen is a lodging-house, kept by a poor old maid, whose only friend is her cat, and whose only heirs will be the parish. With the outward world, excepting such as slowly filter through the rusty opening of the blistered door, Miss Rebecca Spong has long ceased to have dealings. She hangs a certain piece of cardboard, with 'Lodgings to Let,' printed in school-girl print, unconscious of straight lines, across it; and this act of public notification, coupled with anxious peepings over the blinds of the parlor front, is all the intercourse which she and the world of men hold together. Every now and then, indeed, a mangy cab may be seen driving up to her worn-out step; and dingy individuals, of the kind who travel about with small square boxes, covered with marbled paper, and secured with knotted cords of different sizes, may be witnessed taking possession of Nineteen, in a melancholy and mysterious way. But even these visitations, unsatisfactory as most lodging-house keepers would consider them, are few and far between; for somehow the people who come and go never seem to have any friends or relations whereby Miss Spong may improve her 'connection.' You never see the postman stop at that desolate door; you never hear a visitor's knock on that rusty lion's head; no unnecessary traffic of social life ever takes place behind those dusty blinds; it might be the home of a select party of Trappists, or the favorite hiding-place of coiners, for all the sunshine of external humanity that is suffered to enter those interior recesses. If a murder had been

committed in every room, from the attics to the cellar, a heavier spell of solitude and desolation could not rest on its floors.

One dreary afternoon in November, a cab stopped at Number Nineteen. It was a railway cab, less worn and ghastly than those vehicles in general, but not bringing much evidence of gayety or wealth for all that. Its inmates were a widow and a boy of about fifteen; and all the possessions they had with them were contained in one trunk of very moderate dimensions, a cage with a canary bird twittering inside, some pots of flowers, and a little white rabbit, one of the comical 'lop-eared' kind. There was something very touching in these evidences of the fresh country life which they had left for the dull atmosphere and steaming fogs of the metropolis. They told a sad tale of old associations broken, and old loves forsworn; of days of comfort and prosperity exchanged for the dreariness of poverty; and freedom, love, and happiness, all snapped asunder for the leaden chain of suffering to be forged instead. One could not help thinking of all those two hapless people must have gone through before they could have summoned courage to leave their own dear village, where they had lived so many years in that local honorableness of the clergyman's family; throwing themselves out of the society which knew and loved them, that they might enter a harsh world, where they must make their own position, and earn their own living, unaided by sympathy, honor, or affection. They looked as if they themselves thought something of this too, when they took possession of the desolate second floor; and the widow sat down near her son, and taking his hand in hers, gave vent to a flood of tears, which ended by unmaning the boy as well. And then they shut up the window carefully, and nothing more was seen of them that night.

Mrs. Lawson, the widow, was a mild, lady-like person, whose face bore the marks of recent affliction, and whose whole appearance and manners were those of a loving, gentle,

unenergetic, and helpless woman, whom sorrow could well crush beyond all power of resistance. The boy was a tall, thin youth, with a hectic flush and a hollow cough, eyes bright and restless, and as manifestly nervous as his mother was the reverse in temperament—anxious and restless, and continually taxing his strength beyond its power, making himself seriously ill in his endeavors to save his beloved mother some small trouble. They seemed to be very tenderly attached one to the other, and to supply to each all that was wanting in each: the mother's gentleness soothing down her boy's excitability, and the boy's nervousness rousing the mother to exertion. They were interesting people—so lonely, apparently so unfit to 'rough' it in the world; the mother so gentle in temper, and the son so frail in constitution—two people who ought to have been protected from all ill and all cares, yet who had such a bitter cup to empty, such a harsh fate to fulfil.

They were very poor. The mother used to go out with a small basket on her arm, which could hold but scanty supplies for two full-grown people. Yet this was the only store they had; for no baker, no butcher, no milkman, grocer, or poulterer, ever stopped at the area gate of Miss Rebecca Spong; no purveyor of higher grade than a cat's-meat-man was ever seen to hand provisions into the depths of Number Nineteen's darkness. The old maid herself was poor; and she, too, used to do her marketing on the basket principle; carrying home, generally at night, old scraps from the open stalls in Tottenham Court-Road, which she had picked up as bargains; and dividing equally between herself and her fagged servant-of-all-work the wretched meal which would not have been too ample for one. She therefore could not help her lodgers, and they all scrambled on over the desolate places of poverty as they best might. In general, tea, sugar, bread, a little rice, a little coffee as a change, a scrap of butter which no cow that ever yielded milk would have acknowledged; these were the usual items of Mrs. Lawson's marketing, on which she and her young son were to be nourished. And on such poor fare as this was that pale boy expected: to become a hearty man? The mother could not, did not expect it. Else why were the tears in her eyes so often as she returned? and why did she hang over her son, and caress him fondly, as if in deprecation, when she brought him his wretched meal, seeming to lament, to blame herself, too, that she

had not been able to provide him anything better? Poor things! poor things!

Mrs. Lawson seemed at last to get some employment. She had been seeking for it long—to judge by her frequent absences from home, and the weary look of disappointment she wore when she returned. But at last the opening was found, and she set to work in earnest. She used to go out early in the morning, and not return until late in the evening, and then she looked pale and tired, as one whose energies had been overtaken all the day; but she had found no gold-mine. The scanty meals were even scantier than before, and her shabby mourning was getting shabbier and duller. She was evidently hard-worked for very little pay; and their condition was not improved, only sustained by her exertions. Things seemed to be very bad with them altogether, and with little hope of amendment; for poor Mrs. Lawson had been 'brought up as a lady,' and so was doubly incapable—by education as well as by temperament—of gaining her own living. She was now employed as daily governess in the family of a city tradesman—people who, though they were kindly-natured enough, had as much as they could do in keeping their own fortunes afloat without giving any substantial aid to others, and who had therefore engaged her at the lowest possible salary, such as was barely sufficient to keep her and her son from absolute want.

The boy had long been very busy. He used to sit by the window all the day, earnestly employed with paper and scissors; and I wondered what fascinating occupation he had found to chain him for so many hours by those chinks and draughts; for he was usually enveloped in shawls, and blankets were hung about his chair, and every tender precaution taken that he should not increase his sickness by exposure even to the ordinary changes in the temperature of a dwelling-room. But now, in spite of his terrible cough, in spite of his hurried breathing, he used to sit for hours on hours by the dusky window, cutting and cutting at that eternal paper, as if his very life depended on his task. But he used to gather up the cuttings carefully, and hide all out of sight before his mother came home—sometimes nearly caught before quite prepared, when he used to show as much trepidation as if committing a crime.

This went on for some time, and at last he went out. It was fortunately a fine day—a clear, cold, January day; but he had no sooner breathed the brisk frosty air than—

terrible fit of coughing seemed to threaten his frail existence. He did not turn back though; and I watched him slowly pass down the street, holding on by the rails, and every now and then stopping to take breath. I saw a policeman speak to him in a grave, compassionating way, as if—seeing that he was so young and feeble, and so much a stranger that he was asking his way to Oxford Street, while going in a totally contrary direction—he was advising him to go home, and to let some one else do his business—his father perhaps; but the boy only smiled and shook his head in a hopeful way; and so he went from my sight, though not from my thoughts.

This continued daily, sometimes Herbert bringing home a small quantity of money, sometimes only disappointment; and these were terrible trials! At last, the mother was made acquainted with her son's new mode of life, by the treasured 5s. which the poor boy thrust into her hand one evening with a strange, shy pride that brought all the blood into his face, while he kissed her with impetuosity to smother her reproaches. She asked him how he had got so much money—so much! and then he told her how, self-taught, he had learned to cut out figures—dogs and landscapes—in colored paper, which he had taken to the bazaars and stationers' shops, and there disposed of—for a mere trifle truly. "For this kind of thing is not fashionable, mother, though I think the Queen likes them," he said; "and of course, if not fashionable, I could not get very much for them." So he contented himself, and consoled her, for the small payment of either sixpence or a shilling, which perhaps was all he could earn by three or four days' work.

The mother gently blamed him for his imprudence in exposing himself as he had done to the wet and cold—and, alas! these had told sadly on his weakened frame; but Herbert was so happy to-night, that she could not damp his pleasure, even for maternal love; so she reserved the lecture which *must* be given until to-morrow. And then his outdoor expeditions were peremptorily forbidden; and Miss Spong was called up to strengthen the prohibition—which she did effectually by offering, in her little, quick, nervous way, to take Herbert's cuttings to the shops herself, and thus to spare him the necessity of doing so. Poor Mrs. Lawson went up to the little woman, and kissed her cheek like a sister as she spoke; while Miss Spong, so utterly unused as she had been for years to the smallest demonstration of af-

fection, looked at first bewildered and aghast, and finally sank down on the chair in a childish fit of crying. I cannot say how much the sight of that little old maid's tears affected me! They seemed to speak of such long years of heart-loneliness—such loving impulses strangled by the chill hand of solitude—such weary familiarity with that deadness of life wherein no sympathy is bestowed, no love awakened—that I felt as if witnessing a dead man recalled to life, after all that made life pleasant had fled. What a sorrowful house that Number Nineteen was! From the desolate servant-of-all-work at her first place from the Foundling, to the half-starved German in the attics, every inmate of the house seemed to have nothing but the bitter bread of affliction to eat—nothing but the salt waters of despair to drink..

And now began another epoch in the Lawson history, which shed a sad but most beautiful light over the fading day of that young life.

A girl of about fourteen—she might have been a year or so younger—was once sent from one of the stationer's shops to conclude some bargain with the sick paper-cutter. I saw her slender figure bound up the desolate steps with the light tread of youth, as if she had been a divine being entering the home of human sorrow. She was one of those saintly children who are sometimes seen blooming like white roses, unstained by time or by contact. Her hair hung down her neck in long, loose curls, among which the sunlight seemed to have fairly lost itself, they were so golden bright; her eyes were large, and of that deep, dark gray which is so much more beautiful, because so much more intellectual, than any other color eyes can take; her lips were fresh and youthful; and her figure had all that girlish grace of fourteen which combines the unconscious innocence of the child with the exquisite modesty of the maiden. She soon became the daily visitor of the Lawsons—pupil to Herbert.

The paper-cutting was not wholly laid aside though; in the early morning, and in the evening, and often late into the night, the thin, wan fingers were busy about their task; but the middle of the day was snatched like an hour of sleep in the midst of pain—garnered up like a fountain of sweet waters in the wilderness; for then it was that little Jessie came for her Latin lesson, which she used to learn so well, and take such pleasure in, and be doubly diligent about, because poor Herbert Lawson was ill, and vexation

would do him harm. Does it seem strange that a stationer's daughter should be so lovingly, and should learn Latin? And there those two children used to sit for three dear hours of the day; she, leaning over her book, her sweet young face bent on her task with a look of earnest intellectuality in it, that made her like some sainted maid of olden times; and he watching her every movement, and listening to every syllable, with a rapt interest such as only very early youth can feel. How happy he used to look! How his face would lighten up, as if an angel's wing had swept over it, when the two gentle taps at the door heralded young Jessie! How his boyish reverence, mixed with boyish care, gave his wasted features an expression almost unearthly, as he hung over her so protectingly, so tenderly, so adoringly! It was so different from a man's love! There was something so exquisitely pure and spiritual in it—something so reverential and so chivalrous—it would have been almost a sin to have had that love grow out into a man's strong passion! The flowers she brought him—and seldom did a day pass without a fresh supply of violets, and, when the weather was warmer, of primroses and cowslips, from her gentle hand—all these were cherished more than gold would have been cherished; the books she lent him were never from his side; if she touched one of the paltry ornaments on the chimney-piece, that ornament was transferred to his own private table; and the chair she used was always kept apart, and sacred to her return.

It was very beautiful to watch all these manifestations: for I did watch them, first from my own window, then in the house, in the midst of the lonely family, comforting when I could not aid, and sharing in the griefs I could not lessen. Under the new influence, the boy gained such loveliness and spiritualism, that his face had an angelic character, which, though it made young Jessie feel a strange kind of loving awe for the sick boy, betokened to me, and to his mother, that his end was not far off.

He was now too weak to sit up, excepting for a small part of the day; and I feared that he would soon become too weak to teach, even in his gentle way, and with such a gentle pupil. But the Latin exercises still held their place; the books lying on the sofa instead of on the table, and Jessie sitting by him on a stool, where he could overlook her as she read: this was all the change; unless, indeed, that Jessie read aloud more than formerly, and not always out of a Latin book.

Sometimes it was poetry, and sometimes it was the Bible that she read to him: and then he used to stop her, and pour forth such eloquent, such rapturous remarks on what he heard, that Jessie used to sit and watch him like a young angel holding converse with a spirit. She was beginning to love him very deeply in her innocent, girlish, unconscious way; and I used to see her bounding step grow sad and heavy as, day by day, her brother-like tutor seemed to be sinking from earth so fast.

Thus passed the winter, poor Mrs. Lawson toiling painfully at her task, and Herbert falling into death in his; but with such happiness in his heart as made his sufferings divine delights, and his weakness, the holy strength of heaven.

He could do but little at his paper-cutting now, but still he persevered; and his toil was well repaid, too, when he gave his mother the scanty payment which he received at the end of the week, and felt that he had done his best—that he had helped her forward—that he was no longer an idler supported by her sorrow—but that he had braced the burden of labor on to his own shoulders also, weak as they were, and had taken his place, though dying, among the manful workers of the world. Jessie brought a small weekly contribution also, neatly sealed up in fair white paper; and of these crumpled scraps Herbert used to cut angels and cherubs' heads, which he would sit and look at for hours together; and then he would pray as if in a trance—so earnest and heartfelt was it—while tears of love, not grief, would stream down his face, as his lips moved in blessings on that young maiden child.

It came at last. He had fought against it long and bravely; but death is a hard adversary, and cannot be withstood, even by the strongest. It came, stealing over him like an evening cloud over a star—leaving him still beautiful, while blotting out his light—softening and purifying, while slowly obliterating his place. Day by day, his weakness increased; day by day, his pale hands grew paler, and his hollow cheek more wan. But the love in his boy's heart hung about his sick-bed as flowers that have an eternal fragrance from their birth.

Jessie was ever a daily visitor, though no longer now a scholar; and her presence had all the effect of religion on the boy—he was so calm, and still, and holy, while she was there. When she was gone, he was sometimes restless, though never peevish; but he

would get nervous, and unable to fix his mind on anything, his sick head turning incessantly to the window, as if vainly watching for a shadowy hope, and his thin fingers plucking ceaselessly at his bed-clothes, in restless, weary, unsoothed sorrow. While she sat by him, her voice sounding like low music in his ears, and her hands wandering about him in a thousand offices of gentle comforting, he was like a child sinking softly to sleep—a soul striving upward to its home, beckoned on by the hands of the holier sister before it.

And thus he died—in the bright spring-time of the year, in the bright spring-time of his life. Love had been the cradle song of his infancy, love was the requiem of his youth. His was no romantic fable, no heroic epic; adventures, passions, fame, made up none of its incidents; it was simply the history of a boy's manful struggling against fate—of the quiet heroism of endurance, compensated by inward satisfaction, if not by actual happiness.

True, his career was in the low-lying paths of humanity; but it was none the less beautiful and pure, for it is not deeds, it is their spirit, which makes men noble, or leaves them stained. Had Herbert Lawson been a warrior, statesman, hero, philosopher, he would have shown no other nature than that which gladdened the heart of his widowed mother, and proved a life's instruction to Jessie Hamilton, in his small deeds of love and untaught words of faith in the solitude of that lodging-house. Brave, pure, noble then, his

sphere only would have been enlarged, and with his sphere the weight and power of his character; but his spirit would have been the same, and in the dying child it was as beautiful as it would have been in the renowned philosopher.

We have given this simple story—simple in all its bearings—as an instance of how much real heroism is daily enacted, how much true morality daily cherished, under the most unfavorable conditions. A widow and her young son cast on the world without sufficient means of living—a brave boy battling against poverty and sickness combined, and doing his small endeavor with manful constancy—a dying youth, whose whole soul is penetrated with love, as with a divine song: all these are elements of true human interest, and these are circumstances to be found in every street of a crowded city. And to such as these is the divine mission of brotherly charity required; for though poverty may not be relieved by reason of our inability, suffering may always be lightened by our sympathy. It takes but a word of love, a glance of pity, a gentle kiss of affection—it takes but an hour of our day, a prayer at night, and we may walk through the sick world and the sorrowful as angels dropping balm and comfort on the wounded. The cup of such human love as this poured freely out will prove in truth "twice blessed," returning back to our own hearts the peace we have shed on others. Alas! alas! how thick the harvest and how few the reapers!

From the North British Review.

SCOTTISH INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It was in the winter of 1786-7 that the poet Burns, a new prospect having been suddenly opened up to him by the kind intervention of Blacklock, and a few other influential men in Edinburgh, abandoned his desperate project of emigrating to the West Indies, and hastened to pay his first and memorable visit to the Scottish metropolis. During that winter, as all who are acquainted

with his life know, the Ayrshire ploughman, then in his twenty-ninth year, was the lion of Edinburgh society. Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart, Harry Erskine, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Hugh Blair, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Black, Dr. Adam Ferguson—such were the names then most conspicuous in the literary capital of North Britain; and it was in the company of these men, alternated with that of the Creeches, the Smellies, the Willie Nicols, and other contemporary Edinburgh celebrities of a lower grade, that Burns first realized the fact that he was no

* *Life of Lord Jeffrey: with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1852.

mere bard of local note, but a new power and magnate in Scottish literature.

To those who are alive to the poetry of coincidences, two anecdotes connected with this residence of Burns in Edinburgh will always be specially interesting. What reader of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* is there who does not remember the account there given of Scott's first and only interview with Burns? As the story is now more minutely told in Mr. Robert Chambers's *Life of Burns*, Scott, who was then a lad of seventeen, just removed from the High School to a desk in his father's office, was invited by his friend and companion, the son of Dr. Ferguson, to accompany him to his father's house on an evening when Burns was to be there. The two youngsters entered the room, sat down unnoticed by their seniors, and looked on and listened in modest silence. Burns, when he came in, seemed a little out of his element, and, instead of mingling at once with the company, kept going about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. One print particularly arrested his attention. It represented a soldier lying dead among the snow, his dog on one side, and a woman with her child in her arms on the other. Underneath the print were some lines of verse descriptive of the subject, which Burns read aloud with a voice faltering with emotion. A little while after, turning to the company and pointing to the print, he asked if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines. No one chanced to know, excepting Scott, who remembered that they were from an obscure poem of Langhorne's. The information, whispered by Scott to some one near, was repeated to Burns, who, after asking a little more about the matter, rewarded his young informant with a look of kindly interest, and the words, (Sir Adam Ferguson reports them,) "You'll be a man yet, sir." Such is the one story, the story of the "literary ordination," as Mr. Chambers well calls it, of Scott by Burns—a scene which we think Sir William Allan would have delighted to paint. The other story, we believe, is now told for the first time by Lord Cockburn. Somewhere about the very day on which the foregoing incident happened, "a little black creature" of a boy, we are told, who was going up the High Street of Edinburgh, and staring diligently about him, was attracted by the appearance of a man whom he saw standing on the pavement. He was taking a good and leisurely view of the object of his curiosity, when some one standing at a shop-door

tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man! that's Robert Burns." The "little black creature," thus early addicted to criticism, was Francis Jeffrey, the junior of Scott by four years, and exactly four years behind him in the classes of the High School, where he was known as a clever nervous little fellow, who never lost a place without crying. It is mentioned as a curious fact by Lord Cockburn, that Jeffrey's first teacher at the High School, a Mr. Luke Fraser, had the singular good fortune of sending forth, from three successive classes of four years each, three pupils no less distinguished than Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham.

It is not for the mere purpose of anecdote that we cite these names and coincidences. We should like very much to make out for Scotland in general as suggestive a series of her intellectual representatives as Lord Cockburn has here made out for part of the pedagogic era of the worthy and long dead Mr. Luke Fraser. Confining our regards to the eighteenth century, the preceding paragraphs enable us to group together at least three conspicuous Scottish names as belonging, by right of birth, to the third quarter of that century—Burns, born in Ayrshire in 1759; Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1769; and Jeffrey, born in the same place in 1773. Supposing we go a little farther back for some other prominent Scottish names of the same century, the readiest to occur to the memory will be those of James Thomson, the poet, born in Roxburghshire in 1700; Thomas Reid, the philosopher, born near Aberdeen in 1710; David Hume, born at Edinburgh in 1711; Robertson the historian, born in Mid-Lothian in 1721; Tobias Smollett, the novelist, born at Cardross in the same year; Adam Smith, born at Kirkcaldy in 1723; Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, born at Edinburgh in 1750; and Dugald Stewart, born at Edinburgh in 1753. And if for a similar purpose, we come down to the last quarter of the century, five names at least will be sure to occur to us, in addition to that of Brougham—Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow in 1777; Thomas Chalmers, born at Anstruther in Fifeshire in 1780; John Wilson, born, if we may trust our authorities, at Paisley in 1789; Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire in 1795; and Sir William Hamilton, born at Edinburgh before the close of the century. In this list we omit the distinguished contemporary Scottish names in

physical science ; we ought not, however, to omit the names of Sir James Mackintosh, born near Inverness in 1765, and James Mill, born at Montrose in 1773. The short life of Burns, if we choose him as the central figure of the group, connects together all these names. The oldest of them was in the prime of life when Burns was born, and the youngest of them had seen the light before Burns died.

On glancing in order along this series of eminent Scotchmen born in the eighteenth century, it will be seen that they may be roughly distributed into two nearly equal classes—men of philosophic intellect, devoted to the work of general speculation, or thought as such ; and men of literary or poetic genius, whose works belong more properly to the category of pure literary or artistic effort. In the one class may be ranked Reid, Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Mill, Chalmers, and Sir William Hamilton ; in the other, Thomson, Smollett, Robertson, Fergusson, Burns, Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Irving, and Carlyle. Do not let us be mistaken. In using the phrases “ philosophic intellect ” and “ literary genius,” to denote the distinction referred to, we do not imply anything of accurate discrimination between the phrases themselves. For aught that we care, the phrases may be reversed, and the men of the one class may be styled men of philosophic genius, and those of the other men of literary habit and intellect. If we prefer to follow the popular usage in our application of the terms, it is not with any intention of making out for the one class, by the appropriation to it of the peculiar term “ genius,” a certificate of a higher kind of excellence than belongs to the other. Even according to the popular acceptance of the term, several of those whom we have included in the literary category—as, for example, Robertson, must be denied the title of men of genius ; while, according to no enduring definition of the term, could the title of men of genius be refused to such men as Adam Smith, or Chalmers, or Hamilton. Nor even, when thus explained, will our classification bear any very rigid scrutiny. By a considerable portion of what may be called the fundamental or unapparent half of his genius, Carlyle belongs to the class of speculative thinkers ; while, on the other hand, the case of Chalmers is one in which the thinking or speculative faculty, which certainly belonged to him, was surcharged and deluged by such a constant flood from the feelings that, instead of rank-

ing him with the thinkers as above, we might, with equal or greater propriety, transpose him to the other side, or even name him on both sides. His thinking faculty, which was what he himself set most store by, was so beset and begirt by his other and more active dispositions, that instead of working on and on through any resisting medium with iron continuity, it discharged itself almost invariably, as soon as it touched a subject, in large proximate generalizations. On the whole, then, instead of the foregoing classification of eminent Scotchmen into men of speculation and men of general literature, one might adopt as equally serviceable a less formal classification which the common satirical talk respecting Scotchmen will suggest. The hard, cool, logical Scotchman—such is the stereotyped phrase in which Englishmen describe the natives of North Britain. There is a sufficient amount of true perception in the phrase to justify its use ; but the appreciation it involves reaches only to the surface. The well-known phrase, *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, used, Buchanan tells us, centuries ago on the continent to express the idea of the Scottish character then universally current and founded on a large induction of instances, is, in reality, far nearer to the fact. Without maintaining at present that *all* Scotchmen are *perfervid*,—that Scotchmen in general are, as we have seen it ingeniously argued, not cool, calculating, and cautious, but positively rash, fanatical, and tempestuous ; it will be enough to refer to the instances which prove at least that *some* Scotchmen have this character. The thing may be expressed thus :—On referring to the actual list of Scotchmen who have obtained eminence by their writings or speeches in this or the last century, two types may be distinguished, in one or the other of which the Scottish mind seems necessarily to cast itself—an intellectual type specifically Scottish, but Scottish only in the sense that it is the type which cultured Scottish minds assume when they devote themselves to the work of specific investigation ; and a more popular type, characterizing those Scotchmen who, instead of pursuing the work of specific investigation, follow a career calling forth all the resources of Scottish sentiment. Scotchmen of the first or more recondite and formal type are Reid, Smith, Hume, Mill, Mackintosh, and Hamilton, in all of whom, notwithstanding their differences, we see that tendency towards metaphysical speculation for which the Scottish mind has become celebrated ; Scotchmen of the other or popular

type, partaking of the metaphysical tendency or not, but drawing their essential inspiration from the sentimental depths of the national character, are Burns, Scott, Chalmers, Irving, and Carlyle. However we may choose to express it, the fact of this two-fold forth-going of the Scottish mind, either in the scholastic and logical direction marked out by one series of eminent predecessors, or in the popular and literary direction marked out by another series of eminent predecessors, cannot be denied.

After all, however, (for we cannot yet leave this topic,) there *is*, classify and distinguish as we may, a remarkable degree of homogeneity among Scotchmen. The people of North Britain are more homogeneous—have decidedly a more visible basis of common character—than the people of South Britain. A Scotchman may indeed be almost anything that is possible in this world; he may be a saint or a debauchee, a Christian or a sceptic, a spendthrift or a usurer, a soldier or a statesman, a poet or a statistician, a fool or a man of genius, clear-headed or confused-headed, a Thomas Chalmers or a Joseph Hume, a dry man of mere secular facts, or a man through whose mind there roll for ever the stars and all mysteries. Still, under every possible form of mental combination or activity, there will be found in every Scotchman something distinguishable as his birth-quality or *Scotticism*. And what is this *Scotticism* of Scotchmen—this ineradicable, universally-combinable element or peculiarity, breathed into the Scottish soul by those conditions of nature and of life which inhere in or hover over the area of Scottish earth, and which are repeated in the same precise *ensemble* nowhere else? Comes it from the hills, or the moors, or the mists, or any of those other features of scenery and climate which distinguish bleak and rugged Scotland from green and fertile England? In part, doubtless, from these, as from all else that is Scottish. But there are hills, and moors, and mists where Scotchmen are not bred; and it is rather in the long series of the memorable things that have been done on the Scottish hills and moors—the acts which the retrospective eye sees flashing through the old Scottish mists, that one is to seek the origin and explanation of whatever *Scotticism* is. Now, as compared with England at least, that which has come down to the natives of Scotland as something peculiar, generated by the series of past transactions of which their country has been the scene, is an intense spirit of nationality.

No nation in the world is more factitious than the Scotch—more composite as regards the materials out of which it has been constructed. If in England there have been Britons, Celts, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, in Scotland there have been Celts, Britons, Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Anglo-Saxons, and Normans. The only difference of any consequence in this respect probably is, that whereas in England the Celtic element is derived chiefly from the British or Welsh, and the Teutonic element chiefly from the Continental-German source, in Scotland the Gaels have furnished most of the Celtic, and the Scandinavian Germans most of the Teutonic element. Nor if we regard the agencies that have acted intellectually on the two nations, shall we find Scotland to have been less notably affected from without than England. To mention only one circumstance, the Reformation in Scotland was marked by a much more decided importation of new modes of thinking and new social forms than the Reformation in the sister country. But though quite as factitious, therefore, as the English nation, the Scottish, by reason of its very smallness, for one thing, has always possessed a more intense consciousness of its nationality, and a greater liability to be acted upon throughout its whole substance by a common thought or common feeling. Even as late as the year 1707, the entire population of Scotland did not exceed one million of individuals; and if, going further back, we fancy this small nation placed on the frontier of one so much larger, and obliged continually to defend itself against the attacks of so powerful a neighbor, we can have no difficulty in conceiving how, in the smaller nation, the feeling of a central life would be sooner developed and kept more continuously active. The sentiment of nationality is essentially negative; it is the sentiment of a people which has been taught to recognize its own individuality by incessantly marking the line of exclusion between itself and others. Almost all the great movements of Scotland, as a nation, have accordingly been of a negative character, that is, movements of self-defence—the War of National Independence against the Edwards; the Non-Episcopal struggle in the reigns of the Charleses; and even the Non-Intrusion controversy of later times. The very motto of Scotland, as a nation, is negative—*Nemo me impune lacesset*. It is different with England. There have of course been negative movements in England too, but these have been movements of one faction or part of the English people against another;

and the activity of the English nation, as a whole, has consisted, not in preserving its own individuality from external attack, but in fully and genially evolving the various elements which it finds within itself, or in powerful positive exertions of its strength upon what lies outside it.

The first and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen, that is, of the peculiarity which differences them from people of other countries, and more expressly from Englishmen, is this *amor patriæ*, this inordinate intensity of national feeling. There are very few Scotchmen who, whatever they may pretend, are devoid of this pride of being Scotchmen. Penetrate to the heart of any Scotchman, even the most Anglified, or the most philosophic that can be found, and there will certainly be found a remnant in it of loving regard for the little land that lies north of the Tweed. And what eminent Scotchman can be named in whose constitution a larger or smaller proportion of the *amor Scotiæ* has not been visible? In some of the foremost of such men, as Burns, Scott, and Wilson, this *amor Scotiæ* has even been present as a confessed ingredient of their genius—a sentiment determining, to a great extent, the style and matter of all that they have written or attempted.

"The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear—
I turn'd the weeding-heuk aside,
And spared the symbol dear.
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise—
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise."

In reading the writings of such men, one is perpetually reminded, in the most direct manner, that these writings are to be regarded as belonging to a strictly national literature. But even in those Scotchmen in the determination of whose intellectual efforts the *amor Scotiæ* has acted no such obvious and ostensible part, the presence of some mental reference to, or intermittent communication of sentiment with, the land of their birth, is almost sure to be detected. The speculations of Reid and Hume and Adam Smith, and, in some degree, also, those of Chalmers, were in subjects interesting not to Scotchmen alone, but to the human race as such; and yet, precisely as these men enunciated their generalities intended for the whole world in good broad Scotch, so had they all, after their different ways, a genuine

Scottish relish for Scottish humors, jokes, and antiquities. The same thing is true of Carlyle, a power as he is recognized to be not in Scottish only, but in all British literature. Even James Mill, who, more than most Scotchmen, succeeded in conforming, both in speech and in writing, to English habits and requirements, relapsed into a Scotchman when he listened to a Scottish song, or told a Scottish anecdote. But perhaps the most interesting example of the appearance of an intense *amor Scotiæ*, where, from the nature of the case, it could have been least expected, is afforded by the writings of Sir William Hamilton. If there is a man now alive conspicuous among his contemporaries for the exercise on the most magnificent scale of an intellect the most pure and abstract, that man is Sir William; and yet, not even when discussing the philosophy of the unconditioned, or perfecting the theory of syllogism which is universal, does Sir William forget his Scottish lineage. With what glee, in his notes, or in stray passages, in his dissertations themselves, does he seize every opportunity of adding to the proofs that speculation in general has been largely affected by the stream of specific Scottish thought—quoting, for example, the saying of Scaliger, "*Les Ecossois sont bons Philosophes*," or dwelling on the fact that at one time almost every continental university had a Scottish professorship of philosophy, specially so named; or reviving the memories of defunct Balfours, and Duncans, and Chalmers, and Dalgarnos, and other "*Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*" of other centuries; or startling his readers with such genealogical facts as that Immanuel Kant and Sir Isaac Newton had Scottish grandfathers, and that the celebrated French metaphysician, Destutt Tracy, was, in reality, but a transmogrified Scotchman of the name of Stott! We know nothing more refreshing than such evidences of strong national feeling in such a man. It is the Scottish Stagirite not ashamed of the bonnet and plaid; it is the philosopher in whose veins flows the blood of a Covenantant.

Even now, when Scotchmen, their native country having been so long merged in the higher unity of Great Britain, labor altogether in the interest of this higher unity, and forget or set aside the smaller, they are still liable to be affected characteristically in all that they do by the consciousness that they are Scotchmen. This will be found true, whether we regard those Scotchmen who work side by side with Englishmen in

the conduct of British public affairs or British commerce, or those Scotchmen who vie with Englishmen in the walks of British authorship and literature. In either case the Scotchman is distinguished from the Englishman by this, that he carries the consciousness of his nationality about with him. Were he, indeed, disposed to forget it, the banter on the subject to which he is perpetually exposed in the society of his English friends and acquaintances, would serve to keep him in mind of it. It is the same now with the individual Scotchman cast among Englishmen as it was with the Scottish nation when it had to defend its frontier against the English armies. He is in the position of a smaller body placed in contact with a larger one, and rendered more intensely conscious of his individuality by the constant necessity of asserting it. But this self-assertion of a Scotchman among Englishmen, this constant feeling, "I am a Scotchman," rests, like the feeling of nationality itself, on a prior assertion of what is in fact a negative. For a Scotchman to be always thinking "I am a Scotchman," is, in the circumstances now under view, tantamount to always thinking "I am *not* an Englishman." The Englishman, on the other hand, has no corresponding feeling. As a member of the large body, whose corporate activity has always, from the very circumstance of its being the larger, been positive rather than negative, the Englishman simply acts out harmoniously his English instincts and tendencies, the feeling of not being a Scotchman never (except in the case of a stray Englishman located in Scotland) either spontaneously remaining in his mind, or being roused in it by banter. The Scotchman, in short, who works in the general field of British activity, has his thoughts conditioned to some extent at least by the negative of not being an Englishman; the Englishman thinks under no such limitation.

And this leads us to a definition more essential and intimate of the peculiarity of Scottish as compared with English thought. The rudest and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen, consists, we have hitherto been saying, in simple consciousness of nationality, simple *amor Scotiæ*, or, under mere restricted circumstances, the simple feeling of not being an Englishman. There are some Scotchmen, however, in whom this first and most natural form of Scotticism is not very well pronounced, and who are either emancipated from it, or think that they are. We know not a few Scottish minds who have really succeeded in transferring their

enthusiastic regards from Scotland as such to the higher unity of Great Britain—men, who, sometimes speaking in their own Scottish accent, sometimes in an accent almost purely English, find the objects of their solicitude and admiration, not in the land lying north of the Tweed, but rather in England—its rich green parks and field, its broad ecclesiastical hierarchy, its noble halls of learning, its majestic and varied literature, the full and generous character of its manly people. We know Scotchmen whose sentiment is more deeply stirred by Shakespeare's famous apostrophe to "this England," than by Scott's to the land of brown heath and shaggy wood. And as Scotland and England are incorporated, such men are and must be on the increase. But even they shall not escape. If their native quality of Scotticism does not survive in them in the more palpable and open form of mere national feeling, mere *amor Scotiæ*, it survives, nevertheless, in an intellectual habit, having the same root, and as indestructible. And what is this habit? The popular charges of dogmatism, opinionativeness, pugnacity, and the like, brought against Scotchmen by Englishmen, are so many approximations to a definition of it. For our part, we should say that the special habit or peculiarity which distinguishes the intellectual manifestations of Scotchmen—that, in short, in which the Scotticism of Scotchmen most intimately consists,—is the habit of *emphasis*. All Scotchmen are emphatic. If a Scotchman is a fool, he gives such emphasis to the nonsense he utters as to be infinitely more insufferable than a fool of any other country; if a Scotchman is a man of genius, he gives such emphasis to the good things he has to communicate, that they have a supremely good chance of being at once or very soon attended to. This habit of emphasis, we believe, is exactly that *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which used to be remarked some centuries ago, wherever Scotchmen were known. But emphasis is perhaps a better word than fervor. Many Scotchmen are fervid too, but not all; but all, absolutely all, are emphatic. No one will call Joseph Hume a fervid man, but he is certainly emphatic. And so with David Hume, or Reid, or Adam Smith, or any of those colder-natured Scotchmen of whom we have spoken; fervor cannot be predicated of them, but they had plenty of emphasis. In men like Burns, or Chalmers, or Irving, on the other hand, there was both emphasis and fervor; so also with Carlyle; and so, under a still more curious combination, with Sir William Hamilton. And as we distinguish emphasis from fervor,

so would we distinguish it from perseverance. Scotchmen are said to be persevering, but the saying is not universally true; Scotchmen are or are not morally persevering, but all Scotchmen are intellectually emphatic. Emphasis, we repeat, intellectual emphasis—the habit of laying stress on certain things rather than co-ordinating all—in this consists what is essential in the Scotticism of Scotchmen. And as this observation is empirically verified by the very manner in which Scotchmen enunciate their words in ordinary talk, so it might be deduced scientifically from what we have already said regarding the nature and effects of the feeling of nationality. The habit of thinking emphatically is a necessary result of thinking much in the presence of, and in resistance to, a negative; it is the habit of a people that has been accustomed to act on the defensive, rather than of a people peacefully self-evolved and accustomed to act positively; it is the habit of Protestantism rather than of Catholicism, of Presbyterianism rather than of Episcopacy, of Dissent rather than of Conformity.

The greatest effects which the Scottish mind has yet produced on the world—and these effects, by the confession of Englishmen themselves, have not been small—have been the results, in part at least, of this national habit of emphasis. Until towards the close of last century, the special department of labor in which Scotchmen had, to any great extent, exerted themselves so as to make a figure in the general intellectual world, was the department of Philosophy—Metaphysical and Dialectic. Their triumphs in this department are historical. What is called the Scottish Philosophy, constitutes, in the eyes of all who know anything of history, a most important stage in the intellectual evolution of modern times. From the time of those old Duncans, and Balfours, and Dalgarnos, mentioned by Sir William Hamilton, who discoursed on philosophy, and wrote dialectical treatises in Latin in all the cities of the Continent, down to our own days, we can point to a succession of Scottish thinkers in whom the interest in metaphysical studies was kept alive, and by whose labors new contributions to mental science were continually being made. It was by the Scottish mind, in fact, that the modern philosophy was conducted to that point where Kant and the Germans took it up. The qualifications of the Scottish mind for this task were, doubtless, various. Perhaps there was something in that special combination of the Celtic and the Scandinavian out of which the Scot-

tish nation, for the most part, took its rise, to produce an aptitude for dialectical exercises. Now, farther, it would not be altogether fanciful to suppose that those very national struggles of the Scotch in the course of which they acquired so strong a sense of their national individuality, that is, of the distinction between all that was Scotch and all that was not Scotch served, in a rough way, to facilitate to all Scotchmen that fundamental idea of the distinction between the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego*, the clear and rigorous apprehension of which is the first step in philosophy, and the one test of the philosopher. But, in a still more important degree, we hold the success of the Scottish mind in philosophy to have been the result of the national habit of intellectual emphasis. A Scotchman, when he thinks, cannot, so easily and comfortable as the Englishman, repose on an upper level of propositions co-ordinated for him by tradition, sweet feeling, and pleasant circumstance; that necessity of his nature which leads him to emphasize certain things rather than to take all things together in their established co-ordination, drives him down and still down in search of certain generalities whereon he may see that all can be built. It was this habit of emphasis, this inability to rest on the level of sweetly-composed experience, that led Hume to scepticism; it was the same habit, the same inability, conjoined, however, with more of faith and reverence, that led Reid to lay down in the chasm of Hume's scepticism certain blocks of ultimate propositions or principles, capable of being individually enumerated, and yet, as he thought, forming a sufficient basement for all that men think or believe. And the same tendency is visible among Scotchmen now. It amazes Scotchmen to see on what proximate propositions even Englishmen who are celebrated as thinkers can rest, and how little the best of them, such as Whewell, Maurice, Hare, Henry Taylor, and some others, seem to feel the necessity of persisting towards first principles. The essays of Henry Taylor and of Arthur Helps are, in this respect, most characteristically English. As writings, they are most sweet, solid and soothing; and yet there is many a Scotchman with not half the intellect of either of the writers, to whom, by reason of his native tendency to seek for the emphatic, they would appear almost shallow. So also with that much praised old English book, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and with many other old English prose writings. The truth is that, if Scotchmen have, so far, a

source of superiority over Englishmen in their habit of dwelling only on the emphatic, they have also in this same habit a source of inferiority. Quietism, mysticism, that soft meditative disposition which takes things for granted in the co-ordination established by mere life and usage, pouring into the confusion thus externally given the rich oil of an abounding inner joy, interpenetrating all and harmonizing all—these are, for the most part, alien to the Scotchman. No, his walk, as a thinker, is not by the meadows, and the wheat-fields, and the green lanes, and the ivy-clad parish churches, where all is gentle, and antique, and fertile, but by the bleak sea-shore which parts the certain from the limitless, where there is doubt in the sea-mew's shriek, and where it is well if, in the advancing tide, he can find footing on a rock among the tangle! But this very tendency of his towards what is intellectually extreme, injures his sense of proportion in what is concrete and actual; and hence it is that when he leaves the field of abstract thought, and betakes himself to creative literature, he produces nothing comparable in fulness, wealth, and harmoniousness to the imaginations of a Chaucer or a Shakspeare. The highest genius, indeed, involves also the capability of the intellectual extreme; and, accordingly, in the writings of those great Englishmen as well as in those of the living English poet Tennyson, there are strokes in abundance of that pure intellectual emphasis in which the Scotchman delights; but then there is also with them such a genial acceptance of all things, great or small, in their established co-ordination, that the flashes of emphasis are as if they came not from a battle done on an open moor, but from a battle transacting itself in the depths of a forest. Among Scottish thinkers, Mackintosh is the one that approaches nearest to the English model, a circumstance which may be accounted for by the fact that much of what he did consisted, from the necessities of the object-matter of his speculations, in judicious compromise.

But even in the field of literature we will not abandon the Scotchman. His habit of emphasis has here enabled him to do good service too. His entry on this field, however, was later than his entry on the field of philosophy. True, there had been, contemporary with the Scottish philosophers, or even anterior to them, Scottish poets and general prose writers of note—Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, King James, Buchanan, Sir David Lindsay, Henderson, Sir George Mackenzie, Allan Ramsay, and the like.

True, also, in those snatches of popular ballad and song which came down from generation to generation in Scotland, many of them written by no one knew who, and almost all of them overflowing with either humor or melancholy, there was at once a fountain and a promise of an exquisite national literature. We could think of old Nicol Burn, the violer, till our eyes filled with tears.

"But minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His woes while time endureth,
To see the changes of this age
Which fleeting time procureth.
Full many a place stands in hard case
Where joy was wont beforrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."

There was literature in the times when such old strains were sung. But the true avatar of the Scottish mind in modern literature, came later than the manifestation of the same mind in Philosophy. Were we to fix a precise date for it, we should name the period of Burns's first visit to Edinburgh, and familiar meetings with the men of literary talent and distinction then assembled there. Edinburgh was, indeed, even then a literary capital, boasting of its Monboddos, and Stewarts, and Robertsons, and Blairs, and Mackenzies, and Gregories—men who had already begun the race of literary rivalry with their contemporaries south of the Tweed. But, so far as the literary excellence of these men did not depend on their participation in that tendency to abstract thinking, which had already produced its special fruit in the Scottish Philosophy, it consisted in little more than a reflection or imitation of what was already common and acknowledged in the prior or contemporary literature of South Britain. To write essays such as those of the *Spectator*; to be master of a style which Englishmen should pronounce pure, and to produce compositions in that style worthy of being ranked with the compositions of English authors—such was the aim and aspiration of Edinburgh literati, between whom and their London cousins there was all the difference that there is between the latitude of Edinburgh and the latitude of London, between the daily use of the broad Scotch dialect, and the daily use of the classic English. For Scotland this mere imitation of English models was but a poor and unsatisfactory vein of literary enterprise. What was necessary was the appearance of some man of genius who should flash through all that,

and who, by the application to literature, or the art of universal expression, of that same Scottish habit of emphasis which had already produced such striking and original results in philosophy, should teach the Scottish nation its true power in literature, and show a first example of it. Such a man was Burns. He it was who, uniting emotional fervor with intellectual emphasis, and drawing his inspiration from all those depths of sentiment in the Scottish people which his predecessors, the philosophers, had hardly so much as touched, struck for the first time a new chord, and revealed for the first time what a Scottish writer could do by trusting to the whole wealth of Scottish resources. And from the time of Burns, accordingly, there has been a series of eminent literary Scotchmen quite different from that series of hard logical Scotchmen who had till then been the most conspicuous representatives of their country in the eyes of the reading public of Great Britain—a series of Scotchmen displaying to the world the power of emphatic sentiment and emphatic expression as strikingly as their predecessors had displayed the power of emphatic reasoning. While the old philosophic energy of Scotland still remained unexhausted, the honors of Reid and Hume and Smith and Stewart passing on to such men as Brown and Mill

and Mackintosh and Hamilton (in favor of the last of whom even Germany has resigned her philosophic interregnum), the specially literary energy which had been awakened in the country descended along another line in the persons of Scott, and Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Campbell, and Wilson, and Carlyle. Considering the amount of influence exerted by such men upon the whole spirit and substance of British literature,—considering how disproportionate a share of the whole literary produce of Great Britain in the nineteenth century has come either from them or from other Scotchmen,—and considering what a stamp of peculiarity marks all that portion of this produce which is of Scottish origin, it does not seem much to say, that the rise and growth of Scottish Literature is as notable an historical phenomenon as the rise and growth of the Scottish Philosophy. And considering, moreover, how lately Scotland has entered on this literary field, how little time she has had to display her powers, how recently she was in this respect savage, and how much of her savage vitality yet remains to be articulated in civilized books, may we not hope that her literary avatar is but beginning, and has a goodly course yet to run? From the Solway to Caithness we hear a loud Amen!

From Tait's Magazine.

LEITH AND ITS ANTIQUITIES.*

A HANDSOME illustrated quarto, entirely got up in "the Port and Town of Leith," guides us to such vestiges of its antiquities as time, war, and circumstance have spared. They are neither numerous nor elegant. Fragments of sculptured armorial bearings, old doorways, stairs, shattered walls, mouldering bastions, and secluded lazar-houses; with perhaps traces of royal residence, and no scarcity of choice texts from Scripture, stuck like so many charms in the form of tablets into the house-fronts of those "who went down to the sea in ships," making up

the sum and substance of what is here presented to our notice. But, as we collect from a prefatory note, the highly characteristic gathering thus prepared of the antiquities of Leith appertains to a trial series which it has devolved on a committee, some time ago formed by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, to attempt, with the view of selecting and arranging materials for a complete Scottish Topographical Collection. When such men as Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, are understood to have undertaken this task for the County of Edinburgh; Dr. Daniel Wilson as respects the City; Dr. Robertson, Leith; Mr. Seton, advocate, Haddingtonshire; Mr. Maitland Hog, of Newliston, Linlithgowshire; and Mr. Robert Cham-

* The Sculptured Stones of Leith, with Historical and Antiquarian Notices. By D. H. Robertson, M.D., F.S.A. Scot, Leith: Printed and Published by Reid and Son. 1851.

bers, Peeblesshire, it may be surmised what a body of interesting relics, well nigh eluding our grasp, may thus be rescued from passing into oblivion. And Dr. Robertson's contribution is, we presume, to be regarded as the first instalment of these well-timed exertions.

In a place like Leith, the scene of commercial enterprise, and of exploits intimately connected with its position and character as a seaport, anything like remote traces of antiquity will scarcely be looked for. And in the historical notices into which Dr. Robertson has been led, in order to explain its sculptures, the interest mainly centres upon the periods of the Reformation—of Hertford's invasions—and more especially of the regency of Mary of Guise, or Lorraine, together with the times of Mary of Scotland, the various regencies of that reign, and the days of James VI., Cromwell, and the Charleses. In the efforts of Mary of Lorraine to stem the growing power of civil and religious liberty, by the aid of foreign auxiliaries, Leith and its fortifications became an important point of access, and, indeed, a key to the country. Dr. Robertson has labored to show that it was the nucleus of that contest which ended in the Reformation. Thus Leith possesses little interest antecedent to these events; and saving Ballantyne's Bridge (circa 1493), he presents us scarcely with a stone dated further back than these. This bridge of three "stonern arches" connected North and South Leith. Part of its piers still remain. It was erected by Robert Ballantyne, Abbot of Holyrood; and a pencil drawing of it, executed in an accomplished manner by the late John Clark, Lord Eldon, has been preserved by Dr. Robertson. A surviving inhabitant of Leith even remembers to have seen drawn over it, by sailors, in 1779, three old canons, taken from the naval yard, towards Newhaven, to defend the port and city against the celebrated Paul Jones, whose history the incident furnishes Dr. Robertson sufficient excuse for reciting; and, with due deference to the terror and respect inspired by his appearance in Leith Roads, he is classed along "with Washington and Franklin in the prosecution of American independence."

The episode of Captain Andrew Wood and his famed ships, *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel*, affords scope for much maritime discussion, and considerable ridicule of Lindsay and Pit-scottie's description of the ship called the *Great Michael*; with reference to Captain Barton's victories over the renowned Stephen

Bull and the fleets of England. From a note supplied by Mr. J. T. Rose, a practical shipbuilder, it appears by no means improbable, however, that Scotland was at a very early period considerably advanced in the construction of ships. Lindsay challenges any man who may doubt his description of the *Great Michael*, the building of which, in 1506, by James IV., "cumbered Scotland to get her to the sea," and "took so much timber that, except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife," just to pass the gate of Tullibardine, and there, before the same, he will see the length and breadth of her planted with hawthorn by the wright that helped to make her.

During the cruel and exterminating career of Cardinal Beaton, several of the inhabitants of Leith appear to have been burned as adherents of the principles of the Reformation, at Greenside, between Edinburgh and Leith, "that the inhabitants of Fife, seeing the fyre, might be stricken with terroure and feir." Afterwards, in the regency of Mary of Lorraine, whilst negotiations were pending for the union of the young Mary of Scotland with her cousin, afterwards Edward VI., a fleet of ships appeared in the Firth. They proved to be the English of Hertford's first invasion. The Cardinal beheld them land without resistance, and then rode forty miles away. They entered Leith at the dinner-hour, found abundance of wine and victuals and riches, such as the like had not been found within the like bounds in Scotland or in England. Joined by two thousand horsemen from the Border, they took, spoiled, and burnt Edinburgh and Holyrood-house, and Craig Millar Castle; and embarking their spoil in their ships, returned by land to England, devastating as they went. The place where the ships had anchored had long been called the English Road; and it would seem the Scots were paralyzed by the idea that all this had happened in fulfilment of a prophecy.

Dr. Robertson delights in reciting the martyrdom of Wishart dramatically, with its no less dramatic sequel, the assassination of Beaton; concurring, however, with Sir David Lindsay of the Mount:—

As for the Cardinal, we grant
He was a man we weel nicht want,
And we'll forget him sone;
And yit I think, the sooth to say,
Although the loon is weel away,
The deed was foully done.

His object in dwelling on these incidents,

as upon the intrepid career of John Knox, is to show that Leith, under Mary of Guise, was one of the turning-points of the contest of which they were the harbingers. Scarcely had the Queen Regent, however, to avenge Beaton's slaughter, besieged the castle by her French galleys, sent Knox to the oar, Kirkaldy, Carmichael, and the Leslies to the rocky island of St. Michaels, than Hertford, with the English fleet and army, was again upon unhappy Scotland, and, galled by the fire from the ships, there ensued the defeat of the Scottish army at Pinkie Cleuch. It was on this occasion that Huntly, when taken from South Leith Church, facetiously observed, in reference to the proceedings of the English king, "However much I like the match, I like not the manner of the wooing." But Mary of Lorraine persisted in her own schemes, one of which was to wed her daughter to Francis of France. Her French reinforcements reached Leith Roads in June, 1548. It was now a struggle betwixt the religious interests. The young Queen was sent openly to France, but without any immediate breach with England; for the Queen Dowager, not yet Regent, on her return by Portsmouth, spent some time at Edward's court, and reported of him, "that she found more solid judgment in young King Edward, who was not yet past the fifteenth year of his age, than she would have looked for in any three princes that were in Europe." On the resignation of Arran, Mary of Lorraine became regent, 12th April, 1554. In the same year, John Knox left Geneva and arrived in Scotland in the end of September; again departing for Geneva, however, in July, 1556. In November, 1557, the Queen Regent declared war against England, secure of support from France; to facilitate which, the Queen Regent aimed, through Logan of Restalrig, at gaining possession of Leith, where, to gratify the inhabitants and strengthen her cause, she erected a mansion and occasionally resided. It is the sculptured arms which decorated this house, situated at the corner of Quality-wynd, in the Rotten-row, "the elegantly sculptured arms of Guise, quartered with those of Scotland" (1560), which, with another stone, sculptured with the Scottish arms of Queen Mary (1565), form the principal trophies of Dr. Robertson. He has engraved them in his volume, and proudly tells of having, in 1844, rescued them when under the very blow of the mason's hammer, and about to furnish material for building the partition-wall of a cellar. They are now rebuilt into the restored, or

rather the *original* window of St. Mary's Church, in Albany-street, North-Leith. Of what events do these stones prate!

They tell of the religious contentions that instantly arose, of the ludicrous tragedy of St. Geyle, as recorded by the graphic pen of Knox, where no sooner had the Queen Regent left the head of the procession, and passed in to her dinner "in Sandie Carpetyne's housse, betwix the Bowes," than "Down with the idole! Down with it!" resounded; and down went "Young St. Geyle." Despite the protests of the Congregation, the Queen Regent fortified Leith. Knox raised Dundee and Perth for the Reformation, though the Queen Regent vowed to destroy St. Johnstone (Perth) utterly, man, woman and child; and he preached at St. Andrew's, although she and her Frenchmen lay at Falkland, twelve miles off. At length, the forces of the lords of the Congregation appeared on Cupar Muir, at little more than a mile's interval from those of the Queen. The French troops by truce agreed to depart forth the kingdom; but, instead, busied themselves with able engineers in vigorously pushing forward the fortifications of Leith. Of these fortifications, by-the-way, and their seven bastions, Mr. Robertson has succeeded in compiling a complete map or restoration. Scotland at this crisis became, for a few months, little better than an appanage of the Crown of France, through the accession of Queen Mary's consort, a weak youth of sixteen, to the French throne, as Francis II., and to the Scotch, by authority of Parliament, as King Consort. The Queen Regent continued to fortify Leith, and commenced the first bloodshed between the Frenchmen and the Congregation by firing from the west block-house upon the people assembled on the Craig-end, and compelling them to retire from the crags. The lords of the Congregation suspended her authority on the 20th of October following by proclamation at the Cross of Edinburgh; and war thus commenced, with daily skirmishes around the walls of Leith, ever favorable to the French. The only man who at all harassed them was William Kirkaldy of Grange, who, adopting the dashing mode of warfare he loved so well, galled them by day and by night. "For twenty-one days," says Knox, "their boots never came off; they had skirmishing every day, yea, some days, from morning till night. The French in revenge razed to the very foundations his village of Grange, destroyed his farm-towns, drove away his tenants, and, by lodging gunpowder in his vaults, blew up, defaced and dismantled his ancestral castle.

An English fleet, however, appeared in the Firth, and an English army 8000 strong advanced from Berwick under Lord Gray de Wilton. The Englishmen from Mount Pelham, an eminence on the banks, battered the town, and subsequently assaulted it; but their scaling-ladders proving too short, as John Knox had predicted, from their being made in St. Giles's Church (which the preachers said had the appearance of some contempt of God and his word), the assault failed. The French, hemmed in, however, by sea and by land, became exhausted; and the Queen Regent, in despair, wrote "for drogs" and died. Dr. Robertson adroitly cites as a motto to the chapter in which all these matters are detailed that inimitable passage from "The Fortunes of Nigel," where the French chevalier speaks of the feat performed by Marshal Strozzi's *chef de cuisine* in providing his master's table with twelve covers daily out of the quarter of a carrion horse and the grass that grew on the ramparts; and of his making, in honor of the surrender, a feast of forty-five converts out of one hind quarter of a salted horse, puppy dog, thistle head or nettle, and nobody being the wiser!

The French did not leave Leith without first frequently issuing forth, and being as frequently repulsed. Peace at length was signed; they departed; and an order for destroying the fortifications was issued. Those fronting Edinburgh were in effect demolished. Those on the east and south existed for many years. The whole, however, were again restored by the Regent Morton, and additions were made so late as the reign of Charles II. Besides the collated plan, Dr. Robertson has engraved "Oliver Cromwell's Bastion," of which a small portion is extant still.

Mary of Scotland arrived at Leith; but she had come under a compact "that she should never decline from the Roman religion." She subscribed the deed of abdication at Lochleven 24th July, 1567. Earl Murray was proclaimed regent 22nd August following. Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange pursued Bothwell to Norway, and brought not himself but his vessel back as a prize to Leith. Mary escaped from Lochleven. Murray was shot in the streets of Linlithgow 23rd January, 1570. Lennox was elected regent; and amidst Knox's lamentations—"Alas Sir William Kerkaldie, some time stout knight and true laird of Grange!"—Kirkaldy unfurled Queen Mary's banner on Edinburgh Castle. Lennox established his head quarters in Leith. The tenement was that still existing, situated on the "Coal Hill," and subsequent-

ly used for the same purpose by the regents Mar and Morton. Kirkaldy, after sundry pranks, such as killing Henry Seton on the shore of Leith, breaking into "the Heart of Midlothian" by night and rescuing his dependants from durance vile, issued his "rousaty rhyme" from the castle:

For I have men and meit enuch,
They knaw I am ane tailzeour teuch,
And will be richt sair greved;
When they have tint as mony teeth
As they did at the Siege of Leith,
They will be fain to leave it.

It would be revolting to recount the atrocities of civil war that now ensued. Lennox died, Mar became Regent, and Morton his lieutenant in command at the council-chamber on the "Coal Hill," an extant building, as we have said, of which Dr. Robertson says, even now, though inferior in external decoration, it is in no way contemptible to the antiquarian observer; he has compared it more especially with Lady Stair's celebrated house, and others in the High-street of Edinburgh, and has little hesitation in giving it the preference. The winter was inclement; a stone of wood was bartered for a peck of meal. The fields lay untilled. The plough rusted in the grass-grown furrow. Morton strung up his prisoners by fifties on a gigantic gallows on the Gallow Lee, betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, whilst the Royalists made an equally liberal display from a gibbet which raised its ghastly outline on the Castle Hill. Knox, warning Kirkaldy of an ignominious end, died. Kirkaldy and his brother were executed in company with two coiners of false money; and as one of the first acts of the young King James, the Earl Morton also followed, having suffered by the "maiden," an invention now in the museum of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, erroneously attributed to himself, 2nd June, 1581. Mary's death at Fotheringay took place in 1586-7 (7th February). James landed at the pier of Leith 1st May, 1590, with Anne of Denmark, his queen, whom, despite the weather, he had gone to escort over, in the very spirit of his grandfather, James V. The King's Work, supposed to have held the prominent position of the main arsenal during the reigns of the Stuarts from James III., betwixt Bernard-street and the Broad-wynd west of the Timber Bourse, or Bush, was then prepared for the royal reception. They were welcomed in great state by the whole population on the pier of Leith, and a Latin oration necessarily pronounced on the occasion. Tri-

als for piracy, witchcraft, and the Gowrie Conspiracy, signalized Leith in the days of James VI.

The visit of the plague excepted, nothing very greatly arrests our attention in the reign of Charles I. A house supposed to have been inhabited by Charles II., turns out, from the discovery of the upper part of the crest, an earl's coronet, with the letter C., surmounted by a thistle, apart from the arms preserved, to have been only that of Lord Balmerino. The arms are those of Stewart; but the house was originally built by John Stewart, Earl of Carrick, 1631. These sculptures, of course, form one of Dr. Robertson's plates. The Commonwealth offered nothing more remarkable to observation in Leith than the contentment of the citizens to have their litigations arbitrated in by Cromwell's generals, after severe experience of their own tedious legal forms. The Rebellion of 1715 saw Macintosh of Barlam cross the Firth, and the train-bands of Leith called out to oppose the rebels; Arthur Lord Balmerino it saw forsake his house in Leith to join the "king," and escaping abroad till 1734, the Rebellion of 1745 again saw the undaunted witty old lord executed on Tower Hill. Leith

had even her literary heroes. They were John Home, the author of "Douglas," and John Logan, the writer of the "Paraphrases," both clergymen, and both martyrs to the literary fame they loved so much. It must never be forgotten that it is supposed the *Mercurius Scoticus*, the first Scotch newspaper, was printed at Leith in 1651.

Besides the armorial bearings, buildings, and other relics we have noticed, Dr. Robertson has preserved many quaint sculptures, representing the cross staffs and other nautical instruments of the sixteenth century—tablets with scriptural mottoes, and emblems of Guilds, such as the "Associations of Porters." Some of these are sufficiently primitive. Thus on the wall of the Trinity House is inscribed in admirable old characters:—

In the name of the
Lord, ye Masteris
And Mareners bylis
This hous to ye pour.
Anno Domini, 1556.

The doorway of the first Episcopal Chapel in Leith bore—

Thay ar welcum heir that
God dois love and feir, 1590.

From the London Times, Sept. 16th, 1862.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is a circumstance of rather unusual occurrence that the day and place of a famous birth should be unknown even to contemporary inquirers; yet such is the case on the present occasion. It is certain that the Duke of Wellington was born in Ireland, and of an Irish family, and that the year in which he saw the light was that which ushered also Napoleon Bonaparte into the world. For most purposes but those of astrology these verifications of fact would be sufficient; but it is not unlikely that the event which has now thrown Britain into mourning, may reanimate a controversy not without its attractions to inquisitive minds. The 1st of May, 1769, is specified, with few variations, as the birth-day of Arthur Wellesley by those of

his biographers who venture on such circumstantiality, and Dangan Castle, county of Meath, has been selected with similar unanimity as the place of the event. The former of these statements has received a kind of confirmation by the adoption of the Duke's name and sponsorship for a Royal infant born on the day in question; yet, in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, it is duly recorded that "Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington," was there christened by "Isaac Maun, archdeacon, on the 30th of April, 1769." This entry, while it conclusively negatives one of the two foregoing presumptions, materially invalidates the other also; for, though not impossible, it is certainly not likely that

the infant, if born at Dangan, would have been baptized in Dublin. Our own information leads us to believe that the illustrious subject of this biography first saw the light in the town residence of his parents, Mornington-house, a mansion of some pretensions in the centre of the eastern side of Upper Merrion-street, Dublin, and which, as it abutted 80 years ago as a corner house upon a large area, since enclosed with buildings, was occasionally described as situate in Merrion-square. We are not inclined, however, to pursue a question of which the most notable point is the indifference with which it was treated by the person most immediately concerned. The Duke kept his birthday on the 18th of June.

Arthur Wellesley, by the death of his father in 1781, became dependent at an early age upon the care and prudence of his mother, a lady, as it fortunately happened, of talents not unequal to the task. Under this direction of his studies he was sent to Eton, from which college he was transferred, first to private tuition at Brighton, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers, in France. For the deficiency of an early promise in the future hero we are not confined to negative evidence alone. His relative inferiority was the subject of some concern to his vigilant mother, and had its influence, as we are led to conclude, in the selection of the military profession for one who displayed so little of the family aptitude for elegant scholarship. At Angers, though the young student left no signal reputation behind him, it is clear that his time must have been productively employed. Pignerol, the director of the seminary, was an engineer of high repute, and the opportunities of acquiring, not only professional knowledge, but a serviceable mastery of the French tongue, were not likely to have been lost on such a mind as that of his pupil. Altogether, six years were consumed in this course of education, which, though partial enough in itself, was so far in advance of the age that we may conceive the young cadet to have carried with him to his corps a more than average store of professional acquirements. On the 7th of March 1787, the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, being then in his 18th year, received his first commission as an ensign in the 78d Regiment of Foot. His promotion was rapid, but not more so in its first steps than in examples visible at the present day, and much less so than in the case of some of his contemporaries. He remained a subaltern four years and three months, at the expiration of which

period of service he received his captaincy. The honor of having trained the Duke of Wellington would be highly regarded in the traditions of any particular corps, but so numerous and rapid were his exchanges at this period that the distinction can hardly be claimed by any of the regiments on the rolls of which he was temporarily borne.

At length, in the month of May, 1794, Arthur Wellesley, being then in his twenty-sixth year and in command of the 88d Regiment—a position which he owed to his brother's liberality—embarked at Cork for service on the continent of Europe, so that his first active duties involved great independent responsibility. The aspect of affairs at that period was unpromising in the extreme. War had been declared about twelve months previously between England and France, and 10,000 British troops, under the command of the Duke of York, had been despatched to aid the operations of the Allied Powers in the Low Countries. The first military operation performed by the conqueror of Waterloo was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The 83d had been landed at Ostend; but when Lord Moira, who had the chief command of the reinforcements sent out, arrived at that port with the main body, he saw reason for promptly withdrawing the garrison and abandoning the place. Orders were issued accordingly, and though the Republicans, under Pichegru, were at the gates of the town before the English had quitted it, the 83d was safely embarked. Lord Moira by a flank march effected a timely junction with the Duke of York at Malines. Colonel Wellesley took his corps round by the Scheldt, and landed at Antwerp, whence he moved without delay to the headquarters of the Duke. This was in July, 1794. The operations which followed, and which terminated in the following spring with the re-embarkation of the British troops at Bremerlehe, a town at the mouth of the Weser, constituted Arthur Wellesley's first campaign. They do not, for the purposes of our memoir, require any circumstantial description. The total force of the Allied Powers was strong, but it was extended over a long line of country, composed of heterogeneous troops, and commanded by generals, not only independent, but suspicious of each other's decisions. In the face of an enemy, first animated by desperation and then intoxicated by success, there existed no unity of plan or concert of movements. After the defeat sustained by the Austrians at Fleurus the campaign was resolved into retreat on the part of the Allies

and pursuit of fortune on the part of the French. The Austrians were on the middle Rhine, the British on the Meuse. The route taken by the Duke of York in his successive retirements from one position to another lay through Breda, Bois le Duc, and Nimeguen, at which latter place he maintained himself against the enemy with some credit. Early in December, however, he resigned his command to General Walmoden, and returned to England, leaving the unfortunate division to struggle with ever greater difficulties than they had yet experienced. Disengaged by repeated triumphs from their Austrian antagonists, the Republican forces closed in tremendous strength round the English and their comrades. The winter set in with such excessive severity that the rivers were passable for the heaviest class of cannon, provisions were scanty, and little aid was forthcoming from the inhabitants against either the inclemency of the season or the casualties of war. It was found necessary to retire into Westphalia, and in this retreat, which was commenced on the 15th of January, 1795, the troops are said to have endured for some days privations and sufferings little short of those encountered by the French in the Moscow campaign. So deep was the snow that all traces of roads were lost, wagons laden with sick and wounded were unavoidably abandoned, and to straggle from the column was to perish. The enemy were in hot pursuit, and the population undisguisedly hostile to their nominal allies. At length the Yssel was crossed, and the troops reposed for awhile in cantonments along the Ems; but as the French still prepared to push forward, the allied force continued its retreat, and as they entered Westphalia the tardy appearance of a strong Prussian corps secured them from further molestation till the embarkation took place.

Such was the Duke of Wellington's first campaign. Whatever might have been the actual precocity of his talent, there was obviously no room in such operations for the exercise on his part of anything beyond intrepidity and steadiness, and these qualities, as we learn, were made visibly manifest. His post was that which in a retreat is the post of honor—the rearguard. The command of a brigade devolved on him by seniority, and the able dispositions of Colonel Wellesley in checking the enemy, or in executing an assault, are circumstances of special remark in contemporary accounts of the transactions. In particular, the affairs of Druyten, Meteren, and Geldermansel, are mentioned with some de-

tail, as reflecting considerable credit on the 33d and its commander. Beyond this point Colonel Wellesley's reputation was not extended, but we may readily imagine how material a portion of his professional character might have been formed in this Dutch campaign.

Meantime new exigencies had arisen, and in the spring of 1796 the weather-beaten 33d received directions to embark for Bengal. At this critical period, however, the health of Colonel Wellesley suddenly failed him. Considering that strength of constitution and temperament with which we have since become familiar, it is remarkable to observe how repeatedly the Iron Duke, in earlier days, was attacked, and apparently almost mastered, by debility and sickness. On the present occasion he was actually unable to embark with his regiment, but a favorable change afterwards supervened, and he succeeded in joining the corps at the Cape of Good Hope. The remainder of the voyage was soon completed, and in February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta to commence in earnest that career of service which will reflect such eternal lustre on his name.

It was in the month of September, 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a Major-Generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the King and Parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation—landed once more on the shores of England. Between this period and his departure on those memorable campaigns with which his name will be immortally connected, there elapsed an interval in the Duke's life of nearly three years, which a seat in Parliament, an Irish Secretaryship, and a Privy Councillorship enabled him to turn actively to account. His proper talents, however, were not overlooked, and he bore his part in those notable "expeditions" which were then conceived to measure the military power of England. His arrival from India had exactly coincided with the renewal of the war against France by the third European coalition—a compact to which England was a party. Our specific duties in these alliances were usually limited to the supply of ships and money. We swept the ocean with our fleets, and we subsidized the great Powers whose forces were actually in the field. As to the British army itself, that had been hitherto reckoned among the contingents of second and third-rate States, which might be united perhaps for a convenient diversion, but which could make no pretension

to service in the great European line of battle. At the beginning of the war these demonstrations had usually been made on the coasts of France, but they were now principally directed against the northern and southern extremities of the Continent, and for these reasons:—the dominion, actual or confessed, of Napoleon, against which the contest was undertaken, embraced all the ports of Europe, from the Texel to Genoa, while his battle array extended along the length of the Rhine. The masses, therefore, of the Austrian and Russian hosts were moved directly against France from the East, and to the minor allies was left the charge of penetrating either upwards from Naples, or downwards from Swedish Pomerania, to the theatre of action. Sometimes detachments from Gibraltar and Malta disembarked in Italy in conjunction with Russians from Corfu and Neapolitans from Calabria, and sometimes we landed in Hanover to compose a joint stock force with Swedes, Norwegians, and Finlanders. One of these latter expeditions fell to the lot of Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately after his return, but with results even fewer than usual. The brigades were put on shore at Bremen at the close of 1805; but Napoleon in the meantime had done his work so effectually on the Danube, that our contingent returned to England after a few weeks' absence without striking a blow. Sir Arthur's next service was one of greater distinction. In 1807, when the British Ministry had boldly determined upon anticipating Napoleon at Copenhagen by one of his own strokes of policy, the feelings of the Danes were consulted by the despatch of a force so powerful as to justify a bloodless capitulation, and in this army Sir Arthur Wellesley received a command which brought under his charge the chief military operation of the expedition. While the main body was menacing Copenhagen, a demonstration was observed on the part of the Danes against the English rear, and Sir Arthur was detached to disperse their gathering battalions. This service he effectually performed by engaging them in their position of Kioge, and putting them to the rout with the loss of 1,500 prisoners and 14 pieces of cannon. He was afterwards intrusted with the negotiations for the capitulation of the city—a duty which was skilfully discharged. This short episode in his military life has been thrown into shadow by his mightier achievements; but its merits were acknowledged by the special thanks of Parliament; and M. Thiers, in his history, introduces Sir Arthur Wellesley to

French readers as an officer who had certainly seen service in India, but who was principally known by his able conduct at Copenhagen.

At length, at the very moment when England seemed to be excluded from all participation in the military contests of the age, the services of the British soldier appeared likely to be measured by the demands of colonial duty, events brought an opportunity to pass which ultimately resulted in one of the most memorable wars on record, and enabled Britain to support a glorious part in what, without figure of rhetoric, we may term the liberation of Europe. The coalition effected against France at the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's return, had been scattered to the winds under the blows of Napoleon. Russia had been partly driven and partly inveigled into a concert of politics with her redoubtable adversary; Austria had been put *hors de combat*, and Prussia was helplessly prostrate. To complete the concern experienced at this prospect of universal dominion, Napoleon had availed himself of the occasion to seize and appropriate the whole of the Spanish Peninsula. Under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal, he had poured his troops into the former country, overrun the latter, and then repudiated the stipulations of his compact by retaining undivided possession of the prize. A few months later he established himself in a similar authority at Madrid, and made open avowal of his intentions, by bestowing on his own brother the inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Scarcely, however, had his projects been disclosed when he encountered a tempest of popular opposition; the nations of the Peninsula rose almost as one man; a French army was compelled to capitulate, King Joseph decamped from Madrid, and Marshal Junot was with difficulty enabled to maintain himself in Lisbon. At the intelligence of this unexpected display of vigor, England tendered her substantial sympathies with the Spanish patriots; the overtures of their juntas were favorably received, and at length it was decided by the Portland Ministry that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next "expedition" suggesting itself. Such was the origin of the Peninsular War—an enterprise at first considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of the nation than a diversion at Stralsund or Otranto, but which now, enshrined in

the pages of a famous history and viewed by the light of experience, will take its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record.

To comprehend the service now intrusted to Sir A. Wellesley it will be necessary to retain constantly in mind the circumstances and persuasions under which it was undertaken. The actual state of the countries which it was proposed to succor was only known from the exaggerated descriptions of the Spanish patriots, who represented themselves as irresistible in military strength, and as needing nothing but stores and money to expel the French from the Peninsula. Nothing was ascertained respecting Napoleon's actual force in these parts; and, although it might reasonably have been inferred, from the continental peace, that the whole hosts of the French Empire were disposable on the one side, and, from the contradictory reports of the Spanish envoys themselves, that neither unity nor intelligence existed on the other, these simple deductions were not drawn. The British Ministry had despatched the expedition without any purpose more definite than that of aiding in the resistance unexpectedly offered to France on the Peninsular territories. It had not been determined whether the landing should be effected in Portugal or Spain, and, with the latter country, indeed, we were nominally at war when then the armament was decreed. Neither was the single appointment which compensated all these deficiencies the result of any general or deliberate convictions. The nomination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command was chiefly due to the individual sagacity of Lord Castlereagh, whose judgment on this point was considerably in advance of that of other and higher authorities. Even this appointment itself, too, was intended to be nugatory, for Sir Arthur was to surrender the command to Sir Harry Burrard, who was in turn to make way for Sir Hew Dalrymple, and in the form which the expedition shortly afterwards assumed no fewer than six general officers were placed above him, into whose hands the conduct of the war was ultimately to fall.

True, however, to that spirit of his profession which forbade him to balance his own feelings against the good of the service or the decisions of the Government, Sir Arthur departed on his mission, preceding the expeditionary armament in a fast frigate, for the purpose of obtaining more information than was already possessed respecting the destination to be given to it. With these views

he landed on the coast, and conferred with the juntas directing the affairs of the insurrection. His inquiries soon proved conclusive if not satisfactory, and he decided with characteristic penetration, that "it was impossible to learn the truth." In point of fact, at the moment when the expedition was hovering irresolutely between the Douro and the Tagus—that is to say at the conclusion of July, 1808—the Spaniards had really experienced extraordinary success at Baylen; but this victory was unknown to those who vaunted to Sir Arthur the magnitude of their forces, and whose ignorant vain glorioussness was instantly detected by his acute and impartial vision. Dupont had been circumvented in the south, but the other French Generals had been easily victorious in the north, and a force was at hand under Napoleon sufficient to sweep the country between the Pyrenees and Madrid. The patriot levies were miserably destitute of equipments and discipline, and below their reported strength even in mere numbers; their rulers were mostly devoid of any better qualities for the contest than national obstinacy and thoroughgoing hate, while as to unity of purpose or organization of means there were no such features visible in any quarter of the Peninsula. Portugal offered somewhat better opportunities. Its geographical position favored the designs of the English commander, and its internal conditions offered considerable inducements to a descent on these parts. Junot, cut off from all communication with his colleagues in the Peninsula, was maintaining his ground with difficulty at Lisbon between the insurgents of Portugal and the menacing patriots of Spain. The troops under his command amounted to fully 25,000 men, but so many detachments were required for various services that his disposable force could only become formidable by virtue of greater military skill than he happened to possess. He himself lay with a large garrison at Lisbon, and on the first rumors of the British expedition he despatched General Loison with a movable column of some 7,000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

After ascertaining and estimating these prospects to the best of his power, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on the disembarking his troops in Mondego Bay, about midway between Oporto and Lisbon—a resolution which he successfully executed at the beginning of August. The force actually landed from the transports amounted to about 9,000

men; but they were presently joined by that of another little expedition which had been operating in the south of Spain, and Sir Arthur thus found himself at the head of some 14,000 excellent soldiers. Besides these, however, the British Government, as the design of liberating the Peninsula gradually assumed substance and dignity, determined on despatching two others of their corps-errant, one of which, nearly 12,000 strong, under Sir John Moore, was in a state of discipline not inferior to that of Napoleon's best brigades. 30,000 troops, therefore, were eventually to represent the arms of England in this memorable service; but wisdom had to be learnt before Wellesley was placed at their head, and it was with 13,000 only, and a provisional command, that the great captain of the age commenced on the 9th of August his first march in the Peninsular War.

England was now at the commencement of her greatest war. The system of small expeditions and insignificant diversions, though not yet conclusively abandoned, was soon superseded by the glories of a visible contest, and in a short time it was known and felt by a great majority of the nation, that on the field of the Peninsula England was fairly pitted against France, and playing her own chosen part in the European struggle. But these convictions were not prevalent enough at the outset to facilitate in any material degree the duties of the Ministry or the work of the General; on the contrary, so complicated were the embarrassments attending the prosecution of the war on the scale required, that to surmount them demanded little less wisdom or patience than the conduct of the actual campaign. In the first instance, the British nation had been extravagantly excited by the successful insurrections of the Spaniards, and the events of our experimental campaign in Portugal had so inspired the public mind, that even the evacuation of that kingdom by the French was considered, as we have seen, in the light of an imperfect result. When, however, these conditions of the struggle were rapidly exchanged for the total discomfiture of the patriots, the recapture of Madrid, and the precipitate retreat of the British army, with the loss of its commander, and the salvation of little but its honor, popular opinion veered quickly towards its customary point, and it was loudly proclaimed that the French Emperor was invincible by land, and that a contest with his legions on that element must inevitably prove ruinous to Britain. But

the government of the day, originally receiving its impulse from public feeling, had gradually acquired independent convictions on this mighty question, and was now prepared to maintain the interests of the nation against the clamors of the nation itself. Accordingly, at the commencement of the year, 1809, when the prospects of Spanish independence were at their very gloomiest point, the British cabinet had proposed and concluded a comprehensive treaty of alliance with the Provisional administration of Spain; and it was now resolved that the contest in the Peninsula should be continued on a scale more effectual than before, and that the principal, instead of the secondary, part should be borne by England.

When the Government did resolve on the systematic prosecution of the Peninsular war, the eyes of the nation were at once instinctively turned on Sir Arthur Wellesley as the general to conduct it. Independently of the proofs he had already given of his quality at Roliça and Vimiera, this enterprising and sagacious soldier stood almost alone in his confidence respecting the undertaking on hand. Arguing from the military position of Portugal, as flanking the long territory of Spain, from the natural features of the country (which he had already studied), and from the means of reinforcement and retreat securely provided by the sea, he stoutly declared his opinion that Portugal was tenable against the French, even if actual possessors of Spain, and that it offered ample opportunities of influencing the great result of the war. With these views he recommended that the Portuguese army should be organized at its full strength; that it should be in part taken into British pay and under the direction of British officers, and that a force of not less than 30,000 English troops should be despatched to keep this army together. So provided, he undertook the management of the war, and such were his resources, his tenacity, and his skill, that though 280,000 French soldiers were closing round Portugal as he landed at Lisbon, and though difficulties of the most arduous kind awaited him in his task, he neither flinched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England after witnessing the downfall of the French capital.

Yet, so perilous was the conjuncture when the weight of affairs was thus thrown upon his shoulders, that a few weeks' more delay must have destroyed every prospect of suc-

cess. Not only was Soult, as we stated, collecting himself for a swoop on the towers of Lisbon, but the Portuguese themselves were distrustful of our support, and the English troops, while daily preparing for embarkation, were compelled to assume a defensive attitude against those whose cause they were maintaining. But such was the prestige already attached to Wellesley's name that his arrival in the Tagus changed every feature of the scene. No longer suspicious of our intentions, the Portuguese Government gave prompt effect to the suggestions of the English commander; levies were decreed and organized, provisions collected, depôts established, and a spirit of confidence again pervaded the country, which was unqualified on this occasion by that jealous distrust which had formerly neutralized its effects. The command in chief of the native army was intrusted to an English officer of great distinction, General Beresford, and no time was lost in once more testing the efficacy of the British arms.

Soult, having left Ney to control the north, was at Oporto, with 24,000 men, preparing to cross the Douro and descend upon Lisbon, while Victor and Lapisse, with 30,000 more, were to co-operate in the attack from the contiguous provinces of Estremadura and Leon. Of the Spanish armies we need only say that they had been repeatedly routed with more or less disgrace, though Cuesta still held a certain force together in the valley of the Tagus. There were therefore two courses open to the British commander—either to repel the menaced advance of Soult by marching on Oporto, or to effect a junction with Cuesta, and try the result of a demonstration upon Madrid. The latter of these plans was wisely postponed for the moment, and, preference having been decisively given to the former, the troops at once commenced their march upon the Douro. The British force under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command amounted at this time to about 20,000 men, to which about 15,000 Portuguese in a respectable state of organization were added by the exertions of Beresford. Of these about 24,000 were now led against Soult, who, though not inferior in strength, no sooner ascertained the advance of the English commander than he arranged for a retreat, by detaching Loison with 6,000 men to dislodge a Portuguese post in his left rear. Sir Arthur's intention was to envelop, if possible, the French corps by pushing forward a strong force upon its left, and then intercepting its retreat towards Ney's

position, while the main body assaulted Soult in his quarters at Oporto. The former of these operations he intrusted to Beresford, the latter he directed in person. On the 12th of May the troops reached the southern bank of the Douro; the waters of which, 300 yards in width, rolled between them and their adversaries. In anticipation of the attack Soult had destroyed the floating-bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side, and there, with his forces well in hand for action or retreat, was looking from the window of his lodging, enjoying the presumed discomfiture of his opponent. To attempt such a passage as this in face of one of the ablest marshals of France was, indeed, an audacious stroke, but it was not beyond the daring of that genius which M. Thiers describes as calculated only for the stolid operations of defensive war. Availing himself of a point where the river by a bend in its course was not easily visible from the town, Sir Arthur determined on transporting, if possible, a few troops to the northern bank, and occupying an unfinished stone building, which he perceived was capable of affording temporary cover. The means were soon supplied by the activity of Colonel Waters—an officer whose habitual audacity rendered him one of the heroes of this memorable war. Crossing in a skiff to the opposite bank, he returned with two or three boats, and in a few minutes a company of the Buffs was established in the building. Reinforcements quickly followed, but not without discovery. The alarm was given, and presently the edifice was enveloped by the eager battalions of the French. The British, however, held their ground; a passage was effected at other points during the struggle; the French, after an ineffectual resistance, were fain to abandon the city in precipitation, and Sir Arthur, after his unexampled feat of arms, sat down that evening to the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. Nor did the disasters of the French marshal terminate here, for, though the designs of the British commander had been partially frustrated by the intelligence gained by the enemy, yet the French communications were so far intercepted, that Soult only joined Ney after losses and privations little short of those which had been experienced by Sir John Moore.

This brilliant operation being effected, Sir Arthur was now at liberty to turn to the main project of the campaign—that to which, in fact, the attack upon Soult had been subsidiary—the defeat of Victor in Estremadura; and, as the force under this marshal's com-

mand was not greater than that which had been so decisively defeated at Oporto, some confidence might naturally be entertained in calculating upon the result. But, at this time, the various difficulties of the English commander began to disclose themselves. Though his losses had been extremely small in the recent actions, considering the importance of their results, the troops were suffering severely from sickness, at least 4,000 being in hospital, while supplies of all kinds were miserably deficient, through the imperfections of the commissariat. The soldiers were nearly barefooted, their pay was largely in arrear, and the military chest was empty. In addition to this, although the real weakness of the Spanish armies was not yet fully known, it was clearly discernible that the character of their commanders would preclude any effective concert in the joint operations of the allied force. Cuesta would take no advice, and insisted on the adoption of his own schemes, with such obstinacy, that Sir Arthur was compelled to frame his plans accordingly. Instead, therefore, of circumventing Victor, as he had intended, he advanced into Spain at the beginning of July, to effect a junction with Cuesta, and feel his way towards Madrid. The armies, when united, formed a mass of 78,000 combatants; but, of these, 56,000 were Spanish, and for the brunt of war Sir Arthur could only reckon on his 22,000 British troops—Beresford's Portuguese having been despatched to the north of Portugal. On the other side, Victor's force had been strengthened by the succors which Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed for the safety of Madrid, had hastily concentrated at Toledo; and when the two armies at length confronted each other at Talavera, it was found that 55,000 excellent French troops were arrayed against Sir Arthur and his ally, while nearly as many more were descending from the north on the line of the British communications along the valley of the Tagus. On the 28th of July, the British Commander, after making the best dispositions in his power, received the attack of the French, directed by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Victor and Jourdan at his side, and after an engagement of great severity, in which the Spaniards were virtually inactive, he remained master of the field against double his numbers, having repulsed the enemy at all points, with heavy loss, and having captured several hundred prisoners and seventeen pieces of cannon, in this, the first great pitched battle between the French and English in the Peninsula.

In this well fought field of Talavera, the French had thrown, for the first time, their whole disposable force upon the British army, without success; and Sir Arthur Wellesley inferred, with a justifiable confidence, that the relative superiority of his troops to those of the Emperor, was practically decided. Jomini, the French military historian, confesses almost as much, and the opinions of Napoleon himself, as visible in his correspondence, underwent from that moment a serious change. Yet at home, the people, wholly unaccustomed to the contingencies of a real war, and the Opposition, unscrupulously employing the delusions of the people, combined in decrying the victory, denouncing the successful general, and despairing of the whole enterprise. The city of London, even, recorded on a petition, its discontent with the "*rashness, ostentation, and useless valor*," of that commander whom M. Thiers depicts as endowed solely with the sluggish and phlegmatic tenacity of his countrymen; and though Ministers succeeded in procuring an acknowledgment of the services performed, and a warrant for persisting in the effort, both they and the British General were sadly cramped in the means of action. Sir Arthur Wellesley became, indeed, "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset;" but the Government was afraid to maintain his effective means even at the moderate amount for which he had stipulated, and they gave him plainly to understand that the responsibility of the war must rest upon his own shoulders. He accepted it, and, in full reliance on his own resources and the tried valor of his troops, awaited the shock which was at hand.

The battle of Talavera acted on the Emperor Napoleon exactly like the battle of Vimiera. His best soldiers had failed against those led by the "Sepoy General," and he became seriously alarmed for his conquest of Spain. After Vimiera he rushed, at the head of his guards, through Somosierra to Madrid; and now, after Talavera, he prepared a still more redoubtable invasion. Relieved from his continental liabilities by the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, and from nearer apprehensions by the discomfiture of our expedition to Walcheren, he poured his now disposable legions in extraordinary numbers through the passes of the Pyrenees. Nine powerful corps, mustering fully 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, with a crowd of aspiring generals besides,

represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talavera augmented, besides other reinforcements, by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies. In addition, he had Beresford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments. All hopes of effectual co-operation from Spain had now vanished. Disregarding the sage advice of Wellington, the Spanish generals had consigned themselves and their armies to inevitable destruction, and of the whole kingdom Gibraltar and Cadiz alone had escaped the swoop of the victorious French. The Provisional Administration displayed neither resolution nor sincerity, the British forces were suffered absolutely to starve, and Wellington was unable to extort from the leaders around him the smallest assistance for that army which was the last support of Spanish freedom. It was under such circumstances, with forces full of spirit, but numerically weak, without any assurance of sympathy at home, without money or supplies on the spot, and in the face of Napoleon's best marshal, with 80,000 troops in line, and 40,000 in reserve, that Wellington entered on the campaign of 1810—a campaign pronounced by military critics to be inferior to none in his whole career.

Withdrawing, after the victory of Talavera, from the concentrating forces of the enemy attracted by his advance, he had at first taken post on the Guadiana, until, wearied out by Spanish insincerity and perverseness, he moved his army to the Mondego, preparatory to those encounters which he foresaw the defence of Portugal must presently bring to pass. Already had he divined by his own sagacity the character and necessities of the coming campaign. Massena, as the best representative of the Emperor himself, having under his orders Ney, Regnier, and Junot, was gathering his forces on the north-eastern frontier of Portugal to fulfil his master's commands by "sweeping the English leopard into the sea." Against such hosts as he brought to the assault a defensive attitude was all that could be maintained, and Wellington's eye had detected the true mode of operation. He proposed to make the immediate district of Lisbon perform that service for Portugal which Portugal itself performed

for the Peninsula at large, by furnishing an impregnable fastness and a secure retreat. By carrying lines of fortification from the Atlantic coast, through Torres Vedras, to the bank of the Tagus a little above Lisbon, he succeeded in constructing an artificial stronghold within which his retiring forces would be inaccessible, and from which, as opportunities invited, he might issue at will. These provisions silently and unobtrusively made, he calmly took post on the Coa, and awaited the assault. Hesitating or undecided, from some motive or other, Massena for weeks delayed the blow, till at length, after feeling the mettle of the Light Division on the Coa, he put his army in motion after the British commander, who slowly retired to his defences. Deeming, however, that a passage of arms would tend both to inspirit his own troops in what seemed like a retreat, and to teach Massena the true quality of the antagonist before him, he deliberately halted at Busaco and offered battle. Unable to refuse the challenge, the French marshal directed his bravest troops against the British position, but they were foiled with immense loss at every point of the attack, and Wellington proved, by one of his most brilliant victories, that his retreat partook neither of discomfiture nor fear. Rapidly recovering himself, however, Massena followed on his formidable foe, and was dreaming of little less than a second evacuation of Portugal, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself abruptly arrested in his course by the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras.

These prodigious intrenchments comprised a triple line of fortifications one within the other, the innermost being intended to cover the embarkation of the troops in the last resort. The main strength of the works had been thrown on the second line, at which it had been intended to make the final stand, but even the outer barrier was found in effect to be so formidable as to deter the enemy from all hopes of a successful assault. Thus checked in mid career, the French marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines, afraid to attack, yet unwilling to retire. For a whole month did he lie here inactive, tenacious of his purpose, though aware of his defeat, and eagerly watching for the first advantage which the chances of war or the mistakes of the British general might offer him. Meantime, however, while Wellington's concentrated forces were enjoying, through his sage provisions, the utmost comfort and abundance within their lines, the French army was gradually reduced to the

last extremities of destitution and disease, and Massena at length broke up in despair, to commence a retreat which was never afterwards exchanged for an advance. Confident in hope and spirit, and overjoyed to see retiring before them one of those real Imperial armies which had swept the continent from the Rhine to the Vistula, the British troops issued from their works in hot pursuit, and, though the extraordinary genius of the French commander preserved his forces from what in ordinary cases would have been the ruin of a rout, yet his sufferings were so extreme and his losses so heavy that he carried to the frontier scarcely one-half of the force with which he had plunged blindly into Portugal. Following up his wary enemy with a caution which no success was permitted to disturb, Wellington presently availed himself of his position to attempt the recovery of Almeida, a fortress which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, forms the key of northeastern Portugal, and which had been taken by Massena in his advance. Anxious to preserve this important place, the French marshal turned with his whole force upon the foe, but Wellington met him at Fuentes d'Onoro, repulsed his attempts in a sanguinary engagement, and Almeida fell.

As at this point the tide of French conquest had been actually turned, and the British army, so lightly held by Napoleon, was now manifestly chasing his eagles from the field, it might have been presumed that popularity and support would have rewarded the unexampled successes of the English general. Yet it was not so. The reverses experienced during the same period in Spain were loudly appealed to as neutralizing the triumphs in Portugal, and at no moment was there a more vehement denunciation of the whole Peninsular war. Though Cadiz resolutely held out, and Graham indeed, on the heights of Barossa, had emulated the glories of Bussaco, yet even the strong fortress of Badajoz had now fallen before the vigorous audacity of Soult; and Suchet, a rising general of extraordinary abilities, was effecting by the reduction of hitherto impregnable strongholds the complete conquest of Catalonia and Valencia. Eagerly turning these disasters to account, and inspired by the accession of the Prince Regent to power, the Opposition in the British Parliament so oppressed the Ministry, that at the very moment when Wellington, after his unrivalled strategy, was on the track of his retreating foe, he could scarcely count for common support on the Government he was serving. He was rep-

resented in England, as his letters show us, to be "in a scrape," and he fought with the consciousness that all his reverses would be magnified and all his successes denied. Yet he failed neither in heart nor hand. He had verified all his own assertions respecting the defensibility of Portugal. His army had become a perfect model in discipline and daring—he was driving before him 80,000 of the best troops of the Empire, and he relied on the resources of his own genius for compensating those disadvantages to which he foresaw he must be still exposed. Such was the campaign of 1810,—better conceived and worse appreciated than any which we shall have to record.

As the maintenance of Portugal was subsidiary to the great object of the war,—the deliverance of the Peninsula from French domination,—Wellington of course proceeded, after successfully repulsing the invaders from Portuguese soil, to assume the offensive, by carrying his arms into Spain. Thus, after defeating Junot, he had been induced to try the battle of Talavera; and now, after expelling Massena, he betook himself to similar designs, with this difference—that instead of operating by the valley of the Tagus against Madrid, he now moved to the valley of the Guadiana for the purpose of recovering Badajoz, a fortress, like that of Ciudad Rodrigo, so critically situated on the frontier, that with these two places in the enemy's hands, as they now were, it became hazardous either to quit Portugal or to penetrate into Spain. At this point, therefore, were now to commence the famous sieges of the Peninsula—sieges which will always reflect immortal honor on the troops engaged, and which will always attract the interest of the English reader; but which must, nevertheless, be appealed to as illustrations of the straits to which an army may be led by want of military experience in the Government at home. By this time the repeated victories of Wellington and his colleagues had raised the renown of British soldiers to at least an equality with that of Napoleon's veterans, and the incomparable efficiency, in particular, of the light division was acknowledged to be without a parallel in any European service. But in those departments of the army where excellence is less the result of intuitive ability, the forces under Wellington were still greatly surpassed by the trained legions of the Emperor. While Napoleon had devoted his whole genius to the organization of the parks and trains which attend the march of an army in the field, the Brit-

ish troops had only the most imperfect resources on which to rely. The Engineer corps, though admirable in quality, was so deficient in numbers that commissions were placed at the free disposal of Cambridge mathematicians. The siege trains were weak and worthless against the solid ramparts of Peninsular strongholds; the intrenching tools were so ill made that they snapped in the hands of the workmen; and the art of sapping and mining was so little known that this branch of the siege duties was carried on by draughts from regiments of the line, imperfectly and hastily instructed for the purpose. Unhappily, these results can only be obviated by long foresight, patient training, and costly provision; it was not in the power of a single mind, however capacious, to effect an instantaneous reform, and Wellington was compelled to supply the deficiencies by the best blood of his troops.

The command of the force commissioned to recover Badajoz had been entrusted to Marshal Beresford until Lord Wellington could repair in person to the scene; and it was against Soult, who was marching rapidly from the South to the relief of the place, that the glorious but sanguinary battle of ALBUERA was fought on the 16th of May. Having checked the enemy by this bloody defeat, Beresford resumed his duties of the siege until he was superseded by the Commander-in-Chief. But all the efforts of Wellington and his troops were vain, for the present, against this celebrated fortress; two assaults were repulsed, and the British General determined on relinquishing the attempt, and returning to the northern frontier of Portugal for more favorable opportunities of action. He had now by his extraordinary genius so far changed the character of the war, that the British, heretofore fighting with desperate tenacity for a footing at Lisbon or Cadiz, were now openly assuming the offensive, and Napoleon had been actually compelled to direct defensive preparations along the road leading through Vittoria to Bayonne—that very road which Wellington, in spite of these defences, was soon to traverse in triumph. Meantime fresh troops were pouring over the Pyrenees into Spain, and a new plan of operations was dictated by the Emperor himself. One powerful army in the north was to guard Castile and Leon, and watch the road by which Wellington might be expected to advance; another, under Soult, strongly reinforced, was to maintain French interests in Andalusia and menace Portugal from the South; while Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, took

post with 30,000 men in the valley of the Tagus, resting on Toledo and Madrid, and prepared to concert movements with either of his colleagues, as occasion might arise. To encounter these antagonists, who could rapidly concentrate 90,000 splendid troops against him, Wellington could barely bring 50,000 into the field; and though this disparity of numbers was afterwards somewhat lessened, yet it is scarcely in reason to expect that even the genius of Wellington or the valor of his troops could have ultimately prevailed against such odds, but for circumstances which favored the designs of the British, and rendered the contest less unequal.

In the first place, the jealousies of the French marshals, when unrepressed by the Emperor's presence, were so inveterate as to disconcert the best operations, being sometimes little less suicidal than those of the Princes of India. Next, although the Spanish armies had ceased to offer regular resistance to the invaders, yet the guerilla system of warfare, aided by interminable insurrections, acted to the incessant embarrassment of the French, whose duties, perils, and fatigues were doubled by the restless activity of these daring enemies. But the most important of Wellington's advantages was that of position. With an impregnable retreat at Lisbon, with free water carriage in his rear, and with the great arteries of the Douro and the Tagus for conducting his supplies, he could operate at will from his central fastness towards the north, east, or south. If the northern provinces were temporarily disengaged from the enemy's presence, he could issue by Almeida and Salamanca upon the great line of communication between the Pyrenees and Madrid; if the valley of the Tagus were left unguarded, he could march directly upon the capital by the well-known route of Talavera; while if Soult, by any of these demonstrations, was tempted to cross the Guadiana, he could carry his arms into Andalusia by Elvas and Badajoz. Relying, too, on the excellence of his troops, he confidently accounted himself a match for any single army of the enemy, while he was well aware, from the exhausted state of the country and the difficulties of procuring subsistence, no concentration of the French forces could be maintained for many days together. In this way, availing himself of the far superior intelligence which he enjoyed through the agency of the guerillas, and of his own exclusive facilities for commanding supplies, he succeeded in paralyzing the enormous

hosts of Napoleon, by constant alarms and well-directed blows, till at length when the time of action came he advanced from cantonments and drove King Joseph and all his marshals headlong across the Pyrenees.

The position taken up by Wellington when he transferred his operations from the south to the north frontier of Portugal was at Fuente Guinaldo, a locality possessing some advantageous features in the neighborhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. His thoughts being still occupied by the means of gaining the border fortresses, he had promptly turned to Rodrigo from Badajoz, and had arranged his plans with a double prospect of success. Knowing that the place was inadequately provisioned, he conceived hopes of blockading it into submission from his post at Fuente Guinaldo, since in the presence of this force no supplies could be thrown into the town unless escorted by a convoy equal to the army under his command. Either, therefore, the French marshal must abandon Rodrigo to its fate, or he must go through the difficult operation of concentrating all his forces to form the convoy required. Marmont chose the latter alternative, and uniting his army with that of Dorsenne, advanced to the relief of Rodrigo with an immense train of stores and 60,000 fighting men. By this extraordinary effort not only was the place provisioned, but Wellington himself was brought into a situation of some peril, for after successfully repulsing an attempt of the French in the memorable combat of El Bodon he found himself the next day, with only 15,000 men actually at his disposal, exposed to the attack of the entire French army. Fortunately Marmont was unaware of the chance thus offered him, and while he was occupying himself in evolutions and displays, Wellington collected his troops and stood once more in security on his position. This movement, however, of the French commander destroyed all hopes of reducing Rodrigo by blockade, and the British general recurred accordingly to the alternative he had been contemplating of an assault by force.

To comprehend the difficulties of this enterprise, it must be remembered that the superiority of strength was indisputably with the French whenever they concentrated their forces, and that it was certain such concentration would be attempted, at any risk, to save such a place as Rodrigo. Wellington, therefore, had to prepare, with such secrecy as to elude the suspicions of his enemy, the enormous mass of materials required for such

a siege as that he projected. As the town stood on the opposite or Spanish bank of the river Agueda, and as the approaches were commanded by the guns of the garrison, it became necessary to construct a temporary bridge. Moreover, the heavy battering train, which alone required 5000 bullocks to draw it, had to be brought up secretly to the spot, though it was a work of almost impossibility to get a score of cattle together. But these difficulties were surmounted by the inventive genius of the British commander. Preparing his battering train at Lisbon, he shipped it at that port as if for Cadiz, transhipped it into smaller craft at sea, and then brought it up the stream of the Douro. In the next place, he succeeded, beyond the hopes of his engineers, in rendering the Douro navigable for a space of forty miles beyond the limit previously presumed, and at length he collected the whole necessary materials in the rear of his army without any knowledge on the part of his antagonist. He was now to reap the reward of his precaution and skill. Towards the close of the year the French armies having—conformably to directions of the Emperor, framed entirely on the supposition that Wellington had no heavy artillery—been dispersed in cantonments, the British general suddenly threw his bridge across the Agueda, and besieged CIUDAD RODRIGO in force. Ten days only elapsed between the investment and the storm. On the 8th of January, 1812, the Agueda was crossed, and on the 19th the British were in the city. The loss of life greatly exceeded the limit assigned to such expenditure in the scientific calculations of military engineers; but the enterprise was undertaken in the face of a superior force, which could at once have defeated it by appearing on the scene of action; and so effectually was Marmont baffled by the vigor of the British that the place had fallen before his army was collected for its relief. The repetition of such a stroke at Badajoz, which was now Wellington's aim, presented still greater difficulties, for the vigilance of the French was alarmed, the garrison of the place had been reconstituted by equal draughts from the various armies in order to interest each marshal personally in its relief, and Soult in Andalusia, like Marmont in Castile, possessed a force competent to overwhelm any covering army which Wellington could detach. Yet on the 7th of April BADAJOS likewise fell, and after opening a new campaign with these famous demonstrations of his own sagacity and the courage of his

troops, he prepared for a third time to advance definitely from Portugal into Spain.

Though the forces of Napoleon in the Peninsula were presently to be somewhat weakened by the requirements of the Russian war, yet at the moment when these strongholds were wrenched from their grasp the ascendancy of the Emperor was yet uncontested, and from the Niemen to the Atlantic there was literally no resistance to his universal dominion save by this army, which was clinging with invincible tenacity to the rocks of Portugal, at the western extremity of Europe. From these well defended lines, however, they were now to emerge, and while Hill, by his surprise of Gerard at ARROYO MOLINOS and his brilliant capture of the forts at the bridge of ALMARAZ, was alarming the French for the safety of Andalusia, Wellington began his march to the Pyrenees. On this occasion he was at first unimpeded. So established was the reputation of the troops and their general that Marmont retired as he advanced, and Salamanca, after four years of oppressive occupation, was evacuated before the liberating army. But the hosts into which Wellington had thus boldly plunged with 40,000 troops still numbered fully 270,000 soldiers, and though these forces were divided by distance and jealousies, Marmont had no difficulty in collecting an army numerically superior to that of his antagonist. Returning, therefore, to the contest, and hovering about the English general for the opportunity of pouncing at an advantage upon his troops, he gave promise of a decisive battle, and, after some days of elaborate manoeuvring, the opposing armies found themselves confronted, on the 22nd of July, in the vicinity of SALAMANCA. It was a trial of strategy, but in strategy as well as vigor the French marshal was surpassed by his redoubtable adversary. Seizing with intuitive genius an occasion which Marmont offered, Wellington fell upon his army and routed it so completely that half of its effective force was destroyed in the engagement. So decisively had the blow been dealt, and so skilfully had it been directed, that, as Napoleon had long foretold of such an event, it paralyzed the entire French force in Spain, and reduced it to the relative position so long maintained by the English—that of tenacious defence. The only two considerable armies now remaining were those of Suchet in the east, and Soult in the south. Suchet, on hearing of Marmont's defeat, proposed that the French should make a Portugal of their own in Catalonia, and defend

themselves in its fastnesses till aid could arrive from the Pyrenees; while Soult advocated with equal warmth a retirement into Andalusia and a concentration behind the Guadiana. There was little time for deliberation, for Wellington was hot upon his prey, but as King Joseph decamped from his capital he sent orders to Soult to evacuate Andalusia; and the victorious army of the British, after thus, by a single blow, clearing half Spain of its invaders, made its triumphant entry into Madrid.

Wellington was now in possession of the capital of Spain. He had succeeded in delivering that blow which had so long been meditated, and had signalized the growing ascendancy of his army by the total defeat of his chief opponent in open field. But his work was far from finished, and while all around was rejoicing and triumph, his forecast was anxiously revolving the imminent contingencies of the war. In one sense, indeed, the recent victory had increased rather than lessened the dangers of his position, for it had driven his adversaries by force of common peril into a temporary concert, and Wellington well knew that any such concert would reduce him again to the defensive. Marshal Soult, it was true, had evacuated Andalusia, and King Joseph Madrid; but their forces had been carried to Suchet's quarters in Valencia, where they would thus form an overpowering concentration of strength; and in like manner, though Marmont's army had been shorn of half its numbers, it was rapidly recovering itself under Clauzel by the absorption of all the detachments which had been operating in the north. Wellington saw, therefore, that he must prepare himself for a still more decisive struggle, if not for another retreat; and conceiving it most important to disembarass his rear, he turned round upon Clauzel with the intention of crushing him before he could be fully reinforced, and thus establishing himself securely on the line of the Douro to await the advance of King Joseph from the east.

With these views, after leaving a strong garrison at Madrid, he put his army in motion, drove Clauzel before him from Valladolid, and on the 18th of September appeared before Burgos. This place, though not a fortification of the first rank, had been recently strengthened by the orders of Napoleon, whose sagacity had divined the use to which its defences might possibly be turned. It lay in the great road to Bayonne, and was now one of the chief dépôts retained by the French in the Peninsula, for the campaign

had stripped them of Rodrigo, Badajoz, Madrid, Salamanca, and Seville. It became, therefore, of great importance to effect its reduction, and Wellington sat down before it with a force which, although theoretically unequal to the work, might, perhaps, from past recollections, have warranted some expectations of success. But our Peninsular sieges supply, as we have said, rather warnings than examples. Badajoz and Rodrigo were only won by a profuse expenditure of life, and Burgos, though attacked with equal intrepidity, was not won at all. After consuming no less than five weeks before its walls Wellington gave reluctant orders for raising the siege and retiring. It was, indeed, time, for the Northern army, now under the command of Souham, mustered 44,000 men in his rear, and Soult and Joseph were advancing with fully 70,000 more upon the Tagus. To oppose these forces Wellington had only 33,000 troops, Spaniards included, under his immediate command, while Hill, with the garrison of Madrid, could only muster some 20,000 to resist the advances of Soult. The British commander determined, therefore, on recalling Hill from Madrid and resuming his former position on the Agueda—a resolution which he successfully executed in the face of the difficulties around him, though the suffering and discouragement of the troops during this unwelcome retreat were extremely severe. A detailed criticism of these operations would be beyond our province. It is enough to say that the French made a successful defence, and we have no occasion to begrudge them the single achievement against the English arms which could be contributed to the historic gallery of Versailles by the whole Peninsular War.

Such, however, was in those times the incredulity or perverseness of party spirit in England that, while no successes were rated at their true import, every incomplete operation was magnified into a disaster, and described as a warning. The retreat from Burgos was cited, like the retreat from Talavera, as a proof of the mismanagement of the war; and occasion was taken in Parliament to compare even the victory of Salamanca with the battles of Marlborough, to the disparagement of Wellington and his army. Nor did any great enlightenment yet prevail on the subject of military operations; for a considerable force, destined to act on the eastern coast of Spain, was diverted by Lord William Bentinck to Sicily at a moment when its appearance in Valencia would have disconcerted all the plans of the French, and, by providing

occupation for Joseph and his marshals, have relieved Wellington from that concentration of his enemies before which he was compelled to retire. But neither the wilfulness of faction nor the tenacity of folly could do more than obstruct events which were now steadily in course. Even the inherent obstinacy of Spanish character had at length yielded to the visible genius of Wellington, and the whole military force of the country was now at length, in the fifth year of the war, placed under his paramount command. But these powers were little more than nominal; and, in order to derive an effective support from the favorable disposition of the Spanish Government, the British general availed himself of the winter season to repair in person to Cadiz.

It will be remembered that when, after the battle of Talavera and the retirement of Wellington to Portugal, the French poured their accumulated legions into Andalusia, Cadiz alone had been preserved from the deluge. Since that time the troops of Soult had environed it in vain. Secured by a British garrison, strongly fortified by nature, and well supplied from the sea, it was in little danger of capture; and it discharged, indeed, a substantial service, by detaining a large detachment from the general operations of the war. In fact, the French could scarcely be described as besieging it; for, though they maintained their guard with unceasing vigilance, it was at so respectful a distance, that the great mortar which now stands in St. James's Park was cast especially for this extraordinary length of range; and their own position was entrenched with an anxiety sufficiently indicative of their anticipations. Exempted in this manner from many of the troubles of war while cooped in the narrow space of a single town, the Spanish patriots enjoyed ample liberty of political discussion, and the fermentation of spirits was proportionate to the occasion. It was here that the affairs of the war, as regarded the Spanish armies, were regulated by a popular assembly under the control of a licentious mob; and it was here that those democratic principles of government were first promulgated which in later times so intimately affected the fortunes of the Peninsular monarchies. "The Cortes," wrote Wellington, "have framed a Constitution very much on the principle that a painter paints a picture—viz., to be looked at. I have not met any person of any description who considers that Spain either is or can be governed by such a system." From this body, however, the British commander

succeeded in temporarily obtaining the power he desired, and he returned to Portugal prepared to open, with invigorated spirit and confidence, the campaign of 1813.

Several circumstances now combined to promise a decisive turn in the operations of the war. The initiative, once taken by Wellington, had been never lost, and although he had retrograded from Burgos, it was without any discomfiture at the hands of the enemy. The reinforcements despatched from England, though proportioned neither to the needs of the war nor the resources of the country, were considerable, and the effective strength of the army—a term which excludes the Spanish contingents—reached to full 70,000 men. On the other hand, the reverses of Napoleon in the Russian campaign had not only reduced his forces in the Peninsula, but had rendered it improbable that they could be succored on any emergency with the same promptitude as before. Above all, Wellington himself was now unfettered in his command; for if the direction in chief of the Spanish armies brought but little direct accession of strength, it at any rate relieved him from the necessity of concerting operations with generals on whose discretion he had found it impossible to rely. These considerations, coupled with an instinctive confidence in his dispositions for the campaign, and an irresistible presage of the success which at length awaited his patience, so inspired the British commander that, in putting his troops once more in motion for Spain, he rose in his stirrups as the frontier was passed, and waving his hat, exclaimed prophetically, "Farewell, Portugal!" Events soon verified the finality of this adieu, for a few short months carried the "Sepoy General" in triumph to Paris.

At the commencement of the famous campaign of 1813, the material superiority still lay apparently with the French, for King Joseph disposed of a force little short of 200,000 men—a strength exceeding that of the army under Wellington's command—even if all denominations of troops are included in the calculation. But the British general reasonably concluded that he had by this time experienced the worst of what the enemy could do. He knew that the difficulties of subsistence, no less than the jealousies of the several commanders, would render any large or permanent concentration impossible, and he had satisfactorily measured the power of his own army against any likely to be brought into the field against him. He confidently calculated, therefore, on making an end of the war;

his troops were in the highest spirits, and the lessons of the retreat from Burgos had been turned to seasonable advantage. In comparison with his previous restrictions all might now be said to be in his own hands, and the result of the change was soon made conclusively manifest.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the offensive movements of Wellington from his Portuguese stronghold had been usually directed against Madrid, by one of the two great roads of Salamanca or Talavera, and the French had been studiously led to anticipate similar dispositions on the present occasion. Under such impressions they collected their main strength on the north bank of the Douro, to defend that river to the last, intending, as Wellington moved upon Salamanca, to fall on his left flank by the bridges of Toro and Zamora. The British general, however, had conceived a very different plan of operations. Availing himself of preparations carefully made, and information anxiously collected, he moved the left wing of his army through a province hitherto untraversed to the north bank of the Douro, and then, after demonstrations at Salamanca, suddenly joining it with the remainder of the army, he took the French defences in reverse, and showed himself in irresistible force on the line of their communications. The effect was decisive. Constantly menaced by the British left, which was kept steadily in advance, Joseph evacuated one position after another without hazarding an engagement, blew up the castle of Burgos in the precipitancy of his retreat, and only took post at VITORIA to experience the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. His entire army was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. Jourdan's *baton*, and Joseph's travelling carriage became the trophies of the British general, and the walls of Apsley-house display to this hour in their most precious ornaments the spoils of this memorable battle. The occasion was improved as skilfully as it had been created. Pressing on his retiring foe, Wellington drove him into the recesses of the Pyrenees, and surrounding the frontier fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, prepared to maintain the mountain passes against a renewed invasion. His anticipations of the future proved correct. Detaching what force he could spare from his own emergencies, Napoleon sent Soult again with plenary powers to retrieve the credit and fortunes of the army. Im-

pressed with the peril of the crisis, and not disguising the abilities of the commander opposed to him, this able "Lieutenant of the Emperor" collected his whole strength, and suddenly poured with impetuous valor through the passes of the Pyrenees, on the isolated posts of his antagonist. But at Maya and Sorauven the French were once more repulsed by the vigorous determination of the British; St. Sebastian, after a sanguinary siege, was carried by storm, and on the 9th of November, four months after the battle of Vittoria, Wellington slept, for the last time during the war, on the territory of the Peninsula. The Bidassoa and the Neville were successfully crossed in despite of all the resistance which Soult could oppose, and the British army, which five years before, amid the menacing hosts of the enemy and the ill-boding omens of its friends, had maintained a precarious footing on the crags of Portugal, now bivouacked in uncontested triumph on the soil of France. With these strokes the mighty game had at length been won, for though Soult clung with convulsive tenacity to every defensible point of ground, and though at Toulouse he drew such vigor from despair as suggested an equivocal claim to the honors of the combat, yet the result of the struggle was now beyond the reach of fortune. Not only was Wellington advancing in irresistible strength, but Napoleon himself had succumbed to his more immediate antagonists; and the French marshals, discovering themselves without authority or support, desisted from hostilities which had become both gratuitous and hopeless.

Thus terminated, with unexampled glory to England and its army, the great Peninsular War—a struggle commenced with ambiguous views, and prosecuted with doubtful expectations, but carried to a triumphant conclusion by the extraordinary genius of a single man. We are not imputing any prodigies of heroism to the conquerors or their chief. None knew better than he who is now gone that war was no matter of romance, but a process obeying in its course the self-same rules which humanly determine the success of all national undertakings. It is undoubtedly true, as we have been describing, that Wellington, with a heterogeneous force rarely exceeding 50,000 effective troops, and frequently far below even this disproportionate amount, did first repel, then attack, and ultimately vanquish, a host of foes comprising from 200,000 to 350,000 of the finest soldiers of the French Empire, led by its most renowned commanders; and such a feat of

arms does, indeed, appear to savor of the heroic or supernatural. But the game was always in reality on the cards. The mighty armies of the French were not practically available for a concentrated effort. The jealousies of the several marshals, and the caprices of their nominal sovereign, precluded any systematic co-operation between them, and the necessities of subsistence in a rude and hostile country effectually prevented the assemblage for any lengthened period of a larger force than the British commander had proved his ability to encounter. The campaigns of Talavera and Salamanca showed Wellington that his army was not likely, under proper precautions, to be overmatched in the field; experience soon taught him the limit of reinforcements from France. In the next place, the embarrassments and responsibilities of the French were greatly augmented by their own system of tactics and by the determined enmity of the Spaniards. Relying, according to Napoleon's principle, for the support of the war on the war itself, they were compelled to alienate the people of the country by ruthless plunder, and to make a fortified post of every depot and magazine. As the guerilla practice gathered strength their communications were intercepted in every direction, and they commanded not an inch of territory beyond their immediate quarters. If they quitted a province, they lost it; if they evacuated a post for a moment, it was seized by enemies who were powerless against them in open field, but who hung with invincible hostility on their flanks and rear. On the other hand, Wellington commanded a compact army in a central position, from which he could operate in any direction at pleasure. Having conclusively proved, against even the tenacity and genius of Massena, that his own post was impregnable, he could strike at will to the right or the left; he could menace Soult in Andalusia, or Clauzel in Galicia, or alarm King Joseph for his throne by marching upon Madrid. He was independent of the necessities which so crippled his antagonists. The sea was his own, and every port between Lisbon and Santander could be turned into a base of operations and an unfailing source of supplies. He knew that at the worst he could hold Portugal against all the might of France, and that there lay obedient to his baton an army competent to seize and improve every opportunity which time might bring—opportunities which could hardly be lacking under a system so hollow and unsubstantial as that on which Napoleon's power was reared.

These are the conditions, explanatory in some degree of the result of the war; but they are in no wise disparaging to those extraordinary talents which conducted it to its conclusion. But for Wellington these chances would have been wholly unimproved and lost. It is his transcendent merit that he descried these promising circumstances when they were hidden from most and denied by all. He first detected the capabilities of Portugal as a defensive position; he first indicated the weak points of his antagonists; he first inspired confidence in his soldiers. To realize the favorable chances of the war, it was required that no act of imprudence should compromise the safety of that army on which all depended; that no means should be spared to maintain its efficiency and to create a subsidiary force in the levies of the country; that temptations should be resisted, obloquy disregarded, and provocations passed by. All this Wellington did, and did, too, not only without support, but in despite of discouragement. He never could persuade his countrymen of their real duties or prospects. They were extravagantly elated at his first success, and proportionately desponding afterwards. He could never teach them to look into the future or to believe in the value of a victory which fell short of a conquest. For a long time it may be said that he conducted the war on his own responsibility alone; for the Ministry, even when favorably disposed, were unable to send him adequate succors, and there was an Opposition ever ready to prophesy and denounce calamities which they were doing their best to occasion. On the spot, too, he was calumniated and thwarted in every possible way by the very people whose cause he was sustaining. The Spanish generals encumbered his movements, while the Spanish government, under the dictation of the populace of Cadiz, violated every engagement with him as soon as it was made. Yet, under all these circumstances, he persevered. He alone, at an early period, detected the essential unsoundness of the French power, and reiterated his assurances of eventual success. He argued with his own government, temporized with his Spanish colleagues, and even convinced the patriot mob. By incessant exertions and extraordinary skill he raised a body of militiamen and recruits into an army unparalleled for its excellence, and by a succession of victories he at length taught his discontented countrymen to know their own military capacities and to believe in the fortune of their arms. It was this

gradual creation of means and power which communicated so distinctive a character to the war. Sir Arthur Wellesley originally sailed with a handful of troops on an "expedition" to Portugal. He returned the commander of such a British army as had never before been seen, and the conqueror in such war as had never before been maintained. Single-handed, England had encountered and defeated those redoubtable legions of France before which Continental Europe had hitherto succumbed. She had become a principal in the great European struggle, and, by the talents and fortune of her great commander, had entitled herself to no second place in the councils of the world. It is as well, perhaps, that our subject demands no special notice of that invincible army by which these feats were wrought. When the war was summarily concluded by the ruin of one of the belligerents, it had penetrated the French territory as far as Bordeaux. There it was broken up. Of its famous regiments, some were carried across the Atlantic to be launched heedlessly against the redoubts of New Orleans, some shipped off to perish in the rice swamps of Antigua, and some retained to participate in one more battle for victory. But from this point its renown lives in history alone; its merits never met the recognition which was their due, and our own generation has witnessed the tardy acknowledgment, by a piece of riband and a medal, of deeds which forty years before proved the salvation of Europe and the immortal glory of Britain.

During the memorable events which we have been describing, the character and position of Wellington had risen to a signal pitch of reputation and esteem. A successful soldier and a popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now recognized as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle; and it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the General enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. Nor were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the visible adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen, and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruption, and detected at once the path of wisdom and

policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days all politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world—European freedom or European servitude—the “French Empire” on one side, and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. Wellington’s eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His sagacity estimated every combination at its true import, and measured the effects of every expedition, while his victories served to check despondency, or animate resistance in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their pursuers, and the triumph of Vittoria determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon. These circumstances lent a weight to the words of Wellington such as had rarely been before experienced either by statesman or soldier. On all points relating to the one great problem of the day, his opinion was anxiously asked and respectfully received—and not by his own government alone, but by all cabinets concerned in the prosecution of the pending struggle. When, therefore, the dissolution of Napoleon’s empire compelled a new organization of France, the Duke of Wellington was promptly despatched to Paris, as the person most competent to advise and instruct the new administration—four days only elapsing between his departure from the head of the army and his appearance as British Ambassador at the Tuileries. Within a week, again, of this time he was precipitately recalled to Madrid, as the only individual who, by his experience, knowledge, and influence, could compose the differences between the Spanish people and their malicious sovereign; and before six months had passed, he was on his way to Vienna as the representative of his country in the great congress of nations which was to determine the settlement of the world. These practical testimonies to his renown throw wholly into the shade those incidental honors and decorations by which national acknowledgments are conveyed, and it is almost superfluous to add, that all the titles and distinctions at the command of crowns and cabinets were showered upon the liberator of the Peninsula and the conqueror of Napoleon. Talavera had made him a baron and a viscount; Ciudad Rodrigo an

earl, Salamanca a marquis, and Vittoria a duke; and, as these honors had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the peers of England.

But his military services were not yet quite concluded—they were to terminate in a more brilliant though not more substantial triumph than had been won on the fields of Spain. While the allied sovereigns were wrangling over the trophies of their success, their terrible antagonist re-appeared once more. Napoleon was again in Paris, and, aided by the devotion of his adherents, the military capacity of the nation, and the numbers of veteran soldiers who at the peace had been released from imprisonment, he speedily advanced at the head of an army as formidable as that of Austerlitz or Friedland. At the first rumors of war the contingent of England had been entrusted to Wellington, who occupied in Belgium the post of honor and peril. Of all the mighty reinforcements announced, none but a Prussian corps was at hand, when, without warning given, the French Emperor fell headlong on his enemies at Ligny and Quatre Bras. The Duke had sketched out a scheme of hostilities with his usual decision, and was prepared to take the field with his usual confidence, but the loss of that army which “could go anywhere and do anything” was now grievously felt. The troops of Napoleon were the very finest of the Empire—the true representatives of the Grand Army; but Wellington’s motley force comprised only 33,000 British, and of these only a portion was contributed by the redoubtable old regiments of the Peninsula. Nevertheless, with these in the front line, and with Brunswickers, Belgians, Dutch and Germans in support, the British general awaited at Waterloo the impetuous onset of Napoleon, and at length won that crowning victory which is even yet familiar to the minds of Englishmen. That this final conquest added much more than brilliancy to the honors of Wellington is what cannot be said. The campaign was not long enough for strategy, nor was the battle fought by manœuvres; but whatever could be done by a general was done by England’s Duke, and this distinct, and as it were, personal conflict between the two great commanders of the age, naturally invested the conqueror with a peculiar lustre of renown.

By a destiny unexampled in history, the hero of these countless conquests survived to give more than one generation of his

countrymen the benefit of his civil services. Such an ordeal has never before been endured by any public character. Military experience does not furnish the fittest schools of statesmanship, especially when the country to be governed is that of a free, intelligent, and progressive people. But, if the political principles of the great man who has now departed were not always reconcilable with the opinions and demands of modern advancement, they were at least consistent in themselves, were never extravagantly pressed, never tyrannically promoted, and never insisted on to the hindrance of the Government or the damage of the State. In estimating Wellington's politics it must never be forgotten that he was a politician of 1807, and that he descended to us the last representative of a school that had passed. If he was less liberally-minded than the statesmen of his later days, we may fairly inquire how many of his own generation would have been as liberal as he?

Our memoir now enters upon a period of history entirely new. The great battle of Waterloo had finally terminated the times of war, and introduced a reign of peace so stable, that its conclusion, notwithstanding some disturbances, may yet, we trust, be distant still. The condition of Europe which now ensued was exceedingly remarkable. The mighty contest just closed had been a struggle between two principles, which, though they assumed the forms of legitimacy and revolution, included also respectively the more moderate types of conservatism and reform. To all appearances the desperate game had been at length decided in favor of the party of resistance against the party of progress, and an undisputed sway might now have been anticipated for the ancient traditions of government. Yet the echoes of the cannon had scarcely ceased when the clamors of the people began, and political agitation was commenced with such advantage, popularity, and success as it had never enjoyed during the ascendancy of revolutionary France. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple enough. The cessation of war and its vicissitudes had left a void in the popular mind. National spirits required new occupation, and the creation of some new interest to satisfy the desires which had been called into being by so exciting a struggle. But with this tendency to agitation in general was combined a decided bias in the direction of liberalism. Much of the work of the French Revolutionists was imperishable, and many of their maxims survived the scaffolds of

the Republic and the wars of the Empire. Topics, moreover, and novelties of all kinds had been tossed up by the political storm; discussion had been earnest, and sovereigns, in the exigencies of a struggle for life and death, had been induced to concede something and promise more to the reasonable claims of their subjects. Moreover, the pressure of taxation was severely felt, and there was a natural desire to direct again to the proper objects of peace those energies of government which had been so long absorbed in the prosecution of war. The Duke of Wellington himself, in advocating certain measures of European policy at this period, observed with his unerring sagacity, that what was needed by the several Governments was such a peace as would give them "the power of reducing their overgrown military establishments, and the leisure to attend to the internal concerns of their nations, and to improve the situation of their people."

These conditions of society determined the character of European history during what has been termed "the 30 years' peace," and through which period we shall now have to follow the subject of our memoir. At the outset it appeared as if Sovereigns were not indisposed to share with the people that freedom to which the exertions of the latter had restored them, but, whether scared by visions of reviving Jacobinism or spoiled by the sweets of power, they speedily renounced their views, and concerted a common policy of repression throughout the whole of Europe. With the events which ensued we are no further concerned than in so far as they illustrate the position and conduct of the great Duke in mitigating or controlling them. In Germany and Italy the fires of discontent smouldered, with occasional outbreaks, until the conflagration of 1848. In France the process was so much more rapid that within 12 years of the evacuation of that country by the allied forces, the Duke lived to see flying on the Thames in harmony and concord with the flag of England that very tricolor which his whole military life had been devoted to debasing. What happened in England under this new system of politics we shall presently be called upon to relate.

The civil career of the Duke of Wellington thus divides itself into two portions, in one of which he co-operated with foreign Governments for the general settlement of Europe, and in the other took his personal share in the particular administration of his own country. It is to the former of these that our attention must be first directed.

To prevent any recurrence of those desolating wars which had just been terminated, it was determined to control France, the originator of the evil, by an armed occupation. The command of the force charged with this critical duty was intrusted by common consent to the Duke of Wellington, but for whose powerful mediation France would have fared far more hardly at the hands of the victorious Powers. The exasperated Prussians were bent upon demolishing the monuments of Paris, and even less revengeful spirits inclined to think that considerable concessions might be exacted from a nation which had inflicted such troubles and miseries on Europe at large. The Duke, however, restrained the fury of Blucher, and succeeded by the wisdom and force of his arguments in modifying the views of the allied Cabinets. It was owing to his representations and influence both that no penalty of confiscation was enforced against France, and that the occupation of her territory was temporary instead of permanent. Against the vindictiveness of some, the ambition of others, and the fears of more, he urged the incontrovertible plea that Europe could never be tranquil while France was agitated, and that France must infallibly be agitated if left with such reasonable ground of complaint. In all discussions of detail his opinion was invariably thrown on the side of moderation and indulgence, and though he abstained from interceding on behalf of Marshal Ney, it is hard to see how this omission can be designated as a dereliction of any positive obligations. It is certainly probable that a request from an officer in the Duke's position would not have been refused by the Government of France, but such a request the Duke was not bound to prefer by any considerations of duty or justice. It will hardly surprise the reader to learn that during his residence in the conquered capital his life was twice attempted by assassins—once when a quantity of gunpowder was placed in his cellars for explosion on the occasion of a fête, and, again, when a pistol was discharged at his carriage as he drove into the gates of his hotel. The author of this latter attempt was Cantillon, the miscreant to whom in respect of this very transaction, Napoleon bequeathed a pecuniary legacy.

In the year 1818 was held the first of those Royal *réunions* suggested by the political embarrassments to which we have alluded above. The King of Prussia and the Emperors of Austria and Russia met in the month of September at Aix-la-Chapelle, and this conference was attended on the part of the

English Crown by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh. The chief, if not the sole, public business here transacted was the agreement for the evacuation of France by the allied army, and the restoration of that State to its independent dignity among European nations. The proposal was an anticipation of the provisions of the treaty which had fixed five years as the possible term of occupation. The private interests of the Duke were largely concerned in the maintenance of this arrangement to its full extent. His position and emoluments as Generalissimo of the occupying force were exceedingly grand, and the inclination of most of his political colleagues tended, as he well knew, to the strict enforcement of the compact. Such considerations, however, had no weight against his impartial conclusions, and he so successfully exerted his influence in favor of France that the evacuation was decided upon without difficulty or delay.

In the several conferences which rapidly succeeded the meeting at Aix-la-Chapelle no part was taken either by England or her representatives; but in the year 1822 a congress was held at Verona, to which, as Plenipotentiary from the British Government, the Duke repaired, and the occasion is remarkable, not only from the results of the convention, but because it first identified the proceedings of the Duke with the debatable politics of the English Cabinet, and brought our military hero within the scope of Parliamentary animadversion. Among the subjects which the assembled Sovereigns regarded with anxious solicitude was the state of Spain. The Spanish people had peremptorily demanded the realization of those constitutional prospects with which they had long been beguiled, and it seemed probable that Ferdinand VII. would be compelled to yield. Such a compulsion was viewed at Verona in the light of a political sacrilege, and it was determined by France, with more or less assent on the part of the allied Crowns, to maintain the Royal prerogative in Spain by force of arms. It happened that just at this period the character of the British Cabinet had received its first important modification from the death of Lord Londonderry and the appointment of Mr. Canning to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. The Duke, in fact, had received his instructions as Plenipotentiary from the pen of the new Minister, and when the actual invasion of Spain by a French army in support of absolutist principles was announced to the world, it was loudly exclaimed that either

these instructions must have been disregarded, or that the Government had been grossly inattentive to its duty in permitting such an outrage upon the independence and liberties of a people. The debates in Parliament were long and violent, and though those were not times of Ministerial minorities the Opposition produced some impression by their protests. The Duke defended himself by proving what could never, of so strict a disciplinarian, have been seriously disbelieved—that he had faithfully conformed to his instructions, that those instructions included no authority to use menace, but that, as far as influence or remonstrance could go, he had strongly dissuaded such interference with the affairs of the Spanish nation, and had set the difficulties of Peninsular intervention in the fullest light from his own experience. At this distance of time we can see that the affair, like many of our own day, was magnified beyond its due proportions for party purposes. It is not unreasonable to suspect that the Duke, who had no personal sympathies with Canning, and few, as yet, with his politics, may have co-operated somewhat ungraciously with the liberal successor of Castlereagh; but, apart from his invariable fidelity to his duties, it is perfectly certain, from his known opinions, that he must have been opposed to the renewal of war in the Peninsula under circumstances like these. He may have had very little affection for Spanish patriots, and he may have thought that the neutrality professed by his Government would have been as truly violated by contesting the decisions of Russia or France as by dictating terms to Spain, but his opposition to the project was doubtless exerted as cordially as his position allowed. With this occurrence terminated those peculiar duties of the Duke to which we have been referring; for, though he proceeded on a special embassy to St. Petersburg in 1826, the event was not of a character to call for much remark.

During this participation in the counsels of Europe's rulers, the Duke invariably evinced that practical foresight which distinguished his character. He was not a liberal politician, nor what we might now term an enlightened statesman. He "had seen as much of war as most men," and most of the wars he had seen might be traceable, in his opinion, to the operation of democratic principles; but, if he was not in this respect very generously disposed, he was too wise and too sagacious to be tyrannical or severe. His experience of "constitutions," as devised by popular agitators, was not favorable.

His principles inclined to legitimate monarchy and to "strong Governments," but none knew better than he that order could only be permanently maintained by consulting the wishes of the people as well as the caprices of the Sovereign, and his voice was given on the side of freedom, though not perhaps absolutely for freedom's sake.

It must not be imagined that England, during these proceedings, was forgetful of her hero. Honors, offices, and rewards were showered on him from every quarter. As the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape. In addition to former grants, the sum of £200,000 was voted, in 1815, for the purchase of a mansion and estate to be settled on the dukedom. With these funds, a commission appointed for the purpose concluded a bargain with Lord Rivers for the noble domain of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, to be held in perpetuity of the Crown by the Dukes of Wellington, on condition of presenting yearly a tri-color flag to the British sovereign, on the 18th of June. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Dukes of Marlborough, is always suspended in the Armory at Windsor Castle, where the little silken trophies may be seen hanging together in perpetual memory of Blenheim and Waterloo. The estate of Strathfieldsaye has since been largely increased by the investments of the Duke's private economy; it is now, we believe, many miles in circumference, and, though the mansion is not proportioned to the dignity either of the domain or the title, the avenue by which it is approached is almost unequalled. During the first year of his residence in Paris, the state of his health induced him to repair to Cheltenham, and gave occasion for an infinite number of grateful or festive acknowledgments. Among these was the opening of Waterloo Bridge, at which ceremony the hero of the title appeared, with the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, under a salute of 202 guns, and it was at the same period that the erection of the present Apsley House, a residence privately purchased by the Duke, was undertaken and completed by Mr. Wyatt. We are now so familiarized with monumental effigies of our hero in every possible guise, that it may surprise the reader to hear, that the trophy in the Park was for twenty years the only statue of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast. It was subscribed for by the ladies of England, between 1819 and

1821, and was erected on the Waterloo anniversary, in 1822, in which year, also, the merchants of London presented their elaborate shield. The Crown, meantime, had lost no opportunity of signalizing its mindfulness of services rendered. The Duke, in 1818, was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, in 1819 Governor of Plymouth, and in 1820 Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, into which, at the disbandment of certain regiments, the famous old 95th had been transmuted. As to foreign Courts, they had already said and done their utmost; but in 1818, the Sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia simultaneously promoted the Duke to that rank in their respective forces which he had already reached in his own; so that of the soldier who has just expired, we may assert the incredible fact, that though he gained every honor by service and none by birth, he died a Field Marshal of near forty years standing in four of the greatest armies in the world.

The time, however, had now arrived when the great Duke was to take a more direct and visible part in the Administration of his country, and it was under the following circumstances that he entered on this duty. The old Tory Cabinet of the war had subsisted for ten years under the presidency of Lord Liverpool, without material modification in its constitution or policy. Mr. Canning, it is true, had been for some time at the head of the Board of Control, but it was not until his accession to the Foreign-office, in 1822, that his influence was substantially felt in the measures of the Government. But now the elements of mighty change began perceptibly to work. The days of unmitigated Toryism were drawing to a close, and the precursors of reform appeared upon the scene. The principles of general liberalism in the person of Canning, and of free trade in that of Huskisson, were to be gradually introduced into the stubborn Cabinet of the Regency, and old men were at length to give place to new. Of the four ancient notabilities Lord Londonderry was already gone, Lord Sidmouth had just retired, Lord Eldon was declining, and the end of Lord Liverpool was at hand. It was a period of transition, and, like all such periods, was rife with angry suspicions, with incessant jars between the men of resistance and the men of progress, with mistakes, recriminations, compromises, and confessions.

Over and above the innumerable points of general policy to be thus reconsidered, there were two great questions awaiting a decision

—those of Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. The former of these, though originally entertained by a Tory Minister, had become politically identified with the pledges of the Whigs, and was adopted rather than promoted by the "Radicals" of the time as the chief object of their agitation. The latter was less essentially a party question, for it concerned rather the practical government of Ireland than the recognition of a theoretical principle, and statesmen and Cabinets had been divided on its merits ever since the opening of the war. The measure, however, had been seized by the Whigs as their own; it had been defeated by the Tories, and its destinies were generally connected with the prospects of Whig ascendancy. This party had now, for a very long interval, been excluded from power. Their adversaries had monopolized the credit of the war and the support of the electoral constituencies, and it almost seemed as if they were irremovably established in their seats of office.

During all this time the condition of the country had been disturbed and feverish in the extreme. Those public discontents which on the Continent had taken the form of military insurrection, in England assumed the shape of political agitation. George IV., who in 1820 had exchanged the title of Regent for that of King, was in no favor with the people. He had so long anticipated the position of Royalty, that his actual accession to the throne brought with it none even of those indefinite expectations which usually make a new reign popular. Though personally connected with the Whig party in times past, he had promptly confirmed the ascendancy of the Tories on coming to the Crown, and the known selfishness of his disposition appeared to be only aggravated by power, while his more attractive qualities had gradually given place to the morosity of age. His personal character, indeed, figured largely in the complaints of the people, who described their Sovereign as absorbed in the luxurious enjoyments of a misanthropical seclusion while his subjects were suffering the extremities of pressure and want. There was great reason for these murmurs. Though the state of the country imperatively needed reforms, the great policy of the Ministry was that of repression alone. While new ideas were fermenting among the people with the diffusion of political knowledge and the growing conviction of misgovernment, the Cabinet policy was that of 20 years before, with its rigorous maxims of resistance and severity. The consequences were nothing

but natural. The people were seduced by demagogues into wicked excesses and extravagant demands. They held nightly gatherings in the large towns and manufacturing shires, hatched chimerical plots of marching on the metropolis, talked plain treason at public assemblies, and proposed the forcible overthrow of the Government. A conspiracy for the assassination of the Ministry in a body was actually formed, and was not defeated by any want of resolution or earnestness on the part of the conspirators. On the other hand, the Government was confirmed by these very excesses both in its own repressive policy and in the support of the well-affected part of the population. They spared, therefore, neither the law nor the sword. They sent artillery into one county and special commissions into another; they charged public meetings with cavalry, and strung up rioters and sheepstealers on the same gallows. Their names were saluted with cries of execration, and their persons made the object of incessant hostility, but they paid spies to worm out the secrets of the seditious, and pursued their unswerving course in reliance on principles which had carried England, as they imagined, through worse storms than these.

In this unpopularity of the Administration the great Duke participated. Though it was impossible to overlook his transcendent claims to respect, and though he had not as yet taken any very active part in domestic politics, yet he was known to be of the Tory school, and connected, indeed, by ties of the closest sympathy with the hated Castlereagh. Even his military eminence was no recommendation in the eyes of those who denounced soldiers as the instruments of tyranny, and who had scarcely been brought, even by a galaxy of victories, to approve of an anti-democratic war. The indications, too, which he had given of his sentiments were not of a tendency to conciliate a suspicious public. As Master-General of the Ordnance he had taken a seat in the Cabinet, had concurred in the prosecution of the Queen, and had spoken in terms of soldierlike bluntness about certain proceedings of the Opposition. He was now, however, to do more. He was to become an influential member of the Administration, and to bear his part, for good or evil, in the important changes which were to convert the British Government from what it was under George IV. to what it is under Queen Victoria.

For two or three years affairs proceeded without the occurrence of any remarkable con-

juncture. The foreign policy of England had been conclusively severed from that of the allied Courts of the Continent, and a few steps were taken in the direction of commercial emancipation; but the political crisis was still suspended. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were looked upon with no kindly eyes; but, though the wedge had been effectually inserted, no further impulse was given to it for some time. Lord Eldon creaked and prophesied, Lord Liverpool looked doubtfully ahead, and the Duke, perhaps, saw further than others; but the old Administration remained in outward form substantially the same, and the catastrophe was yet to come. At length, in February, 1827, Lord Liverpool's faculties suddenly failed him, and his fall left the Government not only without a head, but without that influence which had hitherto kept it together. Its constituents were divided among themselves on all the great questions coming on. The old shell of the Administration was anti-Catholic and anti-Liberal, but its vital elements represented emancipation and progress. The Duke had not yet discerned the necessity of the latter doctrines, but he was too sagacious to consort with dotards or bigots, and allied himself rather with Mr. Peel, who had succeeded to Lord Sidmouth's office of Home Secretary in 1822. Thus, besides the old Tory staff and the new leaven, there were the great Duke and his friends, who, if open to conviction, were not yet prepared for change, and by no means well disposed towards those who were promoting it.

At the time of Lord Liverpool's illness there were two important subjects before the Legislature. The Roman Catholic question created a violent debate and a close division, while Mr. Huskisson's doctrines had taken the substantive form of a Corn Bill, intended to relax the restrictive system in force. The former subject came on under Canning's direction, while the government was still without a head; but the motion was lost in the Lower House, and was, consequently, not discussed in the Lords. After a few weeks, however, when it became evident that Lord Liverpool's recovery was beyond hope, the formation of a new Ministry became indispensable, and on the 10th of April the King sent for Mr. Canning. The claims of this statesman to the Premiership, both from official services and popular favor, were uncontested; but his opinions represented only a minority of the Cabinet, and it had now to be seen whether those who could co-operate with Mr. Canning under the conciliatory presi-

dency of Lord Liverpool would be content to acknowledge his control as leader of the Administration. As far as Catholic emancipation went, no great difficulties need have intervened, for, though the new Premier's disposition in favor of Ireland was well known, the question was left an open one. But Mr. Canning, though not a Whig by profession, was a Liberal by principle, and his Ministry, under whatever title, must be a Liberal Ministry. For this the Duke was not prepared, and when the new appointment was duly communicated to the members of the late Government, he, like the majority of his colleagues, sent in his resignation. Nor did he stop here, for he laid also at the King's feet the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance and the Commandership-in-Chief, to which, at the Duke of York's death, he had naturally succeeded. Moreover, when in the ensuing June the Corn Bill of Canning and Huskisson came before the House of Lords, he moved and carried an amendment destructive of the measure, although it had been prepared by a government of which at the time he was a member.

These remarkable circumstances occasioned an extraordinary agitation in the public mind. It was asserted that the coincidence of the resignations, which all reached Mr. Canning within a few hours of each other, disclosed a combination of their writers against the independence of the Sovereign and the success of the new Administration, and as the Duke, though not the foremost statesman of the party, was the most distinguished personage concerned, and as he had taken what appeared to be the gratuitous step of retiring even from the Commandership-in-Chief, it was alleged that he had desired the Premiership for himself, and had adopted these measures to disconcert and embarrass the Government. On these points he delivered himself of an elaborate exculpation from his place in the House of Lords, averring, among other declarations, that, so far from seeking to conduct a Government, he was "sensible of being unqualified for such a situation," and that he "should have been mad to think of it"—words which were not forgotten in subsequent times. No reader will now suppose that the Duke of Wellington ever entertained the idea of dictating to his Sovereign, or of combining with others in the spirit it imputed to him, nor is there, in fact, any need of such a forced hypothesis in explanation of the facts. What the Duke felt at the new appointment, all felt, and all were ready to mark their disapprobation. They did not

desire a Liberal Government; they did not admire "political adventurers," and they were unprepared for a Cabinet in which the Premier was committed to the emancipation policy, however open the question might be considered. There is no doubt that, besides all this, the Duke was personally adverse to an intimate connexion with Mr. Canning, and this feeling induced him to discover hostility in the Premier's communications, and to decide against retaining an office which, though unpolitical in itself, would require a certain cordiality of co-operation with the head of the Government. As to his conduct on the Corn Bill, he disavowed amid angry bickerings any intention of annoying the Ministry, or even defeating the measure by the amendment which he suggested.

The whole episode was of brief duration. Exhausted by toil, deserted by those who should have supported him, and relentlessly persecuted by all who distrusted his politics or envied his elevation, Mr. Canning expired in the fourth month of his office, and left the King and the Government in worse perplexities than before. An Administration was then formed under Lord Goderich, who, as Mr. Robinson, had succeeded to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer at the time that Mr. Canning became Foreign Secretary. The new Cabinet closely resembled the last in its constitution, but its leader was wholly incapable of impressing any unity of purpose upon a Ministry in times like these. Mr. Canning died in August, and before the end of the year Lord Goderich had resigned his office in despair. Thus there appeared to be no chance of a good working Ministry under the Canning policy, while the true days of the old Tories were already past, and those of the Whigs not quite come. In his embarrassments the King did what Kings and Queens have so often done since; he sent for the Duke of Wellington. The Duke repaired to the Royal closet, and, to the surprise of some, the amusement of many, and the satisfaction of more, was gazetted as Prime Minister of England within eight months after his own declaration that the office was wholly beside his powers.

Since Canning's death he had so far qualified his recent secession from affairs as to return to the command of the army, and he had just gratified his countrymen by a series of visits to the aristocracy, in a progress which fell little short of the splendors of royalty. He was now to charge himself with the formation of a Cabinet and the responsible direction of public business, under

circumstances found impracticable by those who had preceded him in the attempt. Perhaps both the King and the Duke would have preferred an Administration constructed wholly on the principles entertained by the Premier, but of this there appeared no acceptable chance. So the Duke took Mr. Huskisson, whom he disliked, and four more "Canningites" besides, but he still retained Peel at his side, and it was evident that the soul of the Administration resided here. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was filled by Mr. Goulburn, a name long afterwards respectably connected with the party thus rising; but, though the Canningites formed the weaker element of the Cabinet, they were thought to contribute much towards shaping its policy; and so, in truth, they did, for, though the men were soon changed, their spirit survived in the measures brought forward.

Before the eyes of the great Duke and his colleagues there still loomed the three great questions of the time—questions on which neither all Liberals nor all Conservatives thought alike, but which the force of opinion was clearly pressing onwards for a decision. There was a question of religious disabilities, sometimes under the form of Corporation and Test Acts, but ultimately shaping itself into Irish Emancipation. There was the question of Free Trade, sometimes in the guise of Spitalfields or Navigation Acts, sometimes involved in corn averages or warehousing regulations, but always tending to untaxed bread; and finally, under motions for disfranchising one constituency and enfranchising another, appeared the mighty question of Parliamentary reform. On all these the Duke held opinions which were probably averse to material change. That he was opposed to the views of the Liberal party we cannot assert, for not all of the Liberal party desired the modification of the Corn Laws; nor that he was opposed to the wishes of the country, for the country on the whole, did not desire Catholic emancipation. But it is probable that, on his own judgment, he would have maintained the existing institutions in substantial integrity. What he then thought of the Corn Laws he had recently shown; what he thought, after much longer consideration, of Parliamentary reform, is not yet forgotten; and what he thought of religious disabilities we shall presently see.

The very first business of the session brought these principles on the table. Lord John Russell moved for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts—the first step

towards that religious freedom which Catholic emancipation would manifestly consummate. Government opposed the measure; but the Reformers were too strong for them, and the measure was carried in a full house by a majority of 44. Moreover, although the Duke did not approve of this policy, there were some of his colleagues who did, so that he had to encounter with a divided Cabinet the declared resolution of the Commons. The times, indeed, were such that unanimity was scarcely attainable; for the old party could hold no longer, and no new formation had been made. These difficulties had demolished Lord Goderich, but they were not too great for the Duke, though his policy may at first sight appear not heroic. He yielded, took up the bill with a good grace, and, against the desperate resistance of his old friend Lord Eldon, and of all who thought the church and the constitution veritably at stake, carried it, under his own auspices, through the House of Lords.

A month afterwards came a Corn Bill of Mr. Huskisson's again, and the Duke again compromised his private resolutions by accepting it as a Government measure. Later still, as if the session was to test the new Ministry on every vital point, the question of Parliamentary Reform was brought under discussion, upon a motion to disfranchise the two boroughs of Penryn and East Retford, and invest Manchester and Birmingham with the electoral privileges thus vacated. In the course of the contest, a division was taken on the particular substitution of Birmingham for East Retford. Government said "No" to the proposal, but Mr. Huskisson, though still Colonial Secretary, had managed to commit himself to an affirmative vote. Confused at his position, he sent the Duke what was either a resignation or an offer of resignation, and what the Duke chose to think was the former. There was, in plain truth, but little cordiality between them. Though the Duke's personal feelings had vanished with Mr. Canning's death, he had still no liking to his party, and certainly no preference for Mr. Huskisson above others. Unpleasant jars had occurred already. Mr. Huskisson had publicly assured his Liverpool constituents that he had not entered the new Administration without a "guarantee" for the general adjustment of its policy by that of Mr. Canning. This sounded as if a "pledge" had been exacted and given—an idea which the Duke indignantly repudiated; and Parliamentary explanations had to be offered before the matter could be set at rest. So this time the

difference was made final. In vain did the common friends and colleagues of the two statesmen endeavor to "explain" the unlucky communication. The Duke, in terms which passed into proverbial use, replied, that there "was no mistake, could be no mistake, and should be no mistake." He was not sorry, in fact, that so convenient an opportunity had been created to his hand. Mr. Huskisson, therefore, retired, and with him retired not only Lord Dudley, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Grant, but even Lord Palmerston. Of the Canningites, Lyndhurst alone remained; and the substitution of Lord Aberdeen, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir George Murray for the seceding malcontents at length gave consistency to the Wellington Ministry; and formed, with the names of Peel and Goulburn, a party which has not perished yet. And what did the Duke now do with his solidified Cabinet and his unshackled policy? He gave up the principle of religious disabilities once and for all, and carried by main strength the great measure of Catholic emancipation!

This mighty question had now passed during a quarter of a century through all the vicissitudes of Parliamentary debate. The motions of the Grenville party and their followers between 1805 and 1812 had usually been defeated by majorities varying from 100 to 150 in the Commons, or still more decisive in the Lords. In the last-mentioned year Mr. Canning's proposals in favor of the Roman Catholics were lost by 129, but this majority had fallen below 50 in 1818. In 1821 the change was still more signally manifested. Mr. Plunkett actually carried a measure of concession through the Commons by a majority of 19, and Mr. Canning was equally successful in 1822, as was Sir F. Burdett in 1825; but the bills were, of course, lost in the Lords, though by smaller majorities than before. By this time, however, the Protestantism of the kingdom had taken the alarm; in 1827 a motion for a committee was lost, and in 1828 the opinions of the House seemed evenly balanced. It is not to be supposed that the measures here referred to suggested the absolute emancipation of the Roman Catholics. More or less liberal in their terms, they were usually tentative in character, and designed chiefly to secure the recognition of a principle on which enactments of substantial relief might be afterwards based. The circumstances of the discussion, too, had from time to time been seriously modified. Originally the question was considered in a light of such abstract policy that, as the Duke

remarked, a bill concerning Roman Catholicism in England had been introduced into Parliament towards the close of the last century without even the knowledge of the authorities of Ireland. For a long time it was debated as involving points of principle alone, but of late years an agitation had been matured which metamorphosed the subject entirely. Instead of being a question of toleration, it was a question of government. To such a state had Ireland been brought by O'Connell and the priests, that Catholic emancipation was now demanded, not on the intrinsic merits of the claim, but as the sole means of satisfying a people not otherwise governable, and bringing one-third of the empire into harmony and unity with the rest. It was under this aspect that it exacted the attention of the Duke. Confident in their strength, and exasperated by the substitution of what they deemed an oppressive Ministry for the liberal and promising Cabinets of Canning and Goderich, the Irish confederates raged more furiously than before. They isolated themselves, as it were, from all the relations of political and social life for the one sole object of enforcing this demand upon the Government by a national movement. Ordinary crime was absorbed in this monster agitation, but there was no law but that of the priests, and no rule but that of O'Connell. At length he was even returned to Parliament for Clare, and it was proclaimed by an association, whose menace seemed warranted by its power, that every county in Ireland should record a like defiance of law and order.

It was upon these grounds,—the incurable anarchy of Ireland, the interminable division of cabinets, the distraction of imperial councils, and the utter impossibility of maintaining such a state of affairs, that the Duke resolved on conceding to the Roman Catholics the emancipation they desired; nor can we now err in ascribing a material share in the decision to the co-operation of Robert Peel. There was no very cheering prospect before the two colleagues. That the influence of the Ministry and the example of the Duke would carry the measure, as a Government question, through the Legislature could hardly be doubted, but other and serious considerations were in the way. The Wellington Cabinet had been carried to power on the presumption, whether sound or otherwise, that they would maintain Protestant ascendancy; this opinion was strongly felt by the electoral constituencies of the kingdom, and the conviction was generally understood to

be shared in its fullest extent by the most exalted personage in the realm. Moreover, the question, though essentially one of progress, differed from all political questions of the like character in the reception it experienced among the people at large. Measures of pure political reform, however they may offend particular classes, are rarely unacceptable to the body of the nation; but when religious, instead of civil freedom, is at stake, the proposal seldom escapes some violent antagonism. In point of fact, it may be doubted to this day whether the majority of the people were ever really favorable to Catholic emancipation; so that Ministers, with all the pledges of their previous life against them, amid the reproaches of their former friends and the sarcasms of their new allies, were proposing to carry an almost unpopular measure under what appeared the intimidation of Irish terrorism. What the Duke, however, had once decided on doing he did most characteristically. In the first place, he resolved that there should be no compromise, insufficiency, or hesitation about the act itself. As concession was to be made, it should be made fully and freely, so as to satisfy all, and leave no rankling vestiges behind. In the next place, like a wise general, he gave his adversaries no opportunity of profiting by the disclosure of his plans, but kept his counsels to himself till the time came for action. Rumors escaped, as they always do, respecting the intentions of the Cabinet, but with little better foundation than the instinctive apprehensions of the Tories. Even the highest officers of the Crown were not all in the secret. The Attorney-General, Sir C. Wetherall, complained bitterly in the debate that his legal co-operation had been required only seven days before the opening of Parliament; and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Anglesey, publicly avowed his own want of information only six weeks earlier. Unfortunately, he did something more; he committed himself prematurely to the cause of the agitators; and, as the Duke suffered no such breaches of discipline, the indiscretion was followed by an instantaneous recall.

At length, however, on the 5th of February, 1829, the policy of the Government was plainly announced in the speech from the throne; and when the field had been once taken the Duke made short work and sure. His Grace in the Upper House, and Mr. Peel in the lower, met the exigencies of their respective positions by manful acknowledgments and unanswerable reasoning. It was

on this occasion that the Duke, having demonstrated the positive necessity of either advancing or receding, dismissed the latter alternative with his celebrated declaration:—"My lords, I am one of those who have probably passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally I may say in civil war too, and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." There was no rebutting such arguments, although the opposition was most determined; but the Duke carried his point, and in little more than a month the Relief Bill passed both Houses by large majorities, received the Royal assent, and became the law of the land.

Yet the success was not without its cost. Protestant societies wept over the "lost consistency" of the great Duke—the King was angered—Tories stood aloof from the Government—the Ministry was modified, and there was talk even of strengthening the Wellington Cabinet by the admission of Earl Grey. One episode of the history is too remarkable to be omitted. The Duke had been chosen patron of the new collegiate institution in the Strand, which, under the name of King's College, was destined to combat the rival seminary in Gower-street. On the disclosure of the Ministerial policy Lord Winchelsea, writing to a gentleman connected with the new establishment, spoke of the Duke and his patronship in these terms:—"Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party, that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State." These expressions, coming from such a quarter, appeared to the Duke to call for personal notice, and after a vain essay of explanations, the Prime Minister of England, attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Earl of Winchelsea, attended by Lord Falmouth, met in Battersea-fields on the 21st of March, in full session, to discharge loaded pistols at each other on a question concerning the Protestant religion. The life of the great captain, however, was not exposed to danger. Lord Winchelsea, after receiving the Duke's shot,

fired in the air, and then tendered the apology in default of which the encounter had occurred.

What the Premier had now done in thus carrying this important measure, could have been done by no other statesman in the kingdom. It was a feat which could never have been accomplished by a professed Liberal in opposition to the Tories, nor by any Tory, except one of high individual ascendancy and strong personal resolution. Viewed merely as a Parliamentary performance it was a remarkable exploit, for great parties are not led from their old paths except under extraordinary conditions of influence and guidance. It is certain, however, that the result was immediately prejudicial to the public character of the Duke. He had not, indeed, yet sunk in that popular favor which always attends great conquerors, for his decisions had hitherto been all for Liberalism, and Liberalism is rarely offensive to the great mass of Englishmen. But with the upper and middle classes he had plainly lost ground, with the latter by his sacrifice of "Protestantism" and consistency—with the former by his irruption upon the old political traditions of government and party. In fact, the "strong Ministry" of the great Duke was already weak, partly from the disorganization of his supporters, partly from dislike of his military sternness, but mainly from the very nature of events and consequences. It had done its work; its one great object was accomplished, and, like the Ministry of 1846, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, it could do little better than retire with credit. But matters were not yet ripe for such a change, and the Duke, who perhaps hardly comprehended his own position, and who, if he had comprehended it, would never have weighed it against the position of the country, continued still to hold the reins of State.

Of the three great questions which the times were maturing for solution, the Duke, in his Ministerial capacity, had now practically disposed of two. In the matter of Free Trade he had given as much as was yet asked for, and in that of religious freedom he had even outstripped the desires of the public. But the third question, that of Parliamentary Reform, still remained for consideration, and it was upon this rock that his hitherto infallible sagacity was at length to make shipwreck. The subject had not been obscured even by the absorbing topic of the recent session. A Tory nobleman had even converted the Ministerial policy on the Emancipation Bill into an argument for the policy of the

extreme Radicals, asserting, by a whimsical deduction, that purchasable seats could no longer be permitted to exist with safety, now that Papists might become the purchasers. To this singular proposal the old Reformers added their usual motions, but with so little success that even the moderate proposition, in which the Canningites concurred, of transferring to Birmingham the particular franchise of East Retford, was lost by a majority of 27. On the question of Parliamentary Reform, as comprehensively understood and agitated—that is to say, the systematic reconstruction of the people's House in the Legislature, Mr. Huskisson and his followers were of one mind with the Tories, nor had the Duke anything to apprehend in Parliament beyond the hopeless attempts of the purely liberal members. Perhaps, if he had seen symptoms of greater urgency out of doors, he might have corrected his opinion; but, in point of fact, public agitation, though so violent a few months later, did not wear a very serious aspect at the opening of 1830. Political unions—those leagues which afterwards became so famous—had been instituted in some large towns, but with the object, as it appeared, of their own special enfranchisement rather than of any general innovations. The great change in the national mind was wrought or precipitated by the effect of an example, and this example was close at hand.

In the summer of the year 1830 Europe once more experienced the shock of a French revolution—a shock which was transmitted instantaneously from the Seine to the Vistula, and which this time lost little of its force in crossing the British Channel. Its operation was greatly facilitated by a demise of the Crown. George IV. had expired just at this period, and with him had gone all that the Tories relied on and the Liberals feared, in the personal influence of the Sovereign. On his throne there was now seated an affable and conciliatory Monarch, known to be generously inclined, and believed to be well disposed towards the advocates of constitutional reforms. He had acted like his predecessor in confirming the existing Ministry in office, and he had even been at pains to dispel a prevalent assumption of his personal dislike to the Premier. But the plot was now thickening rapidly, and events for once left the great Duke behind.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land there spread rapidly a feverish sympathy with the French, an ardent desire for improved institutions, and a resolute determina-

tion to attain an end, however imperfectly conceived. The Duke did not comprehend this movement, and, as he was not for it, he was against it. He could not tolerate disorder, and so he turned to measures of repression. He had committed himself by injudicious proceedings against the press, and he now damaged his credit still further by his attitude of unyielding and peremptory resistance to public feeling. At the present moment of national regret it will hardly appear credible that England's hero should ever have fallen into such popular disesteem as was then exhibited, but the conjuncture was exceptional, and circumstances combined strangely against his credit with the nation. He had offended his old colleagues by his Liberalism and his new allies by his Conservatism; he had scandalized "staunch Protestants"—never an uninfluential portion of the community—by surrendering his position; and he was now to offend the unreasoning multitude by making a stand. Besides this, he was connected in popular rumors with the obnoxious Polignac, whom he was said to have abetted in his tyrannical attempts, and whose proceedings unluckily resembled his own in respect of his treatment of the press. Even the professional renown of the great captain rather injured than helped him at this gloomy crisis, for he was regarded as the personification of that force which might be employed against liberty, to the possible destruction of popular hopes. Stories went abroad of military preparations, special musters, and significant appointments, and even the cleansing of the Tower ditch, under the directions of the Duke as Constable of that fortress, though suggested simply by the removal of Old London-bridge, was represented as a menace against the citizens of London. Though twenty years of better feeling have since elapsed, it is not without shame that we record the ebullitions of discontent which ensued. It was pretended that the Duke's life would not be safe in the city at the Lord Mayor's feast, and it is certain that the conqueror of Waterloo was hooted through Piccadilly, and that the windows of his residence were protected against his own countrymen by casings of iron.

The Whigs now saw that their time was come, nor did the Duke refuse the battle. He knew that the fight was for Parliamentary Reform, and he brought the point to an issue without the delay of an hour. It surprises observers of our own generation to conceive how such a man at such a crisis could ever have been so mistaken. To all appearances

the conjuncture of affairs fell peculiarly within the range of his statesmanship. It was a question of yielding, or resisting, of assigning a due and proper value to the reality of the grievance, the demands of the times, and the force of opinion. The Duke had understood such questions in the cases of Free Trade and Catholic Emancipation, and it is astonishing that he should have stumbled at a case which was clearer than either. To us it seems that the justice of the popular demand, the urgency of the crisis, and the probable safety of the experiment, ought to have been as clear to the Duke's eyes at that time as they are to our own at present. None could read signs around him better than he, and yet for this once he utterly failed. The new Parliament met in November, and at the very opening of the session the Duke delivered his memorable declaration, "that the country already possessed a Legislature which answered all the good purposes of legislation, that the system of representation possessed the full and entire confidence of the country, and that he was not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of reform, but would resist such as long as he held any station in the Government of the country." These few words decided in five minutes the destinies of the Government and the country too. Radical reform became an immediate certainty, and away went the Tories for ever, and the Wellington party for ten long years.

Thus terminates the great Duke's Ministerial career. When his party, after so protracted an eclipse, reappeared in 1841 under the new title of "Conservatives," he resumed, indeed, his place in the Cabinet, but without special office or active political duty. From this time his capacity in the Administration of the State acquired those peculiar features with which we are now so familiar. Without being professionally a member of Government, his aid was understood to be always available for Ministerial Councils, and the command of the army, which he had resigned on accepting the Premiership, but which had reverted to him in 1843, supplied a pretext, if any were wanting, for investing him with this exceptional function. Perhaps no position could have been better suited to his political abilities. That he was not a great statesman in the proper acceptation of the term, we need scarcely remark; and he evinced, in fact, no less than his usual sagacity when from his seat in Parliament he made the candid but exaggerated avowal of his incompetence for high civil office.

In the House of Lords the Duke was a regular attendant and not unfrequently a speaker, but the journals of that august body supply few testimonies of our hero's excellence. His opinions and votes, excepting when his natural Conservatism had not yet been sufficiently influenced by pressure from without, were rarely otherwise than soundly given, but his motives were often imperfectly expressed. It had been said that a collection of Cromwell's speeches would make the most nonsensical book in the world, and though such a remark is certainly not warranted by the orations of Wellington, yet in this point a certain resemblance is discoverable between the two great soldiers. The Duke allowed himself, in addressing the House, to be carried away, not perhaps by his feelings, but by the impetus of a delivery which, without being either fluent or rapid, was singularly emphatic and vehement. He magnified his own opinions in order to impress them upon his hearers. If he recommended, as he did with great alacrity, a vote of thanks to an Indian general, the campaign was always "the most brilliant he had ever known;" if he wished to stigmatize a disturbance of the peace, it was something transcending "anything he had ever seen in all his experience," though such a quality could hardly be predicated of any disorders under the sun. One of the best chroniclers of his deeds has attributed this precipitate bestowal of praise and censure to a natural failure of character, but we suspect that in many cases the error of the opinion was due to the manner of its delivery alone: Few men have been intrusted with more delicate missions in the distribution of rewards, and none could have discharged such duties with more unimpeachable discrimination. The Duke could appreciate events with unfailing nicety, but he failed in the capacity to describe them, and of late years his speeches, where they were not tautology, were often contradictions. Nor could the failing be traceable to age alone, for it was observed, though in a less degree, during the earlier stages of his career, and is the more remarkable from the contrast presented by his despatches. No letters could ever be more temperately or perspicuously expressed than these famous

documents. Even as specimens of literary composition they are exceedingly good—plain, forcible, fluent, and occasionally, like those of Napoleon, even humorous withal. It is true that the correspondence, especially in the earlier volumes, often partakes of a more familiar character than pertains to a general's "despatches;" but if the reader desires to feel the full force of our encomium we need only refer him to the despatches of Marlborough for a subject of comparison.

The private life of the Duke was simple, methodical and familiar in most of its features to all inhabitants and visitors of the metropolis. His attendance at the early service at the Chapel Royal and at the Whitehall sermons, his walk in the park in former years, and of late times his ride through the Horse Guards, with his servant behind him, are incidents which every newspaper has long chronicled for the information of the country. His personal habits were those of military punctuality, his daily duties were discharged systematically as they recurred, and his establishment was as thriftily regulated as the smallest household in the land. This economy enabled him to effect considerable savings, and it is believed that the property of the title must have been very largely increased. He married in 1806 the Hon. Catharine Pakenham, third daughter of the second Baron Longford—a lady for whose hand, as Arthur Wellesley, with nothing but the sword of an infantry captain to second his pretensions, he had previously, we are informed, been an unsuccessful suitor. The Duchess died in 1831, and the Duke's name was recently coupled with that of numerous ladies who were successively selected by report as the object of his second choice. He expired, however, a widower, leaving two sons to inherit his name. Full of years beyond the term of mortality, and of honors almost beyond human parallel, he has descended into his grave amid the regrets of a generation who could only learn his deeds from their forefathers, but who know that the national glory which they witness and the national security which they enjoy were due, under God's providence, to the hero whom they have just now lost.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EDWARD GIBBON.

A LITTLE figure, with a large head and small bones, dressed with the most scrupulous precision; the buckles shining brightly in the shoes, the wrist-bands carefully turned down, the periwig hanging many inches below the shoulders, the breeches without a crease, the body bending forward, the forefinger stretched out, the others tapping a snuff-box; surely this must be the picture of some meek, smiling old courtier, one who is seen in every drawing-room, at every whist-table, with nothing but the milk of human kindness in his bosom, and nothing but the prescriptions of etiquette in his head. We are for once mistaken. This modest, richly-apparelled little gentleman is one of the most learned, the most sarcastic, the most wary of human beings; this is Gibbon, the historian, the philosopher, the skeptic, whose heart was engrossed with the love of literary fame, who delighted in sneering at what men most reverence, and whose genius shed a light on the darkest parts of mediæval history.

The life and writings of this extraordinary man appear to us one of the most curious and the most interesting chapters of literary history, and we shall make no apology for giving, as far as our limited space will permit, our impression of the historian.

Few autobiographies are more pleasing or more valuable than Gibbon's *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*. Enough is said, but no more than enough; and he has left us, by his own hand, as perfect a picture of himself, with all his pride, industry, vanity, and affectation, as he has drawn of any other man in the course of his elaborate history. One who has written about five thousand octavo pages on the lives of others, may be permitted to write a hundred and fifty on his own. As an image of the mind of the author, both the *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*, and the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, are exquisitely characteristic. In a letter to his friend, M. Deyverdun, he exclaims, "What a foolish animal is that man, that Englishman, that man Gibbon!" Let us see what "the man Gibbon" was.

The narrative commences in a grave, philosophic tone, which has raised the smile on the face of many readers. He then proceeds, as an English country gentleman ought to do, to give the public a long account of his ancestors. It appears that the Gibbons were landowners in the county of Kent in the fourteenth century, that there was a John Gibbon, who held the distinguished post of marmorius or architect to Edward the Third; that the Gibbons are frequently mentioned in the visitations of the heralds; that they were esquires during the time of Queen Elizabeth, when, as the historian takes care to tell us, that title was far from being so common as it afterwards became. Little more is known of the Gibbons until the seventeenth century, when the younger branch, from which the author himself descended, left the country for the city. But is this a blot on our escutcheon? Is it not as merchants only that young men of spirit can acquire independence? And in England as well as in the republics of Italy, is a gentleman degraded by being connected with trade? Have not the Gibbons of Kent borne their family arms, "a lion rampant, gardant, between three scallop-shells, argent, on a field of azure," in days when family-arms were considered something, and not as now, when everybody who has money can get a coat-of-arms painted on his coach-doors? Even our alliances by marriage do us some honor; for we are connected with Baron Say, whom Shakspeare has immortalized as the liberal patron of the fine arts and the martyr to learning, in the last part of *Henry the Sixth*. Is not this a glorious alliance for a historian? Surely the Gibbons were very respectable; but there is only one Gibbon whom readers care much about.

Edward Gibbon, the eldest son of his father, and the only child that reached maturity, came weak and almost lifeless into the world. For some time his existence was despaired of, and two brothers who were born after him had each the same Christian name given them, lest no more "Edward Gib-

bons" should be known among men. His father, notwithstanding all the efforts of filial piety, appears neither more nor less than a plain, honest, country squire, well-meaning, if somewhat weak and straight-laced. The property he inherited was considerable, but at his death much encumbered, though it was still a very handsome income for an author, and indeed much more than the most popular writer of that day could derive from the munificence of the publishers.

In his eleventh year, young Edward lost his mother, whom he did not profess to remember with any extraordinary veneration. We, however, on carefully reviewing his life, with all its good and evil, cannot but think that, had Gibbon's mother been spared, he might have been a somewhat different being. His nature, if not capable of any very intense affection, was far from inhuman; it was even generous and sensitive to a certain depth; it was a nature for which a mother's care might have done much. We have all a devil in us; we need all that this poor world affords of endearing warmth to thaw the ice that will gather round our hearts. A literary man, especially, must have had a mother's love; a mother's tears must have dropped upon his face, a mother's voice must have sung him to rest, a mother's prayers, even amid the pompous systems of philosophy, must sometimes be remembered, a mother's form must now and then appear in his dreams, he must stand at times by his mother's grave, or so much the worse for him, and for the many of whom he is the teacher. Edward Gibbon might hold religious disputes with his aunt; but he could not have disputed with a mother. The authority of an aunt is nothing over a young mind, compared with that of a parent. In this instance, there was an unquiet, curious spirit at work, which would not and could not acquiesce, which had never been taught how to venerate, how to cherish, how to believe. Thus he grew up a kind of literary Ishmael, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, reverencing nothing, believing nothing; and, amid the dreary desert of the barren eighteenth century, went on his way, satisfied that religion was but a many-colored mirage, amusing the eyes of man before the sand-storm rolled over him, and engulfed him forever.

His love of books, even so early as his twelfth year, became his ruling passion, and it continued, and even grew stronger, to his last hour. Whether Gibbon was or was not a thoroughly educated man may be a ques-

tion; but in all that is called learning, and popularly knowledge, he was certainly never surpassed. In his *Essay on the Study of Literature*, he says that the ancients are now loaded with contempt, and that men of letters are called erudites. He then takes up the gauntlet in the cause of the scholars of the preceding generation, and proceeds, in a somewhat ostentatious manner, to talk about the gods and the authors of antiquity. It must be confessed that this production, if it be honorable to his industry, shows little appreciation of the highest provinces of criticism. Though he might afterwards glory in the name of an Englishman, it is quite evident that when this work was written, and indeed for long afterwards, he had little sympathy with the English spirit, and little admiration of English literature. As he advanced in years, he began to appreciate more justly the greatness of his native land, but his youth and manhood showed an entire devotion to the French shrine; his first works were written in French, and he affected as much as he could all the airs of the literary men who at that time reigned supreme at Paris. Montesquieu was his model, and this essay, without possessing all the merits, has all the faults of the accomplished president's compositions. Not a sentence is written with simplicity; every thought is stated as an epigram. The artificial liveliness is somewhat clumsy; whatever else he may do, the young author is determined to dazzle, and he succeeds in being tedious in spite of his conciseness, and dull in despite of his wit. The matter is in some respects as exceptionable as the style. What can we say of a man of original genius who scarcely ever mentions, in treating the subjects of general literature, an English author? Fénelon, Voltaire, Boileau, Perrault, Le Clerc, Desmaiseaux, Saint Marthe, and a multitude of French writers, are brought upon the scene, but, if we are not mistaken, neither Bacon nor Shakspeare is ever noticed. The work is indeed only a series of detached observations connected together by the most general of titles. If Gibbon's treatise be an essay on the study of literature, there is scarcely any literary work that might not with equal propriety bear the same name. The book was little read by Englishmen, but how could the author be surprised at this result? It is not written in the English language, it is altogether destitute of English spirit, it is written in a style which is directly opposite to those of our greatest writers.

There is no denying it; Gibbon was for

some time ashamed of his mother tongue. Hume writes to him very sensibly, and tells him to look to America, there see how the English language was striking root, and be assured that in the end it would beat the French out of the field. That this will ultimately be the case there can be now no question; every day is bearing testimony to the wonderful power of the language of Shakspeare and Milton; the Saxon idiom, like the Saxon race, is making head throughout the globe, and all languages, as well as all nations, seem destined to fall before this diffusive energy. Why is this so? Because our great writers, like all our great men, have done their work in the true national, earnest spirit; and for all the triumphs of the present, and all the glorious promises of the future, we owe few thanks either to Hume or Gibbon.

Without going into a metaphysical dissertation on education, we may illustrate our idea of Gibbon by a comparison with two or three others. Milton was as learned as Gibbon, but we see well what a different effect learning had on their minds. Had Milton not been a great scholar, he would still have been a great genius. Gibbon, too, had an original mind, but still it was only because he was a most industrious student that he became one of the greatest of writers. Had Shakspeare possessed all Gibbon's knowledge about ancient Rome, it may still be doubted whether *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Marc Antony* would have been improved; as they are, they remain masterpieces from the hand of a mighty creative artist. But what to Shakspeare would have been nothing, is to Gibbon everything; if he had not read much, he could have written very little. There is at once a great difference and a great likeness between Shakspeare and Pascal; neither of them could be called learned men, but they were both great men. What Shakspeare was in poetry and the drama, Pascal was in philosophy and theology; they were at once what others could never be, even by the most intense study and the most persevering research.

Gibbon's mind was emphatically "slow." All its products were natural, but still the result of labor. Patient meditation, systematic study, were necessary, and indeed indispensable. Therefore it was that he understood the past better than the present, was far more sagacious in penetrating into the hidden causes of events which had occurred fifteen hundred years before than in reading the signs of his own troubled times, knew the

Roman senate better than the British parliament, could appreciate much more clearly the greatness of Rome than the greatness of England; and that if he was at once the most luminous, the most comprehensive of historians, he was also one of the most irresolute, the least discerning, and the most time-serving of politicians. He could read human nature, but it was that of former generations. He was wise, but it was in the wisdom of the ancients. He was virtuous, but his was rather a negative than a positive virtue, and it kept him rather from doing harm than incited him to do good. His mental eye could discern things in the distance, but not those that were spread out immediately before him; and the most atrocious of the persecutions and tyrannical acts of the Roman emperors, had they occurred during his own age, he would probably have applauded, and certainly would not have resisted. His life was a life on paper; his study was his world; and the real world a theatre on which his fame might be trumpeted. He often spoke of "my fame," it was the only god that he really worshipped. Some men exist for their time, and are called the creatures of their age: Gibbon did not live for his time, he was not the mere creature of his age; he was Gibbon, and would in all ages and all times have been nearly what he was in the eighteenth century.

All the apology for his faults that the last century affords he is entitled to receive. In the sixteenth century he would have been outwardly a Christian, in the nineteenth century he would have also been a nominal conformist. As it was, he had just enough of honesty to declare his disbelief, and not enough to survey every part of that ghastly temple in which no words of prayer are heard, and on the altar of which no fire is burning.

What, then, was the state of mind in England during this eighteenth century? England was at once great and little, false and true, full of glory and full of shame. No man has yet had the courage to write boldly and truly the history of that time, and perhaps it may be long before it be properly written. Every one must read with pain the pages of Gibbon's autobiography, in which his academical experiences are recorded. Graver charges never were laid against any corporate body than are here brought against the University of Oxford. It may be that the prejudices of the sceptic can be traced in these paragraphs; it may be that there is a soreness arising from the attacks which had

been directed against the historian; but the college reminiscences of many men even now must give unwilling testimony to the truth of some of these accusations. Gibbon was doubly unfortunate; the University caused him to relinquish his studies; the perusal of Middleton's sceptical *Free Enquiry* made him turn Roman Catholic. This apostasy appears less surprising in our day than it did in those of our grandfathers. In his later years, Gibbon comforted himself when he smiled, and sometimes sadly smiled, over his changes of opinion, by the examples of Bayle and Chillingworth. But he had little resemblance to either of these intellectual gladiators, who were estimable and even great in all their mental revolutions. In the person of William Chillingworth we see a noble, earnest, believing nature devoted to the search of truth, and through the very intensity of faith made an unbeliever in his own despite. Bayle had a bold, masculine intellect, a lofty, determined earnestness of purpose to which we fear Gibbon was a stranger. The English Master of Arts, and the philosopher of Rotterdam, commanded the respect of their most rancorous enemies; some of the greatest admirers of the *Decline and Fall* have condemned the moral character of the author.

But Chillingworth, Bayle, and Gibbon all illustrate one truth. The melancholy experience of the last three centuries shows how difficult it is to establish again the faith that has been once unsettled. We have all heard of a road to belief even through the marshes of infidelity: we can only say that it is a very dangerous road, and for one weary traveller who may emerge again into the clear light of heaven, a thousand will assuredly wander for ever in the darkness. A stupid schoolmaster was in the habit of discussing with his pupils the evidences of Christianity, and refuting, greatly to his own satisfaction, the objections of unbelievers. As few of his scholars were above the age of fifteen, nothing could be more pernicious than such controversies. Children ought never to doubt; they never do so until foolish parents and foolish teachers put doubts into their heads by telling them there is no cause for doubt. A strange feeling will come to the young heart when a conceited pedant turns the leaves of the Bible over, and says, "it is true," "it must be true," "it proves itself to be true;" and then astonishes his little charges by saying that men have even denied it to be true; the question, in spite of the pedagogue, will rise to the lips of the child, 'Is it possible that men can, without any reason, disbelieve what

everybody reverences, the great Book that my mother first taught me to read, that I almost know by heart, that I peruse every evening, that the clergyman preaches from every Sunday, can it be that men disbelieve the book that was written by God?' Happy the child that has never doubted! Happy the child that officious blockheads have not taught to doubt, while piously thinking they were teaching it to believe.

From his earliest years Gibbon was fond of religious disputation. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* His kind aunt, Catherine Porten (peace to the good creature!) was often pushed hard by the objections of the acute little sickly sceptic. Both the aunt and the nephew have now gone to their account, and their religious contests can no longer occupy their minds.

The same spirit accompanied young Gibbon to Lausanne. Mr. Pavilliard long afterwards told Lord Sheffield how surprised he was at the first appearance of the diminutive little fellow, with his head so much larger than the other proportions of his body, disputing with all the ardor of a Jesuit doctor, in favor of the Romish church. After all the weapons of controversy had been well handled, after defending every inch of ground, Gibbon was at length induced to recant his errors, and take the sacrament in the Protestant church. He was doubtless at the time sincere in his professions; but his belief, unknown to himself, was shaken for ever. The impressibility of his character was still the same; if he became a Protestant, he was no more an Englishman. He became a scholar, indeed, and even a lover, two characters which perhaps are not exclusively English, and the former even less than the other. Young Englishmen, when they go abroad, become lovers more often than scholars.

A philosopher in love is now and then a curious spectacle. In only one instance during his early years did Gibbon show that he had any of this ordinary weakness of humanity; and even then he loved after his own fashion. Although he was at the time not very far distant from places which genius and passion have hallowed, Gibbon was not a man to sigh from the rocks of Meillerie for the absence of any earthly idol. Mademoiselle Curchod appears to have been everything a man of letters could have wished; she surely deserved as much love and devotion as one human being could give. But her lover was, after all, a recreant knight. He took credit to himself for having loved so purely; but he never thought that there was anything mean or false-hearted in off--

ing up the object of his attachment at the altar of filial duty. He, however, felt rather acutely Rousseau's accusation; to the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, such conduct might well appear contemptible. "We only love once," says Jean Jaques, "it is the first time;" and whether the young historian's attachment was or was not worthy of being dignified by the name of love, it is certain that for ever afterwards his heart was quite comfortable and easy.

It would perhaps be impossible to form any idea of the influence that a marriage with such an amiable and high-souled creature as Mademoiselle Curchod might have had on Gibbon's character. But we think it would have done him much good, and perhaps have prevented some of the blemishes of his heart and intellect. His nature was sluggish; he had no very high opinion of human virtue, no notion of the moral greatness of man.

Mademoiselle Curchod became Madame Necker, and when Gibbon next met her she was a fine lady, who presided, with all the graces of the Parisian, in the drawing-room of the French minister. Their love was not of the kind that makes tragedies. They met each other as friends, and remained so, although there was something rather ludicrous in their future civilities. Necker showed not the least jealousy, and Gibbon's vanity was somewhat hurt to find that the honest financier left him alone with Madame for hours together. Necker, perhaps, understood Gibbon better than the historian understood himself. Never was there a better wife than Madame Necker: never was there a less gallant man than Edward Gibbon.

As Gibbon returned after his long absence in Switzerland, the white cliffs of Albion awoke no patriotic emotions in his heart. He tells us he would gladly have remained abroad, had his father made proper arrangements. Yet never was the name of England borne across the seas with more honor, never had her flag floated more proudly in the breeze, never was the wisdom and genius of her war-minister, and the spirit and valor of her people, more nobly exerted than in those years during which Gibbon was ashamed of being an Englishman. In every part of the world his countrymen were victorious. France and Spain were suffering a long series of humiliations, while Gibbon was morosely spending his hours at Buriton, or indulging himself in the dissipations of London, and thinking what a hard lot it was for a man to be the son of a country gentleman, with nothing to do but enjoy himself.

His studies, indeed, were not entirely neglected; but his disposition was at all times to let things take their course. He scarcely conceals that he felt deeply the restraint of parental authority, but it never struck him that he was then a man, and not a mere boy; that he might have manfully worked his own way to honor, fame, and independence. His books were still his friends, and this yearning for knowledge was inextinguishable. In his library his good genius ever came to his rescue; then he really felt himself to be something more than the fox-hunters and jolly squires whom he was obliged to visit, and spend many hours with every week, in talking about race-horses and county politics. If his heart was not alive to all the nobler sympathies that beautify humanity, if his bosom never throbbed with any great patriotic emotion, if the noble literature of his native land had for his mind few charms, if the setting sun, the ruined tower, the church bells, the green fields, the azure sky, the sunny face of childhood, the lover's lute, the country churchyard full of humble graves, never spoke to him of a wisdom above the wisdom of the earth, of a learning above the learning of the scholar, of a religion above all proud systems of philosophy, if life and death, time and eternity, all our hopes and fears, miseries and sorrows, degradations and aspirations, were to him nothing but matter for ridicule, or, at most, for pity, yet he was not entirely without ideas of fame, genius, and literature, that kept him from sinking altogether in this moral slough. Cicero, Livy, Quintilian, Tacitus, were his constant companions, and he left them with a sigh, to put on the uniform of a grenadier.

The two years and a half that Gibbon spent in the militia were, for many reasons, not the least important of his existence. The few extracts from the journal he kept at that time give us an exquisite glimpse at the life of our honest ancestors during the last century. It would appear that the first duty of the militia officer was to drink claret, sing catches, and make after-dinner speeches, until he fell manfully dead drunk underneath the table. As we read the notes we see the brave commander, Sir Thomas Worsley, just returned from the Spa waters, with his good English face beaming joy and good fellowship, while his brother officers, amid uproarious shouting and cheering, congratulate him on his health and good looks. The dinner table is spread out, the knives and plates are clattering, many good-natured jokes and strong oaths burst from the mouths of the

brave grenadiers; and now the glasses and the decanters have come, the uproar increases, and bottle after bottle is emptied to the health of King George, the confusion of France, and the damnation of the monied interest. One after another of these brave warriors are carried lifeless to bed; but even this is not enough, and Sir Thomas Worsley is awake from his first doze by his gallant companions in arms, who burst into his room, and oblige him to drink another bottle. The hip, hip, hurrahs! again disturb the silence of the night, as the moon is shining above the tents, and as a morose, unsocial young man, is putting off his uniform, muttering a sentence from Cicero, and groaning that such a life is not the most fitted for a man of letters. Poor Sir Thomas! He little knew what eyes were observing him, and what a place he would occupy in history. His jolly days are now over; his sleep is not now disturbed by any of his friends breaking his chamber door open, and pouring more claret down his throat. Who would not wish that men who enjoyed life so much should never have died? But alas! even militia commanders are mortal. The Hampshire Grenadiers have not escaped the influence of this revolutionary century. Amid all our wars and rumors of wars, constitutions and despotisms, barricades and speeches, the old laced hat, the red coat, the bushy wig, the good sword, the bottle of claret, and the honest English prejudices, are seen like a gallant ship now stranded, and left high and dry as the waters have subsided.

It was but a few weeks ago that one of the very few representatives of the "good old times" left the world which had so changed during the ninety-two years of his life. As the old gentleman's property descended to "heirs unknown," all his effects were sold at a public auction. The uncereemonious hands of the auctioneer displayed many relics of the past, and shouts of laughter from the spectators greeted every new memorial. At length a large box was placed upon the table, and the bystanders were very curious to know what it contained. It was opened, and the poor gentleman's grenadier cap, which he had worn sixty years before as a captain in the militia, was exposed to the gaze of the profane lookers-on. The late proprietor had been very proud of it; it was carefully brushed once a week, the gold lace was still bright, but it was purchased, amid much merriment, for tenpence. Oh, spirit of Cincinnatus!

On looking back, after many years, at his

military experiences, Gibbon says they made him an Englishman. It must be confessed, however, that he had no very elevated ideas of a patriot's duty. Although he might despise the society amongst which he was placed, we do not find that his notions on the public affairs of his time were very much superior to those of his fellow warriors. With their port the historian imbibed their prejudices. We look in vain through his letters and memoirs for any just and profound thoughts on the events of the eighteenth century.

During his morning drills and evening carousals, Gibbon's mind was still occupied with the design of writing some history. This cherished project had been familiar to him through all the changes of his life. His early readings, from the period when he first began to think at all, were directed with this intention. When he was an idle student at Oxford, when he was considered as an apostate from the faith of his fathers, when he became a Protestant again, when he became a sceptic, in youth and manhood—as Protestant, Roman Catholic, and unbeliever, as a man of letters and as a man of fashion, as a soldier and as a politician, the faint voice within still whispered that he was to be a historian. This is directly contrary to the opinion of Mr. Carlyle and Dr. Johnson, that the mind of a man of genius is of a peculiarly plastic nature, and that it is in his power to be either a great orator, statesman, poet, historian, or what he will.

Look at Cromwell and Milton. Here are two men having so striking a family likeness that they may be considered brothers; they were both men of genius; men of stern and earnest temperaments; men whose days were spent in strange and unknown ways, with precipices and deep waters on every side; but who were always upheld by a solemn enthusiasm and calm determination, that made them set at naught all the powers of the world. For them the ordinary attractions of life had no charms. They were sent into the world for other purposes than to eat, drink, and be glad. What to them were seventy years of luxury and pleasure, if they were to be purchased by an eternity of misery? Was the Bible true or false? Were heaven and hell truth or lies? They looked into their hearts, and a fluttering spirit told them that the Bible was true, that heaven and hell were true, that life, death, and eternity were true. Each then labored under his great Taskmaster's eye. But how different were their lives, and yet how much

the same! How unlike are their portraits, and yet how like! Yet could Cromwell have been anything more than the statesman and the soldier? Could Milton have been anything but the philosopher and the poet? Was not Cromwell essentially a man of action, and Milton not less essentially a man of speculation? Could Milton have won the battle of Worcester? Could Cromwell have written *Paradise Lost*? It was not assuredly for want of opportunities that Cromwell was not a great poet, for his youth and early manhood were spent in retirement and obscurity, such as were very likely to nurse habits of thought and meditation, and induce the mind to apply itself to the quiet study of literature and philosophy. We know well that Milton devoted his life to study, and how conscious even in his early days he was of his vocation. The design of some great work, which posterity would not let die, was formed in youth, health, and happiness, and carried out in old age, defeat, blindness, poverty, and ruin.

Gibbon was neither a Cromwell nor a Milton. A hero ought to have an iron strength of mind. The historian was made of far different metal: he was not a man to face much danger for any cause; to endure misery and obloquy; to expose himself to the bullets of hostile enemies; to look without blenching on the dungeon and the scaffold. He was not a man to inspire patriotic sentiments, to sympathize with them or to understand them: he could only sneer at the martyr and the patriot. From him the oppressor, the conventionalist, had little to fear: his writings are not the winged words that fly to the heart; his life was not the life of a hero. He was the advocate of a great moral revolution, but he was the unconscious advocate; he was not one to make a revolution. His scepticism, which has been considered the chief blemish in his character and writings, is, in our opinion, their principal merit, for this seems to have been the only thing he was earnest about, the only thing in which he was honest; in this there was no mistake. To talk about him writing with his heart's blood is absurd, but all the earnestness he had in him was exerted when he wrote against priests.

His opinion was—and it is repeated more than once both in the history and the memoirs—that atheism was much less pernicious than superstition. So said Hume, so said Voltaire, so said all the enlightened. In the first chapter of the *Siecle de Louis XIV.*, Voltaire selects out of the history of the

world four illustrious eras. The first period was that of Philip and Alexander; but this was a mere local glory: literature and science shed their lustre on Greece alone; the rest of the earth was in darkness. The second age was that of Cæsar and Augustus, when Cicero, Livy, Virgil, and Horace, flourished. The third epoch was that of the Medici, when Italy awoke from its slumber, and literature and the fine arts again revived under the protection of the merchant princes. But the most glorious of all the periods was that of Louis the Fourteenth, for then the human reason attained perfection, and sound philosophy began to be known among men. The glory of this, says Voltaire, belongs exclusively to France: it is to the eternal honor of France that she has taught men how to think, how to reason, how to disbelieve. It would seem that during the four ages the general idea of virtue changed, and virtue was considered to be whatever was peculiarly excellent in those different times. The Greeks thought wisdom virtue; the Romans, valor; the Italians, art. It is not said what the French philosophers considered virtue, but it is quite evident that they thought all virtue consisted in attacking priests, sneering at enthusiasm, and bewailing the evils of superstition. Reason was their divinity, until at length, in the person of a prostitute, it was worshipped in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

But Gibbon's religious ideas, after all, differed much from those of his brethren in the French Philosophic Church. He was at heart a Tory, and even an Englishman, although he might believe himself to be neither. He hated novelties, and, above all, religious novelties; and it is no exaggeration to say, that one reason of his dislike to Christianity was, because it was a novelty, and supplanted the old paganism. Of religion, in the high sense of the word, he might have no conception, but that only made him love the ancient system of worship more. He loved it for its defects. His imagination, though powerful, was not of the cast to appreciate the elegant mythic poetry, and the beautiful philosophic sentiment, that was sometimes concealed and sometimes typified in the devotion to the gods of the groves, the streams, and the mountains. He was strongly attached to an intellectual aristocracy; the religion of Greece and Rome, therefore, appeared to him more admirable, only because the select youths who went from Rome to study at Athens were taught to smile at the belief of the ignorant millions, and the sacerdotal robe be-

came more venerable merely because the philosopher could conscientiously cover with its folds the heart of the athiest. The great defect in the ancient religion was also the great defect of Gibbon. The ancients never had any religious doctrines that could elevate human nature, and Gibbon's mind was in this respect well adapted to sympathize with a creed destitute of moral elevation. In his elaborate history, the multitude are always represented as hewers of wood and drawers of water; to him there was nothing solemn, affecting, or holy, in the dumb hearts of the millions; hence even the great social evils were in his opinion only what were to be expected and what ought to be: the "many" must be beasts of burden; it was ridiculous to think that they ever could be anything better: hence he makes apologies in the second chapter of his history for the system of slavery which was in force during the most glorious days of Rome, and which was the greatest blemish of the Roman institutions.

It is not, then, surprising, however much it may be regretted, that the most profound, the most intelligent of the historians of the past should not have been a very admirable patriot. One morning in the year 1714, as Gibbon was writing about the destruction of an army of barbarians, his friend and relative, Mr. Elliot, called upon him, and offered him a seat in Parliament. Such was the manner in which members were elected in those days. Gibbon then became a senator, and sat in the House of Commons during one of the saddest periods of English history. If it was one of the saddest, it was also one of the most important even in the history of the world. It is not every day that half the globe is thrown away.

Now was the time for a man deeply versed in ancient literature to teach the squires and merchants what they ought to do. It was indeed the time for men to take an enlarged view of things, to reconcile the rights of the subject and the rights of the crown, to point out what really conduces to the prosperity of empires, and what infallibly leads them to the brink of destruction; to show how colonies are founded, how the germs of imperial greatness are sown in the bosom of a land. All that was dear to the philanthropist, the historian, and philosopher, was concentrated in that one word, America; but alas! the truth must be told, the New World was to Gibbon only a barren wilderness, and the colonists a few daring rebels; his mind was dead to all the greatness of the interests

involved in the contests between the colonists and their mother country. Can it be believed? These words may still be seen in a letter from Gibbon to the most intimate of his friends:—"I went into Parliament without patriotism and without ambition, and all my views extended to the convenient and respectable place of a lord of trade." No Englishman surely can read this confession without wishing that England may never again have such members of Parliament. From such men nothing could be expected but the loss of America, and, as far as it was in their power, the ruin of England.

Gibbon considers that the eight sessions he spent in parliament were far from being disadvantageous to him, for he was there in 'a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.' It was so undoubtedly; undoubtedly there is nothing like experience; but to gain experience by losing America is surely paying dear even for this civil prudence. Ought not the learning of the *Decline and Fall* to have preserved its author from the worst prejudices of the country squire and the worst faults of the old official Tory? As he sat silently and moodily as a member of the Board of Trade, could he not feel that it was unworthy of him to be a jobbing placeman? As his voice swelled the loud cheers which arose from the ministerial benches whenever Lord North spoke of subduing the rebels by force of arms, and of depriving their towns of all law and government, did it never strike him that his own times would one day be historical, and that something more than the mechanical action of a ministerial tool would be expected from the historian of the Roman empire? Were not all his knowledge, wit, and eloquence, all his high notions of self-respect, worth more than a courtier's sinecure of seven hundred a year? Is this the dignity of a man of letters, about which he so often talked? Is it not even putting the cart before the horse, to consider the House of Commons merely as a school of civil prudence in which the historian could judge better of the Roman senate? Ought not the spectacle of the corruption of the Roman senate to have taught him to hate corruption in the English Parliament? Ought not all the disgraceful deeds of the foolish, imbecile, and tyrannical Roman Emperors in the last days of Rome to have caused Gibbon to hate folly, imbecility, and tyranny in his own time and in his own country, whose interests he professed to represent? If men are to write like Gibbon of past ages, and to act like Gibbon in

his own days, have we not heard somewhat too much of the dignity of history, and the wisdom of the philosophy that teaches by examples?

Burke's memorable bills for Economical Reform, and the immortal speech he delivered on introducing them, interrupted the agreeable slumbers of all the political jobbers, of whom Edward Gibbon must be considered one. Gibbon lost his salary, and soon afterwards became sick of politics.

Between Burke and Gibbon there appears to have been little sympathy. Sir James Mackintosh has said that you could have cut all Gibbon's mind out of Burke's, and he would never have missed what was taken away. The fact is, you could have done nothing of the kind; for the minds of the two men were essentially different. The earnest of the one was the jest of the other; no two men of that century had less resemblance. They were both, indeed, rhetoricians; but Burke's rhetoric is of a very superior quality to Gibbon's; it is pure gold, while that of the historian is often only tinsel. Burke's style, even when most gorgeous, is still easy, and almost colloquial; Gibbon is ever on his high-stepping steed; he could not lay aside his pompous air even when talking of Mademoiselle Curchod and the Hampshire Grenadiers. Burke's writings breathe the most chivalrous delicacy, and the most fervent love of all that is grand, beautiful, and ennobling; an unhealthy sensual tone pervades the whole of Gibbon's history; and when he talks of love he is often, notwithstanding his gravity, almost disgusting. Burke was the most distinguished orator, the most richly imaginative, the most comprehensive, the most philosophical that ever adorned the House of Commons; and the only fault that was found with him during the early part of his career was that he spoke too much. Gibbon sat in Parliament during the greatest political conflicts of his generation, the debates were on the most important subjects that ever could interest a philosophical historian, on subjects relating to the foundations of empires, of colonies, of war, of taxation, of the rights of the people, and the rights of the sovereign; on subjects about which a man deeply read in the history of the past could scarcely have thought for a moment without being able to enlighten the merchants and squires at Westminster; but he never once opened his lips in any debate, and seemed rather proud of the 'humble station of a mute.' Burke was a Whig by principle and by profession; he had, however, been educated in a Roman

Catholic country, and though sincerely a Protestant himself, sympathized deeply with his countrymen, who were almost put out of the pale of freedom; Gibbon was an English country gentleman, proud of his birth, proud of his rank, and in his memoirs exults in the dignity of the gentleman commoner's silk gown over the poor bombasin of the plebeian student; yet this man, the Tory, the born gentleman, the admirer of Lord North, to whom he dedicated his history, was also (strange anomaly!) a philosopher after the pattern of Voltaire. When the French Revolution broke out, Gibbon had a severe struggle between his Toryism and his infidelity. He read Burke's *Reflections* with the greatest interest, and admired the eloquence and chivalry of this great political pamphlet so much, that he said he could almost forgive its author's reverence for church establishments. Burke, also, was true to his character. When the first volume of Gibbon's history was published, the orator spoke of the style with absolute loathing.

The first part of this elaborate work appeared in 1776. Although Burke might dislike the style, and many of the principles, yet the multitude at once received it with enthusiastic approbation. Most assuredly it deserved their admiration. If the *Decline and Fall* has great faults, no greater praise can be given to it than to say, that in spite of those faults, which would infallibly damn any other work at the outset, it is still unhesitatingly admitted to be one of the most extraordinary and one of the ablest works that the hand of genius ever wrote. Burke was undoubtedly a much greater man than Gibbon; but it by no means follows, that Burke could have written the *Decline and Fall*.

Considering that Gibbon was what he was, it is useless even to dwell upon the objectionable parts of his work. All that the author could do he has done; more than this cannot be expected from any author. Gibbon has imbued his history with his own spirit; its blemishes are the blemishes of his mind and heart; in every lineament of the child we see the features of its parent. What could Gibbon do more? We have dwelt on what appeared to us the great defects in his character; these defects can all be traced in the history; and were we to enter into an elaborate criticism of it we should repeat many of these observations. Our space will not allow us to attempt an analysis of the *Decline and Fall*, or dwell upon many of the striking political problems which

arise from an attentive consideration of the events related in its brilliant pages.

England is proud of the historical triumvirate, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; but it is evident that the popularity of Hume and Robertson is waning, and that among men of letters their histories are less admired than among the multitude. It is unjust to blame Gibbon for wanting true humanity and real sympathy, without admitting that this want is also to be regretted in the works of his two contemporaries. Neither of them give us very elevating pictures of human nature. They all bear the stamp of the eighteenth century, of its lukewarmness, its scepticism, and its indolent conventionalism. Robertson was, we believe, a sincere Christian; but he was so much affected by the prevailing epidemic, that we cannot see in what he differed from his rivals. Churchmen get no better treatment from his hands; and in his private letters to Gibbon he echoes the sentiments of his correspondent. Whether those works will have the immortality that their authors predicted, is becoming every day more questionable. The public mind is advancing beyond them, so that even Hume's 'careless, inimitable graces,' are less admired than they were by our fathers.

But why should Gibbon be placed in this triumvirate? There is no historical work, either of ancient or modern times, that can be classed with the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It is itself alone, and cannot be paralleled. It is not more unlike the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Livy, or Tacitus, than it is unlike those of Hume, Robertson, Voltaire, Niebuhr, or Macaulay. It is not a national, but a European, and more than European work; it has, perhaps, influenced the students of France and Germany more than those of England.

We cannot conceive how Gibbon's history can ever be superseded. There may be men as learned as Gibbon; but learning and industry are not sufficient to write a great history. There may be men of much greater genius; but we need all the genius, all the industry, and all the devotion that this earth can afford to think and act in the affairs of our own distracted times. The present is too serious, the game of existence is too earnest, to allow us to spend twenty years in writing about the past. Learned professors have had to become practical politicians. The first volley of the revolutionary musketry was the farewell shot over the grave of the intellectual aristocrat. Into the most retired study,

and to the ears of the most epicurean man of letters, the shouts of the combatants and the groans of the dying are borne upon the wind, and all who have ears are obliged to listen. He may close his shutters, fasten his double doors, draw his chair comfortably to the fire, and with his books around him, smile superciliously at the hopes, the fears, and the aspirations of mankind; but still a fearful cry steals ever, ever onward, not to be deadened even by the walls of a dungeon.

We must accept the *Decline and Fall* with all its defects, and be thankful for what Gibbon has given. He has done his best, and therefore, honor to his memory! He has left us in this elaborate work a history of Rome, a history of his own times, and a history of himself. We may perhaps pardon his want of reverence, his affectation, his indecencies, his little love for the grand and the beautiful, his too great love for brute force and successful iniquity, for the original spirit in which the work is conceived and executed, the spirit-stirring narrative, the luminous disquisitions, the wit, the force, the imagination, the eloquence that carry the reader on through so many centuries, untired, and still interested, from the days of Augustus to the fall of Constantinople in the fourteenth century. It is a sublime work, a towering pyramid in an intellectual desert.

Scepticism, as we have before said, is not the worst blemish of this history. No Christian historian has ever given such prominence to Christianity; no Christian historian has ever written of religion with such power. In his pages, sceptical as they are, Christianity is more than a name, a system, or a form; it is a real living spirit: there is an unconscious devotion even in the unbelief. Gibbon's irreligion, lamentable as it may have been, was surely better than the religion of his contemptible assailants, Davis, Chesum, and Travis.

The last three volumes were written at Lausanne, whither he had retired after his parliamentary career had been somewhat ignominiously terminated. It is natural for a man of genius to look with love and gratitude to the spot where his intellectual powers were first awakened, where his ambitious projects were first entertained, where he read, walked, and meditated, when his aspirations were known to himself alone. How cheering every well-known object appears! When Gibbon first visited Lausanne he was a poor youth, trembling under the displeasure of a stern father, full of religious crotchets, desirous to find truth, that like the horizon

before him; passionately fond of miscellaneous reading, and living in an ideal world. When he next visited Lausanne he was in the bloom of manhood, an accomplished scholar, a spirited gentleman, a man of fashion, happy, gay, good-natured, somewhat ambitious of shining in drawing-rooms, and somewhat vain of his first literary production, a brief French essay, that had been more read at Lausanne than in England. When he again visited Lausanne his fame was fully established, he was one of the first historians, he had been a member of Parliament, the friend and equal of statesmen and philosophers; he had passed the middle age, he was rich in the esteem of one or two attached friends; without a prejudice, without a care, without an encumbrance, he was looking forward to spend many happy years in the beloved residence of his youth. When he returned to Lausanne for the last time his work was accomplished; he had mixed for a short while again with the world, but it had only made him more contented with his retirement; new men, new faces occupied the drawing-rooms of London, and the benches of Parliament, and the world, was too busy to pay much attention even to the historian of the *Decline and Fall*. He had left England without a sigh, and again hastened back to his retreat; as his health was good, and his library full of books, not a cloud appeared to darken the serene evening of his day. But what are the hopes of man! Nemesis even pursued the historian. His friend Mr. Deyverdun fell prostrate under an attack of apoplexy, and Gibbon was left to enjoy in solitude the house, with its fine views of the lake and mountains. Then, for the first time perhaps in his life, he felt the wants of domestic society, and learnt that even books were not everything to a human being. His conscience smote him; he was rich, but he was not happy; he was famous, but he was not happy; his griefs may be summed up in his own words, "I am alone." Alone even amid all the beauties of nature, all the trophies of intellect; and age, and perhaps infirmity approaching. And, hark! What noise now breaks upon his ears? Surely it is the crack of doom; it is the outbursting of a terrible subterranean fire; it is the explosion of a world. The thing called the "French Revolution" has commenced. Chaos reigns supreme. Where fair cultivated land but lately was, with its stately palaces and time-honored towers, the stormy ocean is raging, and the waves break even against the Swiss mountains, whither many come for refuge from the storm. Lausanne is filled with

French exiles; that peaceful little town is disturbed by a strange spirit; the inhabitants are trembling with fear of bankruptcy and ruin, and Gibbon, expecting to hear the revolutionary drum in the streets, has his books and clothes packed up, that he may fly immediately to England.

No pages are more humiliating than those at the conclusion of the first part of the *Decline and Fall*. Never was philosophy more put to shame; never was the folly of the wise more exemplified. The most difficult part of the historian's labor appeared to be accomplished; a splendid narrative of the events of five hundred years had been magnificently brought to a period with the fall of the Roman empire in the West. The author, on laying down his pen, attempts to cast a philosophic eye on the past, the present, and the future; and while pondering on the causes that produced the downfall of Rome, and the destruction of ancient civilization, considers whether the like causes may not exist in the eighteenth century, and whether, should they be found, they might not produce the like effects. He says a patriot ought to prefer exclusively the interest and glory of his native land; but a philosopher may be permitted to enlarge his views, and consider all the nations of Europe as one great republic. What, then, is the great philosopher to do? The savage nations being the common enemies of the human race, the philosopher must anxiously inquire whether Europe be still threatened with the calamities by which imperial Rome was destroyed.

This is surely a weighty question. The reader, by his comfortable fireside, naturally is very anxious to know whether any barbarous Goths, Huns, and Tartars are still roaming about their forests, and threatening to burst down upon the cities where civilization and art, literature and comfort are found. Nobody likes the idea of having his peaceful home invaded by some huge Goth, his wealth taken from him, and his dear wife and children butchered before his eyes. Now, if ever Gibbon, the greatest of historians, the most illustrious professor of 'the philosophy that teaches by examples,' ought to prove himself a sage, here is a problem indeed for a philosopher to solve.

The review of Europe during the Roman Empire, and Europe in the eighteenth century, shows clearly, according to this great historian, how Rome fell, and how we at the present day are safe from such fearful misfortunes. The Romans knew not the extent of their danger; the countries beyond the Rhine and the Danube were filled by mighty

tribes of hunters and shepherds, the sworn enemies of peace, civilization, and industry. The frontiers of Gaul were disturbed by revolutions that occurred in China. The Huns, flying before their enemies, caused other tribes to fly before them; and thus column after column of savages, with ever increasing weight, pressed on the Roman Empire. Such can no longer be the case. The north is in complete repose. Germany, instead of a few rude villages, has two thousand three hundred walled towns; three great Christian kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, have been founded; colonies have been extended even so far as the Gulf of Finland; thence to the ocean there is now the powerful and civilized empire of Russia; the plough, the loom, the forge are seen on the banks of the Volga, the Oby, and the Lena; the fiercest of the Tartar bands have been taught to tremble and to obey; and all that remains of the empire of barbarism is the miserable remnant of the Calmucks or Usbecks, who may be almost counted, and cannot certainly occasion the least fear to Europe as it now is, divided into twelve powerful kingdoms, three respectable commonwealths, and a variety of smaller states. If a savage conqueror were now to issue from the deserts of Tartary, he would have to vanquish successively 'the robust peasants of Russia, the numerous armies of Germany, the gallant nobles of France, and the intrepid freemen of Britain; and even should all these living bulwarks against barbarism fail us, ten thousand vessels could still convey us all to America, and thus Europe might still flourish in the New World. And then the invention of gunpowder has given the civilized man the command of air and fire, the two most powerful agents in Nature; mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, architecture, have also been applied to the service of war; cannon and fortifications are impregnable defences against the Tartar cavalry; and all these different facts prove that Europe is secure from any further irruption of barbarians, since before they can conquer, they must cease to be barbarous.'

Such was the conclusion to which Gibbon had arrived. Surely it is a very comfortable one; and doubtless was very pleasing to the readers of the first editions of his work.

In the December of the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, two volumes of another great history, by a distinguished scholar, writer, and philosopher, whose intellectual, though not his moral characteristics have perhaps a resemblance to those of Gibbon, were given to the world. The concluding

paragraph of these two volumes contains two or three remarkable passages, which may with some profit, if also with some mortification, be compared with the last pages of which we have given a slight abstract. We read in this second volume of Macaulay's history, that "Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila and Alboin were enlightened and humane." What! Then there are still barbarians endangering civilization, notwithstanding that the Goths, and the Huns, and the Tartars are no more; and in less than seventy years after Gibbon's brilliant song of triumph even the cannons, fortifications, and walled towns have been no protection from the inroads of the savages! Where was the philosophy teaching by examples? Did it teach Gibbon, its great apostle, where to look for the enemies of civilization? Philosophy was engaged in contemplating its own perfections, and exulting in its own wisdom, when the flood of barbarism burst its banks, and threatened to inundate the earth. But whence did these barbarians come? Not from the northern countries of Europe and Asia; the waters of the Bosphorus were not disturbed by the rude fleets of savage tribes; these assailants came not from the North, nor the South, neither from beyond the Volga, nor from the deserts of Arabia; they had no barbarous names, spoke no barbarous dialect, they were neither Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Gepidæ, Suevi, Vandals, nor Heruli. Whence, then, did they come? They could not spring from out the earth, for this theory about the origin of mankind philosophers have now abandoned. They came from the very temple of civilization, from the very cities where all that was polite, learned, luxurious, and refined was assembled; from the very neighborhood in which philosophers were meditating and writing treatises on progress and perfectibility, where great statesmen were piously believing that they governed the world, where great orators were haranguing, divines preaching, and philanthropists thinking that everything was as it should be. These barbarians were at our firesides, in the midst of all that was great and glorious. We neglected them, as Rome neglected the savage that prowled beyond her frontiers. We are now contending against them with weapons, we trust, more efficacious than the pilum of the Roman soldier. The great question of the nineteenth century seems to be, how are these barbarians to be civilized? May we act earnestly and wisely and thus escape the fate of Rome!

From Fraser's Magazine.

TEA TABLE LITERATURE—MR. TUPPER.*

THAT certain men who are engaged upon religious pilgrimages will not drown, is a belief prevalent among the dwellers by the Upper Nile. However thoroughly they may be wrecked, submerged, and suffocated, the bodies of these men, it is said, float obstinately onward until cast ashore at the desired port; there, at the first bump, they get upon their legs and walk on quite uninjured by the accident. Upon the flood of literature pilgrims float, appealing in the same way to religious feelings for a reverence which they do not deserve, and pushing out upon the tide, recklessly as they do, in leaky, rotten barks, they seem to justify the superstition of the Nile by the success with which they make their voyages. Let any man, familiar only with well-written books, submit a miscellaneous trade-catalogue to scrutiny; he will see, doubtless, not a few works of lofty aim and skilful execution, to be in their first edition still, while books with wondrous titles of religious affectation, now for the first time known to him, he will discover to be abundantly rejoicing in the publication of their seventh, tenth, thirteenth and twentieth thousands. Is he a bold man, let him get some of these books; he may possibly rise up an astonished man when he has read them. No country patient ever suffered physic at the hands of his apothecary with perseverance equal to that of one section of our religious public which swallows with avidity dose after dose of literary trash, out of the belief that it is calculated to do good, to exercise a healing influence.

The section of the public about which we are now speaking is largely composed of individuals who claim respect and good will from their neighbors and affection from their friends. They are not great patrons of controversial theology—except, indeed, when it proposes to discharge its wrath against the

scarlet beast; and they prefer to have this done through the medium of a 'religious novel.' It is a quiet, kindly public; it never starts for church or chapel until it has found its penny for the crossing-sweeper; it sends a plate of meat to the poor pensioner out of its Sunday dinner. It is a human public, and requires to be amused. It goes to oratorios, to chapel tea-parties; it does not abjure social evenings, and it enjoys whist, if the points be threepenny. It includes thousands of the gentlest of our wives and daughters—the meekest, the truest, and the most forbearing. It is, on the whole, a very amiable public, with the one weakness, that it fears to face the world. It does not feel the sacred to be safe unless it is perpetually fingered; it fears lest heaven be forgotten when it is not talked about. It shinks from men and books affecting freedom in their speech. It wants amusement, tales and novels, but it fears frivolity, and asks to have them tinctured with religion. It creates a monstrous literature of its own, and having been the author of its life, becomes its victim. The literature thus called into being grows. The sacred color being given, any article is saleable, and manufacturers spring up who issue the most worthless trash under its sanction. The timid public, for whose use such articles are made, dares not commit the worldly sin of grumbling at the composition which is sanctified by the blue tint of heaven; nor does it venture to examine whether this blue tint be not sometimes given by a die of earthly manufacture. Where will inquiry stop when it begins? the reader asks; and if I am deceived, he weakly adds, let the deceiver bear the sin. So he accepts the book because it claims to be religious. Year after year this process is continued; the trashy volumes which at first had grated more or less upon the public taste, cease to disturb the blunted edge of it. At last, the judgment in such matters of that part of the community concerning which we speak becomes a spoilt tool, only fit for hacking among rubbish.

* *Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, Originally Treated.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., of Christ Church, Oxford. *Twenty-first Thousand.* Hatch-
and 1851.

To the judgment of this public are submitted, with happy confidence, the works of a peculiar class of literary men. Men who beyond a certain measure combine upon paper letters into words, and send their compositions to the printer, may be called literary by a stretch of complaisance; just as we call men musical who display more than ordinary industry in admonishing us, at unexpected or expected hours, with their sepulchral warnings out of the French horn or flute. Indeed we have struck here upon the aptest parallel, for these incompetent musicians certainly do bray or moan forth the most atrocious volumes of unmeaning sound. Nevertheless, such literary men, attempting pious tunes, obtain devoted listeners. They puff, and they obtain the notes which were the object of their puffing. Very soon they know a bank, and have a little balance with the banker.

The man of sense who finds his worth appreciated will receive appreciation in an unaffected manner. He is not surprised at what is natural, but, conscious that he receives full justice from his neighbors, he will feel bound, and well disposed also, to look about him and display a just appreciation of the worth in others. Knowing his metal to be genuine, he never needs to cover it with the electroplate of self-assertion. The weaker man, who finds his insignificance exalted by false praise, surprised and pleased, is always grasping at the garment which envelops him, and which he feels uncomfortably to want fastenings and to have been made for larger limbs; he is perpetually hitching up the breeches of his reputation. He twitches like a galvanized man, under the incessant process of electroplating. His tongue is for ever tapping like a tinker's hammer on the empty vessel of his fame. If he turn writer—and it is as writer that we are just now concerned with him—wondering at his own false position, he will be frequently and publicly applying the word by which he is flattered, 'Author,' to himself; he will prefix a portrait to his books, and adopt devices similar to those which we shall presently examine.

The unparalleled submissiveness with which the feeble part of the outwardly (whether or not at all times inwardly) religious public bows down before its idols made of flesh, and the intolerable conceit begotten naturally among men of weak parts who find themselves revered, are common facts. They are apparent in too many of our churches and our chapels; in the rows of meekly arrogant countenances—portraits of John Smith, John Jones, John Brown, John Williams, reverend

all, and all revered, in the shrine of a pulpit somewhere—whose images are collectively displayed in the shop of some congenial bookseller, or hung up singly over the tea-tables of their respective devotees. The great body of writers who participate in worship of this kind are men unknown, despite their tenth and twentieth editions, out of their own sphere, and altogether beneath literary censure. Nevertheless, it does occasionally happen, that the people from the world without find it their duty to peep in upon the gentlemen within the little circle when they grow too noisy, or do something too absurd. The greater public then intrudes upon the lesser, for the sake of common sense, and for the protection of good taste, to overthrow, if possible even before the eyes of its worshippers, at least to placard with a warning to the prudent some image more preposterous than usual. Not very long ago this lesser public had a laureate who fired off epic poems with alarming frequency, until at length it became incumbent on the literary police to take him into custody. He, being now bound over to keep the peace, has not committed himself lately, but fulfils usefully his duties in a private station. A new laureate, however, has been chosen, who delights more than his predecessor in the publication of his portrait, and even presents to the world a picture of the house he lives in. This new laureate, perceiving Milton to have been his predecessor's prototype, and anxious to show progress and improve upon the epic principle, has chosen Solomon for rival, and publishes a Book of Proverbs, much longer than Solomon's little work, which he no doubt considers to have been a mere *brochure*. Solomon also omitted to publish an engraving of his features 'after Pickersgill.' Since, however, there may be readers who think Proverbs out of date, this writer does not neglect to establish other claims on patronage; so, looking about to see in what way he could serve us, and what place he had better take at the table of the Muses, he assumes the vacant seat of 'Coleridge,' and is kind enough to finish Christabel, and knock off a few other little matters. He has heard about the Pyramids, as the great work of the ancient world, immortal affairs, and thinking that if the wisdom of Solomon be not enough, he has only to add to it the wisdom of Egypt, he constructs off-hand *A Modern Pyramid*. The tremendous grasp of mind possessed by such a writer—we beg pardon, such an author—must, he knows, confound the public; therefore, to reassure us, he presents us with a

condescending little volume, called *An Author's Mind*. Then, moreover, he can write tales as well as any novelist, or write philosophy, or make King Alfred sing in the Old Hundredth measure. Having heard something of 'Chevy Chase,' he disdains to be thought incapable of ballads, and so favors us with *Ballads for the Times*. The name of this tremendous author is small—Tupper.

We have quite omitted to remark, that upon the opening of the Exhibition of all Nations, Mr. Tupper, ready for any occasion, resolved to be all nations, and published what he called a Hymn, in thirty languages; he having procured so many translators for a composition that was not worth putting together in any one language that is spoken upon earth. At the close of the Exhibition, Mr. Tupper felt called upon to print some further stanzas, of which copies were forwarded to editors and others. The Exhibition evidently could not close without him. It is very difficult to sum up the powers of Mr. Tupper, who, like Kehama, thunders down upon us from all sides at once. Lately, he has caused his *Proverbial Philosophy* to be translated in the neighborhood of Leicester-square, printed in the Haymarket, and issued from his publisher's in Piccadilly, to delude unwary critics with 'convincing evidence how very highly our neighbors have appreciated its merits,' and rejoice himself with the make-believe that his great work has been translated by the French. This last device for the electroplating of his reputation is a circumstance to which Mr. Tupper is somewhat indebted for our present notice. We began to look into the soundness of the fame so manufactured; and we propose now to communicate to the world some part of our opinion about it. We are not familiar with all editions of Mr. Tupper's books, and really do not know whether we have the names of all his works. We have enough, at any rate. One may detect the quality of wine without drinking a barrelful.

Is he a handsome man?—and what sort of a house does he live in? These questions from the ladies Mr. Tupper anticipates by publishing a vignette of his house at Albury—w., not, if we have Moore's cottage, and Southey's study?—and by great generosity in the way of portraits. What he has done before this date we cannot undertake to say; but, in the year 1851, there has been prefixed to the English edition of *Proverbial Philosophy*, Martin F. Tupper, from a painting by Rochard, in 1846, a portrait and, liberal man, an autograph into the bargain. In the Lon-

don-made French edition, published simultaneously, there is Martin Farquhar Tupper, from a painting by Pickersgill, another portrait and another autograph, with a self-satisfied flourish at the end. The two pictures are very different. That bearing date 1846, represents a thin gentleman, consciously handsome, with a white waistcoat, and a flow of silk over his shirt, who seems to be stepping in an aristocratic way out of his club, simpering along after dinner, totally unconscious that he has come out without his hat. A decided development of adipose tissue seems to have taken place about Mr. Tupper's person before he sat again for his much-wanted portrait. In the other he looks like a gentleman who has found out that he has only the weak part of the religious public to depend upon, and who has got himself up accordingly. The oil of several editions of his books has plumped his cheeks, we fancy, and expanded his whole form. The flowing scarf has shrunk into an unpretending stock, the waistcoat is a single-breasted velvet, and his coat of the heavy father-of-a-family cut. Underneath this picture should be written, not the autograph of any one, but some catch title; perhaps 'Waiting for Muffins.'

Having taken advantage of the opportunity so liberally forced upon us by this author of bestowing a little criticism upon his outward man, we shall proceed now to look within. Our task is greatly simplified by the fact that, in a book called *An Author's Mind*, Mr. Tupper has performed upon himself the work of an anatomist. His motto to this book is very candid—"En un mot, mes amis, je n'ai entrepris de vous contenter tous en general; ainsi, uns et autres en particulier; *et par special moy-même*." That is quite true, and never has there been a man in print more thoroughly contented with himself than Mr. Tupper. Happy is the man whom smallest things are large enough to satisfy.

An Author's Mind: the Book of Titlepages, the author informs us that he published, to shoot out of the brain some of the grand ideas with friction against which his soul was being worn away. Comic or serious, complete in every department, his mind was a martyr to magnificent ideas. Being cast, however, in a mortal body, matter reining mind in with a curb, his intellectual stomach overloaded, caused an aching of his intellectual head. Relief was sought in an emetic, and the clearance of his surfeited mind was offered to the public in the shape of about thirty titlepages and short written plans of books which it had occurred to him that he

might write: *Nero*, a tragedy; *Charlotte Clopton*, a novel; *Scriptural Physics*, a treatise; *King's Evidence*, a satire; *Home*, an epic; and so on. The writer tells us in his preface that we must not think him egotistical because he writes in character as an author; but he takes care to let us know that he considers himself a real author; and we feel assured that if egotism be the touchstone of authorship, Mr. Tupper is the author of our day.

Thrice (he says) thrice have I (let me confess it) poured forth the alleviating volume as an author, a real author, real because, for very peace of mind, involuntarily; but still the vessel fills: still the indigenous crop springs up, choking a better harvest, seeds of foreign growth; still those Leonæan necks sprout again, claiming with many mouths to explain, amuse, suggest, and convert, to publish invention and proscribe error. Truly it were enviable to be less apprehensive, less retentive; to be fitted with a colander-mind, like that penal cask which forty-nine Danaïdes might not keep from leaking; to be, sometimes at least, suffered, for a holiday, to ramble brainless in the paradise of fools. Memory, imagination, zeal, perceptions of men and things, equally with rank and riches, have often cost their full price, as many mad have known; they take too much out of a man, fret, wear, worry him; to be irritable is the conditional tax laid of old upon an author's intellect: the crowd of internal imagery makes him hasty, quick, nervous, as a haunted, hunted man; minds of coarser web heed not how small a thorn rends one of so delicate a texture; they cannot estimate the wish that a duller sword were in a tougher scabbard;—

And so on. Just the strain of the muffin loving pastor, whom young ladies love because his sword is too much for his scabbard, and his brains are on fire through the intense zeal of his preaching. Fifty pages about himself similar to the above form the introduction to *An Author's Mind*. We are rather timid about venturing to annoy our readers with another specimen, only perhaps, still talking of his brainfull, it may be curious to see how Mr. Tupper, being critical, pats Shakespeare on the back:—

Glad shall I be to victimize my monsters, eager to dissipate my mosquito-like tormentors;—yea, I would "take up arms against a sea." ["Arms against a sea?" Dearest Shakespeare, would that Theobald, or Johnson's stockbutt, "the Oxford editor," had indeed interpolated that unconscionable image! It has been sapiently remarked by some hornet of criticism, that "Shakespeare was a clever man;" but cleverer far must that champion stand forth who wars with any prospect of success upon seas; perhaps Xerxes might have thought of it, or your Astley's brigand, who rushes

sword in hand on an ocean of green baize;—who shall cure me of parenthesis?—well,—"a sea of troubles, [thoughts trouble us more than things,—I sin again; close it;] and by opposing, end them."

That is Mr. Tupper critical, but criticism is only a part of the great Tupperian Cosmos. Let us see *how Mr. Tupper can be logical*:—

Writing is the concreted fruit of thinking, the original expression of new combinations of idea, the fresh chemical product of educational compounds long simmering in the mind, the possession of a sixth sense distinguishing intelligence, and proclaiming it to the four winds.

or comical:—

Against bears in a stage coach, pointers in a drawing-room, lap-dogs in a vis-à-vis, and monkeys in a lady's boudoir, my love of comfort and propriety enters strong protest; an emancipated parrot attracts my sympathy far less than bright-eyed children feeding their testy pet, for I dread the cannibal temptation of those soft fair fingers when brought into collision with Polly's hook and eye; gigantic Newfoundlanders dragging their perpetual chains, larks and linnets trilling the faint song of liberty behind their prison bars, cold green snakes stewing in a schoolboy's pocket, and dormice nestling in a lady's glove, summon my antipathies; a cargo of five hundred pigs with whom I had once the honor of sailing from Cork to London, &c. &c.

or poetical:—

RESERVE.

Thou chilling, freezing fiend, Love's mortal bane,
Lethargic poison of the moral sense——

No; there Mr. Tupper must allow himself to be coughed down. We shall test his quality as a poet when we look at his conclusion to *Christabel*. We may note that his idea of a subject for an epic poem, was "Home," to be written in the style of the *Pleasures of Memory*. We should like to hear Mr. Tupper's definition of an epic when his logical humor is on him. It is the next most desirable thing to Mrs. Todger's opinion of a wooden leg.

For *Mr. Tupper philosophical*, we must turn to his *Proverbial Philosophy*, his great work. We will take that next into consideration. It is called, with the modesty characteristic of its author, *A Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally Treated*; and its pretentious form, together with the fact that the edition of 1851 writes itself down twenty-first thousand, of a book five hundred pages

long, must form our apology for intruding upon these pages any notice of a writer who is in himself so insignificant. His success indicates a defect in the public taste which we have already endeavored to trace to a particular section, and no small section, of the reading multitude. We can only define *Proverbial Philosophy* as a successful attempt at printing commonplaces in a sing-song manner, of giving to the eye a notion of that nasal monotony which is the vehicle commonly employed for the administration of serious platitudes by word of mouth. Of the *Proverbial Philosophy* there are two series, containing about sixty distinct strings of morality on sixty distinct subjects; the Words of Wisdom, Pride, Prayer, the Trinity, Authorship, Love, and so on. Each string of morality is made up of a great number of beads or lines, constructed with a rise and fall, after the exact pattern of the Proverbs of Solomon. As Solomon writes, "Stolen water is sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant," so Tupper writes, "Great is the dignity of authorship; I magnify mine office." Between the works of King Solomon and Mr. Tupper there is a great similarity in form, with differences in the quality of matter. The two proverbs above quoted indicate pretty well where lies the difference between their authors. The proverbs of Tupper are cut more nearly into even lengths, and, being printed versewise, look and read, so far as sound goes, like portions of a supplemental Scripture; they read well with a twang, and since the commonplace remarks are really for the most part a collection of good, charitable, moral dulnesses, the whole book very fairly gets over the weak side of the religious public. Whether Mr. Tupper would have us to suppose that each line of his volume is a proverb we do not know; nothing can be a greater error than any supposition of that kind; lines like "The savage is that rock; and a million chances from without," are rather the rule than the exception. As for the complete lines, few are more original than this: "Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the sun."

We must take the word of the title-page for the originality of treatment which the subjects undergo in this book. We wonder, indeed, that an author with so little in his head should undertake to be sententious: there is boldness and perhaps originality in that attempt. The best German authors are full of proverbial philosophy, in verse, under the name of *Zahme, Xenien*, &c.; and Goethe has a prose-book of proverbs or max-

ims, classified in seven divisions, which does indeed differ in many respects from Mr. Tupper's volume, but the differences are simply such as in manner and matter must exist between the work of a man with a full brain and the work of an author with an empty skull. Perhaps the point upon which the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* prides himself most is the abundance of his imagery; but the theatrical director who should get up a new play with worn out properties and scenes, however lavishly he might display his old goods, would be scarcely praised for liberality in decoration. Whether Mr. Tupper has a right to boast of his new scenery, machinery, and dresses, let the reader judge. The importance of trifles is dilated upon thus:—

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things.

And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray.

A landmark tree was once a weed, and the dust in the balance maketh a difference;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble:

The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand;

And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms:

Yes, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;

And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.

Perhaps our readers have had quite enough of the *Proverbial Philosophy*; and if five hundred pages of it seem a little dreary, even when enlivened by the comic touches of self-satisfaction in the writer, it is pleasant to reflect that our good or ill opinion cannot touch the skin of a religiously defended author:—

Wot thou well, my brother,
I canvass not the smile of praise, nor dread the frown of censure.

Through many themes in many thoughts have we held sweet converse;

But God alone be praised for mind! He only is sufficient.

And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established:

Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer?

I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice,

I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly for gratitude,—

God hath blessed my mind, and taught it many truths.

Plainly; I do not greatly care for your

opinion. I applied to God for the establishment of my words, and He has answered me. How, therefore, can I care for man's opinion? I don't mean to be arrogant, but humbly, since I ought to speak the truth and be grateful for my blessings, I must let you know that I'm a very gifted author.

It would obviously be a work by far too tedious to characterize singly all the rest of Mr. Tupper's publications. How this gifted author finished *Christabel*, we hasten to relate; but stop upon the way to notice one more volume of philosophy—a blaze of Tupperian light thrown upon the mysteries of this our human state. It is a work entitled *Probabilities, an Aid to Faith*; and doubtless was intended by the universal genius to do something in the Paley and Butler line. It undertakes to show that the great mysteries of orthodox belief—'the Trinity,' 'the Godhead visible,' 'the Cosmogony,' 'Adam,' 'the Fall,' 'the Incarnation,' 'Heaven and Hell,' and many more, might naturally have been expected as what would probably exist or occur in the way that they are said to exist or have occurred by orthodox interpreters of Scripture. Of course, the magnitude of any project born of Mr. Tupper's bursting brain ceases to startle us. That, apart from Revelation, the whole train of these tremendous subjects should be abridged and simplified, and so explained as to make them appear ordinary Probabilities—such things as might have been foretold from the beginning by an acute reasoner,—is an idea worthy of its author. That he should find it quite easy to do this, by concentrating his thoughts into seeds, so that they will pack into a thin 16mo volume, gives us no surprise. The gifted man takes all his themes in turn, and points out the probabilities corroborating each doctrine—the Trinity, the Cosmogony, the Incarnation, and the rest of them—in the compass of from four to eight pages a-piece. In each page there is about the same quantity of print as in the page of a three-volume novel.

But a great genius can put his thoughts into a walnut-shell, and that is true of Mr. Tupper, all whose thoughts might even be contained within a cherry-stone, like those services of plate and watches which used at one time to find a market in the London streets. How Probabilities are brought in aid of Faith, we must distress our readers by exhibiting. We cannot comment on the wisdom contained in the appended probability anent 'the Origin of Evil,' but it will be read, no doubt, with elevated eyebrows:—

The probability that good would be warped and grow deteriorate—that wisdom would be dwindled down into less and less wisdom, or foolishness, and power degenerated more and more towards imbecility—must arise, directly a creature should spring out of the Creator; and that, let Astronomy or Geology name any date they will: Adam is a definite date; perhaps, also, the first day's—or period's—work; but the beginning, or Creation, is undated. It would, then, under this impression of the necessary defalcation of the creature from the strict straight line, be rational to look for deviations; it would be rational to presuppose that God, just and good, and pure and wise, should righteously be able to 'charge his angels with folly,' should verily declare that 'the heavens are not pure in his sight.'

Further, it would be a possible chance (which considerations soon succeeding would render even probable), that for a wise humiliation of the reasoning creature, and a just exaltation of the only source of life and light and all things, one or more of such first created beings, or angels, should be suffered to fall, possibly from the vastest height, and, at first, by the slenderest beginnings, lower and lower into folly, impurity, and all other derelictions from the excellence of God, the lines once unparalleled would, without a check, go farther apart for all eternity; albeit the primal deviation arose in time. The ærolite, dropping slowly at first, increases in swiftness as it multiplies the fathoms of descent: and if the abyss be really bottomless, how impossible a check or a return.

Some such terrible example would amount to a reasonable likelihood, if only for a lesson or a warning.

No doubt Mr. Tupper, with the help of a yard measure, could let us know the distance from the earth up to the blue ceiling of the sky.

What sort of 'No Popery' ballads this gentleman would write, our readers can imagine for themselves: we drop one stanza by the way, and hasten on to *Christabel*.

Don't you feel you have made a fool
Of yourself, unlucky B—t,
Just the Jesuit's broken tool,
Not a martyr yet, poor B—t.
Though both Paul and Barnabas deplored
Your mock-popish nonsense, B—t,
No one cared to throw you overboard
Till you leapt there, foolish B—t.

The First Part of *Geraldine*, being the Third of *Christabel*, opens in the forest, with a wolf, an owl, and a raven. It is midnight. There is mention of a witch and a magician. The moon looks

Like an eyeball of sorrow behind a shroud.

What that may be like, we do not know.

There is a guilty one, and there is a dull, un-
earthly light—

Like a dead star, bluely white.

And what that may be like we do not know
either. As for the guilty one—

A seal of sin, I note it now,
Flashes upon thy ghastly brow;
And about the huge old oak
Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
And terrible shapes with evil names
Are leaping around a circle of flames,
And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,
And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven,
And—art thou not afraid?

A very natural inquiry to put to the lady.
She is very beautiful, but then she is a witch,
and, in fact—

By the guilt upon thy brow,
Ah! Geraldine, 'tis thou.

Demons begin to arise, and Geraldine dresses
as befits her company—

Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin.

Brimstone acts upon her eyes, and scorches
them; they then resemble eyes of serpents.
Her hair thickens into a mane, and a crust of
sea-green scales grows over her body; in
short, she becomes a serpent. Geraldine
brings her tail to bear upon the oak-tree,
splits it, and then sleeps exhausted—but
again beautiful—while a Jack-in-a-box pops
out of the oak, 'in a whirl of thick smoke'—

Half hidden in many a flame-colored rag,
It is Ryxon the hag.

'Ho, ho!' says the hag; and that is usually
the first remark occurring to these creatures
when they enter into parley with a mortal:
'What would'st thou with me?' From her
reply it appears that Geraldine is jealous of
Christabel, that it is her desire to have Chris-
tabel's sweetheart to be her sweetheart, and
to be more beautiful than Christabel; and
she would like Christabel to waste away.
She is prepared to pay for her whim, by sell-
ing herself for another five hundred years.
Ryxon shakes hands on the bargain, and says,
so it shall be, only there is added to the com-
pact a condition: Geraldine must be mindful
to put her fingers in her ears if ever she
should see anybody on the point of striking
up a hymn; for if ever she should hear a

hymn, she will become a serpent for a thou-
sand years. So ends the first part of *Geral-
dine*, being the third of *Christabel*; and there
succeeds (just as Coleridge might have writ-
ten it) a Conclusion to Part I., being Cole-
ridgian reflections upon jealousy in women.
Jealousy does a deal of mischief—it causes
this, it causes that—

And the sweet milk of the heart's fountain,
Choked and crushed by a heavy mountain,
All curdled, and hardened, and blackened doth
shrink
Into the fossil sepia's ink.

A beautiful Tupperian image! A fountain
playing sweet milk, this fountain being in the
heart; a heavy mountain tumbles down upon
the milk, and chokes and crushes it; the
crushed milk may of course be appropriately
said to be curdled,—the action of the moun-
tain may, in fact, have crushed it into cheese,
for we are told it is hardened—certainly
cheese; but blackened—spoiled, then; ah,
yes! converted by the action of the moun-
tain into the ink of a fossil sepia. A beauti-
ful Tupperian image!

Part the second of *Geraldine*, being the
fourth of *Christabel*, opens with stanzas com-
mencing with the vigorous remark, 'How
fresh and fair is morn!' and running on in the
same way until the arrival of a young knight,
with golden spurs—in point of fact, a young
crusader, and the sweetheart of Christabel.
They had been companions as children, the
poet tells us—

Thus they grew up in each other,
Till to ripened youth
They had grown up for each other.

So they grew up till they had grown up;
and then parents and guardians decided that
they must not think of one another any more.
Hereupon the poet, with a burst of feeling,
cries, after allusion to the difficulty of break-
ing oaks, and pulling up fir-trees—

O what a wretch to tear in twain
Those that are loved and love again,—
To drag the magnet from its pole,
To chain the freedom of the soul,
To freeze in ice desires that boil,
To root the mandrake from the soil
With groans, and blood, and tears, and toil.

The young knight, Amador, then went
away to make his fortune in the holy wars,
where, we are told—

Saladin trembled at the name
Of Amador de-Ramothaim.

That causes us no wonder. It is a name that would have made Coleridge himself tremble, a civilized man; and it is enough certainly to scare a Saracen. Christabel at home heard of his doings, although not exactly through the medium of the public prints—

For her inmost soul knew well
That he hoped, and spake, and thought,
Only of his Christabel,
That he lived, and loved, and fought
Only for his Christabel;
So she felt his honor hers,
His welfare hers, his being hers,
And did reward with rich largesse
The stray astonished messengers
Who brought her so much happiness.

Now, therefore, the knight was coming, after an absence of ten years, to see his mistress. Alas! however, when he comes—

Poor Christabel was lean and white,
But oh, how soft, and fair, and bright,
Was Geraldine.

The lean and white is to Sir Amador cold veal, therefore he turns his back to Christabel, and his attention to her neighbor, Geraldine. Christabel is literally quite knocked down by this behavior, and in falling, it is not so much the bruise that hurts her—

— she doth fall,
Unheeded in her father's hall,
And oh, the heaviest stroke of all,
By him she loves so well.

The Coleridgean 'Conclusion to Part II.' dilates upon the pain of treasuring up a lock of hair for ten years, and then receiving no thanks for one's faithfulness.

Part Three, being the Fifth and last Part of Christabel, begins with the grief of that injured lady, who appears to have forsworn towels—

None can ever see unmoved
Thy poor wet face,—

And her moist hair hangs like weeping willows over marble rocks—

as when dank willows cluster,
Weeping over marble rocks.

A troop of men arrives at her father's castle, mounted upon black and gray horses—

A mingled numerous array
On panting palfreys, black and gray,
With foam and mud bespattered o'er.

One of these, on a milk-white mare, with a gilt harp, green chaplet, and white beard (quite the picture for a sign-board), is 'Bracy the Bard.' We may say generally that this troop attends upon an old gentleman, Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine, who now comes out of Coleridge into Tupper, taking this opportunity to say that he has lost no daughter, but that he wishes to be reconciled to Leoline. The reconciliation between these old gentlemen is told in fine Tupperics:—

Their knees give way, their faces are pale,
And loudly beneath the corselets of mail
Their aged hearts in generous heat
Almost to bursting boil and beat.

They do not quite burst their above-mentioned boilers; but the description of their feelings goes on in the same strain, until, at last—

With 'Oh, my long-lost brother!'
To their hearts they clasp each other.

And the old gentlemen conclude the scene by a quiet kind of bursting—into tears, like cherubs weeping, the poet says—

As children, yea, as cherubs weep.

Geraldine, now entering, excites the admiration of these two old men, who, running out of one cherubic state into another, kneel before her with an amorous senility, and ask her whether she is not 'Our Lady of Ferness?' They are about to say to her—

Bless us for thy wondrous son,

When there occurs a hiss and a twist of a serpent on the ground, which checks their piety. Geraldine assures them that she is a simple innocent maid; and the old gentlemen are about to put the cap upon their folly—

—full of love these ancient men
Fall fired with guilty love,—

when they perceive how,

within the chamber door,
Softly stole Sir Amador,

and they, accordingly, slink out. Embraces follow. Christabel steps in. She comes to the pair, stands by and wrings her hands, and looks up to the Virgin—

It is done,—he is won! stung with remorse,
He hath dropt at her feet as a clay-cold corpse.

So now each lover has had a drop. The suddenness of the repentance is extremely startling. Christabel proceeds to kiss her knight, at which proceeding Geraldine is so rude as to glare and gnash her teeth. At this juncture, Bard Bracy outside, who probably has just finished his dinner, strikes up a hymn by way of grace, and Geraldine, who has not put her fingers in her ears, becomes a serpent for a thousand years.

In the conclusion to this part and to the poem a spirit comes—

Not swift but soon, next day at noon,
Just at the wedding hour,

with the opportune news from Heaven to Roland de Vaux, that Amador is his long-lost son—

The spirit said, and all in light,
Melted away that vision bright,
My tale is told.

So ends the poem; and we spare our readers any farther illustration of the empty vanities of Mr. Tupper. A writer so weak and vain might fairly have been overlooked by us, in the belief that his works soon would perish of their own inanity. But if we have specified an individual, it has been to illustrate a class. The author of *Proverbial Philosophy* is a man eminent at tea-tables, who displays in a marked manner those characteristics which go to make up an idol for the weaker section of religious readers. Other such sources of absurdity are pouring every year into one muddy pool, the dribbets, or the drainage, or the sluggish rivers of their dulness. As members of a literary

Board of Health, our duty is performed when we have issued a report upon the nuisance. We declare the water of the great pool of Muffin-Morality to be a brackish and unwholesome fluid, which ought to produce a sense of sickness in a healthy stomach. We have called attention to the pool, and lifted up our caution by the side of it.

To put the rest of what we have to say in the Tupperian proverbial form that is best suited to its nature:—

The sun sets in the west; darkness envelops the earth.

Light is something, we have said it; when the sun sets something is gone.

Speech is the light of thought; silence is darkness; thought is a sun.

When the sun sets, thought ends; silence should come, but it does not.

Speech which is light goes on, yet how it is light we marvel.

Speech without thought is heavy; heavy and light are dissimilar.

Speech, then, is light and heavy; there is unity in contradiction.

We talk but we have nothing to say; such talk is proverbial.

Give us a form of speech, give us a manner of speaking.

Sentences please on the lip, if the mouth will utter them roundly.

Matter to say we have none, but we speak in the manner of Tupper.

Manner will make the man, and as for the matter—what matter?

Yet it is good to pause in a thing that might go on for ever.

Milk is sweet, nuts are hard, bricks are red, but white occasionally.

Let the voice die on the lip, the words of the wise are ended.

CRUIKSHANK.—Some days before you left Scotland, I had the pleasure of meeting George Cruikshank at dinner with Professor Wilson, the Sheriff, Blackwood, and Jay from America. Although I have had some pleasant letters from Cruikshank, I never had an opportunity before of taking his hand. We are very apt to form erroneous notions of the personal appearance of men who have particularly interested us, and in spite of ourselves the mind will—must, I fancy—form an ideal portrait; but with me fancy and fact met in Cruikshank; the reality was exactly what I had expected. Could this be from the perfect truth and originality, which he has imparted to his creations, being only reflections of himself? We were friends in ten minutes, and he gave me some curious and

most interesting details of his early life and progress. "The Drunkard" and "The Drunkard's Children" I had both admired and shuddered over; but I must say, in spite of this, that the only thing in him I was not prepared to meet with was—the Tee-totaller. Be he right or wrong for himself, one thing requires consideration. I have known several men of talent and genius who, under the impression that they had been accustomed to live too fully, had become water-drinkers; and it has struck me that the abstraction of the wine might also be noted in the abstraction of that vigor and originality by which their compositions were formerly distinguished. It is a curious subject, and worthy of investigation.—*Moir's (Delta) Life.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

QUENTIN METZIS.*

IN the year 1470, there was at Antwerp a celebrated blacksmith, who employed many industrious and able-bodied workmen, and whose forge rang daily to the sound of the hammer, and glowed in the fierce red light which imparts so fantastic and strange a character to every object that it illumines. Amongst his workmen was one who seemed never to have been destined by nature for so laborious an employment. He was one of those exceptional beings who afford striking evidence of the power of the will, united with physical debility; for in this young man, who was no other than Quentin Metzis, it was moral energy that supplied the place of strength. He felt that it was art and not labor for which he was qualified; yet he had patience to resign himself to his destiny, and a spirit of emulation which taught him to excel even in this laborious profession. He was the blacksmith's best workman, and his master loved him, despite the apparent singularity of his character; for, inwardly conscious of a capacity for better things than striking the anvil or shoeing a horse, he did not share the habits of his comrades. It was not that he despised them; but they wearied him, and when once his task was done, he liked better to be alone with his own thoughts than to drink with them.

One evening that the smith's workmen were going to a neighboring tavern, they invited Quentin Metzis to accompany them. He thanked them kindly, but declined.

"What is the matter with him?" asked one of the workmen of his companion, when Metzis was out of hearing.

"He is in love," was the reply.

"Well, what does that signify? That is no reason for not drinking; but rather the reverse."

"Very true; but he is sad, and it is that which prevents him from drinking."

"Then he must see love in a wrong light; for I am in love too, and I am merry."

"Yes; but you are not in love with a girl

who is too rich and too handsome for you, and that is what has happened to our poor comrade, who is madly in love with the daughter of a man who will only bestow her upon a painter; and as no man can make pictures with a hammer and anvil, the poor fellow is quite out of heart, and unless the father changes his mind, which is not likely, Quentin Metzis will probably never marry his sweetheart."

And the two speakers returned to their bottle, without troubling themselves further about the sorrows of their comrade.

As to Metzis, he had, as we have said, left his companions, and, his eyes fixed on the ground, had turned down a well-known road, under the guidance of his heart rather than of his will. Suddenly he stopped before a door which he had no right to open, and concealing himself in the shade, waited, with his eyes fixed on one of the windows of the house, for that which he similarly awaited every evening—for that which gave him strength for the toil and burden of the morrow. Then, when he had seen the window open—when, as in a celestial vision, a silent gesture had answered his gaze, and after this long-desired moment of happiness the window closed again, he retraced his steps, repeating to himself, as he did every evening, "She loves me;" and on these three words he based all his visions of the future. Sometimes a gleam of hope shot across his soul; but when, on quitting some church where he had been praying, he contemplated the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the period, and reflected that he must do as much before he could gain his object, the momentary hope vanished, and he felt that it was impossible.

Returning home after this transient happiness, he found his mother, whose constant prayers were for her son, awaiting him. He embraced her affectionately, saying,

"Good evening, dear mother."

"How are you this evening, Quentin?"

"Quite well, thank you, mother."

And embracing her once more, without perceiving the tears which rose to her eyes,

he retired to his chamber, where he was alone with his dreams.

Hence arose the long, feverish hours of watching, in which the workman dreamed of art, the humble blacksmith of glory, the unhappy lover of love; hours which consumed half of the night, and left him sadder and more powerless than before.

There are sorrows which can be held under sufficient control to conceal them from the eye of strangers, but cannot be hidden from a mother's love; and every morning, when Metzis went forth to the forge, his mother gathered from her son's pale face how many sleepless hours he had passed. Without ever having learnt it from his own lips, the poor woman fully comprehended that her affection was no longer sufficient for her son, and she waited till he was gone to let her tears flow without restraint.

One morning, however, he was so dejected, and looked so deadly pale, that his mother would not let him go out; and in the evening, at the hour when he was wont to seek the spot where all his happiness was centred, he was too feeble to leave his bed.

The reason of this was that despair and discouragement had at length overpowered the strong will which had struggled against them, and that his scanty hours of sleep had given place to utter sleeplessness. He was a prey to one of those illnesses which, varying in form and name, are the same in fact; which waste the frame, dim the eyes, and wear out the heart.

It is in moments such as these, when all hope forsakes us, that we cling to the blessings which still remain; and Quentin Metzis, unable any longer to seek the daily solace of a glimpse from his mistress, turned for comfort only to his mother's love.

He opened his whole heart to her; and the poor woman, who had nothing to give but her own life for that of her son, perceived at once that, unless it pleased God to work a miracle, that son must die.

One of his brother workmen, who often came to visit him, reached his door one day, at the very moment that a procession in behalf of the sick was passing along the street; he held in his hand one of the wood-cuts which were distributed by the members of the brotherhood.

"Well, Metzis, how are you?" asked the blacksmith, on entering.

"Much the same, thank you."

"I have brought you one of the wood-cuts given by the brethren."

"What for?" asked the sick man.

"To cure you," replied his friend. "The procession in behalf of the sick has just taken place, and some of these wood-cuts have been distributed; and as I know what wonderful cures they effect, I have brought you one."

"But there are illnesses which they cannot cure," said Metzis, "and mine is one of those."

"Why should you be so discouraged? It is that which does you harm. Try and divert your mind, and you will get well. If it only serves to occupy your thoughts a little, it will do some good. Take it, and amuse yourself with copying some of these figures of the blessed saints; it will help to pass the time, and that is something when one is ill."

The blacksmith then shook hands with him and went away, leaving the miraculous wood-cut on his bed.

When Metzis was alone he relapsed into his usual reverie, without appearing to remember his friend's words. His mother, absorbed in prayer, was watching beside him like a guardian angel; but at length perceiving that he was falling asleep, a rare blessing for him, she rose and left the room.

When he awoke he found the wood-cut still lying on his bed, where the blacksmith had left it, and took it up mechanically, saying, "It is not that which can save me!" Yet he no longer looked at it with indifference, but contemplated it first with devout attention, and then with prayer, till the tears filled his eyes, and it seemed to him as if these quaint figures of saints smiled upon him, and whispered to him the words of hope, to which in suffering we are all so eager to listen. He dashed away his tears, regarded the wood-cut with increased attention, then rose from his bed, went to the table, seated himself, and began to copy the figures of the saints, whose countenances still smiled upon him. He appeared rather like a somnambulist obeying the dictates of some hidden influence, than a waking man acting in accordance with his own will, so immovably fixed were his eyes, so low and feeble was his breathing. Yet an occasional smile gleamed upon his face, for now his copy began to assume form and likeness to the original—his own saints began to smile encouragingly upon him. It seemed as if the miraculous cure foretold by the blacksmith were really in process; for Metzis began to perceive with his own eyes the goal of which hitherto he had only dreamed. At the end of half an hour he stopped; drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, as upon that of a man awaking

from an agitating dream. He looked at his work—

The likeness was perfect—the joy had well-nigh turned his brain!

His poor mother, bending over his chair, had understood all his sufferings, entered into all his dreams, and doubtless, while her son had worked, she had done her part in prayer. Certain it is, that when his task was done, and Metzis rose, he met the eyes of his mother beaming upon him through tears of joy—they had no need of words to understand each other, and were soon locked in each other's arms.

At this moment his visitor of the day before made his appearance; Metzis hastened towards him, and to his surprise embraced him eagerly.

"You have saved my life," said he.

"How so?"

"With your wood-cut."

"Ah! I knew that—and so you will come back to the forge?"

"No, I am no longer a blacksmith."

"Dear me! what are you then?"

"I am a painter."

"You? a painter?"

"Yes, I," and with these words Metzis left the room.

"I see, the illness has taken a different form, and touched the brain. Your son is out of his mind," said the blacksmith to Quentin's mother.

"God is great and merciful, and he has had pity on him," said the old woman, "that is all."

"We shall see," replied the man. "I shall wait till he comes back," and he sat down beside the table at which Metzis had been working, and upon which he perceived both the original wood-cut and the copy. He was struck dumb with amazement, the miracle was obvious and palpable. He awaited with impatience the return of his friend, the cause of whose sudden departure he did not understand, and was curious to learn.

Half an hour later Metzis reappeared.

"Where have you come from?" asked the blacksmith.

"From my father-in-law's house."

"Are you married, then?"

"No; but I soon shall be."

The blacksmith reverted to his original idea that his friend was mad. He, however, wished to be sure of the fact before he left him, and asked him whom he was going to marry.

"A young, rich, and beautiful woman,

who was to marry only a painter. I have just offered myself."

"But a long time must elapse before you are qualified to paint a picture, and, perhaps, in the meantime your wife may grow tired of being the widow of a future husband."

"She will wait for me."

"Well, but what have you done?"

"I went, as I have told you, to the father, and asked of him his daughter's hand, which he refused me."

"Very naturally."

"He told me that he had promised her in marriage to a painter, and could not give her to any other, unless he were a better artist; and when, on his asking me what I had done hitherto, I told him that I had worked in iron, he laughed in my face."

"And what did you do?"

"I merely said to him, 'give me six months' time, and if in six months I do not bring you a better picture than your son-in-law elect, you may give him your daughter.' He went on laughing, and challenged me to do it. I accepted the challenge, and I am going to set to work immediately."

"You are quite right there; you should strike while the iron is hot," said the blacksmith, who borrowed his figures of speech from his profession.

"And now many thanks to you, my good friend, for it is to you that I owe all this. In six months' time you will come to my wedding."

And the two young men parted, the one to go and tell the news at the forge, the other to commence his task.

Then began an obstinate struggle between the artisan and the artist, which, as it became more arduous, entailed many an hour of deep discouragement, in which the poor votary of painting gave way to exhaustion and despair on beholding how little he had effected, and how much yet remained to be done. He had not, indeed, mistaken his calling so strangely revealed to him by the wood-cut, but so much study and labor were required in order to attain his end, that but for his undying love, for the gratification of which renown was an essential condition, he would have abandoned his design as impracticable. But time rolled on, and Metzis, absorbed in the pursuit of his object, disappeared from his accustomed haunts, or only came forth occasionally to take breath before renewed efforts. At length he reappeared amongst men, pale and wan from victory, as others are from defeat, but with a glance of triumph

in his eye beaming with the consciousness of power unalloyed by pride.

Six months had completed the miracle foretold by the blacksmith, and he now knocked eagerly at the door before which he had so often kept his hopeless watch.

"Oh! is it you, Metzis?" said his future father-in-law, on beholding him. "Your six months are passed, and you come to acknowledge yourself beaten."

"You are mistaken," replied the artist, "I have still a fortnight before me, but, with your leave, I had rather be before-hand."

"Is not that presumption?" said the father.

"No; it is only very natural impatience to secure the prize I have labored so hard to gain, now that I have won it."

"Won it?"

"Yes, indeed. The proof of it is too large to bring hither, or I would on no account have troubled you; but if you will have the kindness to come with me, you can give me your opinion of a picture which I purpose to present to the church in which I am married."

The two men went out together, and a week after Quentin Metzis was married, to the great wonder and admiration of all the smiths in Antwerp, before an altar-piece, of which the centre compartment represents the burial of our Saviour; the right hand one the presentation of the head of John the Baptist at the table of Herod; and the left hand one St. John in the cauldron of boiling oil. This painting is to be found in the Sistine Chapel of the Church of Notre Dame at Antwerp, and is one of the best performances of Quentin Metzis. In front of the same church, which contains the first effort of the painter, is to be seen the last work of the blacksmith; a well, of which the wrought

iron decorations were shaped with the hammer, and not with the file.

The singularity of his marriage, his previous profession, and above all, his indisputable talent, acquired a great reputation for Quentin Metzis. It is always an attraction to the public if there is something strange or poetical to shed a romantic interest over the man whose works they admire or seek to purchase. The English have this taste in a peculiar degree; thus Quentin Metzis has become a great favorite with them, and so many of his pictures have passed into their hands, that now, with the exception of two or three, it is difficult to say what has become of the productions of the painter blacksmith.

Amongst them, we may, however, specify, besides the painting before which his marriage took place, his own portrait and that of his wife, both of them to be found in the Florence Gallery, and two scenes from the life of our Saviour—the Virgin and Child, and the Christ and his Mother—full of the poetry of religion.

His other works are so scattered that it would be impossible here to give a list of them.

Such was the life of the blacksmith, Metzis, thus epitomized in the Latin verse upon his tomb:—

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."
Quentin Metzis died at Antwerp at the age of seventy-nine, in the year 1529.

He was first interred in the church of the Chartreux de Kie, and his body was afterwards removed to the foot of the tower of the cathedral, where his monument now stands with this inscription:

"QUINTINO METZIS,
INCOMPARABILIS ARTIS PICTORIS ADMIRATRIX
GRATAQUE POSTERITAS, ANNO, POST OBITUM SECVLARE
CIC. MD. C. XXX.
POSUIT.

BURIAL-PLACE OF BUNYAN.—A notice has been issued that no further interments will take place in Bunhill-fields burial-ground, except in family graves and vaults, which announcement has given great satisfaction to the inhabitants in the locality, who have long complained of the state of the ground in question, which has for many years past been overcrowded with coffins. This celebrated cemetery has been chosen chiefly by Dissenters for the interment of their relatives, and it is the property of the Corporation of

the City of London. Here are deposited the remains of John Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," the eminent Isaac Watts, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Rippon, etc. According to the report presented to the Sanitary Commissioners, the site comprises about seven acres; and it is calculated that since the year 1665, when it was opened—though there is a tradition in the parish that it was used as a place of burial long before—above one hundred thousand coffins have been deposited there.

From Dickens's Household Words.

SHAWLS.

In that part of Asia where some of our brave countrymen have penetrated only to die—in that country where Charles Stoddart and his friend Conolly, whose faces will never be forgotten by some of us, and whose voices still sound in our ears, consoled each other through a loathsome imprisonment, and went out together to lose their heads in the market-place of the capital; in that distant and impracticable country of Bokhara, which we are ready to say we will never have any connexion with—there are people always employed in our service. We are not now thinking of the Bokhara clover, which is such a treat to our cows and horses. We owe that, and lucerne, and others of our green crops, to the interior of Asia; but we are thinking of something more elaborate. In Bokhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the belly is growing; this fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl pattern such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our Schools of Design and study of nature and art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joins. The precious merchandise is delivered to traders who receive it on credit. On their return from market they pay the price of the shawls at the Bokhara value, with 30 per cent. interest: or, if they cannot do this in consequence of having been robbed, or of any other misfortune, they stay away, and are never seen again in their native land.

Where is this market? So far away from home that the traders wear out their clothes during their journey; and their fair skins become as brown as mulattoes. On, on, on they go, day after day, month after month, on their pacing camels, or beside them, over table-lands, mounting one above another; over grass, among rocks, over sand, through snows; now chilled to the marrow by icy

winds; now scorched by sunshine, from which there is no shelter but the flat cotton caps, with which they thatch their bare crowns; on, on, for fifteen thousand miles, to the borders of Russia, to sell the shawls which are to hang on ladies' shoulders in Hyde Park, and where beauties most do congregate in Paris and Vienna.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins as a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body as a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree where the whimsical patterns grow, like the wild flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls, to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost

as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnants of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden-aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration; parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia over bleak continents and wide oceans, can be only for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year, for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the Queen and certain duchesses and countesses, offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasures from India, their Cashmeres, and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, but for the unaccountable and unrivalled superiority of the Orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women

of the working classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacture is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactories.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl; designed for eternity in the unchanging East; copied from patterns which are the heirloom of a caste, and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adorers of the ancient garment, who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl, with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called a shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it: the tartan—which name is given not only to the checks of divers colors which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colors and fabric—woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulders. The third kind is quite modern; the showy, slight and elegant printed shawl, derived from Lyons, and now daily rising in favor. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire—without injury to Stirlingshire—which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years; and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshippers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime. Ordinary purchasers give from one pound to ten pounds for one, and can give more if they desire a very superior shawl; a process which it is not convenient to repeat every two or three years. The handsomest printed shawls, meantime, can be had for two pounds, and they will last two years; by the end of which time, probably, the wearer has a mind for something new. The time required for the production answers pretty accurately to these circumstances. It takes a week to weave a shawl of the genuine sort; in the same time ten or twelve of the tartan or plaid, and twenty or thirty of the printed can be produced.

The processes employed for these three kinds of shawls are wholly different; and we will therefore look at them separately, though we saw them, in fact, under the same roof. As for the tartan shawls, there is no need to en-

large upon them, as their production is much like that of any other kind of variegated cloth. We need mention only one fact in regard to them, which is, however, very noticeable; the recent invention of a machine by which vast time and labor are saved. As we all know, the fringes of cloth shawls are twisted—some threads being twisted together in one direction, and then two of these twists being twisted in the opposite direction. Till a month ago this work was done by girls, in not the pleasantest way, either to themselves or the purchaser, by their wetting their hands from their own mouths, and twisting the threads between their palms. The machine does, in a second of time, the work of fourteen pairs of hands: that is, as two girls attend it, there is a saving of twelve pairs of hands and some portion of time, and the work is done with thorough certainty and perfection: whereas, under the old method, for one girl who could do the work well, there might be several who did it indifferently or ill. The machine, invented by Mr. Hutchison, must be seen to be understood: for there is no giving an idea, by description, of the nicety with which the brass tongues rise to lift up the threads and to twist them; then throw them together, and rub them against the leather-covered shafts; which, instead of human palms, twist them in the opposite direction. In seeing this machine the old amazement recurs at the size, complication, and dignity of an instrument contrived for so simple a purpose. The dignity, however, resides not in the magnitude of the office, but in the saving of time and human labor.

Of the other two kinds of shawls, which shall we look at first? Let it be the true and venerable woven shawl.

The wool is Australian or German—chiefly Australian. It comes, in the form of yarn, from Bradford, in hanks which are anything but white, so that they have first to be washed. Of the washing, dying, and warping we need not speak, as they are much the same to the observer's and therefore to the reader's eye, as the preparation of yarns for carpets in Kendal, and of silk for ribbons in Coventry. While the washing and drying, and the dyeing and drying again are proceeding, the higher labor of preparing the pattern is advancing.

But how much of the lower kind of work can be done during the slow elaboration of the higher! It really requires some patience and fortitude even to witness the mighty task of composing and preparing the pattern of an elaborate shawl. Let the reader study

any three square inches of a good shawl border; let the threads be counted, and the colors, and the twists and turnings of the pattern; and then let it be remembered that the general form has to be invented, and the subdivisions, and the details within each form, and the filling up of the spaces between, and the colors—as a whole, and in each particular; and that, before the material can be arranged for the weaving, every separate stitch (so to speak) must be painted down on paper in its right place. Is it not bewildering to think of? Much more bewildering and imposing is it to see. As for the first sketch of the design, that is all very pretty; and, the strain on the faculties not being cognizable by the stranger, is easy enough. There goes the artist-pencil—tracing waving lines and elegant forms, giving no more notion of the operations within than the hands of a clock do of the complication of the works. Formerly, the employers put two or three good foreign patterns into the artists' hands, and said, "Make a new pattern out of these." Now that we have Schools of Design, and more accessible specimens of art, the direction is given without aids. "Make a new pattern;" and the artist sits down with nothing before him but pencil and paper—unless, indeed, he finds aids for himself in wild flowers, and other such instructors in beauty of form and color. By degrees the different parts of the pattern shape themselves out, and combine—the centre groups with the ends, and the ends grow out into the sides with a natural and graceful transition. Then the portions, properly outlined, are delivered to the colorers; who cover the drawing with oiled paper, and begin to paint. It would not do to color the outlined drawing, because there are no outlines in the woven fabric. It is dazzling only to look upon. Much less minute is the transferring to the diced paper which is the real working pattern. The separate portions of the finished pattern of a single shawl, when laid on the floor, would cover the carpet of a large drawing-room. The taking down such a pattern upon paper occupies four months.

The weaving is done either by "lashing," or from Jacquard cards. The Jacquard loom answers for the eternal patterns, and the "lashing" method suffices for those which are not likely to be repeated. The man seated at the "piano-machine," playing on a sort of keys, from the colored pattern stuck up before his eyes, is punching the Jacquard cards, which are then transferred, in their order, to the lacing-machine, where they are

strung together by boys into that series which is to operate upon the warp in the weaving, lifting up the right threads for the shuttle to pass under to form the pattern, as in other more familiar manufactures. The "lashing" is read off from the pattern, too, in the same way as with carpet patterns at Kendal; so many threads being taken up and interlaced with twine for a red stitch, and then so many more for a green, and so on. Boys then fasten each symbol of a hue to a netting of whipcord, by that tail of the netting which, by its knots, signifies that particular hue: so that, when the weaving comes to be done, the boy, pulling the symbolic cord, raises the threads of the warp,—green, blue, or other,—which are required for that throw of the shuttle. Thus the work is really all done before-hand, except the mere putting together of the threads; done, moreover, by anybody but the weaver, who is, to say the truth, a mere shuttle-throwing machine. The poor man does not even see and know what he is doing. The wrong side of the shawl is uppermost; and not even such a wrong side as we see, which gives some notion of the pattern on the other. Previous to cutting, the wrong side of a shawl is a loose surface of floating threads of all colors; of the threads, in fact, which are thrown out of the pattern, and destined to be cut away and given to the paper-makers to make coarse gray paper. One pities the weaver, who sits all day long throwing the shuttle, while the boy at the end of his loom pulls the cords which make the pattern, and throw up nothing but refuse to the eye. He has not even the relief of stopping to roll up what he has done; for a little machine is now attached to his loom, which saves the necessity of stopping for any such purpose. It is called "the up-taking motion." By it a few little cog-wheels are set to turn one another, and, finally, the roller, on which the woven fabric is wound as finished.

The bundles of weaving-strings and netting which regulate the pattern, are called "flowers." From the quantity of labor and skill wrought up in their arrangement, they are very valuable. A pile of them, on a small table, were, as we were assured, worth one thousand pounds. We may regard each as the soul or spirit of the shawl,—not creating its material, but animating it with character, personality, and beauty. We have said that it takes a man a week to weave a shawl: but this means a "long" shawl, and not a "square." The square remain our favorites; but the female world does not seem to be of our mind. It is true the symmetry of the pattern is

spoiled when the white centre hangs over one shoulder. It is true, the "longs" are heavy and very warm, from being twice doubled. But they have one advantage which ladies hold to compensate for those difficulties; they can be folded to any size, and therefore to suit any figure,—tall or short, stout or thin. We are assured that, for one square shawl that is sold, there are a hundred "longs."

A capital machine now intervenes, with its labor-saving power; this time, of French invention. Formerly, it took two girls a whole day to cut off the refuse threads from the back of a shawl. But this machine, superintended by a man, does it in a minute and a half. A horizontal blade is traversed by spiral blades fixed on a cylinder, the revolving of which gives to the blades the action of a pair of scissors. The man's office is to put in the shawl, set the machine going, and to beat down the refuse as fast as it is cut off.

The upper surface of the shawl remains somewhat rough—rough enough to become soon a rather dirty article of dress, from the dust which it would catch up and retain. It is therefore smoothed by singeing. This very offensive process is performed by a man who must have gone through a severe discipline before he could endure his business. He heats his iron (which is like a very large, heavy knife, turned up at the end) red hot, spreads the shawl on a table rather larger than itself, and passes the red-hot iron over the surface, with an even and not very rapid movement. What would that Egyptian dragoon have said, who, being asked to iron out an English clergyman's white ducks, burned off the right leg, with the first touch of his box-iron? That box-iron was not red hot, nor anything like it; yet there is no such destruction here. There is only the brown dust fizzing. Pah! that's enough! let us go somewhere else.

In a light upper room, women and girls are at work, sitting on low stools, each with a shawl stretched tightly over her knees. Some of these are darning with the utmost nicety, any cracks, thin places, or "faults" in the fabric; darning each in its exact color. Some are putting silk fringes upon the printed shawls, tacking them in with a needle, measuring each length by eye and touch, and then knotting, or, as it is called, "netting" the lengths by cross-ties. One diminutive girl of nearly ten, is doing this with wonderful quickness, as she sits by her mother's knee. The girls do not come to work before this age: nor the boys before twelve. In other rooms women are seated at tables or

leaning over them, twisting the fringes of plaid shawls, or picking out knots and blemishes with pincers, and brushing all clean and then folding them, with sheets of stiff pasteboard between, ready for the final pressure in the hydraulic press, which makes them fit for the shop.

The fabric for the printed shawls is light and thin, in comparison with the woven. The thinness is various; from the *barège* to the lightest gossamer that will bear the pressure of the block. The whole importance of the production consists in the printing; for the fabric is simple and common enough. A man can weave ten yards per day of the *barège*; and the silk gauze, striped or plain, requires no particular remark.

The designing is done with the same pains and care as for the genuine shawl, but the range of subjects is larger. While something of the Oriental character of the shawl patterns must be preserved, much of the beauty of French figured silks and brocades and embroidery may be admitted. Thus the designing and coloring-rooms contain much that pleases the eye, though one does not see there the means and appliances which fill some apartment or another of Birmingham factories—the casts from the antique, the volumes of plates, the flower in water, and so on. The preparation of the blocks for printing, and yet more the application of them, reminded us of the paper-staining, which we had certainly never thought of before in connexion with shawls. The wood used is lime-wood. Some of the blocks are chiselled and picked out, like those of the paper-stainer. The cast-blocks are more curious. A punch is used, the point or needle of which is kept hot by a flame, from which the workman's head is defended by a shield of metal. He burns holes by puncturing with this hot needle along all the outlines of the block he holds in his hands, much as a little child pricks outlines on paper on a horse-hair chair-bottom. There is a groove along the face of each block, to allow the metal to run in. The burned blocks are screwed tight in a press, their joined tops forming a saucer, into which the molten metal (composed of tin, bismuth, and lead) is poured. In it goes, and down the grooves, penetrating into all the burnt holes; and, of course, when cool, furnishing a cast of the patterns desired, in the form of upright thorns or spikes on a metallic ground or plate. These plates are filed smooth at the back, and fixed on wood, and you have the

blocks ready to print from; one representing one color, another another, and so on, till the plates for a single shawl of many colors may mount up in value to a very large sum.

Before printing, the fabric has been well washed; the *barège* being passed, by machinery, over cylinders which apply and squeeze out a wash of soap, soda, and glue. All roughnesses had previously been removed by a "cropping" machine. After drying, it comes to the printing table, where it is treated much like a paper-hanging. This is all very well; but what is to be done in case of a shower of rain? a not improbable incident in the life of a shawl. A paper-hanging would not stand a driving rain. Are ladies imposed upon in this matter, when they are offered a gay-printed shawl as wearable out of doors? By no means. Nobody knows how it is, but the fact is certain that a good steaming, at a tremendous heat, fixes the colors by some chemical action, without in the least hurting their lustre; so the shawls go into the steaming-box, and come out of it able to bear as many washings as you please, without any change of color. After drying, in a heat of one hundred and ten degrees, they go up stairs to be surveyed, fringed, folded, and pressed.

It seems a pity that the fat, easy, lazy Bokharian, and the slim, lithe, patient Hindoo, should not come to Paisley, and see how shawls are made there. To the one, shaving his camel on the plain, and the other, throwing his antique shuttle under the palm, how strange would be the noise, and the stench, and the speed, and the numbers employed, and the amount of production! To the one, it may be the work of years to furnish to the travelling merchant strips of eight inches wide, enough to make a shawl; and to the other, the production of such an article is an event in life; while here, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months, the weaving of the most genuine and venerable kind occupies only a week. We do not believe that the simple and patient Oriental will be driven out of the market by us, because there is no promise, at present, of our overtaking their excellence. We hope there will be room in the world of fashion for them and us for ever—the "for ever" of that world). We shall not go back to their methods, and it is not very likely that they should come up to ours; so we shall probably each go on in our own way, which is what everybody likes best.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LOVES OF A CHANCERY LAWYER.

MR. SELWYN BOWLBY was an elderly barrister in good practice. He had a house in Bloomsbury Square, and chambers in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. By dint of industry, perseverance, and a tolerable share of impudence, he had worked his way from nothing into a considerable practice in the Rolls' Court. Secure of the future, so far as fortune was concerned, he thought it high time to try if he could not enjoy the present a little more than he had hitherto done; and conceiving the fresh sea air would be beneficial to his constitution, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby removed his household gods from Bloomsbury Square for a season, and set them up at Brighton, where having taken a mansion he determined to disport himself during the long vacation.

The season of repose, which annually released Mr. Bowlby from the more active discharge of his professional duties, was not always so welcome to him as to many of his learned brethren, for, unincumbered by wife or children, and arrived at a period of life when lighter pleasures cease to charm, he did not well know in what manner to dispose of his unenvied leisure, and never perhaps had he felt time hang more heavily upon his hands than during the first few weeks of his residence in his marine abode. In all his life before he had seldom been out of London for any period longer than a week at the utmost. He missed his monotonous occupations, his mornings in the Rolls, his lounge to his club in the afternoon, and, above all, the gossip of his old professional associates. In his solitary walks by the sea-shore, up the Cliff and down it again, he felt like a fish out of water, as in point of fact he was. But there is in the air of Brighton a certain something which is admirably adapted to cast out blue devils. In season or out of season, the place has decidedly a joyous aspect. It is pleasant to saunter idly along the Esplanade, although one's reveries are liable to be occasionally disturbed by tarry gentlemen, odorous of bad tobacco, who will observe that the morning would answer well

for a sail; and the visitor is rather shocked at first by the graceful *abandon* and total absence of all prudery, which characterize the frequenters of the bathing-place, where Triton and Nereid float side by side unabashed by the proximity of each other, or by the opera-glasses, which, for the better observation of their aquatic gambols, are levelled at them from the crowded shore. Notwithstanding these little *désagrémens*, the place is charming, it gives one such a tremendous appetite, and has many other things to recommend it, which I cannot stay to enumerate.

"I find the sea-air suits me admirably," soliloquized Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, as he swallowed his third cup of tea, and cast a glance at the breakfast-table, late so trimly spread, which his ravages had converted into a desert. "But then it seems deuced solitary since I've come down, I have not seen a face—" The lawyer's matin reverie was cut short by the sharp rat-tat at the door of the postman; and he forthwith proceeded by the aid of a double gold eye-glass to investigate the correspondence, which, ranged in due order upon a salver, his domestic had brought into the room and placed upon the table before him.

While Mr. Bowlby is reading his letters I may as well describe him, not that it is in the least worth while, but my fair readers may wish to know something of the external appearance of a gentleman who was destined ere long (I use of course a metaphorical expression) to play the devil with so many individuals of their enchanting sex.

My hero was not what is commonly called a handsome man, his appearance was far from prepossessing, with a skin very much resembling parchment in its texture and hue, a mouth not unlike a certain Lord Chancellor's, and a nose of the order denominated snub; he would have been as ugly as John Wilkes himself but for his eyes, which sparkled with a mixture of shrewdness and vivacity under a tolerably capacious brow, the crown whereof was completely bald. His

figure was rather stooped; he wore Wellington boots much too large for him, and was always attired carefully in raiment of shining black. He shuffled as he walked, and showed all his teeth as he smiled, and *voilà*, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby.

Whatever may be the reason, the fair sex at Brighton are in a decided majority; the presence of a cavalry regiment in the neighborhood may have something to do with it—I cannot say. There are children, too, in immense quantities, as well as ladies, but, odd enough, the greater proportion of the latter are elderly and unmarried. The sensation which was caused among the ladies of the Queen of Navarre, by the sudden advent at court of a pair of whiskers, can scarcely have exceeded the agitation produced by the appearance of a strange gentleman at Brighton. Those only who have suffered from the lamentable dearth of “desirables” at such places, can appreciate the sensation excited by the advent of a “new man.”

Affectionate mothers who in public never can bring themselves to endure the idea of parting with the dear girls, but who are yet quite willing to foist them upon any one who will take them off their hands in private, and, from behind the muslin of their window-curtains, look upon the new arrival as a species of providential interposition in their favor, and proceed immediately to make such arrangements for the appropriation of the prize, as the position and exigencies of their families demand. Meanwhile, the “arrival” walks forth in profound unconsciousness of the machinations of which he is the object. Such moments as these, could he only enjoy the consciousness of his triumph, are perhaps the proudest in a single gentleman’s whole life. It is at such a time he appears to the most advantage; his merits are indisputable. Nor does a malicious whisper disturb the serenity of his repose, save perhaps the anathema of Mrs. Brown levelled at the head of the matron Jones, her neighbor, for making what she calls indelicate advances to the stranger.

The appearance, therefore, of Mr. Selwyn Bowlby had not been unnoticed; managing matrons peeped at him from behind the curtains as he lounged along the King’s Road; spinsters cast admiring glances upon him; and the five tall Miss Rockets, with that exemplary but keen old Scotch gentlewoman, their mother, debated in full family conclave how they should manage to inveigle the unwary stranger into their drawing-room in Regency Square, for it had somehow reached

them that the man of law was well to do in the world, that he had determined to make Brighton his head-quarters for a time, so the five tall Miss Rockets thought they might easily secure the prize before it became an object of public competition.

Alas, there were other young women at that time quite as keenly alive to the advantages of a comfortable worldly position as the fine Miss Rockets.

“Is he not a very gentlemanly-looking person?” was the remark of Miss Julia Withermay to her friend and confidant, Miss Pybus, as those two young ladies passed near Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, who, with his hands crossed behind him, was enjoying his matutinal ramble by the sea-shore.

“Who do you mean, dear? not that elderly gentleman in the white tie, with the brown umbrella.”

“Yes, but don’t call him old; he is anything but that,” replied Miss Julia in a deprecating tone.

“Why, he’s fifty if he’s a day; his whiskers are gray, and the end of his nose is red—he’s a regular Guy, I do declare!” responded Miss Pybus, who was a young lady of a lively temperament, with a turn for satire.

“He has got three thousand a year, a house in town, drives his carriage,—and wants a wife.”

“How did you find all that out in so short a time, you dear, sentimental, lack-a-daisical creature; who’d have thought of you taking any interest in such matters?” replied Miss Pybus tossing her head.

It would unquestionably have been much more prudent, if the sedate Miss Withermay had kept to herself the information thus incautiously imparted, for no sooner did Miss Pybus—who, under a *brusque* off-hand manner, had a keen eye to business—reach home, than she proceeded to acquaint her mother with what she had heard, adding her assured conviction that the artful Julia had a furtive design against the heart and liberty of the unsuspecting stranger, which it would be a charity to frustrate, “as if an old thing like her had any chance of being married. Why a husband would frighten her out of her senses, she’s so nervous,” Miss Pybus said, throwing a glance at the mirror, which reflected a not uncommonly set of features.

The result of this conversation, as well as of one somewhat similar which had taken place nearly about the same time between Miss Withermay and her august parent, was, that among the letters which we left the law-

yer about to inspect, there were two tiny oblong notes, written, with the privacy and consent of her respective mamma, by each of the young ladies, in which the company of Mr. Selwyn Bowlby was requested at a small party in the course of the ensuing week.

It was fortunate that the invitations were for different days, or Mr. Bowlby could not have accepted them both, as he did without the least hesitation, congratulating himself the while upon so unexpected a relief to the monotonous routine of his maritime existence.

"Who shall I enounce, sir?" said a page in a green suit eruptive with buttons, receiving the lawyer's hat, and preceding him to the drawing-room door. And Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, having given his name, found himself without further ceremony in the presence of his kind hostess and her graceful, accomplished daughter.

I have used the above epithets advisedly; to have called my heroine lovely, would have been a mistake, she was nothing of the kind; of mature age and a delicate constitution. Miss Withermay was a frail—I meant to have said a fragile—creature, devoted to the elegant pursuits of literature and the fine arts, but not averse to matrimony, provided an eligible opportunity for entering into that condition should present itself; pretensions to beauty she had none whatever, indeed Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, as he threw a glance over the company, thought he had seldom seen assembled in one apartment so many elderly females of an unprepossessing exterior (for Julia was by far too wily a tactician to invite any one she considered dangerous), but like a man of sense, as he was, he determined to make the most of it, and enjoy himself as much as it was possible under circumstances apparently so disadvantageous.

I shall not stay to describe the platitudes of a small early-party; which of my readers has not at some period of his existence experienced them? Tea was handed round; Miss Withermay discussed æsthetics with Mr. Selwyn Bowlby as he partook of that refreshment, and talked about Tennyson's poetry, which she understood as much as the distinguished author himself, until it was time to separate, and the lawyer took his leave rather bored than otherwise, although he was too much a man of the world to evince aught but satisfaction at the evening's entertainment.

Miss Withermay went to bed under the impression she had made a conquest; she dreamed of orange-flowers, lace veils, and

mansions in Bloomsbury Square. Peace to her virgin slumbers!

When the evening arrived, upon which Mr. Bowlby was to participate in the Pybus hospitality, a different scene awaited him. Miss Pybus was a dashing person, verging towards forty. She had had no end of offers; but she set too high a value upon her charms to let them go for nothing; and as no adorer had hitherto been able to satisfy the requirements of Captain Pybus, her father, in regard of settlement, one after another they were dismissed, and she was in the market still ready for anything good that might turn up. Miss Pybus being what is called a fast young lady, was fond of the society of military men, so that when Mr. Selwyn Bowlby made his *entré*, he found the drawing-room filled with dragoons. There were none but married ladies present; Miss Pybus had the game altogether in her own hands, and it would have done your heart good, fair reader, to see how dexterously she played it. The tendency of cavalry officers to flirtation is proverbial; their aversion to matrimony is well known. Miss Pybus liked to be flirted with, but she was most anxious to be married, so she threw over Captain Jenkenson, a handsome warrior, six feet high, paid not the slightest attention to his conversation, and monopolized Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, who, poor man, felt himself intensely flattered by a preference so obvious, and thought he had never met with a creature more bewitching than Miss Pybus.

Thus introduced into society, Mr. Bowlby found his time no longer hang heavily on hand. He was frequently present at the æsthetic teas of the demure Miss Withermay, and he was more frequently still a participator in the less intellectual and refined festivities, whereof the lively Miss Pybus was the dispenser.

Happy Mr. Selwyn Bowlby! Was ever chancery lawyer more suddenly in request? Like Lord Byron, he had wakened to find himself famous. So dexterously and with such true feminine tact had the rival belles contrived their proceedings that neither had the most remote idea of the game played by the other. Each thought herself secure of the prize.

"Susan," said Captain Pybus to his daughter one morning at breakfast, "suppose we get up a little picnic party to the Dyke, and ask the Withermays and—"

"Good gracious, papa, you surely are not serious; such weather as this—"

"Never saw finer in my life," the captain said.

"With such an east wind? why, you'll get your death of rheumatism."

"How careful the gipsy is of her father," thought the old gentleman, as he munched his toast in silence.

"I think our new acquaintance is getting rather particular in his attentions, eh, Julia, my dear?" said Mrs. Withermay.

The fair Julia looked up from her favorite Tennyson, with a look of pleased surprise.

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma; he seems a most agreeable, gentlemanly man."

"I hope you intend to accept him, Julia; from all I hear the match would be a most advantageous one, and you seem to have the field all to yourself."

"I shall refer him to you, mamma, as a matter of course," was the sage reply.

"He has never said anything to you, my dear, which would lead you to suppose he meditated a proposal, has he, Julia?"

"Why, no, not exactly. But his looks are eloquent, and I think I heard him sigh twice as he drank his fifth cup of tea last night."

"Well, take care you don't let him slip through your fingers as that great Captain O'Ryan did, who dangled after you so long."

Miss Withermay, uttering a plaintive sigh at this touching recollection, resumed her perusal of "Locksley Hall."

Now there chanced at this period to be resident at Brighton a certain rich merchant, whose name was Podder. This gentleman had a handsome house in Sussex Square, where he resided with his sister, a lady of mature age and fading charms; but who, like the five Miss Rockets, Miss Withermay, and her rival, had no objection whatever to enter upon the holy state of matrimony, provided a favorable opportunity should present itself. Mr. Podder had a brother in London, an eminent solicitor in extensive business, and he, coming down one day to Brighton, in order to consult the chancery barrister, whose client he was, dined, as a matter of course, at the fraternal residence in Sussex Square.

Thus it came to pass that, after the lapse of not many days, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby found himself a cherished guest, with his legs under the Podder mahogany, and by his side a lady, who, although by no means so good looking as his fair friend, Miss Pybus, yet was not surpassed by that young lady in the little delicate attentions which none know how to pay so dexterously as a woman, especially when she has arrived at years of discretion, and thinks of "now or never."

Mr. Podder, though an estimable man, was not showy. He would never have been selected by the ladies' patronesses at Al-

mack's to make one in a fancy quadrille; he was short and stout, with a shiny bald head, little pig-eyes, and a broad nose with nostrils like a pointer. His clothes looked as if they had been put on him by the aid of a pitchfork. His coat was black and roomy, with capacious pockets in the rear, into which, when on Change, it was his custom to thrust his hands. His inexpressibles were very much too short, and his shoes greatly too large for him. What little bit of neck he had was decorated by a white tie, and his pudgy chest was cased in vesture of black satin. His daughter was evidently his own child. No one who looked at her could entertain even a passing doubt on that point.

There are many interesting young persons who think they look well by moonlight. The fair Julia Withermay was of this number; and as it was just about the time when the red round harvest-moon came rolling up out of the sea, casting a long track of light across the waves, which trembled beneath, that this young lady began to take frequent walks along the esplanade in front of the Bedford Hotel, accompanied by her worthy parent.

It was in the course of one of these pleasant rambles that she encountered Mr. Selwyn Bowlby, whom she had not seen for nearly a fortnight.

"Beautiful evening, madam," the lawyer said, as he politely accosted the ladies.

"Is it not lovely? how fair the waters look beneath the moon," replied the spinster, turning pensively towards the sea.

The lawyer rubbed his hands, and looked by turns at Miss Withermay and the moon, but he said nothing, for he had nothing to say.

The experienced matron came to his relief.

"We are making up a little party for the Races next week, Mr. Bowlby, and if you would join us we should be delighted," she said.

The little lawyer expressed his grateful sense of the honor thus offered, but replied with a smile, that he thought he was getting rather too old for such amusements.

"I leave them to my juniors now, madam," he said, as he bade the ladies good night.

Next morning, Mr. Selwyn Bowlby received the prettiest little "billet" that was ever seen. The envelope had pink edges, and upon the seal there was engraven a Cupid rampant.

Here is a copy:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"My father hopes you will give me the

pleasure of your company upon Thursday next to go to the Races. We shall have an agreeable party. Captain Jenkenson takes us in his drag, and I have kept an inside seat for you.

"Very truly yours,
"AMELIA PYBUS."

Thrice happy Mr. Selwyn Bowlby; but what a dilemma—he wished he had not met the Withermays, or if he had, that they had not invited him. He did not like to refuse, but he felt the difficulty under such circumstances of accepting, so he sat down and wrote a note, expressing his profound regret that he was engaged.

The day of the Goodwood Races arrived in due course, and a lovelier morning never shone. The scene was splendid; but even if I could I would not describe it. There was Miss Pybus—arrayed like Solomon in all his glory—in a new silk dress, and a killing bonnet fresh from London. There, too, was Miss Withermay, with a select party of elderly spinsters and antiquated beaux; and there, too—my pen trembles as I record the fact—there, in a dark green britzka, drawn by gray horses, a coachman in a cauliflower wig on the box, and two Jeameses in plush holding on behind,—heavens and earth!—there was Mr. Selwyn Bowlby by the side of the amiable Miss Podder.

In such a place it was next to impossible

the parties should not meet; meet they did—greetings were interchanged, and explanations followed, as a matter of course. Mr. Bowlby had been prevailed upon by his friends, &c., to come and see the Race.

Until this moment neither of our two friends had the least idea of the other's proceedings—each of them thought she had the prize entirely in her own hands; and here, almost in the moment of victory, it was apparently snatched from their grasp by an interloper—a tawdry, overdressed *nouveau riche*. What a galling humiliation!

"Artful creature, Julia Withermay; she's as deep as a well," Miss Pybus said to the dragoon by her side.

"Yeth, very," replied Captain Jenkenson.

"His nose is certainly red; and he is decidedly elderly," said Miss Withermay, with a pensive sigh.

It was about the commencement of the following November term, that the *Morning Post* contained an announcement, in the usual terms, of Mr. Selwyn Bowlby's marriage to the daughter of Absalom Podder, Esq., of Sussex Square; and although ever since that period I have carefully examined the Brighton papers, I have seen no case of suicide recorded in their columns; but the very last time I visited that watering-place, I saw an angelic creature opposite the Bedford looking at the moon—perhaps it was Miss Withermay—she may be there still.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

EXAGGERATION.

WE wonder what would be thought of a person who deliberately loaded and fired a forty-pounder to kill a bluebottle, or who begged the loan of a sack to carry home a pot-tle of strawberries in. What would be our opinion of any one who employed a sledge-hammer to drive a tack, or who purchased a quarter of oats to fill a nose-bag; why, we should undoubtedly believe him to be in no state to make a will, and question the propriety of his going at large. Yet we find greater innovations of consistency committed every day as regards the purpose and meaning of language, without our conceiving any

direct notion that the parties indulging in such, are fitting candidates for election at St. Luke's.

The habit of exaggeration in language is a characteristic in many people, which appears to us to afford a truer index of their general qualities than is ordinarily observed. A great depth in any faculty, or acute intensity of any feeling, is seldom possessed by those who invariably use the most imposing words they can find to express their opinions and sentiments. The stereotyped grandiloquence and florid warmth of tone used by them in discussing simple matters, or relating simple

incidents, are to our matter-of-fact organization, little beyond the flourishing of drum and trumpet, which upon close investigation is found to be the issue of sheepskin, brass, and common atmosphere. Some people's tongues are eternally emulating the frog in the old fable, and always straining into an ox—a state of verbal inflation alike ridiculous and false. There are those who never experience a moderate and occasional degree of pain, but they speak of it as a "splitting" headache, an "awful" spasm, or "dreadful" torture. If they meet with a slight incision of the skin, they have "cut their finger to the bone;" the application of a mustard poultice for five minutes never fails to "flay them alive;" a common cold is mentioned seriously as a "most violent influenza;" and a week or two of fever is recorded as a "severe and frightful illness." The "superlative" is the reigning mood with them; skim milk becomes Devonshire cream, and small beer Guinness's stout; "superb," "exquisite," "wonderful," "glorious," "horrible," "tremendous," "delicious," "charming," "beautiful," "terrific," "astonishing," and such extreme adjectives, hang on their lips as plentifully as conjunctions, and we often wonder, while gauging the narrow calibre of brain whence the big torrent issues, how such large furniture could be found in such a small house. Let these people repeat a story or circumstance, and you can hardly detect the original, they see every thing through a magnifying glass and kaleidoscope blended. Talk of painting in veritable colors, the foreground and outlines, often given in mere words, beat the pre-Raphaelites by notches; a Dutch garden all tulips and peacocks, or a summer sunset all purple and gold, are soft and unimposing compared to the limning power of one of these fluent sign-painters.

We once kept account for a lady, during a three-miles' walk through rather sandy lanes, who declared herself "half-dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she had died exactly eleven times and a half at the end of the journey, when she swallowed cider and sandwiches in a most vital fashion, considering her multiplied state of demise. We met a cottager's child which she rushed up to and pronounced to be an "angelic little cherub;" but our near-sighted eyes could only perceive about as average a bread-and-butter-devouring little biped as ever plagued a mother: then she informed us that the view to the left was "grandly sublime," though there was nothing to elicit rapture beyond a broad common, fringed

with a plantation, barely relieved in the foreground with a very yellow pond, and still yellower goslings.

We chanced to tell this lady of a visit we had paid to the Porcelain Works at Worcester, and mentioned among other things, that a part of the materials used was ground animal bones; shortly afterward we were told that we must have made a mistake in our recital, for Mrs. H. had repeated our account, and impugned our veracity by declaring, that cups and saucers were made of ground human bones, and saying that we had assured her of the fact. We informed her one day that a marble figure just put up in a friend's hall was three hundred weight, and were laughed at soon after for having told Mrs. H. that it was three tons. We have never talked much to Mrs. H. since these florid mistakes.

An elderly gentleman amuses me very often, by his description of his only son. The young man, according to his papa's portraying, is an "immense genius,"—indeed his "mind is too much for his body;" his abilities are in fact so great that they do not know what he is fit for; he "plays divinely;" "sings exquisitely," and "possesses the poet's inspiration in a wonderful degree;" if he lives long enough he will "do something very grand;" and withal, he is "so delicate in constitution that he can hardly bear the wind to blow on him." These are the doting sire's own words, but we should, in giving a candid opinion of the youth, use less elevated language, and say that he is nothing more than a spruce fir, entered and labelled in his pa's grand conservatory as a cedar of Lebanon; and as for his "delicate constitution," it seems to stand pretty well under an unlimited amount of large dissipations and "small hours."

Now these people are but types of a class.

We meet with these inflated exaggerations in manifold shapes—from the Prime Minister to the pot-boy, from the political leader writer to the last-dying-speech-and-confession inditer, from the continentally-educated duchess to the A-B-C-less scullery-maid; there seems a natural tendency in many to verbal apoplexy, and we wonder some imaginations are not found dead in their beds. Our public press teems with this exaggeration as much as our private parties. We should like to know how many "great national crises," how many "awful and eventful epoehs," how many vergings on "desperate revolutions," and how many "most serious and fatal consequences to the country" have occurred in the newspaper columns during our recollection? Yet

St. Paul's stands where it always did, and exiled royal foxes seek old England as the safest cover they can run into. We should like to know how many reviewers have held up the "coming genius of the age," and pointed attention to the "most distinguished writer in English literature;" how many volumes have been pronounced as the "finest work that has appeared for many years;" and yet we often come across some of these sterling productions in partnership with the trunk-maker's paste. We should like to have the sum total of domestic hyperboles, such as being "as hot as fire," "as black as a coal," being "delighted and charmed" to see a tenth-rate acquaintance, and being "deeply distressed" to hear that Mrs. Robinson's seventh child has fallen sick of too much pudding. What a census of illuminated "figures" we should have to wade through, and what outrageous fibs. We have no great objection to a respectable "white lie" now and then, such a judicious bit of coloring often gives valuable relief to a bit of domestic "Rembrandt," and dispels the gloom of a household "Salvator Rosa;" but we do not admire the silly and superfluous indulgence in lies that bear all the tints of the rainbow.

Not that we are advocates for drab-colored sermons or pale gray philosophy solely. We can enjoy the true-blue love-letter, and participate in the deep scarlet burst of enthusiasm, as much as any Parnassus-climbing idiot; but we certainly quarrel with the general mode of speech adopted by those who

deal so widely in the big "words" of the dictionary, without attaching to those words the slightest portion of their meanings. The "flowers of rhetoric" are only acceptable when backed by the evergreens of Truth and Sense. The habit of exaggeration in language should be guarded against; it misleads the credulous and offends the perceptive; it imposes on us the society of a balloon, when a moderately-sized skull would fill the place much better; it begets much evil in promising what it cannot perform, and we have often found the most glowing declarations of intended good service end in mere Irish vows. Those who, when we ask a favor, affirm they will do it, "cost what it may," and though they may have to "move heaven and earth," are never found by us to be so likely to confer it as a certain steady person we could name, who says he will "do it if he can." Strong exaggeration in every day language should be avoided, we think, as being mentally unhealthy, and conversationally wearying. A straightforward intention in speech is as grateful to associates as well ordered dress, and we feel as much doubt and dislike in talking to one who, with very inferior intellect, flings all sorts of loquacious yeast in our ears, as we should in grasping an unwashed, coarse hand, covered with paste rings. Now, kind reader, we have filled up the "hour before morn" with our pen-and-ink dreaming, and if we express an earnest hope that it is for your amusement, pray don't accuse us of Exaggeration.

E. C.

THE HOSPITALS OF LONDON.—"London contains," says the *Lancet*, "for its three millions of inhabitants, thirteen general hospitals, all of them well appointed with every appliance for the relief of suffering humanity. The thirteen hospitals possess a collective staff of from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty physicians and surgeons, all of whom we must suppose to be fitted for the highest duties of the profession. Besides the accredited medical staff of each hospital, at least an equal number of qualified medical practitioners are attached to them as resident medical officers, pathologists, registrars, and assistants of various kinds. The poor persons and others—for all hospital patients are not poor—seeking relief from our hospital

system, amount to three hundred thousand annually. We have extracted this amount, without any wish to exaggerate, from the best returns, as furnished by the hospitals themselves. The figures will be accredited when we state, that the largest of our nosocomical establishments, the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, succors nearly five thousand five hundred in-patients annually, and that its in and out patients nearly reach eighty thousand in the year. Yet this vast system of relief, and the immense amount of medical and surgical skill consumed in its bestowal, are nearly—we had almost said entirely—gratuitous. Was ever such a spectacle of gratuitous toil exhibited as that which is involved in these figures?"

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE more important issues of the Press during the last month have been as follows:

Canada as it was, is, and may be, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Richard H. Bonnycastle.

The principles of the book are strictly "conservative," and if there is any bias observable in the treatment of colonial discussions, it leans to the virtuous side of "loyalty," the welfare of Canada being regarded as always subservient to that of the mother country. The province is, indeed, often spoken of as "Transatlantic Britain." Sir Richard Bonnycastle, son of the well-known mathematical professor at Woolwich, has already by his work on "Canada in 1841 and 1846," as well as by his long and efficient services, made his name associated with the history of the colony. At his death, in 1848, he left the manuscripts which are now arranged for publication by Sir James E. Alexander. The reader will be pleased with the style as well as with the subjects of these volumes, which contain one of the best accounts we have of the recent history and political state of Canada.

The third volume of Michaud's History of the Crusades, translated by W. Robson, has been published. It concludes the work.

The Dramatic Works of Coleridge have been edited by his son, Derwent Coleridge.

Notes upon Russia: being a Translation of the Earliest Account of that Country, entitled "Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii," by the Baron Sigismund von Herberstein. By R. H. Major.

"Although not the first traveller to Russia who gave some account of what he saw there," says the *Examiner*, "Sigismund von Herberstein—a shrewd ambassador, who had seen much of the world—was the first who published an account of real note and importance. In these two volumes the very able secretary has executed for the subscribers to the Hakluyt Society a spirited translation of the repulsive German-Latin of Herberstein's Muscovite Commentaries, prefacing it with a most ample introduction. We believe that a book so thoroughly interesting as well as valuable, and so perfectly well edited, would have commanded a large sale had it been issued to the general public in the ordinary way, and left to stand or fall according to its popularity. We are quite sure, however, that the members of the Hakluyt Society will multiply extremely fast, if men are to be enticed by books so genuine and excellent as this."

Mr. Lever has begun a new serial novel, entitled "The Dodd Family Abroad."

Miss Catherine Sinclair has published a new novel, "Beatrice," and Julia Kavanagh likewise, "Daisy Barna."

Thackeray's new novel is announced, under the title of "Henry Esmond, Esq."

Mr. Hazlitt has translated, for "the Illustrated Library," the Rev. Dr. Muston's History of the Persecution of the Waldenses or Vaudois; and has entitled his book "The Israel of the Alps." To Dr. Muston's account Mr. Hazlitt has added some particulars from Dr. Gilly's "Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont," which first aroused the sympathy of Europe on behalf of the sufferers some thirty years ago.

Mr. Bohn has published in his "Philological Library" a translation of Tennemann's Manual of the History of Philosophy, taking as the basis of the volume the Rev. Arthur Johnson's edition of this work, published at Oxford in 1832. Mr. Morell performs the duties of editor. Tennemann was a Kantian, and therefore Mr. Morell has wisely added an explanatory vocabulary of some of the principal Kantian expressions. He has also incorporated the additions to the original work which were given by Professor Wendt in the last edition, and has also continued the development of German philosophy to its latest manifestation—"The Will's Phases" of Schopenhauer and Plancke. Notices of several systems which have recently obtained currency have been introduced, as those of Swedenborg, Fourier, Pierre Leroux, and Comte; and Animal Magnetism, and "the French School of Mystical Socialism," have careful attention and record. Reminiscences of the Burmese War in 1824-5-6, is a republication of some sketches which originally appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, and which the author has revived as being suitable and acceptable to the present English public.

Macfarlane's Japan, reprinted handsomely by Mr. Putnam, is favorably received by the *Critic*:

"But Mr. Macfarlane furnishes a very ample, and, we presume, accurate picture of the Japanese people; of their science, arts, and literature; of their amusements, manners, and character; of their manufactures and shipping; of the animal creation, and geological formation and mineral wealth, and of the forests and flowers of these islands; and of their government, legislation, and religion. He also carefully describes the origin and progress of European intercourse with Japan, and its disastrous termination, and the geographical character of the country; and we have, rather in the form of a traveller's narrative than a historian's essay, a familiar account of the laws, customs, tastes, and propensities and habits of the people. Had Mr. Macfarlane not told us that his book is a compilation from various sources, and, in every case, honestly acknowledged the authority whence he derived his information, we should have deemed it to be the result of travel and personal experience, so carefully are facts disposed in their proper places, and so natural and evidently truthful is the descriptive matter.

Lepsius' Letters from Egypt, translated by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Esq.

The fourth and concluding volume of "Chambers's Life of Burns," which is in course of republication by the HARPERS, is touched upon with some discrimination by the *Athenæum*:

"The truth is—as we have before said,—Mr. Chambers, warmed by his subject, seeks information with a drag net,—and though he does not frequently fish in rich waters, he is not unsuccessful in his fishing. All his fish, however, in his opinion, are salmon, at the least,—while many of them seem to us of about the size, with the much approved savor and quality, of white bait."

"Reuben Medlicott," by M. W. Savage, author of the "Bachelor of the Albany," which has been republished by D. APPLETON & Co. The *Critic* says:

"Much was expected from the title of Mr. Savage's new novel; for though My Uncle the Curate had been a partial failure, The Bachelor of the Albany and The Falcon Family left a long and pleasant memory of themselves, and it was hinted that Reuben Medlicott, or the Coming Man, was to have for its hero—Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI! Alas! REUBEN is a poor, silly, vain creature, who runs through the various stages of pedant, dinner-conversationist, and "stump-ordinator," ending with Quakerism, and the detailed minute chronicle of his fatuities soon becomes simply wearisome."

"Palmyre the Potter" is the title of a biography by Mr. Morley.

Mr. MORLEY announces himself as the author of A Defence of Ignorance, and How to make Home Unhealthy, two little volumes which were even attributed to Miss Martineau in her eccentric moods, and the second of which appeared in *The Examiner*—Mr. Morley being a lively contributor to that journal, as well as to *Household Words*. "This new biography," says the *Critic*, "of a small unknown, from the France of the sixteenth century, professes to give an account of its hero's 'Labors and discoveries in art and science, with an outline of his philosophical doctrines, and a translation of illustrative selections from his works.' His only discovery seems to have been that of 'white enamel,' and his 'philosophical doctrines' are the sheerest puerilities. Altogether, the man might have filled an amusing page in the *Curiosities of Literature*, or a smart one in *Household Words*—but two sizeable volumes about him is really too much of a bad thing."

A translation of the "Louise," a poem by Voss, has appeared. The *Critic* remarks of it:—

"The story of Louise has no plot, and no argument, nor was it required that the poet should give us a rhythmical discourse, in order to exhibit his genius. A mere tactician may invent a story in which incident, dangers, and difficulties, may first astonish a reader, and then be made to transform themselves naturally into the common course of events; but only a mind at once grand and generalizing, is able to throw aside artistic skill and enchant and enchain other minds by a power God given, that speaks at once and direct to the loving-kindness and the sympathies of men. So has spoken Voss in his Louise, a work which must be reckoned as one of the most genuine portraits of German domestic life."

Carlyle is engaged in a life of Frederick the Great, and has gone to Berlin to acquaint himself with details.

The report that the comic Albert Smith was drowned is contradicted.

Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America. By Edward Sullivan, Esq.

The *Literary Gazette* says that "since the publication of Mr. R. Gordon Cumming's stirring adventures in South Africa, we have not read a more lively and intelligent book of wild travels than the one before us. It is not such a tale of blood and daring, and the exploits of the buffalo-chaser are not so fearful or novel as those of the lion-hunter; but the dangers arising from his free and prolonged intercourse with the different scalping tribes of western Indians were of the most imminent kind; and these, with curious details of forest and prairie life, are related throughout with much shrewdness and vivacity."

The two numbers containing the story of *The Battle of Leipsic*, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, have also appeared. "Without any pretension to original research, the author gives an able and interesting summary of that part of the career of Napoleon, and the wars of Europe, of which the battle of Leipsic formed the concluding and most conspicuous event. Beginning with an account of the state of the Continent in 1811, in the spring of which year the fortunes of Napoleon and the French empire are described as having reached their culminating point, the campaign of Russia, and the consequent rousing of Germany against the Emperor, with the events of 1812 and 1813, are narrated with a spirit such as might be expected from the writer of the story of Waterloo. The present work lacks the concentration of interest, and unity of subject, which gave such advantage in the other narrative, but Mr. Gleig has done all that could be done to present a faithful, graphic, and stirring narrative of the great campaigns which led to the first overthrow of Napoleon and his banishment to Elba."

In France, a chief literary novelty is a governmental one, the appearance of a decree in the *Moniteur*, ordaining the preparation and publication of a "General Collection of the Popular Poetry of France." It is to include songs and ballads, shorter and longer, religious, martial, festal, historical, legendary, narrative, satirical, whether printed or manuscript, or living merely on the lips of the population. The collecting, selecting, editing, translating, and commenting, is to be entrusted to a committee, connected with the Ministry of Public Instruction, which has under its care all national matters relating to the language, history, and arts of France.

Alexander Dumas the Great, who is now writing his "Memoirs" in the *Presse*, boldly alleges that he made Shakspeare his constant study at the beginning of his literary career. "When Macready and the other English actors came to Paris," he says, "it was in 1825, or thereabouts. I went to see them every night, and watched their style of performance. I had previously made a profound study of Shakspeare. I had felt that in the theatrical world everything emanates from him; that nothing is to be compared to him; for that, having come before all others, he is as tragic as Corneille, as comic as Moliere, as original as Calderon, as deep a thinker as Goethe, as impassioned as Schiller. I had seen that his works contain more types than all the others put together. I saw, in short, that he is the man who has most created after God."

Miss Martineau is writing from Ireland frequent letters to the *Daily News*.

The *Athenæum* notices, at length, the correspondence between Lord Mahon and Jared Sparka, respecting the alleged editorial liberties taken with the writings of Washington. After carefully analyzing the history of the matter, the *Critic* sums up the duties of an editor thus:

"The truth is, we repeat, that there is but one safe rule for an editor to adopt. If he is editing original papers—and publishing them as originals—he must re-produce them textually and literally. A low word often involves a trait of character. A mis-spelling or a slip in the grammar—if habitual, is a part of the writer's story—if not, is a comment on the text, which may serve, like the blot of a tear, to explain the circumstances under which it was written.—The historian, of course, is not fettered by the same laws as the editor. He is bound to produce the substance of his documents, but in his own form, and according to his own interpretation. He may translate and paraphrase:—the editor must be exact and literal."

A third (and cheap) edition of Mr. Kingale's remarkable and powerful novel, *Alton Locke*, has been published.

The Messrs. CLARK, of Edinburgh, have published the second volume of *Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Revelation*, being Vol. XXVI. of "The Foreign Theological Library." This admirable series has long commanded the attention of Biblical and Theological students, and richly deserves all the favor that has been shown to it, comprising, as it does, the works of the most eminent orthodox German Divines, in Biblical Criticism and Hermeneutics, and Biblical and Ecclesiastical History."

Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison. Edited by her Grandson, the Count de Montbrison.

"If these volumes have no other valuable quality to recommend them to public attention, they have at least this—they give one of the most perfect insights, within the scope of general reading, into the system of the old *régime*, and the less familiar, but not less interesting, etiquette practised at the petty courts of the German Principalities."

Of forthcoming works, we have heard that it is likely the University of Oxford will undertake the publication of the new edition of Bingham's "*Antiquities of the Christian Church*," which we announced some time since as being in preparation by the author's great-great-grandson. The present Mr. Bingham is an able scholar, and having spent many years in revising this new edition of his ancestor's famous work, the University will do well to bring his labors before the public in the most creditable and complete manner possible.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS have published, during the month, a fine edition of the "*Memoirs of Robert and James A. Haldane*, of which the *Eclectic Review* speaks so highly in our present number. We copied also the notice of the *Athenæum* in our last, highly eulogizing the work. The *British Banner* pronounces it a work without a parallel in the language. It has so many points of interest, both personal and historical, that this emphatic praise will be likely to be re-copied by the American reader.

Earlwood, or Lights and Shadows of the Anglican Church, a tale for the times, by Charlotte Auley, author of *Miriam*, *Influence*, &c. Miss Auley

ranks as one of the best and most felicitous of the popular school of religious novelists. Her "*Miriam*" was a work of genius and power. The present, more decidedly evangelical, is not without the same traits of descriptive and logical power. As a story, it has great attractiveness and merit.

The *Scots Worthies*: a handsome 8vo. reprinted from a venerable and popular Scottish work, giving a brief historical account of the most eminent Noblemen, Gentlemen, Ministers, and others who testified or suffered for the cause of the Reformation in Scotland from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the year 1688, by John Howie of Lochgoil. It is a kind of counterpart of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and has enjoyed an unparalleled popularity in Scotland. It is replete with interest, and its tragic incidents are all the more affecting for the sincere and quaint manner in which they are narrated. It is plentifully illustrated, and holding an important place in the annals of the Reformation in Scotland, will have value to the scholar and the religious reader alike.

Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, with other Poems, beautifully illustrated. To every stanza of the *Elegy* there is a characteristic illustration, finely engraved, and in the best keeping with the calm and meditative spirit of this incomparable poem. It is a work which no eulogy can exalt; its place as the gem of the language, has long been fixed.

A new volume of that admirable expository work, *Hilton's Daily Bible Readings*, embracing the prophetic portion of the Bible, and completing the Old Testament. The favor with which this work has been received is an indication which an examination fully justifies of its great ability and its general spirit.

J. S. REDFIELD, Nos. 110 and 112 Nassau, has issued a most valuable historical work—*Ancient Egypt Under the Pharaohs*, by John Kendrick, A.M., in 2 vols. 12mo. It essays to methodize and condense into a continuous narrative, all the results of Egyptian explorations up to the present time, and to reproduce, in the light of modern investigations, ancient Egypt as it really was. When the amount and elaborate and recondite nature of these explorations is considered, the stretch of time through which they extend, and the extraordinary revelations which they have been made to yield, it will be readily seen that the task of reducing them to order, and constructing from them a complete system of Egyptian life, manners, religion, and history, must be one demanding great scholarship and skill. It has here been done thoroughly and satisfactorily. Conflicting testimonies have been candidly weighed, and where but little was known, it is frankly acknowledged. The good judgment, sincere and scholarly love of truth and comprehensiveness with which the work has been accomplished, reflect great credit upon the author, and supply a long-felt and important want. We perceive that the same office is to be performed for the undigested explorations and results of research in Syria. This too will be an invaluable accession to our best style of literature. Mr. Redfield deserves credit for the beautiful manner in which so valuable a work has been given to the American public.

Comparative Physiognomy, or Resemblance Between Men and Animals, by James W. Redfield, M.D., is the title of another of Mr. REDFIELD'S pub-

fications. It is a remarkably curious and entertaining work, whatever may be thought of the theory it upholds. The humorous manner in which its facts are stated often makes the reader doubtful whether the whole system be not an elaborate piece of irony. The resemblances the author detects between the different races of men and animals are sometimes very ingenious and acute. The work is profusely illustrated, and will well repay a perusal. It is evidently the result of great labor and observation, and is fruitful of suggestion.

Mr. PUTNAM has added to his admirable "Lewis Monthly Library," a second series of Home and Social Philosophy, extracted from Dickens's Household Words; Sicily, a Pilgrimage, by Henry T. Tuckerman, a very tasteful and pleasing piece of descriptive writing; Whims and Oddities, by Thomas Hood; The Eagle Pass, or Life on the Border, by Cora Montgomery; Further Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England, by Frederick Olmsted; A Book for a Corner, by Leigh Hunt: all readable books, of more than a passing value, and sold for 25 cents each.

Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, whose list comprises some of the most valuable standard works in literature, medical science, and general reading, have lately issued a very neat edition of Lord Cockburn's "Life of Lord Jeffrey," a work whose praise has been repeatedly echoed in the articles which we have republished in the *Eclectic*. There is scarcely any recent biographical work which has been so genially welcomed by the press and the public as this. Jeffrey's history is, in an eminent degree, the history of British literature for the last half century. The originator, and, during its most influential era, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he was virtually the father of that extraordinary development of literature of which the *Edinburgh* was the forerunner and highest exemplar—journalism. His critical labors had exerted also an immeasurable influence upon the literary character of his age, and were uniformly and powerfully put forth on the side of some good taste, purity of morals, simplicity of style, and elevated, manly views. His character was peculiarly upright, sincere, and genial, exemplifying in his life the principles to which he endeavored to conform the literature of the age. A long, eminent career, a noble and ingenuous character, singularly amiable personal traits, and the mark of great achievements, give to his biography an interest and value which can hardly be over-estimated. The manner in which the picture is drawn is exceedingly attractive, affectionate, discriminative, and complete. It is a work from whose circulation in this country we may expect much good.

"Autobiography of a New Churchman, or Incidents and Observations Connected with the Life of John A. Little," is a very ingenuous, frank, and life-like picture of an humble, sincere man, who, born a Quaker, became a Swedenborgian. It sets forth the peculiarities of that faith in a simple, practical light.

"The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," by Lieut. Gunnison. By far the most complete and satisfactory view of the creed and practice of the Mormons we have ever seen. The author was an engineer, and enjoyed excellent opportunities for observation. His statements are clearly and dispassionately made,

and with an air of candor which leaves the reader but little room to doubt their accuracy.

"Aunt Phillis's Cabin, or Southern Life as It Is," by Mrs. Eastman. Mrs. E. is a very sprightly writer. Her descriptions are lively and picturesque, and her management of dialogue artistic. The scope of her work will be understood when it is stated that it is a professed replication to the popular book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The Dew Drop," a tribute of affection, a neatly illustrated annual for 1853, well adapted, both by its elegant appearance and genial contents, for its pleasant office.

Mr. Stiles' "Austria in 1848-9," originally published by the HARRIS, is styled a sensible and reliable work, by the *Literary Gazette*.

The poems of James Russell Lowell are patronizingly commended by the *Literary Gazette*, which closes its notice with these condescending words:—"Admiring the high moral tone pervading Mr. Lowell's writings, and perceiving that he has true poetic spirit, we have refrained from dwelling on the many faults which he displays in common with most young authors. With less inflated thought, simpler language, and more condensed utterance, Mr. Lowell might take a high place among American poets."

Jones's "Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph," originally published by PUTNAM, is warmly commended by the *Literary Gazette*.—"With great minuteness every step of the wonderful invention is traced, and the successive improvements described. The chief value of the work in this country will be found in its copious statistical information, few facts relating to the progress or present state of telegraphic communication escaping full treatment by the painstaking compiler."

A collected edition of Elihu Burritt's works has been issued.

Mr. Headley's "Old Guard of Napoleon" has been published in the series entitled "Readable Books." It is spoken of by the *Critic* thus:—"Its avowed purpose is to give a history of the Imperial Guard of Napoleon—to detail its heroism and valor, its sufferings and hardships, and to plead its claims to a good name in the world's history. The battles of Napoleon are traced with a real Napoleonic partiality, and, by watching the narrative, we find how the glory of l'Empire and the perfidy of England and the goodness of Napoleon are, with the author, facts of the truth of which he would convince the English public."

Lord John Russell's promised Life of Moore, in ten volumes, excels great expectations. Apropos of this costly and elaborate work, the *Critic* makes this statement:—"Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., of New York, have offered 300*l.* for the early copy of Tom Moore's *Letters and Journals*, now in course of editing by our Lord John Russell, and to be published by our Messrs. Longman. The latter are reported to have given three thousand pounds to Moore's widow for her husband's papers, without speaking of his Lordship's remuneration, which probably will not be much less than a year's salary as Prime Minister. Messrs. D. Appleton and Co. expect the whole for three hundred. Lucky American publishers!"



AN UNPUBLISHED COPY

ENGRAVED BY SARVEN

Yours very truly,

T Carlyle



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* *Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University.* Edited by his Son, W. W. STORY. London: 1851.

VOL. XXVII. NO. IV.

attachment to every thing in the Common Law, and readily "yield to rational expositions as they stand on a more general jurisprudence:" and the Courts of the United States are supposed to offer great advantages

for a comprehensive re-examination into principles. The consequence is, that we look in vain over the legal literature of England for names to put in comparison with those of Livingston, Kent and Story. Lord Bacon fondly hoped, that future ages might ask, whether he or Coke had done most for the Law of England. The adoption of the writings of Coke at that turning period of our legal history, as the exclusive model for the lawyers of after times, makes it impossible to say what would have been the amount of change introduced into our books and methods if this expectation had been realized. As it is, we have so often sacrificed principles to precedents, that even Lord Stowell reluctantly admits to his correspondent, (i. 556.) "I rather think we are too fond of cases."

Joseph Story was born at the fishing town of Marblehead, on the coast of Massachusetts, in 1779, and died at Cambridge, U. S., in 1845, aged sixty-six. We see no signs of what his son calls "the Calvinism of its scenery," uniting with the Calvinism of its pulpit in leaving any characteristic impression on his mind. At the same time, the four years (from æt. 15 to æt. 19) that he passed at Harvard College, of which he was destined to become so great an ornament, were marked by nothing personal so much as by the early assertion of his intellectual freedom in abandoning the religious opinions of his family. Whilst there, the young Calvinist, the son of *Elisha* Story and *Mehitable* Pedrick, became a Unitarian. After four years of preparatory study at Marblehead and Salem, and four years of successful practice at the Essex Bar, we find him Member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and soon afterwards chosen Speaker. In 1812, Mr. Madison appointed him, at the age of thirty-two, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. This appointment obliged him to reside at Washington during the winter, and to travel in circuit twice a year throughout the seaboard States of New England. Meantime Salem continued to be his home until 1829. In which year he accepted the Dane Professorship of Law at Harvard University, and transferred his family to Cambridge, where he closed his honorable life. Thus was he, during the space of thirty-four years, a most distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of his country; during the last sixteen being also a most distinguished teacher of law in its most celebrated University: at the same time the author of more text books both of a higher

order and on almost every branch of jurisprudence than any writer of his age.

The world has done ample justice to the fame of one of its greatest jurists: and after reading his *Life and Miscellaneous Writings*, there can be no difficulty in accounting for his personal influence and popularity. Vast professional erudition was not purchased by him at the expense of general usefulness or agreeableness. He could never have been suspected of being so engrossed by business, as to leave his clerk to choose his wife or friends for him. His early love of literature remained with him to the last, and both Basil Hall and Lord Carlisle have recorded the attractions of his society. He seems also to have had always leisure for every possible demand of public duty or private friendship. Defective branches of the law, as the Bankrupt Law and Criminal Law of the United States, found in him a zealous reformer: and he presided over the preparation of an elaborate Report, with well considered distinctions, in favor of a code for Massachusetts. The notes he contributed to Wheaton's Reports, fill a hundred and eighty-four closely printed pages. He no sooner heard of Mr. Greenleaf's project to publish a volume of *Overruled Cases*, and an edition of Hobart's Reports with annotations, than he zealously proffered his assistance, rejoicing "that there are gentlemen at the Bar willing to devote their leisure to the correction and ministration of the noble science of the law. It is redeeming the pledge which Lord Coke seems to think every man implicitly gives to our profession, on entering it. It is eminently useful, because it accustoms lawyers to reason upon principle, and to pass beyond the narrow boundary of authority: I want to get a copy and interleave it, so as to provide gradually for a new edition. Pray do not think that anything in which I can aid you will be a labor to me." He furnished various articles to the *American Jurist*: and those contributed by him to his friend Dr. Francis Lieber's *Encyclopædia Americana*, extended to one hundred and twenty pages in closely printed double columns. Nor was this voluntary addition to his labors limited to professional subjects. Was a cemetery to be consecrated at Mount Auburn, a eulogy to be delivered at the funeral of a colleague, a free-trade memorial to be drawn up, a hortatory lecture to be pronounced to a Mechanics' Institute or to a Literary Society, the great Jurist answered to the call with equal alacrity and ability.

There are two topics, however, in Ameri-

can life, in which it is impossible for any honest and earnest citizen to conciliate the good opinion and good will of all his countrymen. These are the question of the Constitution—or on what terms State Sovereignities and the Federal Sovereignty, are to be adjusted—and the question of Slavery.

Joseph Story entered public life in 1805, when Federalism was so predominant in Massachusetts, that his avowed sympathy with the Republican party, and his consequent support of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, not only seriously injured him in his profession, but to a great degree excluded him from the best society. Many years afterwards, in a speech in the Convention of Massachusetts, he retraced with great feeling the party animosities of those times,—not regretting the course his judgment then led him to adopt, but reflecting with the most profound melancholy on the averted eyes it had cost him, and deprecating his contemporaries leaving to their children the bitter inheritance of similar contentions. Yet he can never have held extreme opinions or have maintained them with offensive violence. In a biographical letter to Mr. Everett, speaking of this period, he observes, “I will add, because it is but common justice to myself, that, though an *ardent republican*, I was always liberal and stood by sound principles. I was avowedly a believer in the doctrines of Washington, and little infected with Virginia notions, as to men or measures.” Afterwards, when party nomenclature turned into Whig and Democratic, and he now voted with the Whigs, he was conscious of no alteration in himself. “I seem simply to have stood still in my political belief, while parties have revolved about me: so that though of the same opinions now as ever, I find my name has changed from Democrat to Whig, but I know not how or why.” He states, however, in the preface to his Commentaries on the Constitution, that their materials had been mainly derived from the Federalist and the judgments of C. J. Marshall. Probably, therefore, more of difference than he was quite aware of had crept into this branch of his opinions. At all events, these authorities brought him into direct antagonism with the principles of the most dogmatical of his early chiefs. Kent, in bearing witness to the address with which the most debateable points of American constitutional contests are handled in Story’s Commentaries, expresses his admiration of “the bold and free defence of sound doctrine against the insidious, mischievous, and malignant attacks of Jefferson.” The

explicit systematizing of Mr. J. Story’s constitutional creed had evidently been reserved for his coming within the orbit of C. J. Marshall, as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. But the estrangement between himself and Jefferson commenced earlier; at least as early as Jefferson’s discovery in Congress, that Story meant to have an opinion of his own, and to freely act on it. This was on the repeal of the Embargo of 1809. Story on that occasion described the Embargo as the mad scheme which Jefferson with his usual “visionary obstinacy was determined to maintain.” He himself considered it destructive of New England: and a confidential letter to Mr. Fay (p. 177.) authenticates the sincerity of his alarm. On the other hand, Jefferson attributed his defeat “to Story, one pseudo republican:” and never forgave it. “Pseudo-republican of course I must be (says the Judge), as every one was in Mr. Jefferson’s opinion, who dared to doubt of his infallibility.” Even if this provocation had been avoided, the alienation must have broken out sooner or later. Story found out, as member of Congress, that New England “was to obey but not to be trusted. This, in my humble judgment (he adds), was the steady policy of Mr. Jefferson at all times. We were to be kept divided, and thus used to neutralize each other.” But, besides these jarring jealousies, two men of such different views and natures could not long have drawn cordially together. After the veil was raised by the publication of Jefferson’s correspondence, Story writes to Mr. Everett (1832): “Every day I perceive more and more the effect of Mr. Jefferson’s extraordinary opinions and acts in every department of our government. It is time his correspondence was fairly and freely reviewed.” General Jackson, when President, bore difference of opinion and independence of character as impatiently as Jefferson had done: and, speaking of Story, called him “the most dangerous man in America.” Meanwhile, Story in 1831 was mourning over the change in constitutional practices and doctrines. “I have for a long time known that the present rulers and their friends were hostile to the judiciary, and have been expecting some more decisive demonstrations than had yet been given out. The recent attacks in Georgia and the recent nullification doctrine in South Carolina are parts of the same general system, the object of which is to elevate an exclusive State Sovereignty upon the ruins of the general government.” Three years later he writes in still greater despair from Washington:

"Every thing here is as uncertain as it possibly can be except the President's will. And I confess that I feel humiliated at the truth, which cannot be disguised, that although we live under the form of a republic, we are in fact under the absolute rule of a single man. . . . The question who shall be the next President, mingles with every measure." Yet Story's expectations were by this time pitched at so low a level that he would not have been hard to satisfy. Witness his pleasure in 1840 at the success of General Harrison's nomination. "His talents are not of a high order, and at this hour he is filling the office of clerk of a County Court in Ohio. What, however, seems to give him strength, is that he is poor and honest: or as Mr. Abbott Lawrence said the other day to me, 'the people believe that he won't lie and won't steal.' The real truth is, that the people are best pleased with a man whose talents do not elevate him so much above the mass as to become an object of jealousy or envy. The prospect of his being President is quite encouraging."

Meanwhile Story's sanguine view of the general aspect of American politics had long abated. As far back as 1818, he had written:—

"There is no rallying point for any party. Indeed everything is scattered. Republicans and Federalists are as much divided among themselves as the parties were formerly from each other. I do not regret the change. I have been long satisfied that the nation was in danger of being ruined by its intestine divisions; and fortunately among men of real talent, real virtue, and real patriotism, there are now few, if any, differences of opinion. But a new race of men is springing up to govern the nation; they are the hunters after popularity, men ambitious not of the honor so much as of the profits of office,—the demagogues, whose principles hang laxly upon them, and who follow not so much what is right, as what leads to a temporary vulgar applause. . . . I have done with party politics; my heart is sick of the scenes of strife and sometimes of profligacy which it presents. I have no desire ever again to enter the contest for popular favor. Yet, I hope, I love my country and its institutions, and I know that I reverence the principles of liberty and the constitution of the United States."

By 1835 the prospect had further darkened:—

"Nothing is more extraordinary than the fact that the House of Representatives, so often lauded as the true protector of the rights and interests of the people, is ready, under the strong bonds of party union and executive patronage, to yield up both. The duration of their office is too short to

secure independence of action, and the elections are too much under the power of mere demagogues. Hence the gradual change of public men from a lofty firmness to a temporizing policy."

A letter to Mr. Charles Sumner in 1845 is still more desponding:—

"In every way which I look at the future I can see little or no ground of hope for our country. We are rapidly on the decline. Corruption and profligacy, demagoguism and recklessness, characterize the times, and I for one am unable to say where the thing is to end. You, as a young man, should cling to hope: I, as an old man, know that it is all in vain."

In this same year the change of opinion from those of the "Old Court," especially on great constitutional questions, is given as the main reason of his intended resignation.

"New men and new opinions have succeeded. The doctrines of the Constitution, so vital to the country, which in former times received the support of the whole Court, no longer maintain their ascendancy. I am the last member now living of the old Court, and I cannot consent to remain where I can no longer hope to see those doctrines recognized and enforced."

As an enlightened friend to republican institutions, Mr. Justice Story was a zealous advocate for every form of educational training, by which he conceived that the condition of the people might be elevated. From their direct tendency to raise mechanics and artisans to the rank of scientific engineers, he set a high value on Mechanics' Institutes; predicting that "they were destined to work more important changes in the structure of society and the improvement in the arts than any single event, since the invention of printing." But he was even more desirous to qualify his fellow-citizens for the discharge of the political franchises which the constitution entrusted to them, than to cultivate their inventive powers as intelligent mechanics. He has expressed as forcibly as Washington himself his sense of the difficulty of complying with the conditions on which alone a Republican form of government can be a blessing to a people, or probably be prolonged. In a lecture read before the American Institute of Instruction, he particularly insists on the science of government, as being an indispensable branch of popular education in connexion with popular institutions.

"A Republic, by the very constitution of its government, requires on the part of the people more vigilance and constant exertion than all others.

The American Republic, above all others, demands from every citizen unceasing vigilance and exertion; since we have deliberately dispensed with every guard against danger or ruin except the intelligence and virtue of the people themselves. It is founded on the basis that the people have wisdom enough to frame their own system of government, and public spirit enough to preserve it; that they cannot be cheated out of their liberties; and that they will not submit to have them taken from them by force. We have silently assumed the fundamental truth that, as it never can be the interest of the majority of the people to prostrate their own political equality and happiness, so they never can be seduced, by flattery or corruption, by the intrigues of faction or the arts of ambition, to adopt any measures which shall subvert them. If this confidence in ourselves be justified (and who among Americans does not feel a just pride in endeavoring to maintain it?), let us never forget that it can be justified only by a watchfulness and zeal proportionate to our confidence. Let us never forget that we must prove ourselves wiser and better and purer than any other nation yet has been, if we are to count upon success."

It was in this view that he thought so highly of Lieber's "Political Ethics;"* and, besides abridging his own Commentaries for the Law School, himself drew up a book called the *Constitutional Class Book*, in which "the principles of the government of the United States are familiarly explained; and which was published in the 'School Library' and introduced as a text book into various schools."† When may we hope to see any thing of the sort written by a judge for the National Schools of England? The nearest approach to it at present is the "Political Philosophy" of Lord Brougham.

The side taken by Mr. J. Story in behalf of the oppressed races of both the southern and western states, was at once determined by the rectitude of his principles and the humanity of his heart. The wrongs inflicted on the Cherokee nation by the State of Georgia wrung from him the exclamation,

* He considered De Tocqueville's work on America to have been overrated; and the son complains that no notice is taken in it of his father's work. "You know (says the author of the Commentaries in a letter to Lieber) ten times as much as he does of the actual working of the system, and of its true theory."

† "School books for children on history might very beneficially begin with a short and plainly written account of our present Constitution, including a concise statement of the nature and administration of the Law. These subjects appear to me quite as important for a poor child to learn, as about the battle of Hastings or the Wars of the Roses. . . . For children as a class-book Chambers' 'Political Economy for use in Schools' may advantageously be adopted."—*Symons' School Economy*.

"I never in my whole life was more affected by the consideration, that they and all their race are destined to destruction. And I feel, as an American, disgraced by our gross violation of the public faith towards them. I fear, and greatly fear, that in the course of Providence there will be dealt to us a heavy retributive justice." Though ever opposed to slavery, he took his stand as a judge on the Constitution; and when his decision in the case of *le jeune Eugenie*, was more liberal than that of the English courts, he still retained his confidence in his own judgment, observing only on the hardship of having Sir W. Scott and the King's Bench on his back. When at liberty, as a private citizen, to act on legislative considerations, he enlarged his views proportionally. So strong was his feeling on the Missouri compromise, that the only exception which he made, after he was on the bench, in meddling with anything which could be called politics, was taking part in a meeting to protest against it.* While the admission of Texas into the Union was yet pending, he declared that

"It would be a grossly unconstitutional act; and one which he should not be surprised if it should lead to a dissolution of the Union. It will for ever give the South a most mischievous if not a ruinous preponderance in the Union."

The means are described, in a letter to his son, as being of a piece with the end:—

"Pray do not ask me how all these things are brought about. I should blush to put on paper what my belief is. There are ample means to accomplish any ends in power and patronage, &c. &c. &c., and Lord Coke has told us that &c. &c. are signs full of meaning in the law. I think they have a still more pregnant meaning out of the law. This government is becoming daily more and more corrupt; and the decline and fall of the American Republic will not be less a matter of history in an age or two at farthest than that of other republics whose fate is recorded in past annals. However, the present crisis will soon be forgotten and forgiven by the people; and we shall go on as we may, until by some convulsion we come to a full stop. When that will be I pretend not to prophesy. You may live to witness it."

It is time to pass on to Mr. J. Story's peculiar province—jurisprudence. All the great orators of America, with the exception of Mr. Everett, have been lawyers. The

* He did not, however, think it necessary to abstain from voting at elections. Since it was a joke in the family, his voting one way, and his coachman who drove him to the polling booth, voting the other.

law, as studied there, seems to enlarge the mind as well as sharpen it. But a single session of Congress (1808-9) satisfied Story that it would be more for his happiness and his fame to withdraw from political and party controversy, and apply himself with singleness of heart to the study of the law, "at all times the object of his admiration, and almost exclusive devotion." He was made a judge in 1812, at the early age of thirty-two; and he died in harness after a service of four and thirty years. We will not here enter on the examination of any of even his most celebrated judgments during this long and eventful period. It will be enough to notice the annual course of those official duties,—duties so unwisely underpaid in America, that Story himself, though most indifferent to money, can only speak of the position as one of splendid poverty. The observation he has made on the extent of knowledge required of a legislator for so many States applies almost as forcibly to a judge of the Supreme Court, sitting the winter months at Washington. In his case, six months of every year were taken up on circuits—his own circuit being the great maritime district of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Kent might truly say to him, "You have, fortunately for yourself and for your country, the best section in the country for the application of your powers, and have much more reason than Montesquieu had, to thank Heaven that you were born and educated where you are placed." At that time the Commercial Law and Admiralty Jurisdiction of America were pretty much what they had been in England before the times of Lord Mansfield and Lord Stowell. Story never passes an opportunity of expressing his admiration of those two eminent men; and this not only in public, but also in his private correspondence; as, for instance, in answer to Adams, who had declared that they were no more to be quoted than the Court Calendar. His account of the condition of Equity Jurisprudence throughout America at this period is equally unfavorable. It was created principally by Kent, who was made Chancellor of New York in 1814. So rapid, however, was the subsequent progress of equitable science, that by 1841 a Court of Chancery had sprung up in every county of almost every State, where all proceedings originated, and "an able local bar had been created by whom the business was so well-managed, that small causes seldom got into the Appellate Court." There is ample opportunity of comparison

between the different systems in America. Some States altogether exclude Equity as distinct from Law, some confer an equitable jurisdiction on their Courts of Law, others separate Equity and Law into distinct Courts, as in England. Story on the whole leaned to a separation, but the mechanism both of the Courts of Chancery and of a Chancery suit differed so widely in the two countries, that, notwithstanding his respect for Lord Eldon, he assures Mr. Field, "the English system could not have existed in America without calling forth legislative interference to prevent delays, to lessen costs, and to give simplicity to proceedings."

Story was fed in youth on the dry dust of what Bentham called *Grim Gribber*. He began life with a profound study of the black letter law of England; and to the last, when gratefully summoning up the list of his instructors, delighted to revert to Tidd. But, fortunately, he had also felt a higher call. Though he pays Kent the compliment of having instructed so many of their contemporaries in the truth, that the gift of uniting a deep respect for precedents with an habitual inquiry into their consonance with principles, is not unattainable, however rare, it is clear he had already found the principles in the wisdom of the Civil Law, and that he had trained his own well-constituted nature after the example of Pothier and Domat. No man can have ever possessed in a higher degree the happy faculty which he attributes to Mr. Justice Washington, of yielding just the proper weight to authority.

Recent as is the greater part of American Law, it has shot up with so vigorous and succulent a growth that it is natural that the profession in the United States should be both surprised and mortified at the little notice which its jurisprudence has attracted in England; "being passed by with utter neglect, as belonging only to a colonial or foreign law. There is however at this very moment (1831) in the States composing the Union a population of about thirteen millions, all of which claims the Common Law as its birthright, and all of which is accustomed to study the Treatises and Reports of English Jurisprudence, as a necessary preparation for practice in the profession of the law. In several of the States Commercial Law may be said to form a principal business of the Courts, and to be examined with a diligence and ability equal to its vast importance. Not an English decision or treatise is published three months, before it finds its way to our libraries, and is there studied

and criticised with profound attention." It will be a proud distinction to Kent and Story, that they have done more than any other men to put an end to the indifference of English lawyers to the learning of their American brethren.

Story, mentioning the praises given to Kent's Commentaries in some English legal publications, adds, "this is as it should be; for, England is deeply interested in cultivating a thorough knowledge of American jurisprudence: and it would betray a lamentable want of professional ambition, not to master a work which has become our first juridical classic,"—the American Blackstone, or something more. The testimony borne to the services of Story himself is of a more direct and higher order. Mr. Justice Pateson gratefully acknowledges the obligations "under which he has laid all the members of the profession of the law, especially those who have to administer it, by his profound and learned treatises;" adding that "the respect paid to American Reports and Law Treatises is rapidly increasing; and tends much to the improvement of our theory and practice." Mr. Baron Parke's opinion is equally favorable. Mr. Justice Coleridge, after stating, that he had read no modern treatise of our own production with anything like the pleasure and instruction he had received from Story's "Conflict of Law," goes on to say, "I think you would be pleased with the feeling, which exists in our Courts at present in respect to American jurisprudence. It is one of the highest respect; we do not indeed allow your Reports to be cited as authority; but that, I believe, is out of consideration to the Bar, who are already overburdened with the expensive and troublesome multiplicity of our own Reports." He elsewhere admits, "a comparison with your course is not very flattering to your brethren on the English Bench: we are, it is true, very much engrossed by practice before we are made Judges, and by our duties afterwards; perhaps somewhat more so than is your lot in America. Still that will not account for the whole difference between us." Lord Campbell, informing him that his library was now enriched with the whole of his published works, proceeds to say, "I survey with increased astonishment your extensive, minute, exact, and familiar knowledge of English legal writers in every department of the law. A similar testimony to your judicial learning, I make no doubt, would be offered by the lawyers of France and Germany, as well as of America, and

we should all concur in placing you at the head of the jurists of the present age." In fact, Savigny and Mittermaier have given in their adhesion in the present volumes under their own hands: And to crown these fervent tributes after the most approved English fashion, when the great American jurist proposed to visit London, Lords Brougham and Denman, and the other judges, prepared to celebrate his reception by a public dinner at Serjeant's Inn.

For the last sixteen years of his life, Mr. Justice Story added to his labors of Judge those of a Professor: and it is to this last appointment that we are indebted for his most important works. His earlier publications had been those of an English practising lawyer—such as a supplement to "Comyn's Digest," new editions of "Chitty on Bills," "Abbott on Shipping," "Lawes on Assumpsit." But in 1830, soon after his acceptance of the Dane Professorship at Harvard, he expressed his anxiety to set to work with the law students, and prepare some written lectures, "in the terrible deficiency of good elementary books." Accordingly his "Treatise on Bailment" appeared in the following year, as the first fruits of this good intention, and as the first volume* of a series

* Mr. Justice Story furnished an admirable article to the "North American Review" on the *Literature of the Maritime Law*. It is contained in a notice of Jacobsen's "Laws of the Sea with reference to Maritime Commerce during Peace and War." Towards the conclusion of the article he states that the principal value of Mr. Jacobsen's work to an American (and what is true of the American must be true also of the English) lawyer, "is the minute accuracy and fulness with which it gives us the positive and customary law of all the maritime nations of the Continent. And this, in our judgment, is a most interesting, and, in a practical view, a most important accession to our judicial literature. Of the maritime law of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, we have hitherto known very little. Yet with all of them we carry on an extensive trade; and the principles of their jurisprudence as to maritime affairs, both in peace and war, are of incalculable importance to our merchants, nay more, to our government. This is not all. A great variety of curious and difficult questions are perpetually arising in our judicial tribunals, where the positive regulations or usages of other continental nations would greatly assist us in forming decisions, which should comport with general convenience, as well as with the general principles of Law. Many are the cases in which the foreign usage ought to incline the scale. We owe indeed a full moiety of our present commercial law to the positive ordinances or usages of France, Italy, and Spain, as they have been delivered to us by their eminent jurists. They seem now inclined to borrow from us in return; and thus perhaps national comity may gradually establish a nearly uniform system of commercial jurisprudence

on Commercial Law. Next followed "Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States." It was announced by him, as another portion of the labors devolving on him in execution of the duties of his professorship; and it immediately placed his authority as a constitutional lawyer on a level with that of C. J. Marshall himself. "Whoever," says Mr. Bancroft, "would understand our form of government, must study the Commentaries of Story." His greatest work (at least he himself thought it so) was his next payment in discharge of his duties to his Law School. It was published in 1834. Appropriately eulogized by C. J. Tindal and the Jurisconsults of France and Germany, it met with its most eloquent admirer in Mr. Webster:—

"It is a great truth that England has never produced any eminent writer on national or general public law, no elementary writer, who made the subject his own, who has breathed his own breath into it, and made it live. In English judicature, Sir W. Scott, it is true, has done much to enlighten the public mind on the subject of prize causes, and in our day Mackintosh has written a paper of some merit. But where is your English Grotius? Where is your English Barbeyrac? Has England produced one? Not one! The English mind has never been turned to the discussion of general public law. We must go to the Continent for the display of genius, in this department of human knowledge. What have the Courts of Westminster Hall done to illustrate the principles of public law? With the exception of a tract by Mansfield of considerable merit, more great principles of public law have been discussed and settled by this court within the last twenty years, than in all the Common Law Courts of England within the last hundred years. Nay, more important subjects of law have been examined and passed upon by this bench in a series of twenty years than in all Europe for a century past, and I cannot forbear to add, that one in the midst of you has favored the world with a treatise on public law, fit to stand by the side of Grotius, to be the companion of the 'Institutes,'—a work that is now regarded by the judicature of the world as the great book of the age,—'Story's Conflict of Laws.'"

Another year had scarcely passed, and then came out his "Treatise on Equity Jurisprudence." It was not only received in America as calculated "to teach its transatlantic teachers," but Lord Campbell took it with him to Dublin in that character, and

throughout the whole civilized world." Mr. Justice Story was a great commercial lawyer; there has been no greater. After the above passage, we may conceive the satisfaction with which he would have welcomed the great work of Mr. Levi, and the project of an International Commercial Code.

has recognized how, on a particular point peculiarly English, he found more information in it than in any English publication. Its philosophical merits at once carried its fame over the Continent, where Mittermaier has borne witness that its extensive views must make it interesting to the jurists of all nations. By this time, now aged fifty-six, he says, he had published seven volumes; and in five or six more could accomplish all he proposed. But of these, all belived to complete was a Treatise on Agency, and another on Partnership. The miracle is, how he performed so much, considering the demand made on his time over and above his judicial duties by superintendence of his Law School, by two hours lectures daily there, and by presiding over its extra moot courts.

The grades of the profession in America are not distinguished by the formal etiquette of England.* "Every solicitor is a counselor, and every counsellor acts at times as solicitor. We find no inconvenience from this course," says Story. So at the other end of the profession, the Judges do not think it beneath their judicial dignity to take part as teachers of incepting students. In the eulogy on Professor Ashmun, it is mentioned incidentally that he had been associated early with Judge Howe, who had established a Law School at Northampton of very high character. When Kent ceased to be Chancellor of New York, in consequence of the absurd enactment, by which any person above sixty years of age is disabled from holding a judicial office, he only added to his honors by those lectures at Columbia College, of which the world has since the benefit, as represented in his Commentaries. Story's case is still stronger. America and the whole civilized world are the wiser and the better for the absence of prejudice, by which he was allowed to unite with his office of Judge of the Supreme Court that of Professor of Law at Harvard College.

We have reserved for the last an account of his Law School. It may instruct and animate the new establishments now forming (better late than never) in the English Inns of Court. In the year 1828, he had declined

* The preface or dedication of a recent work, "The Advocate," by Mr. Cox, is a protest addressed to Lord Denman against the breach threatened to be made in the etiquettes and centralization of the profession of the law in England, by the successful opening of County Courts. American experience appears to be as much lost on our legal alarmists as on some of our public offices. Yet in his chapter on *Professional Studies* Mr. Cox assigns their rightful place to the writings of Mr. Justice Story.

the Royal Professorship of Law at Cambridge, U. S., on the ground that it would oblige him to devote all his leisure time to drilling and lectures, and judicial conversations. "The school," he answered, "cannot flourish except by such constant efforts; and I should not willingly see it wither under my hands. The delivery of public lectures alone might not be oppressive; but success in a law school must be obtained by private lectures." These objections, however, were fated to give way at no greater distance of time than the following year, in consequence of Mr. Dane subjecting his new foundation to the one condition of Mr. J. Story being the first Professor. The condition was eminently wise and fortunate; as much so as if Mr. Viner had stipulated with Oxford for the nomination of Blackstone on his endowment. The annual number of law students had previously averaged eight, and the year before it had been reduced to one. His reputation raised the number the first year to thirty—than which, he says, in 1831, that he "never calculated upon more." But in 1838, he could say, "we had sixty good fellows last term." They had grown, in 1842, to one hundred and twenty; in 1844, to one hundred and fifty-six. By 1845, he numbers the students whom the school, during the previous sixteen years, had turned out into the world, over every part of the Union, at upwards of eleven hundred. What a blessing to the profession and to his country such a leading mind!

This success was not owing more to his prodigious industry and accomplishments than to the charm of his character. He was a great master in the art of communicating knowledge, and of winning affection and respect. While Mr. Greenleaf testifies that he never forgot his position as a Judge, his cheerful influence over "the boys," as he called them, was boundless. "I have given," he writes to Mr. Sumner, in 1838, "nearly the whole of last term, when not on judicial duty, two lectures every day: and we broke in on the sanctity of the *dies non juridicus*, Saturday. It was carried by acclamation in the school; so you see we are alive. They begin already to be wide awake to the dignity of the law, and its morals. Mr. Dana, the popular author of "Two Years before the Mast," was one of his pupils. They afterwards honorably co-operated in redressing the wrongs of American seamen. From his picture of the school, in a beautiful letter of reminiscences, drawn up in 1851, (vol. ii. p. 317), Mr. Dane is justified in his conviction

"that such a peculiar combination of qualities to constitute a teacher of the science of Law to young men, is not likely to be found again for many generations."

He conducted his lectures as conversational exercises on different text books: and held moot courts two or three times a week for arguing fictitious cases. He was what Roger North would have described as an excellent "put-case:" and on his return from Washington, always brought home a sheaf of them, "which he had prepared during the sitting of the Court, and which, at the time of his death, amounted to several hundred." These were argued by the students, senior and junior counsel, according to their standing. The jury trials, which were held twice a year in their crowded library, became a college festival: Mr. Story took great delight in them, and delivered elaborate judgments; and the students on their part prepared their cases with so much care, that "he used to say of their arguments, that they were quite as good as, and sometimes better than, those of the counsel engaged in the real cases. We may cease to wonder that, after such scenes, every other subject became secondary with him to the Law School. When, at sixty-five, he contemplated resigning his judgeship, 'to quit the Law School (his son tells us) was out of the question. This institution he had built up, and it was the delight of his life. His duties there were pleasures, which afforded him an agreeable and honorable occupation. To gather round him a circle of young men, into whose minds he might instil sound doctrines of Law and Equity, and whom he might dismiss into the world with high principles and pure motives; to employ his leisure in giving a permanent written form to the learning with which he had stored his mind, and thus to smooth the path of the student, and to recommend and establish the Law, was a prospect which was constantly before him, to charm his imagination.' The legal perpetuity he desired, in praying that his name might be associated with his favorite Law School, will assuredly be granted him.

The object which Story kept most immediately in view in all his teaching, whether oral or written, was to reconcile the continental style of treating judicial subjects with the English method,—to join the scientific arrangement of principles as developed by the civilians with the chain of precedents and practical illustrations exemplified in English text-books. In one of his earlier prefaces, a union of the two plans, it is affirmed,

would be a great improvement in our law treatises; and would afford no inconsiderable assistance to students in mastering the higher branches of their profession.' It was under these hopes that he took so seriously to heart the death of Mr. Legaré, Attorney-General for the United States, as a national misfortune. 'I had indeed looked to him with great fondness of expectation; I had looked to see him accomplish what he was so well fitted to do,—what I know was the darling object of his pure ambition*,—to engraft the Civil Law upon the jurisprudence of this country, and thereby to expand the Common Law to greater usefulness and a wider adaptation to the progress of society.' In this view he had been just encouraging his friend to translate Heineccius's Elements with notes so as to adapt its principles to the existing state of the Common Law. His answer to Mr. Kennedy's inquiries on behalf of the Dublin Law Institute is in accordance with these opinions, and contains a full and final statement of his experience on the best method of teaching law.

'I have been long persuaded that a more scientific system of legal education than that which has hitherto been pursued is demanded by the wants of the age and the progress of jurisprudence. The old mode of solitary unassisted studies in the Inns of Court, or in the dry and uninviting drudgery of an office, is utterly inadequate to lay a just foundation for accurate knowledge in the learning of the law. It is for the most part a waste of time and effort, discouraging and repulsive. It was, however, the system in which I was myself bred, and so thoroughly convinced was I of its worthlessness, that I then resolved, if I ever had students, I would pursue an opposite course. It was my earnest desire to assist in the establishment of another system, which induced me to accept my present professorship in Harvard University, thereby burdening myself with duties and labors which otherwise I would gladly have declined.

'The system pursued by my learned brother Mr. Professor Greenleaf and myself, in our juridical instructions, has had the most entire success. The Law Institution here has flourished far more than I ever dreamed it could in a country like America, where the administration of law is not, as with you, concentrated in Dublin, or in Westminster or Edinburgh, but spreads over the whole territory.

* Kent and Story concurred on the necessity of attaching a complete civilian library to the National Library at Washington. One, which had been carefully made on the Continent of Europe, has been appropriately presented to Harvard College. Kent says, that its collector could not see a copy of the most important of these works in any of the public libraries of London, while nearly all of them were to be found in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

Our system of instruction is not founded upon written lectures (which, I am persuaded, is a very inadequate mode,) but upon oral lectures connected with the daily studies of the students in the various works which they study, and in the lecture-room where they are all assembled in classes, and where they undergo a daily examination; and every lecture grows out of the very pages of the volume which they are reading. In this way difficulties are cleared away, additional illustrations suggested, new questions propounded, and doubts raised, and occasionally authorities criticised, so that the instructor and the pupil move along *pari passu*, and the pupil is invited to state his doubts, and learns how to master his studies.'

With what interest would the writer of this letter have read the following passage in the late Report of the Council of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, and have watched the progress of the experiment proposed by our Inns of Court:—

'Little real progress has yet been made towards the establishment of a good law school, with effective examinations; the late recommendations of the inns of court your Council cannot but consider as insufficient; but we trust that both the profession and the public at large are becoming more and more alive to the necessity for such a provision, and that the heads of the inns of court are becoming more aware of the serious responsibility which rests upon them in this respect. We are glad to find the subject of legal education mentioned in the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the revenues of the University of Oxford, and are gratified at seeing the opinion of this Society adduced in support of a proposal by the commissioners to apply a portion of the funds of the university to imparting a knowledge of the laws of the country. We hope to see the same recommendation in the report on the University of Cambridge, and that in the course of a few years there will be at each of these seats of learning an efficient law school.

'Still more do your Council hope and believe, that from the present inns of court will at length arise a complete and satisfactory law university, endowed with the funds originally vested in those societies for legal education, and which cannot be better devoted than to the purpose of teaching the law. Nor can your Council entertain a doubt that if the benchers do not so apply these funds, their proper application will be enforced by the Legislature. Thus the law student would have an opportunity of commencing and afterwards continuing his studies under able professors, both in the Universities and

in London, with all the advantages that the wealth of those bodies and of the inns of court could command. While on this subject we would throw out the suggestion, that interesting and instructive popular lectures on the laws of the country might be given at Mechanics' Institutions and other similar places. The publicity of our courts of justice, the presence of a jury of fellow-countrymen, and the practice of oral examination, render our trials matters of universal interest, and several branches of the law, by means of such lectures, might be brought to the knowledge of the community which is bound to obey them.'

The excuse made for the incuriousness of practitioners in our courts of justice concern-

ing Continental and American jurisprudence, by reason of the superabundance of our own, has no application here. It will not avail to cover our neglect of the successful example set by Mr. Justice Story as Professor, and by Harvard University as a school of law. Lord Coke loved to hear the Inns of Court called a third university. It is time they did something to deserve that name. What a change in the learning of the two great professions, were Oxford and Cambridge really to take to teaching divinity to our future clergy, and the Temple and Lincoln's Inn to fulfilling the trust of watching with proper academical interest, over the instruction and progress of their respective students!

From *the Westminster Review*.

THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.*

THE quotation which at once rises to the lips of the educated Englishman who reads the above title, is the well-known remark in Selden's delightful "Table Talk," that "libels" are like "straws," which serve to show how "the wind is." But we hope that it is scarcely necessary to fortify ourselves with this respectable observation. The great literary reputation of the "Anti-Jacobin,"—the interest attaching to such well-known names as those of Canning, Frere, Gifford, Wellesley, will induce the reader, we willingly believe, to glance with us at their revised productions. Whatever has been famous in its day has some claims on posterity's curiosity. What were the real merits of those writings which a society calling itself cultivated, and having a wide range for comparison, agreed to consider of unparalleled brilliance, and pronounced to be highly influential on public opinion? This is a kind of question which in an age of re-publication is constantly urging itself. And ours is an age of re-publication. We are continually summoned to discharge the duty which devolves, under the

Mahometan dispensation, upon the two angels named *Monker* and *Nakir*. "When a corpse is laid in the grave," Sale tells us, "they say he is received by an angel, who gives him notice of the coming of the *examiners*; which are two black livid angels of a terrible appearance. . . . These order the dead person to sit upright, and examine him, &c."

We are called on repeatedly to come in this ferocious capacity, and put dead literary bodies to the question. For there are "clubs" which employ their whole corporate existence in providing us with the opportunity. Authors of every period of history do in these later times come out of their graves, and walk abroad, to the astonishment of the literary sentinel. We believe that the British Museum is arranged, and arranging itself, expressly so as to accommodate the labors of "Dryasdust." And nothing can be more certain than that material of all sorts is accumulating—quite in over-proportion to the increase of that faculty which sees into the spirit and meaning of the said material for the benefit of the living, whom that, and that only, can in any way serve. We confess, we rather wonder that the contents of the book before us waited so long for an intelligent and

* *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*. New and Revised Edition. Willis, Covent-garden

admiring editor. But Mr. "Charles Edmonds" comes forward at last, duly apportioning to each writer his fragment of satire, impartially divides parodies among their proper creators, and is indeed the "Old Mortality" of Tory libellers. Mr. Edmonds has done what he undertook—which, as Mr. Jarndyce remarks, is of itself a decided merit. "Coavins" would sit on a post for his twelve hours, if he said he would; and all honor to the literary Coavinses whose merit is similar! It is only natural, and surely not to be harshly treated in any case, that Mr. Edmonds should participate in the editorial weakness of a too great admiration for the object of his labors. He is inclined to talk of such productions as the "Knife-grinder" and the "Loves of the Triangles," as one might expect to hear a young gentleman, with a manuscript in his hand on his way to Moxon, talk of Keats's "Hyperion" or of "Christabel." He has apparently no qualms in calling such productions "poetry." But when he makes a special point of asserting on behalf of Canning, as distinguished from other writers of satire, that he "knew how to respect the decencies of life," we are forced to ask him if he never heard of Canning's describing a political opponent as "the revered and ruptured Ogden?" and if he is not aware that Sydney Smith has especially described him as one "who spares nobody?" However, we have no wish to be harsh on the pious credulity of editors; only they would do well to be discreet in their laudations, and not manage to remind one so often of those Indians who torture their victims by smearing them with honey to bring down the wasps on them!

The "Anti-Jacobin's" reputation is certainly, as we said above, and as Mr. Edmonds is correct in believing, very considerable. And it is a reputation of a peculiar, highly respectable, English, and orthodox character. Very grave and decorous people—people who speak of "Punch" as a "facetious contemporary"—admire the "Anti-Jacobin." Priggish gentlemen, like the "Ranville Ranville" of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," smirk pleasantly at the mention of it. Serious people class it among those instances in which the "faculty of ridicule that has been conceded to us" has been "lawfully" used. Its quotations are bandied about the orthodox press, when a man of dangerous views is to be held up to proper contempt and ridicule. Now all this, and the fact that it was one of the "straws" (to recur to old Selden's saying) which served to show how the stormy winds

of the French Revolution time blew, makes it well worthy of a notice in these pages. The treatment of it, and of the men and deeds which its name suggests, will naturally bring the period before us, and we shall be able to see, in some measure, how English ways of thinking have altered since the days when Coleridge and Southey were the butts of ridicule, and when Byron submitted his productions to the approval of Gifford.

Naturally enough, satirical literature is always referred to—and in all the stages of its development—when one wants to form a warm and vivid picture of the life of a people. Satire grows out of the natural humor of the popular heart. It makes its appearance in the very earliest ages of history; comes dancing out of the primæval woods of laughter, and crowned with wild flowers. You hear its laugh at the earliest festivals of the race, when they met together for religion and revelry; and after Tellus had had his offering, and Silvanus his milk, and the Genius his wine and flowers, why then, the—

"Agricolæ prisci, fortes parvoque beati,"

pelted each other with jests fresh as the turf below them, with a smack of hard humor rough as their early wine. The first old satirists would be good-natured, and fun would be the main element of their *fescennina licentia*. For hate would express itself in those early times by weapons at once. It requires civilization to produce iambs that slay as surely as steel, or a *Junius* letter, that will reduce its object to living on potatoes for a week! And these early *carmina*—for it was the natural tendency of the large-hearted early man to wing his sarcasm with song—would be the first rude assertions of literature proper against force—of the value of the intellectual element as a redeeming feature in the social conditions produced by political movements—far-off gleams of ideas afterwards to be developed in the world's history. If we turn from early southern to early northern life—we leave the warm regions of taunting fescennine song, and we find our Scandinavian ancestors, in their different way, lacerating each other with "*nothing-verses*." Everywhere satire, in one or other of his various garbs, is found doing his duty in his station. With the car of the victor of civilization, he marches to remind him of his mortality. He follows at the funeral of dead institutions as the mime who burlesques the gestures that characterized them living. He jeers in the wake of Cæsar's Gal-

lio triumph, at the baldness below the laurel—at the vice that disfigures the greatness. He is found pitebng “sacred chickens” overboard, to see if they will drink when they decline to eat. He is wise in the fool’s garb, and rings a moralizing knell from those bells of his. Many duties devolve on satire in the ever-varying world-history. But when satire is genuine, when it comes from the heart, and is the voice of nature, appealing to man’s instincts against the falsities, hypocrisies, corruptions of a time—surely then we may admit it amongst the grander products of the human faculty, and may speak, without impropriety, of the Satiric Muse. It certainly is *not* true that “ridicule is the test of truth,” in the sense in which that *dictum* is commonly used; but when men heartily join in the scornful laugh of the satirist, it may be presumed that the reverence which he is laboring to destroy, has already begun to stand on a false foundation. Would Paris have seriously delighted in the “Tartufe,” had it not been well known that hypocrites of the same *genus* infested the town? When old Sir David Lindsay, with his deep Scotch humor, made the friars laughable—was he not really appealing to every man’s experience of their impudence, falsity, hypocrisy, and godless laziness? Men may laugh loudly, but they will not laugh long at ridicule of the truly venerable. The godless jester has his hour and his knot of *claqueurs*; but when the real satirist—who is at once humorist and moralist—makes his appearance, he is hailed as a brother by more generations than his own. He plants himself on the common instincts of mankind, and when he exposes the solemn impostures of the world, he is appealing to the genuine, healthy sense of the people, and his laughter wakes them from the enchanted sleep they have been bewitched into. “What think you of Luther?” says the good Elector to Erasmus. “Why—hem!”—the careful scholar, who loves his lettered quiet, hesitates; suddenly the eye brightens: “he has attacked the pope’s crown and the monks’ bellies!” The laugh echoes over Europe—“the pope’s crown and the monks’ bellies! Yes, that is it—the rascals!” chuckle the deep-hearted northerners. “*Habet!*” is the exclamation of the gazing world. Erasmus’s satire was a thin and poor affair, compared with that of Burns, for example, yet how much it did for the good cause! Then, every body has heard of despotisms “tempered by epigrams.” The gloomy, hypocritical, keen, and knowing Tiberius—with his stiff neck, face blotched with dissipa-

tion, and big eyes that shrank from a fair glance, and had a cat-like faculty in the dark—had a dread of this darting light in particular. Tacitus, who saw everything, saw this, and well notes why Fufius is glanced at in the imperial letter—Fufius who is “*dicax, et Tiberium acerbis facetiis inridere solitus*,” “quarum,” adds the historian, himself a king of satirists, if need be,—“*apud præpotentes in longum memoria est!*”

Genuine satire, then, we may well prize. There is a peculiar beauty in the white nettle-flower. And of its literature, as a means of enabling us to know a time, the value is indubitable. For Roman life, we go to Horace and Juvenal. For our own life in past ages, we go to our satirists—not, of course, without distinction of persons. But it may be said, further, that the great satirist is essentially of a genial nature—pre-eminently “a good fellow.” We hear, every now and then, of the “black malignity” of one, the “bile” of another: as well talk of the mean anger of the bearer of the silver bow! Think you those arrows shall not be shot, because respectability is startled by the glitter? We could get up as good a band of cheerful, loveable friends from the ranks of satirists as heart could wish. The tenderness of Catullus, in spite of his “arrowy shower” of satires, everybody knows, and wishes for his ashes the peace that his beautiful verses implore for those of his brother! Horace, high priest to the devotees of *savoir vivre*, chastises with rods of myrtle. And why do we hear so much of the “grossness” of poor old Juvenal? Sometimes we hear him described as a butcher; sometimes as an exhausted old voluptuary, turning to rail at vices which he had “used up.” But his was not an age for using light weapons. It was a war like Thor’s attack on the serpent, Midgard. His *fascēs*, too, were always lowered before the old genius of his country: wherever a divine power came along, they bowed in due reverence. There are stray, sad gleams, too, of poetry, as in the passage ending with the mournful, musical, *plenæque sororibus urnæ*. But does not a hearty old Roman geniality breathe from the invitation to Persicus in the eleventh satire? Persicus is to come to that grim satirist’s Tiburtine villa. No raw-head and bloody-bones repast awaits him. There will be a plump kid, Persicus, my boy, fresh from the banks of Tiber—innocent of grass, and scarcely having cropped the willow—a most innocent kid, with more milk than blood in him—(Charles Lamb would have gone at once)—vegetables, eggs, excellent grapes.

We will dine as our ancestors used to dine. We will have a modicum of modest wine, and we will hear the verses of the "Iliad" and of "Virgil."

"Quid refert, tales versus quâ voce legantur?"—

We cannot expect such cheerful feeling to prevail often in a heart sick with the contemplation of the brutal greed, cruelty, stupidity, and manifold baseness of the time. But it is pleasant to feel this cheerful breath, as from the old hills of Italy, in an atmosphere redolent with smoke, foreign ointments, gigantic kitchens, and all sorts of sin. Sad and grim old Juvenal had the honest simplicity of one of the old rustic gods about him, and the bare manliness of his humor is not suited to the morbid squeamishness of effeminate respectability. Dryden's genuine good-nature and geniality are apparent at the very first glance you cast at his character. Swift "had a great deal of love in him," said Thackeray, in his last year's lectures, while he spoke of the faithful friendships of the great men of that era. Pope was cursed with a morbid temperament; but, after all, who really sympathizes with "Sporus," or gets up any genuine enthusiasm in favor of the herd of men whom he wantonly—say sometimes cruelly—attacked? In any case, Lord Hervey was a miserable worldling and a courtier, with considerable Walpolean cleverness, but nothing that a man heartily can sympathize with. Cibber was not a dunce. Was he anything? Has our English literature gained anything from such as he and his fellow victims? They are at best mere sacrifices to the general cause of entomology. They were mercilessly whipped. Well, better they should roar than the author of the "Dunciad" keep silence. They only owe their remembrance to the fact of Pope's having satirized them; as, you remember the existence of a beetle by the marks of its blood on the wall. Gay, who wrote satirically enough, was as good-natured as a cherub. Churchill, who is, perhaps, our most violent satirist, inspired profound affection—so much so, that his friend Lloyd rose from the dinner-table, where he was sitting when the news of his death reached him, and died within a few days of the shock. Who doubts the kind-heartedness of Molière, or Voltaire, or old George Buchanan, who wrote the ferocious "Franciscanus," and the pungent "Frates Fraterrimi," or of Dr. Butler, or Dr. Donne? There was no need of Coleridge's elaborate preface to the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," to convince us that

literary bitterness does not come from malignity. The genuine satire is an utterance of scorn which may hate—as, indeed, who ought not to hate—baseness; but hates without meanness, from the very love of the good and noble. We cheer on Apollo when he is attacking the serpent—Thor when his mallet is about to ring on the Frost-giant. We know that Cicero was one of the warmest-hearted men that ever lived; and it does not diminish our regard for him when we see him exhausting language to heap infamy on the plunderer of Sicily, or the miscreant Piso.

It would seem absurd to apply the rules derived from our ideal of satire to every concocter of political squibs, with an air of solemn measurement. This would be to practise a kind of hawking like that of the king who used to have sparrows trained to catch butterflies. The political squib is a favorite article of British manufacture; we are skilful in its concoction, as, in truth, in that of most other species of satire. Within the circle of a century, did we not produce Butler, Dryden, Swift, Pope?—four of the greatest satirists the world ever saw. Hudibras, unmatched for humor; Dryden, for a large, flowing, broad invective, with smart strokes of sharpest sense; Swift, whose irony is exquisite, who scents corruption with morbid keenness, and lavishes on it his wit and scurrility, as a volcano sends up at once fire and mud; Pope, perhaps the most finished satirist of all—refining satire into an art, putting deliberately on, you may say, like the poisoner in Browning, a glass mask, to keep his features covered, while he prepares his subtle poisons. Yes; we have a talent for satire in England. Perhaps, to be sure, we never attain to the airiness of the French epigram—

.... "that masterpiece of man!"

which slays as with a sun-stroke. Our satire has a tendency to be noisy. We *rattle* as well as sting. Thus, when an offender is to be lashed, much dust and hubbub is raised round him. The laws against which the unhappy fellow has rebelled are solemnly invoked and repeated to him as at a military flogging. Who does not remember the "slashing article" of the "Quarterly," in its old day?—The public were always first reminded of their duties as Britons, and their moral position in Europe generally, and called on to rejoice sternly in the coming castigation. Of the two great branches into which satire divides itself—invective and ridicule—perhaps the first is our forte.

Dryden confesses that he preferred Juvenal to Horace, for his private reading. He himself shows an example of merciless violence. Thus, we are unhesitatingly assured of Shadwell—really, by the way, a clever man—that—

“ With all this bulk, there’s nothing lost in Og.
For every inch that is not fool is rogue !”

So Churchill solemnly commences, of a foe :—

“ With that small cunning which in fools supplies,
And ample, too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave.”

Again Junius calls one great man “ purely and perfectly bad.” And Swift opens a battery on the Irish public body (we are quoting from memory) with—

“ Half a mile from Dublin college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge.”

It is our English way. A majestic severity seems to become our national seriousness ; we feel that the *non temere divos* is to be taught to some purpose, while we are about it.—To revert, however, to political squibs.

We enjoy the reputation, undoubtedly, of being the first caricaturists in Europe. Our Gilrays and H. B.’s are unmatched. And we have never been without our squib-writers. The ballads against the “ Rump ” alone, we believe, count by thousands. Cleveland, the royal satirist, went through edition after edition. Cowley’s wit is as visible in his attack on the Puritans as in anything of his we have left. Villiers and Dorset’s *carmina probrosa* were renowned. William the Third’s diseases ; Sir Robert Walpole’s mistress ; Queen Caroline’s hate of her son ; the Georges’ affection for Hanover—their bad English—their queer ways—their amours—occupied a cycle of satirists. Walpole’s letters are always registering the last “ copy of verses,” which had aimed at inflicting misery on his king, his rivals, or his uncle. Pulteney wrote squibs, and so did Chesterfield. Bolingbroke’s stately eloquence complained of the “ flowers ” . . . “ gathered at Billingsgate,” by his enemies, to annoy him. And to this hour, the orthodox reviewer of the day still thinks it the proper thing to mention Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the great gay libeller of the last century, an elegant, witty gentleman, always ready to embody the scandal of

the hour in neat and flowing verses. It became an art to do this kind of thing—an art like that of the early poisoners, who conveyed death in perfumed soap, gloves, flowers. So that every period of political movement has its knot of libellers ;—the “ Rolliad ” is succeeded by the “ Anti-Jacobin ; ” then comes the era of the “ Twopenny Post-Bag,” which is followed by the Tory triumph of the *John Bull*, till, at last—which was the upshot of the whole, and natural development of the system—it led to abysses of blackguardism (in the *Age*, &c.), where not even the sturdiest critic can be expected to follow.

Just before the period of the “ Anti-Jacobin,” the great squib-writer of the day was Dr. Wolcot, the famous *Peter Pindar*. The Doctor was a Devonshire man—had served as physician in Jamaica, under Sir William Trelawney—was afterwards in holy orders. He was a man of fair acquirements, amateur in art and music, and, as far as we can see, a much more respectable kind of person than you would expect from his reputation, or, indeed, from some of his writings : for the Doctor was decidedly coarse. To be sure, there are degrees of coarseness. We should, perhaps, be harsh if we were to say that he was ever exactly *blackguardly*. One must remember the time, and one must judge a man of the world by the standard of his class. There is about Peter, then, a certain “ after-dinner ” kind of coarseness—a loose, rough way of talking, seasoned with *gros sel*—quite intolerable now, of course ; but such as, there is good reason to believe, was once not unknown in circles of men well born, bred, and educated, according to their time ; and which, we dare say, is still known, among bagmen, American slave-dealers, and thick-skinned talkers of many sorts. The Doctor was a libeller of immense fertility, and certainly had real humor. Perhaps some of our readers may be curious to see a specimen. We transcribe (from the respectable five volume edition of 1812) one of the many attacks which he made on George the Third. The peculiarity in that king’s way of talking was a favorite subject of the writer. He is here narrating a visit paid by the monarch on a progress, in company with the Earl of Pembroke :—

“ From Salisbury Church to Wilton House, so grand,
Returned the mighty ruler of the land :
‘ My lord, you’ve got fine statues,’ said the king ;
‘ A few beneath your royal notice, sir,’

Replied Lord Pembroke.—‘Stir, my lord, stir,
stir,
Let’s see them all, all, all, all, everything.’

“Who’s this?—who’s this? Who’s this fine
fellow here?”

‘Sesostris,’ bowing low, replied the peer—

‘Sir Sosttris, hey? Sir Sosttris?’ pon my word!
Knight, or a baronet, my lord?

One of *my making*? What, my lord, *my
making*?

This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

“Sesostris, sire,’ *so soft*, the peer replied;

‘A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old.’

‘Poh! Poh!’ the instructed monarch snappish
cried,

‘I need not *that*, I need not *that* be told.’

“Pray, pray, my lord, who’s that big fellow
there?”—

‘Tis Hercules,’ replied the *shrinking* peer.

‘Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow,
hey?’

Cleaned stables: cracked a lion like a flea:

Killed snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle
found him:

The queen, queen’s coming: wrap an apron
round him.’”

This is the kind of buffoonery which the Doctor produced, which everybody read, and which ministers stood in awe of. The sale of his “poems” was something enormous. His reputation brought down opponents enough. Isaac Disraeli fleshed his youthful weapon on him, but made the Doctor’s acquaintance, and lived on good and friendly terms with him. Gifford, who was the Tory bully of his day, published an “Epistle to Peter Pindar;” but Gifford was no match for him. The Doctor had humor far beyond his assailant’s, and made the most ferocious and personal attacks on him. How strange it seems to read, in grave biographical language, of two men—both fond of letters, both dear to their own friends, and with some qualities worthy of love,—“Gifford published his so-and-so against Wolcot; to which the Doctor replied by a ‘Cut at a Cobbler!’”

The “cobbler” was, indeed, a capital point for a satirist. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of talent in this country, is to be the son of a respectable tradesman! That fact, at all events, will never be forgiven him. “Vices” will be pardoned, for they were committed in hot youth. To renounce his early opinions, is perhaps the next most damning blot; still, it is sometimes conceded that this may be maturity of judgment, a riper knowledge,

and the “exercise of a sound discretion.” But if he be sprung from the *taberna* of a “cobbler,” or a grocer, or a barber—the shadow of the parental establishment will darken his path through life. The Tory reviews will bring forward the fact, as a conclusive reply to his argument for a reform of the constitution—as an additional reason for rejecting the “emendations” in his edition of a classic. “Not that I think any the worse of him for it—but—” and Snob looks unutterable things. A reform may be in progress in such matters, now, but it was not so in the times of which we are writing. Indeed, we might draw up a list of rules derived from the party-satirists (the smallest of all satirists, of course), how to use this kind of reproach to the greatest advantage.

Gifford’s autobiography, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, is one of the most remarkable things in our language. It sets forth, with the plainest, barest, most business-like air, one of the most extraordinary stories of struggles and privations, ending in reputation and prosperity, that can be read anywhere. The poor, bowed, unhealthy boy—he had been rejected as “too small” at a storehouse; he had done menial work to the skipper of a coaster; he was “bound apprentice to a shoemaker” (the *satirical* for which is “cobbler”); and the imaginative eye may behold him at eighteen or nineteen years of age barely able to read and write, and “working out my algebra problems, on pieces of leather beat flat, with an awl.” In all England there was not a more utterly forlorn boy than William Gifford in 1776. Other men have been as poor—Heyne, for instance; but to be so far behind in culture, so late, was the worst part of the business. In 1795 he was the most popular satirist in England; he published his “Juvenal” in 1802, and in 1809 he was chosen to edit the “Quarterly.” Byron spoke of him, at a time when Byron was the most popular writer of his country, as his “literary father.”

This was the man who, next to George Canning, occupies the most notable place in the history of the “Anti-Jacobin.” A benevolent Cookesley had taken him up; a magnificent Grovesnor had pushed him on. He had been to Oxford. He had been drilled and developed into being the sturdy defender of the old British ideas in politics and literature. They made him “Paymaster of the Gentlemen Pensioners.” There he was—the precise man that “hide-bound Toryism” needed; a pedant, by nature and by culture; enveloped in a suit

of spiritual leather, and impervious to everything new, everything original, within and without. Here was just the man—Vauca-
soun could not have made a better one to order—to denounce the “enormities” of the French Revolution from the fire-side point of view, to abuse and deride the Coleridges, the Shelleys, the Keatses.

Leigh Hunt, in his “Autobiography,” looking back kindly and charitably to those early days, and desirous of taking a solemn and peaceful farewell of contemporaries, good or bad, can find in that large heart of his no corner for William Gifford. We cannot wonder at that; though indeed when, at this distance of time, one comes fresh and without bitter recollections to look at the dead old reviewer of the “Quarterly,” one recognizes something of the stuff of humanity—something in the patient, sturdy, wooden energy of the man, which impresses one with a not unpleasant idea of him. One thinks of him as of some ancient grave-digger working away in digging graves for, it may be, the young and the beautiful—faithful to the post, with no sort of spiritual perception of the nature of the employment—but still faithful, tough,—with glimpses of a rude humor, and dim consciousness that here is his work anyhow, and that he will labor to the last in it. You may study him as a genuine Briton of his kind. And, though his sea experiences had not been of the romantic yachting kind, God knows, thirty years found him still with a “love of the sea,”—though up to his ears in commentaries on Juvenal, and “brushings away” of “literary flies!” Nay, it is on record, that he could not sit down to compose those diatribes which enraged Hazlitt, unless there sat in the room to cheer him, with her presence, an ancient plebeian female, to whom he had a “Platonic” attachment! So he had a heart then, and had not expended it all in ferocious iambics! We would ask that ancient female, were she still in the flesh, whether there was not a better William Gifford, than the bowed, keen-eyed, grim, wooden man, who scowled at Hunt in the room where he was first pointed out to him.

Hunt is right in denying him “genius.” His “Baviad” and “Mœviad” are very poor productions. A vigor of abuse, with now and then a glimpse of grim humor, distinguishes them; all the rest is imitation of Pope, and personal violence. It looks very absurd now, that ferocious onslaught on the poor clique of “Della Crusicans,” from Mrs. Piozzi downwards. Fancy—

VOL. XXVII. NO. IV.

“Weston! who slunk from truth’s imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite;”

and—

“Reptile accursed!”

What crime had been perpetrated by the object of this vituperation? He had written ridiculous verses! Poor Mrs. Piozzi figures as “Thrale’s Grey Woman,” and her and her colleagues’ verses are described as—

“The ropy drivell of rheumatic brains.”

The triumph of such satires was the triumph of the old repute of our heroic metre—which, when it marched abroad with decent energy, bore about it the respectable air of olden times, like an ancient carriage glittering with armorial bearings. For the satirist always bore in England something dignified and ministerial in the way of reputation. He was looked on as a public officer, and called himself Censor: till he passed into beadle-dom, like other great officials.

Gifford has credit given him, in the edition before us, for a share in the “Loves of the Triangles” and the “New Morality,” but the most memorable things in the poetry of the “Anti-Jacobin” are from a different hand. For example, the parody on Southey’s “Inscription” for the cell where Henry Marten was confined, and the thrice-famous “Knife-grinder,” bear the joint names of “Canning” and “Frere.” The names have different degrees of celebrity, indeed. “Whistlecraft” may still be read with pleasure by an idle man; and an old age of peaceful literature in the island of Malta has associated the name of “Frere” with that of the scholars of his day. But the name of “Classic Canning” gives to the “Anti-Jacobin” the lustre by which it lives, and raises its fiery squibs into literary constellations.

“Classic Canning” had come up to London—the handsome, gentlemanly youth, with his noble brow and his fine dexterous intellect—the model “young gentleman” of his time. He had been the very cleverest boy that had perhaps ever appeared in a public school, and the author of a Latin “prize poem,” which excited the wonder of mankind—at Oxford. He was a master of debating weapons. If the highest ideal of a life be parliamentary success, and the best qualities those which ensure that triumph, never was a candidate better fitted for the career. While a “House of Commons” was a debating assembly, in which two bodies of gentlemen

contended for mastery under traditional flags, the people looking on from afar with admiration, and a convulsed Europe affording the grandest speculative subjects to discuss—why, what could he, as a gifted youth, do better than go in and cry, "Here am I!"

"Skilful in ethics and logic, in Pindar and poets, un-rivalled."

"I, too, can fight, and make my way like the best of you!" The time required a very good fighter too, for it was now becoming a very sore problem, and destined to occupy some considerable time in its solution—how long this kind of debating assembly, which was called the "House of Commons," could be expected to go on without entirely new conditions of action and modes of proceeding, so that you had not only to fight, if you were ministerial, the band who desired to be ministerial, but you had to keep what they call at sea, your "weather-eye," looking out during the time, for the general safety of the establishment, threatened by "deluges" abroad, and a general thunder-muttering everywhere. Canning's memory is affectionately regarded in this country—partly for his fine genial qualities, the heat and the light, that radiated from him, and made him loveable among mere politicians; chiefly, however, for the holier light of hope, which played round him, just when he was taken from us. But it is assuredly difficult to get at his real convictions on the great problem of the day, when he entered public life, or to see what was the notion of duty which he had laid to heart, and determined to act on; or how far, indeed, his moral position was higher than that of a young Macedonian prince, who, having proved his descent, enters to combat in the great Olympic games of the world. His "opinions" were always known to be liberal in his youth; and he enters public life a squire of Tory Pitt's.* However, our special business is not with that question, strictly relevant as it is. Canning had peculiarly a fighting man's qualities; in particular, he had a vein of pleasantry, native and genial, in him, and which descended fresh as dew on that hot and dry assembly.

The "Anti-Jacobin" was started in 1797, and the first number appeared on the 20th November of that year, under the title of the "Anti-Jacobin Review." Gifford did the "heavy business"—the general butchering and slaughtering department; Canning and

John Hookman Frere the elegant and vivacious satire, and the only satire worth remembering. The Marquis of Wellesley, a scholarly and able man, contributed occasionally, particularly Latin verses. The other *collaborateurs* are not worth the recording ink. The purport of the work is signified in its title. It was to make war on the French Revolution, and all that pertained thereto; on the French Directory, and the English sympathizers; on all new literature from suspicious quarters; on German dramatic importations. This was comprehensive enough. The full force of the lash fell, of course, on the French "miscreants." The terror of the orthodox at that time, and the wild agitation on one side and the other, of the old and young Europe, we, who only read of it, can just dimly fancy, as we can fancy the Lisbon earthquake. It certainly was not from Giffords, and such-like heavy or light writers of satirical squibs, that you could expect a deep glance or an earnest laying to heart of the meaning of the Revolution. Few knew, few were great enough to know, that in that storm, awful as it was, the "LORD was abroad!" But most people could judge of the outward phenomena, more or less, by the standard of their own parish, or their own House of Commons. Let it be said at once, that the "Anti-Jacobin" poetry can have no value as a *protest*—does not rank with high satire, but properly with conventional and squib-satire. For such cleverness and veracity as it had, we would give it all due credit. And let us begin accordingly by quoting the reputed gem of the collection—the "Knife-grinder."

There were at that time, of course, plenty of republican converts in this country, and doubtless they were ready enough to make proselytes. Here was a good subject; and Mr. Southey, then a young man of very different views from those which he subsequently held, happily supplied a satiric form, by his introduction of "Sapphics."

SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole
in't.

So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,

* The weakest part of Mr. Bell's agreeable biography is that relating to this phase of Canning's life.

Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives
and

Scissors to grind O !

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind
knives !

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?

Was it the squire ! or parson of the parish ?
Or the attorney ?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit ?

"(Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by
Tom Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee —
first—

Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse
to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast."

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel,
and exit in a transport of Republican en-
thusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

Such is the famous "Knife-grinder," which convulsed the Whigs of England with comic delight. Our editor thinks it "unnecessary to speak" of it, and subsides into rapturous silence. Not only did it make the hit implied in its frequent quotation, but it has had a continued influence on the question of the employment of "sapphic" metre in English. We doubt not that it deterred many an aspirant from following Mr. Southey in his metrical experiment. This, however, is not all. Writers on the great question of classical metres consider it to have injured our appreciation of the real

Horatian sapphic itself. Mr. Clough conceives it to have confirmed our habitual "misreading" of that metre ("Classical Museum," vol. iv., p. 347); and over its "well-known jingle," the learned Donaldson has shed erudite tears ! (See "Varronianus," note to p. 276.)

Now, allowing for all this hubbub, is it anything more than a rather smart copy of verses, such as our comic publications of the day often enough furnish us with ? We doubt if a reader pampered with modern pleasantries would, on coming to it for the first time, fresh from "Punch," think it anything but a squib of ordinary cleverness. As a burlesque of Southey's "Widow," however, it was fair enough. We could hardly wish such lines as the following to be spared :

"Cold was the night wind ; drifting fast the snow
fell ;

Wide were the downs, and shelterless and na-
ked ;

When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and waysore.

"Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflec-
tions ;

Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom :
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter."

The radical objection to this sort of versification is, not that it is founded on a misapprehension of the metre it imitates (and it is only an ear-imitation of the ordinary jingle), but that it is an altogether unsuitable vehicle of the thought and feeling it is intended to convey. The "poor wanderer" is made to *trot*, and weary and bore us, without exciting our sympathy at all. This exotic metre has none of the magic force which belongs to our native rhythm, and which deepens tenfold the impression of a fact or a sentiment. The parody on the "inscription" mentioned above is certainly clever. We give the reader the benefit of it, prefixing the "inscription" itself :—

"INSCRIPTION"

*For the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where
Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned
thirty years.*

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind
Here MARTEN linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison ; not to him

* ["By Southey.—Ed.]"

Did Nature's fair varieties exist ;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a
sad

And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his
crime ?

He had REBELLED AGAINST THE KING, AND SAT
IN JUDGMENT ON HIM ; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams ! but
such

As Plato loved ; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes ! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be
fulfilled !"

[IMITATION.]

" INSCRIPTION

*For the door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs.
Brownrigg, the Prentice-side, was confined
previous to her execution.*

" For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here BROWNRIFF linger'd. Often have these
cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand ;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime ?

SHE WHIPPED TWO FEMALE 'PRENTICES TO
DEATH,

AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For her
mind

Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes !

Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at College. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws ! But time
shall come,

When France shall reign, and laws be all
repeal'd !"

We know few parodies superior to this.
Still our admiration keeps on this side
idolatry. We are tempted to inquire
mildly, with Leigh Hunt in his "Autobiog-
raphy," whether an "undue amount of
fame" has not been allotted to Canning for
these *jeux d'esprit* ? Perhaps it is, that there
is little wit and humor among our public
men ; assuredly epigrams make a tremen-
dous sensation in St. Stephen's, which seem
flat and ponderous to common people out
of doors.

Gifford did not contribute much to the
humorous attractions of the periodical. His
fun is like the fun of a Squeers—a savage and
ghastly pleasantry. This was the weapon

he used afterwards in the "Quarterly Re-
view" against critics like Hazlitt and poets
like Keats. The "Anti-Jacobin's" judg-
ments have of course turned out badly
enough. It attacked Coleridge, and called
Godwin and Holcroft "creeping creatures."
To see how Gifford fails in humor, it is
only needful to glance at those parts of his
"Juvenal" which required that quality—to
compare, for instance, his rendering of the
account of the *ménage* of Codrus with that
of Dryden.

Few people read the "Loves of the
Triangles," in which Canning's hand was
employed, for few have read Darwin's
"Loves of the Plants," which it burlesques.
The parody grows flat after a few lines
have put you in possession of the idea of the
burlesque. The ingenious notion of Darwin
was to "enlist imagination under the ban-
ners of science." To this end, he devotes a
long poem, in which the Popian verse is
painfully echoed and re-echoed, to describing
the "sexual systems of Linneæus," and so
endeavors to impersonate poetically the
flower as divided and classified by the
botanist. E. G. "Galantha nivalis. The
Snowdrop. Six males, one female." Such
is the scientific description of that well-
beloved flower. Here comes the worthy
Doctor's poetic one :—

" Warm with sweet blushes bright GALANTHA
glows

And prints with frolic step the melting snows :
O'er silent floods, white hills and glittering
meads,

Six rival swains the playful beauty leads."

He would be a clever fellow who could
see the poetry of the snowdrop here ! The
doctor's attempt was indeed a difficult one.
He had to take the flower, after science had
divided it, put the *disjecta membra*, Medea-
fashion, into the cauldron of his imagination,
and bring out a poetic unity ! His book is
the failure, the monotonous failure, of a
gifted man. Accordingly, it too was fair
game for the satirists ; and so the "Loves
of the Triangles" brought in a happy enough
ridicule of it, in which—

" The obedient pulley, strong MECHANICS ply
And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye."

Canning also wrote the greater part of the
"Rovers"—a happy burlesque of the imi-
tations of the German sentimental drama,
then having a great run in London. To this
parody we are indebted for the inexhausti-

ble joke—"A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship!"

The weakest part of the Anti-Jacobin poetry is that which is intended to be serious, and to express the indignation of the Satiric Muse. "New Morality," which is attributed to Canning and Frere, we consider the worst poem in the collection. The assumption of moral sternness does not sit well on the authors of the "Knife-grinder." Happy cuts of ridicule occur, but the effect of the whole is that of "tedious malignity," to quote a significant expression of old Johnson's. And after all, has not "Time, the avenger," convinced most sincere and thinking people that the revolutionaries—even some of worst repute—had at bottom an ardent sincerity in their souls during that terrible struggle, which is more honorable and respectable than the quasi-epicurean position of the orthodox lampooner, who laughs at them from his Rabelaisian "easy chair." Canning's satire sometimes erred against good taste, but oftener against good feelings; and in his poem he speaks of—

"ROLAND the just, with ribands in his shoes,
And ROLAND's spouse,"

in a tone of ungenerous ribaldry, and verging on the simious—the lowest form that satire can assume.

A great satirist, as we have indicated above, is a large-hearted man. Burns and Dr. Johnson—both men who perpetually emitted satire—are admirable instances. And a great satire enjoys the vitality of great poetry, and has its verdict to give, its protest to make, to all generations. But of course there is every variety of degrees in this as in other literary departments, and so we are perpetually seeing the name of satire applied to mere squibs and ephemeral productions, and the character of satirist and censor assumed by men who have neither its moral position nor its intellectual qualities.

If we ask, then, as the world at last asks of every production, what is the moral upshot of the "Anti-Jacobin's" achievements? the answer must be, that it cleverly ridiculed what was laughable on the surface of public movements which were true at bottom! One can scarcely preserve one's gravity, by the by, while one weighs this kind of manufacture in the critical scales. But this "Anti-Jacobin" poetry has been so long cried up, applauded, roared at, chuckled over, that it is by no means a superfluous task to give a hint or two as to its real value. The big-wigs that it shook are gone to the limbo of old

wigs. The ideas, institutions, prejudices, passions, which it maintained and supported, have lost immensely since its time in power and importance. The writers whom it ridiculed, and whom its contributors ridiculed for long years, have emerged from behind the clouds of ignorance and prejudice and hate, and shine in our literature as the permanent ornaments of their age. Canning's memory itself is chiefly loved as that of one who was advancing to be a reformer. Poor old Gifford sleeps tranquilly—his cobbling of all kinds finished!—and—*opera sequuntur!*

We gave above, in a rapid paragraph, a sketch of the "developments," which our political libelling underwent after the "Anti-Jacobin's" time. Moore is incomparably the first performer in this line that our literature possesses. His light airy satire effervesces like the poison in the Venetian glass. We shall see nothing so brilliant, so subtle, so searching, so Figaro-like, again. Theodore Hook's verse we always thought overrated. Up and down our Tory literature of the last quarter of a century, is scattered plenty of brilliant squib-writing, the work of such geniuses as Maginn, and other "Fraserians,"—a peculiar school—satiric, bacchanalian, classical—a school which prided itself apparently on violence, classical literature, and punch-drinking; which delighted to brew its punch with the water of the Aganippe!

The good old classic satire is apparently defunct, for the "New Timon" we cannot consider a successful specimen. Our political and literary wars now go on, too, with decorum and moderation. Problems, involving matters too solemn for squib-writing, engage our statesmen. Comic publications, having no party interests, make their fun and satire of the harmless nature which does not startle "families." Dulness rules in high places. Meanwhile the genius of satire embodies itself in the novel, and in that sphere has the thousand-fold varieties of cant to war against. Real satire is perhaps recurring to its early origin, and becoming dramatic. At all events, a Gifford or a Mathias, or any solemn old censor of an abusive turn, would now pass for a "bore," and that only. Their kind of weapon is as out of date as the catapult. Indeed, why should we retain the solemn ancient form? The spirit of satire will always live in the hearts of the enemies of baseness, dulness, cant, nonsense, and will work successfully in forms suited to each age. The "English Bards" is but a school exercise; the real satirical work of Byron was done in the "Juan,"

where he held up a glass to the age with a vengeance—showed it what a languid, empty, false thing it was; how it sneered at everything as a “bore,” and was yet perishing, “bored” by its own spiritual and moral inanition. “Don Juan” is the satire of the time.

As for our defunct friend thus brought before us—the “Anti-Jacobin”—it may still be read with interest, as a curiosity. At best, however, it can only be a curiosity; and we feel as if we had been discoursing speculatively on the mummy of some long dead mime.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

It was my misfortune to have first turned my steps to Italy in 1822. I say misfortune, because the country had but a little previously risen in insurrection, as it did in 1848, and with the same results, a short saturnalia of unmeaning freedom, followed by Austrian invasion, by restoration, proscriptions, and even executions. Crowds of illustrious exiles, especially from Lombardy and Piedmont, thronged to England, the French Bourbons being prepared to give them a very cool reception in France. It was impossible not to know these men, to pity, and admire them. But indeed it did not require a band of intelligent and noble exiles to excite English sympathy. English society was Italy-mad about that time. Italian literature occupied our *beaux esprits*, Italian liberty our patriots. Byron alone was sufficient to have created this mania, and hundreds of pilgrims followed in his wake. In London, too, Italian literature and liberalism had had for some time a representative in the person of Ugo Foscolo, whose “*Sepolchri*” and “*Letters of Ortis*,” had made him a brilliant reputation in his own country, adding to it that degree of personal interest, which a development of the first person in sentimental writings can create. Foscolo was taken up, not only by the liberals, but by the knot of writers in the “*Quarterly*.” So that in opposite circles, he was the literary lion, and even more.

Septinsular by birth, Foscolo became an officer in the Cisalpine army, but liked Napoleon as little as Paul Louis Courier did. Though a favorite in English society, he was little formed for it, being as susceptible as

Rousseau, with much the same causes for his susceptibility. He brought to London, however, that thorough knowledge and appreciation of Italian letters and genius which no Englishman could pretend to possess. Then he gathered round him the Lombard exiles, the witty Pecchio and the worthy Porro, the learned, suave, and noble Arrivabene, the sombre Santa Rosa, and Saint Marsan, the first accomplice of Charles Albert as Duke of Carigna. Thus were the *élite* of North Italy thrown on the London world, and certainly as amiable and innocent a set of political children, as a revolution à l'eau de rose could have hatched.

They were of all the grades of Italian society. Porro was one of Milan's richest nobles, the brother-in-law of the Marquis of Trivulzio, considered Milan's first noble. He was a gay, vivacious, exuberant little man, almost as happy in exile as occupying eminent places in his native city, and fully as happy with some pounds as he had been with thousands. Every one pitied Porro, for all knew he had no business to be a martyr. Gonfalonieri, who was consigned to the *carcere duro*, and did not make his appearance till age had bent his lofty stature, and replaced the noble expression of the patriot with that of the old and the ailing man, Gonfalonieri drew every sympathy, and hundreds would have given their lives to rescue him, but pity was not the sentiment felt. Gonfalonieri and Trequi were the most regretted and revered. Count Pecchio was the wit of the emigration, Saint Marsan, son of the Minister of State, the courtier, Santa Rosa the

legist and the philosopher. The latter had a likeness to Dufaure, and was of the same melancholy temperament. What a cluster of first-rate intellects! They used to breakfast at Foscolo's, who at that time could give a breakfast, and who lived in one of the Alpha cottages, which he had built for himself, and which he called Digamma Cottage, from some controversy which he had with Dr. Marsh about that Greek character. Foscolo assumed even then all the airs of a literary dictator, from which Pecchio alone defended himself by *persiflage*. Santa Rosa, who on every serious subject could have pounded Foscolo in a mortar, bore this assumed superiority of the latter without a murmur. I provoked him, that is, Santa Rosa, once by giving the preference to Anglo-Saxon, and even Anglo-Norman law, over Justinian's codes. Santa Rosa sprang into a passion, and overwhelmed all present with a torrent of eloquence that lasted more than an hour, on the superiority of the Code.

Will pandects or institutes ever make a free people?

"I don't think," replied Santa Rosa, "that even freedom is worth having, whilst based upon and walled in by such misshapen blocks as your English constitution."

"You would rather have no temple of freedom, than one which did not rest on Corinthian, or at least upon Ionic columns?"

Santa Rosa grumbled something like assent, which gives an inkling of the prejudices of even an enlightened Italian liberal.

Poor Foscolo's ways and means became afterwards much straightened. An article or two for the "Quarterly," with any amount of criticism on Dante and Petrarch, could not raise a contribution from the public of 800*l.* or 700*l.*, in addition to which annual expenditure Foscolo undertook that of architect, enlarging his palazzo and adorning it with a green-house. He then gave lectures. Lord John Russell remained his steady friend. But alas! Lord John was not then Premier, and never was a millionaire. So poor Foscolo went from bad to worse, till at last he took refuge as assistant in some rustic or suburban school. The author of "The Tales of the O'Hara Family" lived next door to him, I recollect, from which proximity sprang up a world of friendship and of feud.

None of the Italian emigrants showed the imprudence of Foscolo. On the contrary, nothing could be more noble than their conduct. They refrained from pressing their wants and claims, and shrank into retirement, rather than court notoriety. Some retired

to Norwich and other country towns of England, where they gave lessons in Italian. Some of the young men have lived to render good service and distinguish themselves at Milan or under the constitutional government of Piedmont.

Not content with knowing these gentlemen, I rather rashly took letters from them, and hied to Italy to behold the "fatal beauty" of the land, and its *serri ognor frementi*. I was considerably afraid of the Cerberi at the gates of Milan, knowing what letters were on my person; but the Cerberi in question, being a piquet of infantry in skyblue pantaloons held up and together by belt, that nearly cut each soldier in two, proved very placable Pandours. A crown-piece obviated the right of search, and I rolled scatheless into Milan.

The capital of Lombardy is one of the most delightful towns of Europe, and this in despite of what one should imagine to be the most unfavorable condition for being delightful. It contains a court, but all the society of Milan puts the court in Coventry, and will not go to it, nor notice it, nor receive those who attend it. The handsomest Austrian aide-de-camp of the Arch-duke could not find a partner at any ball. But there are hundreds of families at Milan, all rich. Four thousand pounds sterling a year is a common fortune at Milan, and a very uncommon fortune anywhere else, except in London. There are no means of wasting it either, for gambling is not carried on to that extent, and there is limit to horses, equipage, and palaces. Love, so extremely expensive in so many countries, is not at all so in Italy, probably because the well-bred classes have nothing to do but to make it.

Then everything at Milan is original, and savors of a little world of its own. It has an opera of its own, a ballet of its own, a *cuisine* of its own (for Milan is a *pays de Cognac*), and an idiom of its own well worth the learning when one is young. And Milan has habits and ideas of its own, nay, despite of Austria, a will too, and, as it has shown, a strenuous will. I had the advantage of being flung into this intelligent, impassioned, well-bred, and delightful society, which no Englishman, just past the Alps, thinks of stopping or looking for. They may look for society in Venice or Florence, but at Milan would not dream of it. The Marquis of Trivulzio, since dead, remained at the head of Milanese society. Though the brother-in-law of Porro he had carefully abstained from joining in the revolution, or rather in the conspiracy to bring it about. He was

very fond of money, and very fond of anti-quity and books, was quite a biblioman, and loved men of letters, more because they made books than from any intrinsic value which these productions of genius might possess. But in Italy a noble of the first rank and wealth, would consider that he derogated from his position and disgraced himself, if he did not extend all the kindness, hospitality, and attention he could bestow to his fellow-countrymen of lettered eminence. An Italian marquis would no more lead the life of an English agricultural duke than he would fill the position of his own cook or groom. Monti, therefore, and his daughter, the Countess Perticari, Mustoxidi, with all that Lombardy could boast of eminence in poetry or prose, or in either, all were at home in the *salon* of the Casa Trivulzio. Monti was then nearly blind, but with all his age full of vigor, enough to have denounced Austria with the fervor of Dante, had there been any possibility of indulging in such a vein. But prudence forbade and age excused. Nor was it possible to raise indignation even in prose at the Casa Trivulzio, for the noble marquis proclaimed with emphasis, *qui non si parla politica*. Poor Pellico had disappeared from their society which he had adorned. Manzoni's star had not yet risen. Mustoxidi was then what he has remained ever since, and is still, a cross-grained and quarrelsome individual, the same at Corfew now, that he was at Milan and elsewhere then.

Leaving so many Italian friends in London, great Anglomans, and constitutionals, I was surprised to find how few of them they had left behind in Milan. The hatred to Austria was as great there, indeed, as amongst the exiles, but far from falling back upon constitutional ideas, the old Milanese were full of Bonapartist recollections, and raved of a restoration of Prince Eugene through English influence, which would be at once an anti-Bourbonian and a liberal move. The Congress of Verona had led them to hope this. Having been announced in some letters of introduction, very falsely, in truth, of understanding politics, I was taken to the great lady, the very chief, indeed, of the Imperialist party, the worthy Princess Serbelloni. But, unfortunately, I could give no hopes of the liberalism of the English Tories, however the Duke of Wellington might have protested at Verona; and I could not but declare, that if Prince Eugene or the Duke of Leuchtenberg was never to become Viceroy of Italy till England made him so, he might wait to eternity. It is incredible to those, who have not

discerned it, how they do travesty English influence, intentions, patronage, and politics in Italy, as remote from the truth, as infants could be, if these attempted to form ideas on the public affairs and motives of the world.

Milan was, at the time, to be enjoyed more from what it might be, than from what it was. For though all efforts were made at festivities and hospitalities, they failed too often; and I have seen a society, instead of echoing the laugh, burst all at once, on some sudden announcement or allusion, into tears. I shall never forget a *villeggiatura* on the Como, at which the nephew and heir of the family was arrested, and transferred from the fresh freedom of the lake to the prison behind the Corso. One of the charms of Milanese society was, that young women mingled in it. In other parts of Italy and in France, girls, till they are married, endure a somewhat Eastern seclusion. But every circle in Milan was a domestic one, the relationship being universal. And this atmosphere of family, as well as the presence of the young and unmarried, gave a purer tone to society than was observable in those saloons from which the young are banished.

How very different was Venice! In Milan there was all the freshness and poesy of life; in Venice nothing but the decay and the corruption. And yet because of its history and architecture, poets selected it as their abode and their theme, as if sentiment lingered in old stones and filthy waters, and in a degraded population. Society there was none at Venice, at least whatever society did exist was not worth the name. The Venetians, though they drove piles or foundations for their houses, had none for their wealth. The wealth of Milan is in land. All its rich people are landed proprietors. But to live at Venice, and own land on *terra firma*, is no longer the fashion. Neither can its capital be longer invested in trade or in colonial possessions. And thus the Jews, or a few degenerate Venetians, that take after them, are all that survive of Venice. The Shylocks alone remain in possession of the Rialto. The Venetian senator and trader are gone. The church property, indeed, still maintains the sacred edifices of Venice, and gives it the appearance and air of the pomp of the old city. The Austrians, too, have courts of appeal, with a number of military and civil authorities. These procure some well-clad frequenters of street and *café*. But as to the remains of the Venetian aristocracy, you will find the last remaining type of it in Madame Sand's "Count Zustiniani," the

proudest noble of Venice, and the *impresario* of its theatre. The first volume of Madame Sand's "Consuelo," is certainly the most charming and true picture of Venice that modern times has produced. It is quite a Canaletti, and the more charming since the remaining volumes of her novel are very second-rate indeed.

I am no admirer of Venice, even in the past. Not that I am going to indulge in any tirade against its tyranny, its spies, its assassinations, or its leaden prisons. If domestic tyranny was necessary for external greatness, that is the affair of the Venetians. But the external greatness was but littleness after all. What more beggarly and blustering than their whole conduct at Constantinople, except, perhaps, the storming of it by the blind old doge. The Venetians did more to destroy the Eastern empire, to favor the conquests of the Turks, and the extinction of letters and enlightenment, east of Italy, than any other power. Their conduct in the Crusades was vile. The folly and cruelty, which other countries fell into from Quixotism, they practised with a view to profit. Then their rule was odious, and what we know of their colonial *régime* shows, that it was the most oppressive on record. The Greeks suffered far less under the Turks than under the Venetians; and, after a time, welcomed their conquest by the Mussulmans as a deliverance. All these things are not to be forgotten in an estimate of the merchant princes, and reduces, by many degrees, that claim to be the Queen of Ideal, as well as of the Adriatic, which our poets especially have claimed for Venice.

The finest part of Italy is the Romagna, not exactly in picturesque beauty, but in wealth, intelligence, and the possession of a sturdy and erect middle class, betwixt a *noblesse* and a people. There is a spirit of trade and industry there, which exists not in the rest of Italy. The race is endowed with a fine bold character, and has always remained alive to political hopes, even when they were dead in the rest of Italy. I had rather live in Ravenna or Ancona than in Venice, for the same reason that I prefer the shades of an active and lively hostility to that of a cemetery, whatever the beauty of its monuments, and the fablery of its traditions. Englishmen, however, know nothing of the Romagna. They visit the Caraccis at Bologna, or perhaps pursue their way to our Lady of Loretto. But in general they vault over the Appenines to Florence, and ignore that the country at the back of the Appenines is

the most genuine Italian. In the hands of even Austria it would be a flourishing province. In its own hands it would soon become what Venice was, the Queen of the Adriatic, and the arbiter of Italy. As it is, it is worth contemplating and studying, being the most striking example extant of a sacerdotal *régime*. Never was the struggle of a *bourgeoisie* against a priestly caste so vehement, so fierce, and so inveterate, on either side. If the Romagna be ever free, it will declare itself Protestant or infidel, or Mussulman. The hatred to the Church of Rome is a passion so deep and universal, that one must have seen it working in the people to have an idea of it.

Whilst evoking my reminiscences to sketch the men and things of Italy thirty years ago, the pen is suspended by the sudden tidings that the Duke of Wellington is no more. No event could be more to be expected, for the Duke was not only in the fulness of years, but to the advice of physicians, who recommended, in addition to the seton in his neck, certain and minute precautions, his Grace was wont to reply,—“Life is not worth preserving on such conditions.” So that though he took some, he refused to take all, the requisite precautions. Though no event could be more expected, it still takes away one's breath. The mind refuses to fix its attention on any other subject. So that instead of continuing my course to Rome and Florence, I must fain turn back to Verona, where the Duke of Wellington had so lately been, and where the part which he played of arbiter between constitutional tendencies and absolutist prejudices, shook his friendship with the Russian autocrat, and quite destroyed the good opinion which the French Court had of him. From this epoch the French ultras flung themselves almost altogether into the hands of Russia.

Talleyrand said that the Duke of Wellington's career was the finest and the fullest that statesman had ever seen. No country was ever more indebted to one of its sons, than England to his Grace; and, through England, all Europe might express equal gratitude. There is naught that its monarchs possess, which they do not owe to him. Every one knows that the Duke began his career in India, where he commanded a regiment, his brother being governor-general. There is always a jealousy and hatred in every army of the relatives of those in power; whether it is the case or not, they are always suspected of being unduly favored, and everything to their prejudice is, of course,

carefully remembered, and sedulously raked up. Lo, the report came, that Colonel Wellesley was not the officer to lead a forlorn hope, and that he was spared as the brother of the governor-general. General Harris, on a particular occasion, having called out Colonel Wellesley to lead a storming party, without waiting till officers volunteered, as they were wont to do on such occasion, Colonel Wellesley received the order with the greatest coolness, and executed it with the greatest courage. He did not inquire whether the order was well or ill-meant on the part of General Harris. But Lord Wellington carried a feeling of gratitude for it, and he afterwards lived to show it, by procuring for General Harris, what he, in the common course of things, would never have obtained, an English peerage. We have heard many different opinions of the battle of Assaye, Wellington's first achievement. It proved, at least, one thing, that he was destined to be a fortunate commander.

I have spoken of the Duke's rather liberal politics in Spain. He had aides-de-camp of the Whig as well as of the Tory party, and he rather liked to hear them dispute. His rule, however, was to allow of nothing but business during the day, no idle talk, no loss of hours. He kept no chair in his tent, lest himself or others might be tempted to sit and loiter. But of an evening, and after such a meal as could be procured, he liked the freest converse, and the fullest scope to argument. One of his aides-de-camp was very liberal, and very outspoken. This the Duke, far from repressing, rather encouraged, holding himself in reserve, and taking the part of listener, or of umpire, rather than of partisan.

The genius of Napoleon and the genius of Wellington are the counterparts, one of the other. And Providence may be said to have restored the balance, and repaired the ill arising from the creation of one, by the rise and development of the other. Napoleon invented a new science of offensive war, before which all Europe trembled. Wellington invented the science of defensive war, by which Europe saved itself. The Duke of Wellington never fought an offensive battle; he was always on the defensive, even in advancing and besieging, the capture of towns by storm, and rout of armies by a gallant charge, being so many finales, for which everything had been prepared. Torres Vedras is the great monument of his military genius, great as Austerlitz, as "Paradise Lost," as "Faust," or "Tancredi." It was original as grand. Few comprehend it yet, which is one of the

attributes of genius, but it saved an empire.

Soult, born about the same time with the Duke, and deceased within a short time of his old antagonist, alone of the French generals, understood the Duke's tactics. Soult adopted them against Wellington at Toulouse. He got beaten nevertheless. Why? Because the Wellington tactics were suited to British troops, and required their steadiness to succeed. To do Soult justice, he had but raw levies to fight with, and these especially French, were all ardor, and such ardor is not the kind of courage requisite for defensive war.

Napoleon understood neither Wellington nor his troops. Had he done so, he would have followed up his victory over the Prussians at Ligny, and completed their rout. Had he done so, the Duke should have retreated to Antwerp, and the coast. Waterloo would never, in all probability, have been fought.

With 1815 may be said to commence the Duke of Wellington's political career. I see from the biographies, some of them able ones, that appear in the daily prints, that the Duke is set down as a High Tory. He wanted one quality as a Tory, fanaticism. He not only was averse to religious bigotry, but he had no bigotry to any idea. No man was more acquiescent, or more willing to bow to a *fait accompli*. Thus, however legitimist, when the Duc d'Angoulême applied to him in the south of France, he refused to his royal highness the entry of his camp, and declared that he was not authorized to hoist the standard of legitimacy against Napoleon. When he arrived in Paris, and the Duke of Orleans was proposed as a king, who would prove a *mezzo termine* between parties, the Duke replied, "that he would be but an usurper of a good family." Yet the Duke lived to recognize as King of the French this man, whom he had set aside as a well-born usurper.

I spoke before of the remonstrant attitude assumed by the Duke at Verona, an attitude of direct opposition to the French ultras, and one which became sufficiently known in Italy to awaken the hopes of that sanguine people. But the Duke's arguments, addressed to the great arbitrators, Alexander and Metternich, were, that England would not suffer France to resume its old supremacy, to treat Spain, as in the days of the Family Compact, and thus create a subservient rival to England for centuries, which England had rescued from them with oceans of blood and millions of treasure. The Duke and M. De Montmo-

rency disagreed bitterly. Indeed, the Duke did not agree well with Frenchmen. Not one, who had seen him, had a friendly word to say of him. He considered them enemies for so many years, that he could never get over the feeling. Peel shared this prejudice. Even *he* never felt at home in Paris, and hurried out of it, as soon as he reached it, with a precipitation that, on more than one occasion, mortified the Tuileries. Canning was more a man of the world. He dined with Charles the Tenth, at the very time that he knew Charles the Tenth to be plotting against him and England. But Canning consoled himself with the idea, that Charles the Tenth could be the enemy of no one, so much as he was of himself. By the by, people wondered much at the dinner given, and the cross of St. Louis, offered by Charles the Tenth to Canning. No one could account for them. Canning was much afraid of a coalition against England, and he came and spent the recess in Paris, with his friend Lord Granville, to see into matters at his leisure. He saw enough to be convinced that France was not formidable, undermined as she was with conspiracy and discontent, and he with justice looked upon Charles Dix as a victim to be pitied, rather than a foe to be feared.

The Duke of Wellington, however sagacious as a general, was not long-sighted as a politician. He knew this, indeed, and mistrusted his own judgment, but relied on Peel. In 1829, he thought that granting emancipation would pacify Ireland and popularize O'Connell—would take the wind out of the sails of the English liberals, and leave them nothing to ask. They even got rid of Mr. Canning's friends, lest they should have the honor of the measure, which had in every point a contrary result to that foreseen. Reform came like a thunderbolt upon the Duke. He who had dismissed Huskisson three years before, for voting in favor of transferring a franchise to Manchester—could not believe in the progress of a question which Canning himself is popular in sneering at. And yet no one was so influential as the Duke in the hereafter passing of reform. The Court looked to him. A word of encouragement from the old soldier would have emboldened it to resistance; and, perhaps, had he not been there to dissuade and force down rash and unseasonable resistance, Eng-

land might have had its revolution of July. He saved England in 1831, as surely as Mar-mont lost France in 1830.

From the passing of Reform, the Duke remained a prominent character, and an influential person, but had no fixed place in politics. Even when holding all the offices of state in his person, he was but *locum tenens* for Peel, by whose lead he abided. Indeed, his later years sufficiently refute the assertion of his being ultra Tory.

One of the best well-known anecdotes of the Duke in these later times is valuable, as portraying his *brusque* habits, and his preference of a Peelite Tory to a Protectionist one. When the Earl of Derby took office, of course the Duke was continued in command of the army, and at the same time it was promised, that the appointment to the Mastership of the Ordnance should be with his concurrence. The Earl of Derby had forwarded as his choice for that office Lord Combermere; but the Duke was determined to have Lord Hardinge, to whom Lord Derby objected, as voting against protection. Accordingly, when the ministerial appointments were in progress, Lord Combermere called in the morning at the Horse Guards, and demanded to speak with his Grace. Lord Fitzroy Somerset observed, that the Duke was not in the best of humors this morning. Lord Combermere said he must see the Duke, at all events. "Well," said the military secretary, "I am going in to his Grace, and if you will follow me, you will, on entering the room, probably be able to hear a specimen, and get an idea of the state of humor in which the Duke is." Accordingly, Lord Fitzroy went in, whilst my Lord Combermere lingered on the threshold. To the intimation that Lord Combermere wanted to see him, his Grace at first made no reply. There was a pause; and Lord Fitzroy repeated the intimation, adding, "that his Grace had probably not heard what he had before said, viz., that Lord Combermere wanted to see him." The Duke, who knew that his Lordship came for the Ordnance, exclaimed, unaware that the object of his remark was within hearing, "Take the old — away!" Lord Combermere took the hint, and disappeared. And Lord Hardinge was nominated to the Ordnance, on the condition of voting as he pleased.

From the Westminster Review.

GOETHE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE.*

THE antithesis to Poetry, as Wordsworth felicitously said, is not Prose, but Science. Therefore have Poets and Men of Science, in all times, formed two distinct classes, and never, save in one illustrious example, exhibited the twofold manifestation of Poetry and Science working in harmonious unity: that single exception is Goethe. There have been philosophic poets, and men of science with poetical tastes, but the absolute fusion of high scientific capacity with the highest poetical power has, we believe, been limited to the single example just cited. One might, indeed, put in a claim for Leonardo da Vinci, that great artist having anticipated discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler, Mœstlin and Maurolycus, Castelli, and even some modern geologists, famous; not to mention his clear insight into the Baconian Method of experiment and observation as the guides to just theory in the investigation of Nature.† Yet, in answer to such a claim, as an exception, we might show how Science was necessary to a painter's education, and how his very materials, as it were, lead him into some superficial acquaintance with scientific processes; whereas, so far from Science forming the necessary preparation to a poet, it is radically opposed, both in method and detail, to all our ideas of his education. Indeed, the antithesis between Poetry and Science is so marked, that when Goethe claimed a hearing on abstruse and comprehensive questions of positive science, the world at large very naturally prejudged the matter, and somewhat superciliously regarded his efforts as those of a poet dabbling in science; while professional men, with professional contempt, shrugged their shoulders at the "amateur." They did so then, they do so now. It is true, that the great comparative Anatomists and Botanists of our day are too sen-

sible of Goethe's immense services, not to speak of him with respect; and Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire mentions, with no slight exultation, the conformity of Goethe's views with those of his illustrious father. Yet even the men who alone do him justice, because alone competent to appreciate the importance of his labors, would, we may safely assert, rank him still higher as a Naturalist, were they not also somewhat under the common prejudice as regards the Poet. It is difficult, in considering the *Metamorphosis of Plants*, the *Unity of Composition*, and the essays on *Comparative Osteology*, to forget that the cunning hand which holds the scalpel also wrote "*Faust*," "*Goetz von Berlichingen*," "*Meister*," and "*Iphigenia*." The same difficulty has been felt with regard to Buffon, in whom the majority still refuse to see the great thinker beneath the splendid writer. Buffon was a stylist, *ergo*, not a philosopher: that is the unconscious reasoning. Goethe was a poet, *ergo*, he could not have been a scientific thinker: that is said openly.

It is time to dissipate such errors, and to examine more strictly into Goethe's pretensions. Even those best informed on this point are not thoroughly informed, for the materials demand extensive and minute search.

Let us first quote three unexceptionable authorities, *not* German, to prove that the subject is worthy of serious investigation, and that Goethe is accepted as a man of science by competent persons. He takes his rank among the few great Naturalists whose biographies follow in the "*Dictionnaire des Science Naturelles*," the writer very justly remarking, that "*pour Goethe en effet l'étude de l'histoire naturelle ne fut pas un simple caprice, ou une distraction à ses innombrables travaux; ce fût une œuvre sérieuse et dans laquelle il a marqué l'empreinte de son génie. . . . Il s'y appliqua non en amateur qui se contente de notions générales, mais en savant qui n'arrive à la généralisation qu'à force de détails.*"

We must also give Isidore Geoffroy St.

* 1. *Goethe's Werke*. 40 vols. Stuttgart. 1840.
2. *Œuvres d'Histoire Naturelle de Goethe, comprenant Divers Mémoires d'Anatomie Comparée, de Botanique et de Géologie*. Traduits et Annotés, par Ch. F. Martina. Avec Atlas. Paris.

† Hallam, "*Literature of Europe*," vol. i. p. 304.

Hilaire's emphatic verdict; its importance will excuse the length of the extract, and we leave it untranslated, in order that the actual expressions may be weighed:—

"En outre, et sans parler ici de ses mémoires non moins nombreux sur la physiologie végétale, de ses notices géologiques sur plusieurs contrées de l'Allemagne, et surtout de son ouvrage sur l'optique et les couleurs, qui restent tout à fait en dehors de mon examen, on doit à la jeunesse de Goethe plusieurs autres travaux zootomiques que l'auteur n'a point lui-même mis au jour, mais qui, communiqués par lui à divers anatomistes Allemands, et honorablement cités par eux, sont un peu plus tard entrés dans la science. Il en est ainsi, par exemple, des recherches de Goethe sur le crâne des mammifères, dont les résultats, publiés en partie par Loder et Semmering, ont surtout contribué à fixer l'attention des anatomistes sur une pièce tour-à-tour appelée os transversal, pariétal impair, épactal, *os de Goethe*, et interpariétal. En présence de faits qui attestent des études préliminaires, solides, pratiques et poursuivies avec persévérance pendant quinze années—en présence de travaux aussi nombreux et continués par l'auteur presque jusque sur son lit de mort, les droits de Goethe au titre de naturaliste ne sauraient être un instant douteux.

"Assurément, si l'homme qui a fait tout cela, n'eût pas été en même temps l'un des plus grands poètes—le plus grand peut-être de l'Allemagne—l'idée ne fût venue à personne de n'attribuer à Goethe que des vues poétiques sur la nature, ou bien, selon les expressions employées par lui-même pour caractériser quelques pensées jetées dans ses premiers ouvrages littéraires, *des désirs de connaître qui s'évaporent en vagues et inutiles contemplations*. Et surtout si la vie de Goethe, cette vie dans toutes les phases de laquelle la science a eu une si belle part, eût été plus complètement connue, nul n'eût admis cette erreur, encore partagée par plusieurs, que les travaux scientifiques de Goethe se réduisent à quelques brillants essais de jeune homme et à quelques reminiscences de vieillard.

"Toutes ces opinions préconçues, que j'avoue avoir conservées très long-temps, et qui ne sont tombées que devant un examen approfondi des faits, sont nées du sentiment, exagéré peut-être, que nous avons tous, sans même y avoir réfléchi, sur l'immense différence des conditions psychologiques qui tendent à constituer le poète et le naturaliste, et des facultés par lesquelles ils se distinguent."*

To this we will add the authority of the greatest living comparative anatomist—Richard Owen—who, in his celebrated work "Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," (page 3,) says, "Goethe, indeed, had taken the lead in inquiries of this nature in his determination, in 1787, of the

special homology of that part of the human upper maxillary bone, which is separated by a more or less extensive suture from the rest of the bone in the fœtus; and the philosophical principles propounded in the great poet's famous anatomical essays, called forth the valuable labors of the kindred spirits, Oken, Bojanus, Neckel, Carus, and other eminent cultivators of anatomical philosophy in Germany."

The mere versatility of intellect implied by these scientific labors in a poet, ought not astonish us in one who, with Shakspeare, certainly deserved the epithet "myriad-minded," but should be accepted as a fact. He notes the disinclination of the public to accord praise to any man who aims at success in different spheres, and while finding it perfectly natural, wisely adds, that an energetic nature feels itself brought into the world for its own development, and not for the approbation of the public: "it declines fatiguing and exhausting itself by always doing the same thing, and seeks elsewhere relaxation." If, therefore, Goethe passed from the elaboration of great anatomical laws to the composition of a comic opera, the reason was that his versatile nature demanded *varieties* of activity.*

It should not be forgotten, however, that one very active cause of the disrespect with which men consider his scientific labors, is the bad taste of his polemics with Newton. He labored for years to replace the Newtonian theory of colors by a theory of his own, carefully elaborated from original experiments. It is quite beyond our competence to decide upon the truth of his theory—*non nostrum est tantas componere lites*—and in the servility of ignorance we naturally range ourselves on the side of authority. But even as historians we cannot help the remark, that not only has Goethe's theory against it the immense authority of Newton, and all physical inquirers since Newton's day—a body of compact, demonstrable doctrine, incessantly proving its truth by fresh discoveries deduced from its principles; but over and above this it has against it Goethe's own conduct, which, to our minds, is very suspicious. The remark was originally made to us by Charles Kingsley, who, commenting on Goethe's well-known irritability on this subject, and this alone, alluded to the notorious

* "Essais de Zoologie Générale," 189. Supp. à Buffon, tome 31.

* A friend of the writer's confessed that, to escape from the absorbing interest of his physiological researches, he wrote a comedy, and returned to his studies refreshed.

fondness of authors for their weak points.* Goethe had a vague feeling that his conclusions were not sound, and had the jealousy incident to imperfect conviction. We have to compare his conduct on the other points, and the force of the remark will make itself felt. If the opposition with which his theories were met by scientific men was enough to justify the tone he assumed, and to explain his sensitiveness on that point, how was it that, although his discovery of the intermaxillary bone was *forty* years before it was accepted (and when he first propounded it to Camper, the only answer he received was a compliment on the beauty of his handwriting); although his "Metamorphosis of Plants" was treated as a poetical fiction; although his views on comparative anatomy were only accepted when taken up by others,—how was it, we ask, that in these cases he maintained a dignified attitude, and never showed more than a moderate and reasonable sensitiveness to neglect and opposition? On the "Farbenlehre" he could bear no contradiction; Eckermann relates a curious conversation, wherein he brings forward a fact he has observed which contradicts the theory; and Goethe not only grows angry, but refuses to admit the fact.

To speak our whole mind with the frankness demanded by truth—and no one will accuse us of want of respect for Goethe—we must say that not only is the "Farbenlehre" his *very* weak point, and his whole demeanor in the controversy that of one painfully conscious of being in the wrong; but if there is one department wherein he shows himself to disadvantage as a man of Science it is in Optics. We do not deny the value of many of his observations, nor do we question the testimony of Artists so freely given as to the value and suggestiveness of his book to them: we are not unaware of the labor of years which furnished him with materials; but we think his optical researches and theories show that whatever rank he may hold in Science, it is not as an experimentalist that he shines. And this leads us to a more specific exposi-

tion of his peculiar attributes as a philosopher.

In Science there are Hodmen and Architects; men who assemble materials, and men who organize materials; men who make small discoveries, and men who point out the paths where great discoveries may be made. The Hodmen are of all degrees of capacity, from plodding dullness to a mastery which almost claims a place among the Architects; but with them we have no concern here; our purpose is only with the Architects, the Thinkers of the great thoughts which are to occupy generations and widen the horizon of philosophy. Among these there are two classes, types of the two Methods, Analytical and Synthetical, Inductive and Deductive. These two are so well described by Goethe in his parallel of Cuivier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, that we avail ourselves of the description to throw light on his own position.

"Cuivier is never weary of observing and describing accurately what falls under his own observation, and thus extending his empire over an immense surface; Geoffroy St. Hilaire studies in silence the analogies of organized beings and their mysterious affinities: the former starts from Individuals in order to arrive at a Whole which is pre-supposed, although considered unattainable; the latter carries within himself the image of this Whole, and lives in the persuasion that little by little the Individuals will be deduced from it. Cuivier gratefully adopts all Geoffroy's discoveries in the field of observation, and the latter is far from rejecting the isolated but decisive observations of his adversary; neither is conscious of this reciprocal influence. Cuivier, for ever analyzing and distinguishing, always using observation as his starting point, does not believe in the possibility of an intuition—a prevision of a part in the whole. A desire to know and distinguish what cannot be seen by bodily eyes, or touched by hands, seems to him exorbitant. Geoffroy, resting on fixed principles, abandons himself to his lofty inspirations, and does not submit to the authority of this method.

"No one will blame me for repeating, after this preparatory *exposé*, what I have said above, that here may be seen the contest of two opposite forces of the human mind, almost always isolated and scattered, so that they are now as rarely combined among scientific as among other men. Their heterogeneity renders a connexion between them difficult, and it is with regret that they mutually help one another. Long personal experience added to the teachings of the History of Science, make me fear that human nature will never be able to resist the contest. I will go still further: analysis requires so much perspicacity, such sustained attention, such aptness at tracing variations of form in the smallest details, and such talent for nomenclature in naming these

* Liston thought that tragedy was his forte. Eckermann tells us that Goethe would repeatedly say, "As for what I have done as a poet I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself—more excellent poets have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colors—of that, I say, I am not a little proud. There I have a consciousness of a superiority to many."—*Conversations with Goethe* (Oxford translation), ii. p. 145. See also vol. i. p. 102.

differences, that one can scarcely blame the pride of a man gifted with all these faculties, if he looks upon this method as the sole true and rational one. How could he make up his mind to share a fame so painfully acquired by laborious efforts with a rival who has had the art of reaching without difficulty a goal where the prize should be given only to industry and perseverance?

"Assuredly, the man who starts from an Idea has a right to feel proud of having conceived a leading Principle; he will confidently repose on the certainty that isolated facts will verify what he has pointed out in the general fact. A man in such a position has naturally a legitimate pride caused by the consciousness of strength, and we cannot be surprised if he refuses to yield any of his advantages, and protests against insinuations tending to lower his genius in order to exalt that of his adversary."

In describing Geoffroy, he has sketched the broad outlines of his own Method. Although the greater part of his life was varied by scientific researches, and the last pages he ever wrote were devoted to a review of Geoffroy's "*Philosophie Zoologique*," yet he never had a special scientific education, and only manipulated scientific ideas, so to speak: for although he spared no labor in research, his researches were always undertaken to discover in analysis that which in synthesis had already been made present to him. Hence the accidents of his education operated with the tendency of his mind to keep him rather in the domain of Philosophy than in that of inductive science. He viewed nature from the heights, and descended into the plains merely to verify the truth of his observation. He was an Architect, but he sought his materials. Hence, we believe, the failure of the "*Farbenlehre*."

It will be greatly to misunderstand the drift of the foregoing, if from it the reader conclude that Goethe was a "German Metaphysician"—a man who played with symbols, and neglected facts—a man who tried to supply the slow process of Observation by the facile rapidity of Reasoning. Goethe was eminently a positive thinker. Whatever may have been his deficiencies as an experimentalist—whatever may have been the defects of his various theories—the attitude of his mind, the organic tendency of his nature, was eminently scientific; and it is owing to that tendency that he made great discoveries, and deserves his place beside the Geoffroy St. Hilaire, whose character he describes, and whose great discoveries were made by them both simultaneously.

His scorn of Metaphysics breaks out in various parts of his works. "A man who speculates is like an animal led round in a circle by some malignant spirit on a dreary heath, while *beyond* the circle lies the beautiful pasture."

Ein Mensch der spekulirt
Ist wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Heide
Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis herum geführt
Und rings herum ist schöne, grüne Weide.

No one conversant with his poetry, and the intense feeling for concrete reality which animates it, will suspect him of any predilection for vague speculation. "*Für Philosophie im eigentlichen Sinne hatte ich kein Organ*—I had no capacity for that which we Germans call Philosophy," he confesses in a little essay on the "Influence of the New Philosophy;" and his remarks on Kant are curiously illustrative of his mind. He read Kant's two great works and appropriated therefrom certain formulas suitable to his own views. "I could very well accept his *à priori* knowledge, as also his *à priori* synthetical judgments, for my own life has been passed in creating and observing, in synthesis and analysis: *the systole and diastole of human thought were to me like a second breathing process—never separated, never pulsating.*" It is, however, in his admirable essay on "Experiment as the Mediator between the Object and Subject,"—"(*Der Versuch als Vermittler von Object und Subject, 1793*,") that we gain the most formal expression of his views on Method, an essay that may be read with advantage by every thinker, with sympathy by every positivist.

"Man," he says, "at first regards all external objects with reference to himself, and rightly so. For his whole fate depends on them, on the pleasure or pain they cause him, on their utility or danger to him." This, which is the initial stage of all speculation, and has for Method the determination of external things according to analogies drawn from within, is essentially metaphysical, and gains its definite formula in the axiom of Des Cartes, that "*all clear ideas are true.*"* Goethe passes on to the subsequent or positive stage, by remarking how much more difficult is the task of discerning objects as related among each other, and not as related to us; for here the term of comparison disappears. We give up our touchstone of Pleasure and Pain, Use and

* "*Quicquid tam clarè ac distinctè percipitur quàm istud verum est.*"—*Princip. Phil.*, p. 4.

Danger, and with Godlike indifference, becoming *spectators*, we seek *that which is, not that which touches us*—"Als gleichgültige und gleichsam göttliche Wesen suchen und untersuchen was ist, und nicht was behagt." Thus shall the real Botanist consider neither the Beauty nor the Use of Flowers, so much as their laws of growth and their relations to the rest of the vegetable world; and as the sun shines on them and develops them all, so must he with calm contemplative eye regard them, taking the terms of comparison—the data for his judgment—not from within his own mind, but from the circle of the things he contemplates. Goethe continues to develop this theme; but we have done enough to indicate with precision his attitude as a positivist. He gives to Observation and to Reason their respective functions; and while, on the one hand, insisting on the necessity of due regard to facts and experiments; on the other, vindicates the claim of the deductive method. What he taught he practised. Although, as before hinted, his proper domain is that of general ideas—his eye never for a moment ceases to observe reality.

In a note inserted among the fragments at the end of the "Farbenlehre" is one entitled—"Important assistance derived from a single felicitous phrase." It alludes to an epithet used by Dr. Heinroth as characteristic of his mind. The epithet is *gegenständlich*, by which Goethe says, "is meant that my thoughts are never independent of the objects," or to express it in more familiar language, instead of his thoughts wandering off into vagueness, they are always inseparably connected with concrete realities. By this the old antagonism of Metaphysics and Science is again illustrated; luminously so in the following comment Goethe makes upon the phrase:

"Here let me confess that the grand oracular phrase, *Know thyself*, always presented itself suspiciously to my mind, as a cunning term of a secret Priesthood, desirous of perplexing man by the ambition of insoluble questions, and thus perverting his active contemplation of the outward world into a sterile contemplation of the inward world. *Man only knows himself in as far as he knows external nature*, which he knows only in himself and himself only in it."

If that phrase about priestly cunning be meant seriously, it is a serious error; but the meaning of the whole passage is a profound one, and the closing sentence might form the

epigraph to Comte's "Philosophie Positive." Goethe proceeds to show, in reference to his poems and his science, how truly the epithet *gegenständlich* characterizes his mind.

Let us descend from these general to particular considerations; and first to the history of his scientific studies, which, written in various parts of his works—presents not the least instructive aspect of his career, showing, as it does, the constancy underlying all his versatility—the unity animating the variety of his life.

A child of seven, we find him arranging on a music-stand ores, weeds, and other natural productions, as types to form an Altar, on the apex of which a pastille is lighted, symbolical of the aspiration of man's soul! As a youth, we find him herborizing and theorizing. As a student at Strasbourg, we find him neglecting jurisprudence for Spielman's "Lectures on Chemistry," and Lobstein's "Lectures on Anatomy." In his note-book of that period, we see traces of the study of physics, especially electricity, and the first dawn of chromatic investigation is here noticeable. These are but incidental studies, it is true; yet we find him in all his voyages actively observing, and speculating on every fact, geological, meteorological, botanical, or zoological, which he meets with: thus silently and unconsciously amassing a store of material for after use. Shakspeare, Spinoza, and Linnæus, are the three men who, he says, exercised the most constant influence over his mind—then hesitating between poetry, philosophy, and science.

In 1780, under the guidance of his friend Loder, he studied anatomy with a direct and serious object. The conception of the Metamorphosis of Plants had not, he says, then germinated in his mind; but the parent thought, the *idée mere*, as the French happily style it, must have been in his mind, for we find him then endeavoring to construct his osteological Type; and this notion of a Type, with its collateral notions of modification and development, lies at the basis of biological philosophy. According to his notion of an osteological Type, every portion of an animal was to be traced in all other animals; and the anatomical difficulty was that of detecting the identity amidst such diversities of form and position. In this search he made his first anatomical discovery, and the discovery, though of no great importance, is illustrative of his philosophical mind. We allude to the intermaxillary bone, which was then supposed to belong to the ape and lower animals, and by its absence in the human

skull to establish a point of difference between human and simial structure. His studies in comparative anatomy had convinced him that men were without a compass on that vast ocean—they wanted a Method; so he pushed aside all treatises, and turned to nature. "I chose the skeleton of a quadruped, the horizontal position being the most characteristic, and I proceeded to study it piecemeal from head to tail." The intermaxillary bone being the first in that order, he followed its modifications through the animal series, and then he came to man, who was said not to have the bone. "But that bone being remarkable as containing the incisor teeth, I could not well understand how man possessed incisor teeth and not the bone in which they are fixed." Guided by this light, he soon discovered unmistakable traces of the existence of this bone, which in the fœtus is as visible as in animals. He intended publishing this discovery in an essay, accompanied by plates, which were to represent this bone in a continuous series, from its simplest form to its most developed, and thence to its concealment in man, "where it seems afraid lest it should reveal the voracity of the wild beast."

Although the fact is now beyond dispute, when first Goethe announced it—even to men so eminent as Camper and Blumenbach—it met with contemptuous rejection; for, as he truly says—"The phrases men are accustomed to repeat incessantly end by becoming convictions, and ossify the organs of intelligence;" and it having been constantly repeated that man was distinguished from the monkey by the absence of the intermaxillary, no discovery could be entertained if it contradicted that phrase. Loder, Spix, and Sömmering willingly recognized the discovery, but it was forty years before Goethe saw it generally accepted.

This discovery was made in 1785, and, although not published, was communicated to several anatomists; in 1787, Loder mentions it in his "Compendium." We give these dates for the purpose of making more evident that simultaneity of discoveries, so often leading to unjust charges of plagiarism in matters of science, and which we shall see curiously illustrated in the course of this article. In 1786, the great Vicq d'Azir published his "Traité d'Anatomie," wherein he not only gives a distinct *aperçu* of the presence of this bone in man, but adduces it in support of his conception of a *type* according to which Nature works;* thus showing a coincidence of

discovery which is self-explained, because the discovery in both cases was a deduction from a general principle, and that general principle was in the air, so to speak, breathed by philosophic anatomists of the day.

"My long and conscientious studies of the metamorphosis of plants," Goethe says, "revealed to me many luminous points of view from whence to study the organization of animals." And, indeed, one sees throughout his biological speculations the same parent thought everywhere lighting up the manifold obscurities, and reducing the diversities of Nature to unity in the laws of growth. His celebrated theory of plant-metamorphosis, as we are told by a considerable authority, Auguste de St. Hilaire, was for a long while neglected—"et depuis dix ans (written in 1838) il n'a peut-être pas été publié un seul livre d'organographie ou de botanique descriptive qui ne porte l'empreinte des idées de cet écrivain illustre."†

Linnæus, indeed, had an *aperçu* of this doctrine, as we see in his phrase *Principium florum et foliorum idem est*, but the development and establishment of this *aperçu* into a theory was Goethe's own. "His book," says M. Auguste de Saint Hilaire, "met the same lot as the phrase of Linnæus—it was neglected. The savans did not read it, imagining that, coming from the pen of a poet, it could be nothing more than a reverie, written in the false poetic style of the 'Loves of the Plants.' How ill they understood the genius of Goethe, that flexible genius which assumed every form, and always selected that which suited best his subject. . . . When Goethe wrote upon science, he was grave as science itself. He had given the models of several kinds of literary composition, and he gave one for scientific composition. If his work was not at once accepted it was because it appeared too soon for his contemporaries—he had anticipated the coming era."‡

Most readers will remember Goethe's account of his first interview with Schiller, who irritated him by calling his conception of metamorphosis an *Idea*, by which he meant a metaphysical notion, such as German phi-

illaires antérieures que j'appelle *incisifs* dans les quadrupèdes avec cette pièce osseuse qui soutient les dents incisives supérieures dans l'homme, où elle est séparée de l'os maxillaire par une petite fêlure très remarquable dans les fœtus à peine visible dans les adultes, et dont personne n'avait connu l'usage."

* "Comtes Rendus de Séances de l'Académie," vii. 437. See also "Morphologie Végétale," i. p. 15.

† "Morphologie Végétale," i. p. 15.

30

losophy revels in. The immense intellectual difference between them, which that remark implied, Goethe felt to be a chasm which only great friendship could bridge over. It separated them for years. But Schiller might be excused for not seeing the truth of a doctrine only admissible into minds previously trained in studies of comparative anatomy. Take the leaf, the flower, and the stamen of a rose, and present them to the most intelligent man you know, out of the circle of physiologists, telling him that they are three forms of the same organ variously modified, and await his answer.

Although Germany and France have applied Goethe's morphological ideas with great success, yet England—true to her anti-metaphysical instinct, unhappily no more than an instinct with the majority—has been very chary of giving them admission, because the real philosophic method which underlies them is not appreciated. While we write, the *British Association for the Advancement of Science* holds its annual sitting in Belfast; and before Section D., Professor McCosh has read an admirable paper on the "Morphological Analogy between the Disposition of the Branches of Exogenous Plants and the Venation of their Leaves," founded upon Goethe's theory. We beg particular attention to this extract from the Report published in the "Literary Gazette" (No. 1881), wherein the present state of scientific thought is not inaptly characterized:—

"Professor McCosh, 'On the Morphological Analogy between the Disposition of the Branches of Exogenous Plants and the Venation of their Leaves,' endeavored with great ingenuity to generalize and reduce to a common law the peculiarities which are manifested in the branching of exogenous plants, starting with the theory propounded by Goethe, that all the appendages of plants, whether leaves, bracts, sepals, petals, or stamens, are formed after a common type, and that that type is the leaf. Professor McCosh attempted to show that this theory might be extended further, and that the type of the leaf is not only that of all the appendicular organs, but of the buds and of the branches, and therefore eventually of the whole plant itself. The leaf is to the plant as the microcosm to the macrocosm—it is the plant in miniature—a common law governs the two, and therefore whatever disposition we find in the parts of the leaf, we may expect to find in the parts of the plant, and *vice versa*. Now, the veins of the leaf are the analogue of the branches of the plant, and therefore the venation and ramification must essentially harmonize with one another. In illustration of the law, the Professor pointed out that, in reticulated leaved plants (to which alone he referred) there is a correspondence between the distribution of the branches along

the axis and the distribution of the venation of the leaf. In some plants the lateral branches are disposed pretty equally along the axis, whereas in others a number are gathered together at one point, and the plant becomes, in consequence, verticillate or whorled. The Professor stated, that wherever the branches are whorled, the leaves of the plant, as in the rhododendron, or the veins of the individual leaf, as in the common sycamore and lady's mantle, are also whorled. When the leaf has a petiole the tree has its trunk unbranched near the base, as in the case of the sycamore, apple, &c.; and when the leaf has no petiole the trunk is branched from the root, as in the common ornamental low shrubs, the bay, laurel, holly, box, &c. Professor McCosh exhibited an instrument for the measurement of the angles at which branches, &c., go off, and in 210 species of plants he found the angles of the branches with the stem and those of the veins with the midrib to coincide. The Professor stated in conclusion, that he believed there was a similar unity running through linear-leaved plants and monocotyledons. If substantiated, these views will give greater exactness to our distinctions of genera and species, and will lend more exactness to our ideas of the physiognomy of plants; they will at the same time exhibit an unity of design in the skeleton of the plant, similar to that which exists in the animal world, and so subserve the purpose of the natural theologian. In the discussion, a very interesting one, which ensued, while all acknowledged the value of the Professor's memoir, some, among whom were Professors Arnot and Balfour, appeared to doubt whether the theory would hold good if extended to more numerous cases. Professor Allman again drew attention to the question of method. He considered that development demonstrates the vein and the branch to be altogether dissimilar organs; that therefore the fundamental position of Dr. McCosh, the homology of vein and branch, was not proved, and consequently that any apparent resemblances between such dissimilar organs must be received with great caution. Dr. Lankester maintained that the paper before the Section was an admirable exemplification of the results to be obtained by the *à priori* methods of the school of Goethe, Carus, and Oken; while Mr. Huxley made a strong reclamation against any such doctrine, asserting that the *à priori* method, however useful as a stage of the scientific method, as a means of what Dr. Whewell has called *colligating* the facts not only ceases to be useful if we stop here, but becomes absolutely hurtful. In reply, Professor McCosh repudiated the *à priori* method, and declared himself to be in all respects a Baconian. 'Who shall decide,' &c., says the old adage. It is at any rate not our affair in this place, and if we have specially indicated this discussion, it is only because we consider it to be an indication that the important question of the proper nature of a true scientific method is *beginning to agitate the minds of naturalists*. When it is fairly worked out, we may expect a new era in the annals of scientific biology."

The loose conceptions of Method which

are implied in these objections to *à priori* reasoning, show how excessively imperfect is the philosophic education current in England. The vice of the *à priori* method, when it wanders from the right path, is *not* that it goes before the facts, and anticipates the tardy conclusions of experience; but that it rests contented with its own verdicts without seeking the verification of facts, or seeking only a partial hasty confrontation with facts—what Bacon calls "*notiones temerè à rebus abstractas.*" The confusion we are alluding to, arises from not distinguishing between Metaphysical and Philosophic Methods. Englishmen, alarmed at the absurdities which *à priori* speculations have elaborated, learn to look with suspicion on every employment of the *à priori* method. But because men cut their fingers we need not relinquish knives; and this *à priori* weapon which alarms the pretended Baconians is one of the most effective in the armory of Science, as indeed the history of Science abundantly testifies; but it must not be used incautiously.

The doctrine of Morphology is doubtless an *à priori* doctrine, and one not easily accepted by minds unfamiliar with its application. It is difficult to understand how all the bones of the body are but modifications of the vertebral column, how the skull is but a congeries of four or more vertebræ, and the hands and arms, upon which so much of our superiority depends, are but "diverging appendages of the costal or hæmal arch of the occipital segment of the skull;" yet difficult as these homologies may be to trace, there is no doubt of their truth in the minds of those who have carefully examined the evidence; and they do but show us, in a higher stage, the same Law of development through modification of form to meet different circumstances, that lies at the basis of Goethe's theory of metamorphosis. How thoroughly he had grasped this law, may be seen in the following extract, the great interest and importance of which must excuse its length:—

"That we may the more easily understand organized beings, let us glance at minerals. Always homogeneous in their constituent principles, they seem susceptible of a thousand different combinations determined by fixed laws. Their elements separate easily to form fresh combinations: these can be destroyed again, and the body which seemed destroyed be recomposed anew. The elementary principles separate and reunite therefore, not arbitrarily, but only in a very varied manner; and the constituent elements of inorganic substances are, notwithstanding the affinity which unites them, in a state of reciprocal indif-

ference; for an affinity, either stronger or acting at a shorter or the shortest distance, can withdraw them from their combinations, in order to form a new body of which the elements are unvarying, it is true, but seem always ready to be recomposed, or to form, according to circumstances, fresh combinations.

"The forms of minerals vary according to their chemical composition, but it is precisely this influence of the *elements* over the *form* which proves that the combination is imperfect and temporary.

"Thus certain minerals owe their existence to the presence of foreign substances, the loss of which causes their own dissolution. Beautiful transparent crystals fall to dust if they lose their crystallizing water; and (to cite a more far-fetched example) the mass of iron filings which imitates hair round the loadstone attracting it, resolves itself anew into small fractions as soon as the action of the attractive force ceases.

"The distinctive character of minerals on which we are now insisting, is the indifference of their constituent principles, as to their union, co-ordination and subordination. They have, however, according to their destination, affinities more or less strong, of which the manifestation resembles some sort of choice; therefore chemists appear to grant them a power of election in their combinations; and yet for the most part it is only external circumstances, which, by driving or leading them here and there, determine the formation of mineral bodies. Far be it from us, however, to deny them their share of the general vivifying breath which animates the whole of nature.

"How different are organized beings, even the most imperfect! One portion of the nourishment they have taken is elaborated and assimilated with the substance of the different organs, the other is rejected. In a word, they grow by intussusception. They give, therefore, to this food, eminent and entirely special properties; for at the same time that the closest combinations are taking place, they give it *form*, that index of complete life, which, once destroyed, cannot be reconstructed from the remains.

"Compare the inferior with the perfect organisms; you will see that the former, even whilst completely elaborating the elementary bodies in order to assimilate them, are unable to bring the organs resulting from the process, to that high degree of perfection and unvaryingness which is observed in the superior animals. Thus, on descending still lower in the scale of beings, we find the plants developing in a fixed gradation, and presenting to us the same organs under the most varied forms.

"An exact knowledge of the laws by virtue of which this metamorphosis takes place, will not only advance descriptive botany, but also our acquaintance with the physiology of plants. Let us only remark, that the leaves and blossoms, the stamens and pistil, the various envelopes, and all the other forms, are identical organs, modified by a series of vegetative processes, so as to be unrecognizable.

"The compound leaf and the stipule are the same organ, either developed or brought back to its most simple condition. According to circum-

stances, we see a flowering sprout or a sterile branch appear; the calyx, if it advances a step too far, becomes a corolla, and an undeveloped corolla remains like a calyx. The most varied transformations become possible in this way, and the knowledge of these laws renders research more easy and more productive. The necessity of studying the striking transformations of insects has long been felt, and the conviction exists that the entire economy of that class reposes on the idea of transformation. A parallel between the metamorphoses of insects and those of plants would be interesting; for the present it will be sufficient if we indicate it here in a succinct manner.

"The vegetable only becomes an individual at the moment when it separates from the parent plant in the shape of seed. As soon as germination commences, it becomes a being in which not only the identical parts reproduce themselves, but in which they are successively modified to such an extent that we fancy that we behold an unique whole composed of very different parts.

"But observation, and even intuition alone, prove that this whole is composed of parts independent of one another; for plants divided into fragments and entrusted to the earth grow again under fresh forms.

"With the insect it is quite different; the egg which comes from the mother has all the characteristics of individuality; the worm that issues from it, all those of distinct unity. Not only are its rings connected together, but they are also arranged according to a determined order, and subordinate to one another; they appear to be, if not animated by one will, at least to be led by the same appetite. One can distinguish a head and a tail, a superior and an inferior surface; the organs occupy a definite place, and one cannot be substituted for another. Yet the caterpillar is nevertheless an imperfect being, incapable of the most important of all the functions, Reproduction; it is only after a series of transformations that it attains to that function.

"In plants we observe successive stages co-existing in the same individual; the stem and root exist when the blossom is developing; fecundation is accomplished whilst the pre-existing and preparatory organs are still full of life and strength. The plant fades only at the moment when the fecundated seed attains its maturity.

"In the insect it is quite different. It abandons one after the other the various envelopes which it throws off, and from the last comes forth an evidently new being. Each successive stage differs from the preceding, a step backward is impossible. The butterfly emerges from the chrysalis and leaves it; the blossom is developed from the stem and on the stem. Compare the caterpillar and the moth; the former is composed, like all articulated worms, of analogous parts, the head and tail being alone different, the front feet varying but little from the hind feet, and the body divided into a number of rings resembling each other. The caterpillar sheds its skin several times during its growth; every covering seems intended to tear and fall off as soon as its elasticity is insufficient to the growth of the animal's

body. The caterpillar becomes larger and larger without changing its form, and at last attains a limit it cannot exceed. An important change then occurs; it seeks to rid itself of the cocoon which formed part of its economy, and thus to free itself from all which is useless or injurious to the transformation of its grosser elements into more subtle and perfect organs.

"The body, whilst thus developing itself, diminishes in length without widening proportionably; and when the last covering falls off, there emerges an animal no longer resembling the preceding, but a perfectly different being.

"In order to complete the history of insect transformation, we ought to enter into greater details respecting the characteristics of both stages. Let us take the caterpillar and moth as an example: the body of the latter is no longer formed of parts resembling one another; the rings are grouped to form systems of organs; some have disappeared completely, others are still visible. Three sections exist,—the head and its appendages, the thorax which bears the limbs, and the abdomen with the organs it contains. We are far from denying the individuality of the caterpillar; but it appears to us to be imperfect, from the very fact that its parts were in a state of relative indifference, one having as much value and power as another, from whence it followed that the secondary functions of nutrition and secretion could alone be accomplished; whilst all those secretions of elaborated juices which produce a new being were quite impossible. But when, by means of an internal, slow, and gradual process, the organs susceptible of transformation have attained the highest degree of perfection; when, under the influence of a heightened temperature, the body has discharged and freed itself from the juices that clogged it, the parts first become distinct, then divide, and acquire, notwithstanding their secret analogy, fixed and marked characteristics; they group themselves by systems, and thus assist in the accomplishment of those varied and energetic functions which, as a whole, constitute life.

"Although the moth is a very imperfect and transitory being compared with mammalia, yet it shows, by the transformations which take place before our eyes, the superiority of a perfect animal over an imperfect one. The parts are distinct, no one could be confounded with another, each has its determined functions to which it is inseparably bound. Let us recall those experiments which prove that among certain animals, limbs which have been cut off can grow again. This, however, takes place only among those animals whose limbs resemble each other sufficiently to allow of one performing the functions of another, and acting as a substitute; or in those whose organization is more flaccid, less positive and more easily modified by the element in which they live, such as the amphibious animals.

"The marked distinctions which indicate the limbs, point to the high grade which the most perfect animals, and man in particular, occupy in the scale of creation. In those regular organizations, every part has a determined form, place, and number; and whatever may be the anomalies

produced by the creative activity of the vital forces, the general balance is never destroyed.

"It would not have been necessary for us to consider the transformations of plants and insects in order laboriously to attain this point of view, if we had not hoped thereby to find some light thrown on the forms of the perfect animals.

"After admitting that the idea of a *successive or simultaneous transformation of identical parts is the basis of all studies of plants or insects*, our researches about animals will be singularly facilitated, if we admit that all their organs undergo a simultaneous transformation already prepared at the moment of conception. In fact, it is evident that all the vertebræ are identical organs, and yet any one who should compare the first cervical vertebra with a caudal vertebra would not find a trace of analogical form between them. Here then are parts, the affinity of which is undoubted, and which are yet very different; and it is only by examining their organic connexion, their points of similarity, and their mutual influence, that we have arrived at a satisfactory result.

"The organic whole presents that perfect harmony which we admire, because it is composed of identical parts, insensibly modified. Really homogeneous, they appear not only heterogeneous, but antagonistic; so different are their forms, destination, and functions. It is thus, by the modification of organs which resemble each other, that nature can create systems of the most varied kinds, which sometimes remain distinct, sometimes unite and amalgamate.

"Metamorphosis takes place among the most perfect animals in two ways; sometimes, as in the vertebræ, it makes an identical organ pass through a series of degradations. In this case, the type is easily found. Sometimes the isolated parts of the type are modified by passing through the whole animal series without losing their characteristics. The vertebral column, taken in its whole, is an example of the first kind. The first and second vertebræ are a proof of the reality of the second. In fact notwithstanding the incredible modifications which they undergo in each animal, a conscientious and attentive observer will follow them through all their transformations.

"From whence we may conclude, that universality, constancy, and the limited development of simultaneous transformation, permit the establishment of a type; but the versatility, or rather the elasticity, of that type in which nature can follow its own vagaries, on condition of preserving to each part its individual character, explains the existence of every genus and variety of animal with which we are acquainted."

The law of development here illustrated is that to which the efforts of Lamarck and Geoffroy St. Hilaire pointed; and it may be mentioned, in passing, that Lamarck was, like Goethe, a botanist before he was a zoologist, and he was doubtless led to his celebrated hypothesis by the influence of his botanical studies. For the sake of keeping

dates before the reader's eye, we may mention that Lamarck's "Philosophical Zoologique" was published in 1809.

Although Goethe did not push this development hypothesis to anything like the extent we see it in Lamarck, it is unquestionable that he had distinctly conceived *evolution*, as opposed to the old idea of *creation*, to be the organic process of the world; and the stages of this evolution he conceived as a *series of modifications of simpler beings into more complex beings*. Hence the resemblance of his speculations to those of Geoffroy St. Hilaire is more specific than to those of Lamarck. Indeed, the remarkable son of the illustrious anatomist, speaking of Goethe's anatomical labors, says they present so striking an analogy, and sometimes so complete an identity, with those of his father, that he feels some hesitation in speaking of them. And not the least curious part of this is the perfect unconsciousness each was in as to the other's labors. "L'un en Allemagne," says M. Isidore St. Hilaire, "l'autre en France, n'ont cessé de marcher parallèlement, et souvent de front, sans le savoir, et même sans qu'il fût possible de la savoir, vers une semblable rénovation de l'anatomie comparée." M. Isidore St. Hilaire here alludes to the conception of the true Method of Comparative Anatomy, and the elaboration of a Type, or, to use the French phrase, that Unity of Composition, which philosophy detects in the structure of animated beings. To any one conversant with the history of science, we need not remark on the capital importance of method; to say that Goethe was amongst those who first established the true Method of Comparative Anatomy is therefore to say, that he claims a place beside the great legislators of science.

His essay on Comparative Anatomy ("Erster Entwurf einer allgemeinen Einleitung in die vergleichende Anatomie, 1795") points out the essentially sterile nature of the comparison then made, not only in respect of comparing animals with men and with each other, but also (and this arrow flies straight at Cuvier) in the foolish and unscientific resource of *final causes*.* He does more than expose the poverty of the reigning Method, he substitutes a true one.

The conception of an anatomical Type or universal pattern (*allgemeines Bild*) according to which all organized beings are constructed, although to men of purely analy-

* Elsewhere he ridicules those seekers of final causes by saying they would have you believe cork trees were made to stop ginger-beer bottles.

tic minds it has ever been repulsive, was a truly scientific conception. This Type must not be confounded with a Platonic Idea. It is no metaphysical entity, it is simply a scientific artifice. Goethe expressly says, we are not for an instant to believe in the existence of this Type as an objective reality, although it itself is the generalized expression of realities. It is not an *à priori* assumption, like the mathematical line and point, though it serves as a basis to anatomy in a manner somewhat similar to that of the point and line to mathematics. It is a type gradually and carefully elaborated from an inspection of existing organisms. "Observation reveals to us the parts that are common to all animals, and in what they differ among each other; the philosophic mind must embrace this *ensemble*, and deduce from it an abstract type."

The great battle between Cuvier and Geoffroy respecting this type—or Unity of Composition, as Geoffroy called it—was of immense service to Zoology, if only in the stimulus it gave to philosophic observation. The battle rages still, though the opposition to the doctrine of Unity becomes feebler and feebler. How intensely it interested Goethe, even in his eightieth year, may be seen in this *very* curious page in Eckermann.

"Monday, August 1, 1830.

"The news of the Revolution of July, which had already commenced, reached Weimar to-day, and set every one in a commotion. I went in the course of the afternoon to Goethe's. 'Now,' exclaimed he to me, as I entered, 'what do you think of this great event? The volcano has come to an eruption; everything is in flames, and we have no longer a transaction with closed doors!' 'A frightful story,' returned I. 'But what could be expected under such notoriously bad circumstances, and with such a ministry, otherwise than that the whole would end in the expulsion of the royal family?' 'We do not appear to understand each other, my good friend,' returned Goethe. 'I am not speaking of those people, but of something quite different. I am speaking of the contest, so important for science, between Cuvier and Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, which has come to an open rupture in the Academy.' This expression of Goethe's was so very unexpected, that I did not know what to say, and for some minutes felt my thoughts perfectly at a stand-still. 'The matter is of the highest importance,' continued Goethe, 'and you can form no conception of what I felt at the intelligence of the sitting of the 19th July. We have now in Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire a powerful and permanent ally. I see how great must be the interest of the French scientific world in this affair; because, notwithstanding the terrible political commotion, the sitting of the 19th of July was very fully attended.

However, the best of it is, that the synthetic manner of treating nature, introduced by Geoffroy into France, cannot be kept back any more. The affair is now become public, through the free discussion of the Academy, and that in the presence of so large an audience.

"It is no longer referred to secret committees, and arranged and got rid of, and smothered behind closed doors. From the present time, mind will rule over matter in the physical investigations of the French. There will be glances of the great maxims of creation, of the mysterious workshop of God! Besides, what is all intercourse with nature, if, by the analytical method, we merely occupy ourselves with individual material parts, and do not feel the breath of the spirit, which prescribes to every part its direction, and orders or sanctions every deviation by means of an inherent law!

"I have exerted myself in this great affair for fifty years. At first I was alone, then I found support, and now at last, to my great joy, I am surpassed by congenial minds. When I sent my first discovery of intermediate bones to Peter Camper, I was, to my infinite mortification, utterly ignored. With Blumenbach I fared no better, though, after personal intercourse, he came over to my side. But then I gained kindred spirits in Sömmering, Oken, Dalton, Carus, and other equally excellent men. And now Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire is decidedly on our side, and with him all his important scholars and adherents in France. This occurrence is of incredible value to me; and I justly rejoice that I have at last witnessed the universal victory of a subject to which I have devoted my life, and which, moreover, is my own *par excellence*."

We are afraid ardent politicians will be terribly shocked at this preference of the old man for Science over Revolutions, and will regard it as an evidence of his "coldness." We prefer regarding it as an evidence of his sincere and absorbing love of great ideas; he knew that a whole revolution in thought, far deeper and far more important to Humanity than twenty July Days in France, were germinating in that doctrine.

Although this Unity of Composition must be admitted as an admirable artifice for the better exploration of the homologies and analogies of organized structures, yet when it is no longer used as an artifice, but presented as an ascertained *plan* according to which the structures were composed—a *scheme* of creation subsequently realized, then indeed the positive philosopher demurs, and declines to see in this Unity of Composition anything more than the limitation of organic processes. One might as well talk of the unity of composition of crystals, whose forms are identical because the limitations are identical; indeed Professor Owen has hinted at this *rapprochement* in saying, "The repetition of sim-

ilar segments in a vertebral column, and of similar elements in a vertebral segment, is analogous to the repetition of similar crystals as the result of polarizing force in the growth of an inorganic body.*

This Law of Repetition, which is the first law of organic growth, must be coupled with another law distinctly announced by Goethe in a very remarkable passage, and subsequently taken up by Schelling, and various other philosophers, including Von Baer, whom Dr. Carpenter improperly credits with the discovery: the law we speak of is by Coleridge named the *Law of Individuation*, and may be more intelligibly explained as the principle of "division of labor" in organisms. Here is Goethe's statement:

"The more imperfect a being is, the more do its individual parts resemble each other, and the more do these parts resemble the whole. The more perfect the being, the more dissimilar are the parts. In the former case the parts are more or less a repetition of the whole; in the latter case they are totally unlike the whole. The more the parts resemble each other, the less subordination is there of one to the other. Subordination of parts indicates high grade of organization."

These pregnant sentences should be placed at the introduction to every treatise on Zoology, for they express the highest generalization of the organic series. Specialization of function is consequent upon specialization of structure, as the homogeneous mass becomes heterogeneous, as the simple cell by spontaneous fission becomes an aggregation of cells, as the cellular tissue becomes by gradual condensation fibrous, cartilaginous, and osseous, and finally the muscular and nervous tissues become developed; in the ascending series the "division of labor" follows, so that instead of each part performing several functions, the separate functions are localized in separate organs; and according to the *ratio of the specialization is the grade of the organization*.

Not only did Goethe clearly perceive that the march of Nature was always from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; but he also saw that in studying nature we should follow the same Method, and not "proceed as men have done hitherto to detect the traces of human structure in animals, but we must commence from below and rise gradually, and detect in the complex organization of man that of the simpler animals."

By thus bringing together the various conceptions Goethe had elaborated, we prove,

* "Homologies of the Skeleton," p. 171.

even better than by dates, that his opinions were the natural results of his method of looking at Nature, and were arrived at by him independently of all contemporary efforts in the same direction. Indeed, strange as is the coincidence between his notions in comparative anatomy and those of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, yet it is impossible—and Geoffroy's son has shown it—that either of these philosophers could have been cognizant of the labors of the other. Dates prove it. Goethe's essays were written in 1795, though not published till 1820. Geoffroy did not publish till 1796—1806. Yet that Goethe's manuscript essay of 1795 was not *subsequently* altered is sufficiently evident in these three discoveries: the *metamorphosis of plants*; the discovery of the intermaxillary; the discovery of the vertebral structure of the skull: all three being special applications of the general doctrine.

The coincidences, then, must be accepted as coincidences, similar to the one previously noted respecting the discovery of the intermaxillary by Vicq d'Azyr; and the one now to be mentioned respecting the vertebral structure of the cranium. It has been often discussed, Who really was the originator of this vertebral theory? and a few years before his death, Oken wrote an article in the "Isis" (1847, Heft. vii.), in which he accused Goethe of mendacious vanity, declaring that he, Oken, was the sole discoverer. We will give the substance of this protest, because it has undoubtedly influenced Professor Owen, and it made a great impression on our own minds when we first read it; the more so as we confess to an uncomfortable suspicion of plagiarism somewhere, having stolen into our thoughts on observing the similarity in the manner of the discovery.

Goethe, during one of his rambles in the Jewish cemetery near Venice, picked up the skull of a ram which had been cut longitudinally, and, on examining it, the idea occurred to him that the face was composed of three vertebræ: the transition from the anterior sphenoid to the ethmoid was evident at once. Oken, during one of his rambles in the Harz mountains, picked up the skull of a deer; on examining it, says Carus, he exclaimed, "That is a vertebral column!"

Oken's statement is as follows. He made the discovery in 1806, and in 1807 wrote his academic programme as *privat docent* in Göttingen, "at a time therefore when Goethe certainly knew not of my existence." The reader is requested to note this avowal that Goethe knew nothing of Oken at that period.

He sent this dissertation to Jena, where he had just been appointed professor, and had it printed as his inaugural discourse. Goethe, be it observed, was curator of that university: a fact thought to be sufficient to establish Oken's claim, as Goethe, it is supposed, would at once have remonstrated against such a claim had he not recognized its justice. This fact, however, we shall presently see, to have no such bearing. Goethe had his own reasons for silence. "I naturally sent Goethe a copy of my programme. This discovery pleased him so much that he invited me at Easter, 1808, to spend a week with him in Weimar, which I did." But he does not say whether Goethe then mentioned having conceived the same idea: he does not say that Goethe credited him with priority. He adds, however, that as long as the notion was ridiculed by men of science, Goethe was silent; but no sooner had it attained some renown through the works of Meckel, Spix, Ulricks and others, "than there grew up a murmur among Goethe's servile admirers that this idea originated with him. About this time Bojanus went to Weimar, and hearing of Goethe's discovery, half believed it, and sent the rumor to me, which I thoughtlessly printed in the 'Isis.' [1818, p. 506.] Whereupon I announced that I made my discovery in the autumn of 1806, during a journey through the Harz." True; but he did not throw any doubt upon Goethe's claim to priority: he only asserted his own claim to originality. "Now that Bojanus had brought the subject forward, Goethe's vanity was piqued, and he came afterwards, thirteen years subsequent to my discovery, and said that he had held the opinion for thirty years."

Oken not only speaks with profound contempt of Goethe's "fantastic and foolish osteological essays—*ganz verwirren und ideenlosen osteologischen Aufsätzen*," which "prove that he could know nothing" about the matter; but plainly charges him with having attempted to usurp the claim to a discovery he, Oken, had made. And at first we were quite prepared to side with him, and to hold Goethe guilty of the charge. A long and minute investigation has convinced us that the charge is completely groundless, and very foolish when properly stated. The independence of both is clear enough. There has been no plagiarism—there has not even been identity of discovery. Goethe had an *aperçu* of the truth; Oken laid the basis of a demonstrative theory. Goethe did not work out his *aperçu*, and cannot therefore be considered as the discoverer: he only saw the

truth like a philosopher—Oken proved it like a man of science. It was with Goethe one among many applications of a fundamental conception of organic evolution and transformation—a detail of the unity of composition. It was with Oken the special anatomical problem which a young anatomist devoted himself to solve. That Oken had never heard of Goethe's discovery, we may reasonably assume; for although it was freely discussed among Goethe's friends, it was not published till many years afterwards. But recalling the fact of the two discoverers being at that time unknown to each other, let us adduce *proof positive* that Goethe had spoken of this discovery before Oken's publication.

In his essays on Comparative Anatomy, speaking of the vertebral structure of the skull, he says—

"I must confess, with pleasure, that I have been convinced of this secret affinity for the last thirty years, and have always continued to study it. But such an *aperçu*, notion, conception, or intuition, or whatever it may be called, is always somewhat esoteric. It can be expressed in a general formula, but cannot be proved; it can be exhibited in detail, without our being able to produce anything complete and finished. Two persons thoroughly possessed of the idea, would not agree on its detailed application: moreover, I assert that the single observer, the quiet friend of nature, is not always in accordance with himself; and from day to day the subject is clear or obscure before his eyes, according to the greater or less activity and energy of his intellectual powers.

"I will make my meaning more intelligible by a comparison. Some time ago, I was interested in reading manuscripts of the fifteenth century, which are full of abbreviations. Although I had never applied myself to the deciphering of manuscripts, I set to work with great energy, and, to my astonishment, read off without hesitation unknown characters which ought to have been riddles to me. My pleasure did not last long. Some time afterwards, when I wished to resume this occupation, which had been interrupted, I found that I should seek in vain to accomplish by labor and attention a task I had begun with love and intelligence, lucidity and independence, and I resolved to await the return of those fortunate and fugitive inspirations.

"If we find such differences in our facility of reading old parchments, the letters of which are fixed, how much the difficulty must be increased when we strive to guess the secrets of Nature, who, incessantly varying, hides from us the mystery of the life she bestows? Sometimes she indicates, by abbreviations, what would have been comprehensible if written in full; sometimes she causes unbearable labor by a long series of narratives in running hand; she unveils what she had concealed, and conceals what she had only the moment before unveiled. What man can boast that he is gifted with that wisely-measured

sagacity, with that modest assurance, which render Nature manageable at all times and in all places? But if, with a problem of this nature, the solution of which is denied to all exoteric treatment, a man stands forth in a busy and egotistically occupied world, it will be vain to do so even with measured, well-reasoned, ingenious, and, at the same time, reserved audacity: he will be coldly received, perhaps repulsed; and he will feel that so delicate, so intellectual a creation is out of place in such a vortex. A grand and simple idea, whether original or rediscovered, may make some impression; but it never is continued and worked out in its primitive purity. The author of the discovery and his friends, the masters and his disciples, the pupils among themselves, not to mention its adversaries, perplex the question by their disputes, lose themselves in useless discussions; and this because each one wants to adapt the idea to his own mind and intellect, and because it is more flattering to be original in a mistaken way, than to acknowledge, by the admission of a truth, the power of a superior intelligence."

The allusion in the concluding passage is certainly pointed at Oken: we find proofs of it in three distinct passages. Here is one from a note headed *Das Schädelerüst aus sechs Wirbelknocken aufgebaut* (vol. xxxvi., p. 271). After alluding to his recognition of three, and subsequently six, vertebrae as composing the skull, which he spoke of among his friends who set to work to demonstrate it, he says:—

"In the year 1807 this theory appeared tumultuously and imperfectly before the public, for it naturally awakened great disputes and some applause. How seriously it was damaged by the incomplete and fantastic method of exposition, History must relate." *Die unreife Art des Vortrags* is a sentence to be appreciated only by those who have read Oken.* Goethe's antipathy to metaphysics made Oken's exposition as disagreeable to him as it was to Cuvier, from whom it concealed the profound truth that lived behind it.

In his "Tag und Jahres Hefte," Goethe mentions that *while he was working out this subject with his two friends Voigt and Riemer*, they "brought me, with some surprise, the news that this idea of vertebral structure had just been brought before the public in an Academic Programme, a fact which they, being still alive, can testify to." This seems to us conclusive evidence. It was published many years before Oken made his charge: and it accused him in the most formal way

of prematurely venturing to disclose Goethe's discovery, and it appealed to two honorable men as witnesses. Oken said nothing to this when it could have been settled. He says, indeed, that he made no answer to the first passage we have quoted, because, after all, he was not *named* in it, and he did not wish to involve himself in a host of "disagreeables." But the second passage does name him as plainly as if the letters of Oken were printed; and it adduces *living* testimony to the fact that Goethe had conceived the idea long before Oken, and that his friends heard of Oken's lecture with *surprise*.

Why, it may be asked, did not Goethe speak? In the passage following the one last quoted he answers the question: "I told my friends to keep quiet, for that the idea was not properly worked out in the Programme, and that it was not elaborated from original observations would be plain to all scientific men. I was frequently sought to speak plainly on the subject; but I was firm in my silence."

To these very strong testimonies let us add that contemporary anatomists, Carus and Bojanus, have no hesitation whatever in making the true distinction, and in assigning to each the merit due. They regard Goethe as unquestionably the originator, and Oken as the demonstrator, of this theory. Carus says—"Still more remarkable is it that the greatest of anatomical ideas relating to the development of the skeleton was *first* conceived by Goethe—and this is the structure of the skull, which first appeared to his mind as a development of the vertebral column. It is true this discovery was published later, and to Oken belongs the great merit, in 1807, of having the first given a scientific demonstration of the theory in public. Nevertheless, it is beyond a doubt, that Goethe had this luminous idea many years before." Bojanus—the friend of Oken, too!—is still more explicit.

We are only defending Goethe from the frivolous charge made by Oken of an endeavor to claim what was not his due. That Oken, as the demonstrator, is entitled to the claim of a discoverer is plain; or if Goethe's *aperçu* be allowed to claim this, then we may give to Linnæus the merit of having discovered the *Metamorphosis of Plants*, his phrase (previously quoted) standing in pretty much the same relation to that theory as the phrase, "The skull is a vertebral column," does to the theory of Oken. Instead of treating it as an undignified case of plagiarism, we should see in

* It may be taken as a set-off against Oken's qualification of "the fantastic and foolish 'Osteological Essays.'"

it another suggestive lesson of the truth Goethe himself propounds, that Discoveries belong to the Age, and not men. Curiously enough, while investigating the case of simultaneous discovery, we came upon a third trace of the same contemporaneous idea. M. Duméril read a paper before the Institute, in 1808, on the Analogy which exists between the bones and muscles of animals, the second section of which is entitled *De la tête considérée comme une vertèbre*;* and this paper is sufficient to show how the idea of the vertebral composition of the skull was "in the air"—how all science tended that way.

It is rare, indeed, that a discovery of any importance is made by one man alone; and on this point we borrow the words of Professor Owen:—

"As the truth of Oken's generalization began to be appreciated, it was remembered, as is usually the case, that something like it had occurred before to others. Autenrieth and Jean-Pierre Frank, had alluded, in a general way, to the analogy between the skull and the vertebral column. Ulrich, reproducing formally Oken's more matured opinions on the cranial vertebrae, says—'Kielmeyerum præceptorem pie venerandum quamvis vertebram tanquam caput integrum considerari posse in scholis anatomicæ docentem audiui.' And the essential idea was doubtless present to Kielmeyer's mind, though he reversed M. Duméril's proposition, and instead of calling the skull a vertebra, he said each vertebra might be called a skull. But these anticipations detract nothing from the merit of the first definite proposition of the theory. It would rather be an argument against its truth, if some approximative idea had not suggested itself to other observers of nature, who only lost the merit of developing it, from not appreciating its full importance. He, however, becomes the true discoverer who establishes the truth; and the sign of the proof is the general acceptance. Whoever, therefore, resumes the investigation of a neglected or repudiated doctrine, elicits its true demonstrations, and discovers and explains the nature of the errors that have led to its tacit or declared rejection, may calmly and

confidently await the acknowledgments of his rights in the discovery."

Oken's claim, therefore, is in no way impugned by Goethe's; nor is any doubt possible in our minds of the rightfulness of Goethe's claim to priority.

In taking a final survey of the grounds upon which Goethe's claim as a man of science rests, it will be apparent, even from the brief indications afforded by this paper, and disregarding the geological, mineralogical, and meteorological inquiries which variously occupied him, that he was no mere amateur dabbling superficially in scientific matters, but one of the Great Naturalists to whom Science is seriously indebted. He had that *facilité de penser en grand qui multiplie la science*, which Buffon recognizes in Pliny, and which leaves a rich inheritance to after generations. The most advanced thinkers of our day are only now beginning thoroughly to appreciate the reach and grandeur of his leading ideas; and, while he may thus be compared with Bacon in legislative capacity, he has shown, by his discoveries and by his researches, that he was fully penetrated by the spirit of positive philosophy. And, before concluding, we must call attention to one admirable point in his speculation—the constant presence of what may be called the embryological point of view. He studies nature in her ascending phases of *growth*, not, as others habitually do, contenting himself with noticing the already grown. It is thus he traces the secret of transformations, catching Nature "in the act," so to speak, and thus brings the whole diversity of forms within the unity of Life.

We have endeavored to show that he was a great Man of Science, no less than a great Poet. "For half a century," he says, "I have been known as a poet in my own country, and even in other lands, so that my talent in this respect is not disowned. But it is not generally known, and has not been sufficiently considered, that I have seriously, and for years, devoted myself to science, that I have observed phenomena with that silent perseverance only possible to a real passion. Thus, when my *Morphological Essays on the Metamorphosis of Plants*, though published forty years before, began to attract attention in Switzerland and France, people could not contain their surprise that a poet, occupied habitually with sentiment and imagination, should for a moment have left his path, and made so important a discovery. But this is

* The following extract will sufficiently indicate his point of view: "Le trou occipital correspond au canal rachidien des vertèbres dont il est l'origine: l'apophyse basilaire et très souvent le corps du sphénoïde sont semblables par la structure et les usages au corps des vertèbres, les condyles représentent leur facettes articulaires. Les protubérances occipitales et les espaces compris audessous sont les analogues des apophyses épineuses et de leurs lames osseuses, enfin les apophyses mastoïdes sont tout à fait conformes aux apophyses transverses." He deduces that the whole skull is one gigantic vertebra—a conclusion which was rendered ridiculous by a phrase, *vertèbre pensante*, and, as usual with Frenchmen, disregarded because ridiculed.

* Owen "On the Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," p. 76.

a complete mistake. I have devoted a great part of my life to natural history, led thereto by a dominant passion. I have not made discoveries by 'inspiration,' by the 'flash of genius,' but by steady and serious research. Certainly, I might have accepted the honor paid to my sagacity and 'genius;' but as it is equally hurtful in science to attend exclusively either to mere observation or to abstract theories, I have considered it my duty to write the history of my botanical studies for the appreciation of serious men."

We close this attempt to place his scienti-

fic position in its true light, with two biographical details :—During the *Campaign in France*, he was steadfastly pursuing his theory of Colors; and while the cannon-balls were whirling around him, he not being a soldier, observed their phenomena as a philosopher! The second detail is scarcely less significant. The very last pages he ever wrote were the review of Geoffroy St. Hilaire's "*Philosophie Zoologique*." He was then eighty-two years old! Truly did he say, that with him Science was a passion!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CITY POETS AND PAGEANTS OF LONDON.

It is matter for surprise that many well-informed people, like the Yeoman in the "*Lousiad*,"

"Who read with much applause the daily news,
And keep a close acquaintance with the muse,"

are so ignorant of what may be called the bye-ways of Literary History. On the plain-beaten turnpike road of Biography they know every place of entertainment, aye, almost every milestone. They have got up the guide-books, they know where to look for the lions, and for smaller beasts they have no eyes.

Now in literary tours, as in other journeying, I have always had a taste for pedestrianism. I have no absolute objection to looking at the great sights in scenery by the aid of Mr. Murray, or in literature by the help of Mr. Hallam, but there are occasions on which I prefer leaving the hand-book at home, and then I abjure turnpikes and milestones, dash across hedges, try short cuts, and commit all manner of trespasses. And my reminiscences of these irregular excursions are very pleasant. There are refreshing streams, sweet wild flowers, and beautiful views, of which your steady traveller on the high road does not dream.

If we live only among the great thinkers, great historians, and great poets, we shall move in a circle as good as it is select; but if

we will sometimes descend a few steps on the literary ladder, then is much amusement to be had: there is more wit and wisdom than we wot of, and at any rate we shall find human nature in which we are supposed to be interested. Now I lay no claim to being a literary Antiquary. Black letter I cannot read. Manuscripts perplex me prodigiously, and Greek with contractions, or Latin with abbreviations, are among my bibliomaniacal prejudices. I am, however, very fond of what are called "out of the way" books. I may frequently be seen dawdling over book-stalls, and I have now some very curious "Corners in my Library." I certainly never rose two hours before my accustomed time to read Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," but I would rather boast with good old Dr. Johnson that I had done this, than confess with Mr. Hallam that I had found no interest in the "*Sweepings of the Bodleian*."

I can sit and amuse myself for hours with the grave pedantry, quaint conceits, and infinite reading of the learned old gentleman, who used to wander down to the banks of the Isis, when oppressed by the melancholy he has so industriously analyzed, to dispel his gloom by listening to the coarse jests and ribaldry of the bargemen.

The "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" is a better companion at a solitary bachelor breakfast, than even Southey's "*Doctor, or Common-*

place Book," and most reading people now-a-days know how much amusement there is to be found in these.

A poetical young gentleman with long brown curls and a light moustache, who rode a pony, and kept loaded pistols in his bed-room, and who would have been much gratified had you hinted to him your suspicions that he had once committed a murder, showed me a common-place book full of poetical extracts, copied in red ink in a clerk-like hand, and headed "Flowers Culled during my Walks in the Garden of Literature." They consisted of such passages of Byron and Moore as have been quoted and parodied a thousand times, and are still so often *mis*-quoted by "gushing girls" of sixteen. Now books, like "elegant extracts," "excerpts," "readings," &c., have been compiled too frequently on the plan adopted by the poetical young gentleman. The patent beauties of the first-rate and well-known writers are paraded, whereas we want any gems that may lie in the dark unfathomed dust of unread books, or any flowers of wit and eloquence (*flosculi sententiarum*) which blush unseen in the corners of libraries. Those who have consulted the sources of political or literary history know that there is sometimes a single page, or a single sentence, worthy of preservation in a book or pamphlet of which the remainder is comparatively worthless.

When, for instance, I have read the many eloquent criticisms and eulogies on the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," that abound in our language, from the panegyric pronounced by Dryden to that eloquent sentence in Mr. Macaulay's "History of England," I must confess a secret pleasure in discovering such an account of him as the following, because it is a strong instance of the extent to which rancorous prejudice can distort the judgment.

"John Milton," says Winstanley, 'in his "Lives of the Poets," "was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two heroic poems, &c., but his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have been in honorable repute had he not been a notorious traitor, and most impiously and villanously belied that blessed martyr, Charles I."

Next, as a specimen of bitterest irony, witty as Plymley, severe as Junius or Runnymede, is a sarcasm contained in one sentence of "Killing no Murder," the pamphlet which struck terror into the heart of Cromwell.

The writer calls on the Protector to reflect how noble a thing it would be to die for the nation, and adds, "you are indeed the father of your country, for while you live we can call nothing ours, and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances."

Then, as an instance of an amusing blunder, there is an anecdote relative to the historian Ralph. Lord Melcombe told his servant to take his *card* to Mr. Ralph and invite him to dinner. The flunkey, either a wag or a very stupid fellow, took a *cart* to Mr. Ralph's and delivered his lordship's invitation. The historian peremptorily refused to come, and wrote the innocent peer a letter full of furious indignation.

A good facetious and practical retort is attributed to Farquhar, when a student at Trinity College, Dublin. He sent a message down stairs to a brother student, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, to borrow a book, then much in request, Burnet's "History of the Reformation." Its cautious and fastidious proprietor replied, that he made it a rule never to lend a book out of his rooms; but that Mr. Farquhar was at liberty to come there and make use of it as long as he pleased. This Mr. F. treated with silent contempt. It so happened that in the course of the evening the owner of "Burnet" was in want of a pair of bellows, and sent up, with his compliments, to borrow Mr. Farquhar's. Mr. F. gravely replied, that he never lent his bellows out of his chambers, but that the gentleman was quite at liberty to come up to his room and make use of them as long as he liked.

Now many such entertaining anecdotes are scattered about in old books, ill written, ill printed, and, for the most part, uninteresting. To gather them from various sources, and link them together with some system, was such work as D'Israeli, the elder, could do as none else has done. But as the lamented "ingenious author of the 'Curiosities of Literature'" is no longer here to write charming books for us, such work must fall into less practised and less skilful hands.

It is strange how many subjects worthy of record have been hitherto almost entirely overlooked. Our literary annals labor under the same defect as does Oriental history. The story of kings only is told, and though the biography of Eastern despots is very different matter from the lives of the monarchs of intellect, yet in both cases we are anxious to know something of the ruled as well as the ruler, of the small as of the great. There is no more reason why we should al-

ways he in Brobdiagnag than in Lilliput. It is as tiresome to be always wondering at giants as to be dandling dwarfs. The lives of great writers should be heroic annals, but literary history is inadequately and unfairly written when we have no account of the second and third-rate literature of the age described.

The higher province there is no intention of here invading. The lives of the great men are generally well known, though they have been seldom well written. It is of the lesser "wits" that something may now be said, and it is at any rate matter for congratulation that the subject is novel, and that there are no previous successes to discourage by any dread of comparison and restraint.

A very good book might be written, called "The History of the City," not merely a topographical account, nor such chit-chat as Mr. Peter Cunningham can so charmingly put together, but a history of that indefinable civic and commercial power, which we mean when we speak with a kind of awful reverence of "the City."

What records and reminiscences might such a volume contain! Royal visits, magnificent banquets, rich viands and mellow wines, headaches next morning; anecdotes of the fire and the plague; Pepys gossiping, Evelyn moralizing, Wren building; solemn debates in the common-council, opposition—now to the King, now to the Parliament. Whiggism at one time, Toryism at another, triumphant. Jeffries bullying and browbeating in the Old Bailey; Jeffries in the hour of retribution saved by a company of the train bands from popular fury, and borne, almost mad with terror, first to the Mansion House, and then to the Tower, followed by the threats and execrations of a raging multitude. What burnings in Smithfield when men were tortured there—what butcheries in Smithfield since only beasts have been slaughtered there. What lamentations for the loss of the time-honored market, where hecatombs have fallen by the ruthless knife, soon to be driven to a suburban refuge. For in these days there is such a rusticiating tendency that even beasts refuse to be killed unless it be in the country.

Among those things to be remembered in the "History of the City," are the pageants or entertainments on the inauguration of each Lord Mayor. With the cumbrous pomp and gaudy show of the procession we are yet familiar. The written portion of the pageant has become obsolete. Two years ago an ambitious attempt was made to revive some

of the typical elements of the old entertainment. Peace, personified by a young lady, from a transpoutine theatre, sat olive-crowned in her car, smiling serenely on the profane rabble in Farringdon Street, where ragged rascals were picking the pockets of servants out for a holiday. The emblems were restored, but the verse was wanting. Not a bard could be found, from Mr. Alfred Tennyson to the Rev. Robert Montgomery, who would on this great occasion become the successor of Settle. The rumble of the wheels of the gorgeous and gilded coaches mingled with the bray of the silver trumpets, but the lyre was silent.

Except for advertisements poetry appears to have quite gone out. Now our simpler ancestors had a notion that verse, however bad, had a soothing and humanizing influence even on the mob, and for a long time the companies paid a regular pension to a particular poet to write what were called pageants. These men were a kind of bastard slip of the regular dynasty of Poets Laureate, and were called City Poets. There were four of them, John Tatham, Thomas Jordan, Matthew Taubman, and Elkanah Settle. Before they were regularly appointed to produce the annual entertainment other poets of greater fame had been occasionally employed. Ben Jonson had been called on to prepare a masque on the occasion of a royal visit, and he speaks bitterly, when it was withdrawn, of the "chanderly pension" allowed him by one of the civic companies.

Pageants on various occasions had been composed by Peele, Dekker, Munday, Middleton, Squire, Webster, Heywood, and John Taylor, the water poet. Before, however, the short-lived succession from Tatham to Settle, they had not been annually or regularly performed. When Alderman Dethicke ascended the civic throne it appears they had been discontinued for many years, and were by him revived. Edmund Gayton, who wrote the pageant on that occasion, says, "I cannot here set forth the reason of the extinguishing of these civic lights, and suppressing the genius of our metropolis, which for these planetary pageants and pretorian pomps was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for their faith, wealth, and valor."

The greatest pageants were on the occasion of a royal visit.

Their date is very early. The first took place when Eleanor Queen of Henry III. rode through the city to her coronation. The next celebrated the victory of Edward I.

over the Scots. Others were performed when the Black Prince made his entry with his royal prisoner. When Richard II. passed along Cheapside after the citizens had submitted, and by the intercession of the Queen, recovered their charter. When Henry V. made his triumphant entry after the Battle of Agincourt. When Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn passed through the city to her coronation. There was one also when Elizabeth was crowned. There is a pageant of Ben Jonson's called, "Part of King James' entertainment in passing to his Coronation." It is very doubtful whether this was performed at all, for that day, 17th July 1603, was remembered for its fearful and unseasonable weather, and the plague was at that time raging with such vehemence that in London eleven hundred persons died of it that very week.

This may give some idea of what these productions were. It is of course vastly superior to those written by the former poets—asters specially to be mentioned. What the effect may have been when the various Virtues with Greek and Latin names—when gods and goddesses—the genius of the Thames—were tricked out in fancy dresses, and the general effect heightened by decoration, pomp and musical procession, we know not; but the pedantic speeches, full of historical and mythological classic allusion, are assuredly very heavy reading.

On the occasion of James I., his Queen, and Prince Henry making a triumphal passage through the city, Dekker wrote a pageant.

But the first regular poet was John Tatham. For eight years he wrote the pageants. He was also the author of four plays. "Love Crowns the End" is a pastoral drama or masque in which Chloe, Gloriana, Lysander, Daphnis, Alexis, Cliton, Francisco, make love in rhyming speeches and songs, after the most approved and conventional pastoral method. He next essayed tragedy, and wrote "The Distracted State." His comedy, "The Rump, or the Mirror of the Late Times," was afterwards remodelled by Mrs. Behn, who gave it the title of "Round Heads, or the Good Old Cause." In the second impression of the original play of Tatham, it is stated that it "was acted many times with great applause at the private house in Dorset Court." Pepys' verdict is not so favorable as that of the theatrical audience, but he is a censorious dramatic critic. He tells us in his Diary, that he had read it one night before going to bed, and pronounces it "very

silly." It fell to Tatham's lot to write the pageant the year of the Restoration. It was of course a great occasion, and a great effort was made. It is called "London's Glory," represented by Time, Truth, and Fame, at the magnificent triumph and entertainment of his most sacred majesty, Charles II., at Guildhall, on Thursday, 6th July, 1660, in "the 12th year of His Majesty's most happy reign."

This statement is significant as embodying the loyalist view. If, however, it is not unreasonable to call 1660 the twelfth year of Charles's reign, it is certainly so in the same sentence to call that reign happy.

The King went in procession to Guildhall, and on his way there was met by the pageants. Time personified represented the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and made a long speech in heroics, of which the few following lines are a fair sample:—

"Amongst the rest the Skinners' Company
Crowd to express their sense of loyalty,
And those born deaf and dumb, and can but see,
Make their hands speak, 'Long live your Majesty,'
Whose royal presence cures the wounded state,
Beguiles Time's court, and gives a turn to fate."

Truth's speech represents "The Clothiers' Company," and Fame the Grocers, who conclude their sweet things by saying,

"Since in yourself you are a history,
A volume bound up for eternity."

The "Merry Monarch," in spite of his love of rhyme and his general disregard of reason, must have laughed in his sleeve at these vacuous pomposities. In a prose appendix to the poetry the order and management of the procession and pageants are given. The windows of all houses were covered with tapestries, or "such hangings as may glorify the day." The streets, from Old Jewry to Temple-bar, were railed on both sides; the several companies with their livery gowns and hoods; the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and their retinue, and "the gentlemen of the artillery completely armed," to the music of six trumpets and a kettle-drum, were to move in procession from the Old Jewry, down Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to Whitehall. The King then left Whitehall, and they all proceeded to Temple-bar, at which place Time delivered his poetic oration to His Majesty; at St. Paul's Churchyard Truth harangued and Fame made her speech in Cheapside. The

monarch then moved on to Guildhall, where he was feasted with great pomp and ceremony; and in the evening the civic authorities escorted him to Whitehall, after which they retired, and "a volley being given, every man departeth to his own home."

Tatham was, as has been said, succeeded by Thomas Jordan. This man was one of the few of the early school of actors who lived to see the Restoration. He had performed at the Red Bull in the part of *Lepida* in "Messalina." But he was a poet as well as an actor, and the author of four plays, the last of which, "Love Crowns the End," was among the MSS. destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant. He wrote the city pageants for thirteen years. Besides these and his dramatic compositions he was the author of several small volumes of poetry, with very fanciful titles. He also published in 1642 a little tract called "Rules to know a Royal King from a Disloyal Subject, with an Exact Account given of the Jewels of the Crown of England." It is a canting praise of passive obedience, in which he goes so far as to say that the man who does not love Charles I. cannot (he will *scarce* believe) love his Maker. The jewels, it appears, in the regal diadem of that king were innocence, fortitude, patience, peace, love, royal *anger*, justice and mercy. He concludes this bad prose with some worse verse, and calls the lines a sonnet, but they are in reality weak and irregular rhymes, concluding with "God save the King."

The next civic bard was Matthew Taubman. He held the dignified position, from 1685 to 1691. His last pageant was performed on the day that Sir Thomas Pilkington entered a second time on the mayoralty. It was got up at the expense of the Skinners' Company. It is dedicated to Sir Thomas, who had been twice imprisoned for his religious and political opinions, and was now triumphantly a second time elected Mayor. He is informed in the dedication that, "when idolatry like a deluge had overspread the land, and the church like the ark lay tottering upon the billow, then came the dove with the olive branch of joy." The poet adds, "Like Daniel you were taken out of the lion's den to be a ruler over us." This pageant was a very grand affair. On the day of Sir Thomas's second inauguration, King William, Queen Mary, and their royal highnesses Prince and Princess of Denmark, went with great pomp to the Guildhall. There were no less than five pageants. The others were in the accustomed style, but the

third merits some mention. It was a ship called the "Perseus and Andromeda," and laden with all the treasures of the East. On board were a "jolly brave captain" and a crew, "continually toping, bousing, and carousing." The captain makes his men a speech full of strange oaths and nautical phraseology. The sailors sing a song, and the skipper then spouts some heroics full of the usual compliments, &c.

The dinner in the Guildhall was on a very grand scale. During the banquet the Lord Mayor proposed the health of their Majesties, and the King that of his Lordship. Two songs were sung during dinner. One from one of Nahum Tates' comedies, in honor of their royal personages, and another in praise of the Lord Mayor and the companies.

"Come, boys, drink a health to the chiefs of the city,
The loyal Lord Mayor and the legal committee,
The imperial city that this year to you
Hath restored us our lives and our liberties too.

"With justice and peace may it ever be floating,
May the heads that support it agree in their voting,
May a strong tide of union still flow in yon hall,
And no sea of faction e'er beat down your wall;"

and so it runs on.

Taubman, in 1685, collected and published a little volume, entitled "Loyal Poems and Satyrs upon the Times written by several hands." It is dedicated to the lords and gentlemen of the loyal club at the Dog in Drury Lane. In the preface he prays to be delivered from Whigs and trimmers. Some of the poems are clever political squibs, teeming with wrath against Puritans and Presbyterians.

The classical order of climax can be observed here without violating chronology. Elkanah Settle was the greatest as well as the last of the city songsters. He is almost famous as the antagonist of Dryden, certainly notorious as Doey in "Absolom and Achitophel," and is or ought to be infamous for his political misdeeds.

He was the son of a gentleman, was matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, but resided for but a very short time. Langbaine says that when he came up from Oxford and resided in London, he dissipated a good fortune. It is difficult to say whether he was stimulated by ambition or driven by need to take up the pen. He probably at first came up to enjoy his fortune in London, and afterwards turned pamphleteer, dramatist, poet-

aster, and "at last droll-writer. Had he, however, intended literature at the first he would have come to the metropolis. London was then, in a literary point of view, England, as much as in a political one Paris has ever been France. There were then no brothers Cottle, even in such a provincial town as Bristol, to recognize genius, which the lynx-eyed vigilance and profound penetration of London publishers had failed to detect. The man whom his friends persuade, or whose self-love cheated into the notion, that he was a wit, came up as a matter of course to the capital to exercise the literary calling and frequent the coffee-houses.

But a political creed was in those days absolutely necessary to success, of even the lowest kind. Roundhead or cavalier, and then Whig and Tory was an exhausted division of all educated Englishmen. There is hardly any age when men can retreat into the "templa serena" of contemplation, and affect to look down from that calm eminence on the struggles of the crowd below. We had not then, at any rate, arrived at that philosophical toleration and indifferentism which enable us now, under the name of liberal or the still more specious title of liberal conservative, to hold any of the numerous shades of opinion that exist between protection and the five points of the charter.

Settle adopted the Whig cause. He wrote a pamphlet in favor of the Exclusion Bill, called "Character of a Popish Successor." This was answered by one entitled "The Character of Rebellion." Sir Roger L'Es-trange wrote "The Character of a Papist in Masquerade," and Settle's last utterance on the matter, "The Character of a Popish Successor Complete," has been called the best piece in the controversy. After the coronation of James II. both his pamphlets were publicly burned by the Fellows in the quadrangle of Merton College, Oxford. One is reminded by this of the destruction of Mr. Fronde's "Nemesis of Faith," in a college hall in the same university some three years ago, amusing exaggerations of which proceeding appeared in the London papers and were almost as ridiculous as the act itself.

He tried also to aid and abet the principles he had adopted on the stage, and wrote "The Female Prelate,—History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan." It is dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury, whom he exalts "tergeminis honoribus." He divides his lordship's enemies into three classes.

1. Romish Zealot.

2. The ambitious libertine, who appears as zealous for a religion of quality as a Spanish Jew at mass, and rather than stand out when his interest is at stake, would even turn Mahomedan and almost circumcise to be great.

3. "Indigent bullies," who wish for change at any rate, and desire tumultuously to scramble for bread.

He was esteemed so vehement a partisan that the Pope-burning in 1680 was entrusted to his superintendence.

In 1683 he found the cause of Shaftesbury falling, and made a rapid desertion to the ranks of the enemy. He endeavored to justify the step, as men usually do when they are guilty of such shameless inconsistency. He published a pamphlet on the Titus Oates plot, called "A Narrative," in which he confesses his past misdeeds, recants his former opinions, and is as virulent as renegades are wont to be when they seek to attach themselves more strongly to their new, by being violent against their old friends. In the preface he turns round on his former party, and speaks of Whiggism as if he had always held it in abomination and contempt. He writes "a Whig being that owl-like sort of animal that unless in a coach and six, never looks abroad without being hooted at." In the postscript he divides all Whigs into two classes, fools and villains.

Having libelled James II. some years before, he afterwards was so strong in loyalty to the Papist successor that he became a trooper in his army at Hounslow Heath. He also set up a journal in defence of the court.

His political character will need no comment, when it is said of him, that in addition to these flagrant trucklings and tergiversations he wrote a panegyric on Judge Jeffries, and a libel on Lord Russell a few days after the martyrdom of that nobleman.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS THE ELDER, AND ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"The dumb men throng'd to see *them*, and the blind
To hear *thems* peak : the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon *them* as *they* pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :
I never saw the like."—SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

"The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail."
DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

THE conqueror of Hannibal, and the vanquisher of Napoleon. Here are two great names brought into juxtaposition. The annals of the world present none more eminent, and but a very limited number entitled to rank in the same class. We speak of the latter as already belonging to history, although fortunately he is still with us, his bright halo of glory expanding with time and added honor. Zama and Waterloo, if estimated by their consequences, are, perhaps, without exception, the two most important battles in which the races of men ever stood opposed to each other for mutual destruction, or to uphold antagonistic principles. Each terminated a long, exhausting war between rival nations, a mortal struggle for supremacy ; and the result in both cases established political changes of enduring influence, destined to operate with controlling power on the events of subsequent ages. Natives of very different and distant countries, living under distinct forms of civilization, and at an interval of nearly two thousand years—between the characters and public services of the Roman and the British hero, may be traced more than one leading point of strong coincidence. Each wielded the military resources of a stern, uncompromising people, with unequalled skill and success, as faithful soldiers of the State, and constitutional generals, divested of selfish views or personal ambition ; and each, after many brilliant achievements, destroyed in a concluding and overwhelming victory, the

bitterest, the most implacable enemy their native land had ever encountered. Amongst the Romans, the fame of Scipio surpasses that of all the leading men who elevated their country to the pinnacle of power she so long maintained. He was unquestionably the foremost in a long file of her distinguished sons. Greater than Cæsar, because he triumphed over abler enemies than Cæsar ever had to contend with. Purer, too, in his patriotism, because he served with devotional loyalty to the existing authorities, without seeking to place himself above them, and more than once refused the title of king, which his own army, as well as grateful strangers, and liberated captives, pressed on his acceptance.* Had he possessed the selfish temperament of many other successful warriors, he might easily have overturned the government of Rome, as a corollary to the subjection of Carthage. But he chid the people, and indignantly repulsed their proposal, when, overheated by gratitude for the services he had done them, they desired to make him perpetual consul and dictator.† He cared not for a crown, while Cæsar and Cromwell coquetted with the regal symbol they panted to grasp with both hands. Cæsar surmounted no difficulties equivalent to those which Scipio trampled under foot. He never had a Hannibal to beat.

* Polybius, lib. x. c. 6.

† Livy, lib. xxxviii. c. 56.

His most formidable opponent, Pompey, was, at the best, but a second-rate commander. With his superior numbers and other advantages, Pompey ought to have won Pharsalia twice over, had his abilities equalled those of his adversary. Men must be judged by what they have done, under the circumstances in which they are placed. It is idle to speculate on what they might have effected under other conditions. This may amuse the reflecting mind, but has no influence on the fortunes of states and the revolutions of the world. It has been often said that genius can create its own opportunities—a transparent fallacy, perverted from the more sound conclusion, that opportunities when they present themselves, are expanded and carried out by genius, to mighty results. Cæsar enlarged the power of Rome, to crush equality and rivalry, and to place himself at her head, above his brother patricians. He loved his country, as Napoleon did France—for himself. He conquered to be an autocrat and dictator. Scipio fought with more exalted views. He saved the Romans from being slaves to a foreign foe, without becoming the domestic tyrant of their liberties. He increased the power of the republic by the addition of all that had formerly belonged to Carthage, so long the counterpoise of Rome. Having completed his work, he rested in his glory, preferring rather to go down to future ages as Scipio Africanus, the senator, and conqueror of Hannibal, than as Scipio, the emperor of Rome. He chose the nobler title, as (to follow up the parallel) Arthur, Duke of Wellington, will stand inscribed on the pages of history with more imposing, stately grandeur, than he would have done as Arthur the First, King of Greece, Belgium, or even of Spain and the Indies. The heroism which evaporates in a throne has a tinge of ordinary humanity, a mixture of spurious components. It resembles a costly diamond with a flaw, a mirror with an unsightly blemish. The fame of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Napoleon, has but a pedestal of sounding brass; while that of Scipio, Washington, and Wellington stands on a basis of solid gold. Marlborough and Wellington have been closely compared by more than one able writer. We have no wish to detract from the merit or undervalue the services of John Churchill; but this comparison elevates him somewhat beyond his mark. He did fine things in his day, although his renown was getting a little rusty, until furnished up with a new setting

by recent biographers.* Let us pass over his early treachery to his first patron and benefactor, James II., with his prudential fondness for money. These have nothing to do with his abilities as a general, although casting a cloud over his character as a man. But we never find him opposed to an adversary of his own weight of metal, while in many of his principal campaigns and battles he was seconded by a coadjutor of equal pretensions, in the person of Prince Eugene. Tallard, Marsin, and Villeroy, were mere non-entities: Villars, Boufflers, and Vendôme were nothing beyond the common standard. Wellington, on the other hand, was often impeded, crossed and paralyzed by the utter imbecility of the Spanish generals appointed to act in concert with him, and not unfrequently by the incompetence or imprudence of some of his own selected officers. Yet he beat, in succession, all the ablest marshals of France, the fiery spirits of the revolutionary school, and wound up the list by annihilating their master. Marlborough never had to deal with men of such reputation and skill as Massena, Soult, Ney, Jourdan, Victor, Clausel, Sebastiani, Marmont, and finally Napoleon. It is true he had the Dutch deputies slung around his neck in his camp, and the opposition clinging to his skirts at home; but these impediments were hardly equal to what Wellington encountered from the allied governments of Spain and Portugal, the minority in the English House of Commons, the wavering timidity of his own cabinet, and the active exertions of the anti-ministerial papers, which invariably conveyed to the enemy the earliest intelligence of his projected movements.

Amongst ancient writers, Plutarch composed a life of Scipio Africanus, which has been lost. Aulus Gellius (*"Noctes Atticæ"*) mentions two others by Caius Oppius, a friend of Julius Cæsar; and C. Julius Hyginus, who was a freeman of Augustus;—of these, no vestiges are now in existence. His first modern biographer was Donato Acciajoli, a Florentine, who wrote in the fifteenth century. This work, originally in Latin, was translated into French by Charles de l'Escluse (better known in literature by the name of Clusius), and from French into old-fashioned half-obsolete English, by Sir Thomas North, in the

* "The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe."

Lord Byron.

time of Queen Elizabeth. Then followed a very abridged memoir, in 1713, by Mr. Smith, of Preston; an excellent life by the Abbé de la Tour, in 1739; and finally, an agreeable compendium, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, in 1817. Ample and authentic memorials, touching his character and actions, are to be found in the histories of Polybius, Livy, Valerius Maximus, and the poem of Silius Italicus. Polybius was born B. C. 203, only one year after the battle of Zama. He passed seventeen years in Rome, during which time he became the friend, the adviser, and the companion in arms of the younger Scipio, whom he accompanied to Africa, where he was present at the taking of Carthage. His eulogies on the family and ancestors of his patron may have been warmed and colored by personal regard; but he lived near and in the times of which he wrote, so that the best information was within his reach. The steady philosophy of his character placed him above prejudice, and the rigid authenticity of his work is self-evident in every sentence. He is more to be depended on than Livy, who, with all his variety, ease, and elegance of style, was too careless and credulous to be an immaculate historian. He was deficient in the first and most important requisites — an innate love of truth, diligence, and unwearied perseverance in selecting evidence, and a patient examination of conflicting testimony. He was little qualified to write of war, being exclusively a man of letters, while Polybius was a soldier from his youth upwards, bred in the school of Philopœmen. The mistakes of Livy, in treating of military operations, are nearly as absurd as his superstitious fables that milk and blood were rained from heaven, or that an ox spoke, or a woman changed her sex. Polybius, the contrary, gives all the details of sieges and battles with a clear mastery of art, which almost makes the reader imagine himself present at the events of which he is perusing such an animated description.

The family of the Scipios was one of the most ancient and honorable amongst the patricians of Rome, and identified with many of the early triumphs of the Republican arms. They were a branch of the Cornelian house. The distinctive appellation was derived from the Latin term *scipio*, signifying a staff, because a progenitor of the race, Cornelius, had guided his blind father, and been to him as a staff.*

Publius Cornelius Scipio, of whom we are now writing, was born at Rome, two hundred and thirty-five years before the Christian era. The same year was also rendered remarkable by the shutting of the temple of Janus, for the first time since the reign of Numa—a public declaration that Rome was then at peace with all the world. This only occurred thrice during a period extending over more than seven centuries—the last time being under the reign of Augustus.

The young Scipio first distinguished himself by saving his father's life, when in the extremity of peril, at the battle of the Ticinus. This was the first general action fought within the confines of Italy between Hannibal and the Romans. The future conqueror of the stern Carthaginian was then a stripling, scarcely seventeen. Little did he foresee, on that, his first of many fields, that in sixteen years more, he was destined to roll back the thunder of invading war on the shores of the enemy, and dictate the most submissive terms of peace to that very Hannibal, under the walls of his capital. His daring reminds us of the similar prowess displayed by the Black Prince, at the same early age, on the memorable field of Cressy. To either may be applied the panegyric of Cominius, on Coriolanus:—

"The man I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others."*

Cælius,† an obscure historian of little authority, who wrote about one hundred years after the event, denies this action of Scipio, and gives the honor to a nameless Ligurian slave. Polybius says he learned the fact from the mouth of the elder Lælius, who was the companion and intimate friend of Scipio, from his childhood to his death. At Ticinus, he was posted by his father, who was consul and commander-in-chief, with a few attendants, on a rising ground—the object being to keep him out of the heat of the battle from his extreme youth. Seeing his father severely wounded, and in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, he spurred his horse, and calling on his com-

aliter dicti Scipiones, nisi quod Cornelius, qui cognominem patrem luminibus carentem pro baculo regebat, Scipio cognominatus, nomen ex cognomine posteris dedit."

* *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 2.

† Quoted by Valerius Maximus and Cicero. The Emperor Adrian preferred his history (which is lost) to the work of Sallust.

* See "Macrobii Satiric," lib. ii. cap. 6. "Non

panions to follow, rescued him in the critical moment.* We have no positive evidence as to whether Scipio was present at Trebia and Thrasymene, but it is more than probable he was; while at Cannæ it is certain that he bore a distinguished part, and his firmness after, as recorded by Livy, Silius, Italicus, and Valerius Maximus, materially operated on the preservation of his country. On that disastrous day, which occurred about two years after his first essay in arms, he held the rank of a legionary tribune, coincident with that of a brigadier-general in modern European armies. When the battle was lost he withdrew to Canusium, with a few devoted friends; and, notwithstanding his youth, was chosen their temporary leader, from the simple ascendancy of character and genius. While they were in debate as to their future proceedings, Publius Furius Phylus, the son of a senator of consular rank, rushed in amongst them, and said, that "the commonwealth was irretrievably lost, and that many of the young men of the first families in Rome, at the head of whom was Lucius Cecilius Metellus, were resolved to embark at the first port, and fly from Italy." The news struck terror into the assembly, and all unanimously gave it as their opinion, that a council should be assembled to take into consideration the nature of the intelligence. Scipio, then only in his nineteenth year, was the only one who retained calmness and self-possession. He declared that the crisis demanded vigor and action, not deliberation. That all who wished the preservation of the Republic should attend him, armed as they were; "for," said he, "no place can, with more truth, be called the camp of the enemy, than that wherein such advice is entertained." Immediately, and with but a scanty escort, he burst into the chamber of Metellus, where, finding the young patricians in deep consultation, he drew his sword, and, holding it over their heads as they sat, thus addressed them—"I swear that I will never abandon the Republic of the Roman people, nor suffer one of her citizens to desert his country. I call on you, Metellus: I call on all who are present to take a similar oath. Whoever will not swear, let that man know that against him this sword is drawn!" All took the oath, and submitted to his guidance. He thus rescued his father at the Ticinus, and saved his country after Cannæ; remaining at Canusium, and collecting the scattered remnants of

the army, until superseded by the newly appointed consul, Marcellus.* Appian, a partial and unsatisfactory historian (always excepting his descriptions of battles, which are excellent), makes no allusion to the heroism of Scipio on this occasion. He merely says, that Varro, after gathering together the remains of his broken army, as well as he could at Canusium, marched for Rome, leaving the command to Publius Scipio. In his twenty-first year, and before he was of age, Scipio was elected to the office of ædile, when the law required that he should be thirty-seven. The tribunes of the people were inclined to reject him on account of his youth, and the legal bar. It was considered at all times dangerous to oppose the tribunitian power; yet such was his popularity that he carried his election, and his brother Lucius was nominated as his colleague.

Five years later, his father Publius Scipio, and his uncle, Cneius, were defeated and killed in battle against the Carthaginians in Spain. Their ruin was caused by the imprudence which induced them to divide their forces, and expose themselves to be beaten in detail by the united armies of the enemy. On the arrival of this disastrous news, young Scipio was called upon by general acclamation to avenge the death of his father and of his uncle, and to vindicate the military honor of the Republic. He was invested with the dignity of proconsul, although still only in his twenty-fifth year.

Notwithstanding his great popularity, the people felt alarmed at his youth, and the misfortunes of his house. He set out from two families in mourning, to carry on operations in a distant province, between the tombs of his father and his uncle.† The senate, to temper his impetuosity, appointed Marcus Junius Silanus, a prætor, now advanced in years, for his colleague. On his arrival, Lucius Martius, an experienced general, who had rallied the remains of the Roman armies, at once resigned the command, and served under him in a subordinate capacity. The military talents of Scipio were soon made apparent in the rapidity of his movements, the concentrated skill of his attacks, and the splendor of his victories. He took New Carthage, the stronghold and principal citadel of the foe, in a single day; destroyed successively the armies of the three celebrated generals—Mago and the two Asdrubals—in several decisive actions; and within four

* Polybius, lib. x. c. 2. Valerius Max. lib. v. c. 4. Livy, lib. xxi. c. 96.

* See Livy, lib. xxii. c. 53. Valer. Max. lib. v. c. 6. Aurelius Victor.

† See Florus, "Epitome de gestis Romanorum."

years entirely drove the Carthaginians from the Iberian peninsula, which became thenceforward a tributary province of Rome. At the two great battles of Bæzula and Elinga, he attacked in columns, and derived great advantage from adopting the oblique order invented by Epaminondas. The laurels of Scipio and Wellington were gained on the same ground, and attended with the same consequences—the permanent expulsion of an invading enemy. It is not necessary here to dilate on the Spanish campaigns of the victorious Roman, which are detailed at length in the pages of Polybius and Livy. The celebrated story of his continence in the liberation of a captive princess, and restoring her to her lover, is well known to every school-boy reader. After the capture of New Carthage, a multitude of prisoners of both sexes fell into the power of Scipio, amongst whom was a damsel of surpassing beauty. Scipio was twenty-seven, graceful and noble; his passions were ardent, and his power unlimited. Polybius says expressly, he was of a warm temperament;* and Valerius Maximus adds, that he was “young, unmarried, and victorious.”† The temptation was not easily resisted. His soldiers supposed that his heart could not be insensible to the charms of so lovely an object. He assured them that it was not. They insisted on his appropriating the captive princess to himself, as his share of the spoil; but he informed them she was betrothed to Allucius, a Celtiberian prince, to whom she was passionately devoted, and publicly resigned her to her lover. “I restore to you,” said he, “your young and beauteous bride, as pure as when she fell into my hands. All I ask in return is, that when you look on her you will be a friend to Rome.” When pressed by her friends to accept her ransom, he did so, that he might bestow it as a marriage dowry. Allucius swore fidelity to the Romans, joined Scipio with a chosen band of fourteen hundred selected followers, and never afterwards forsook him. The Abbé de la Tour mentions the following interesting fact connected with this episode, which sufficiently corroborates its authenticity, had any additional proof been wanting:—“Allucius not satisfied with these proofs of his zeal, wished to record his own gratitude and Scipio’s generosity, by a testimonial which might convey both the one and the other to the latest posterity. With this view, he caused

a votive shield to be made, on which he was represented receiving from Scipio’s hands the young princess to whom he was engaged. I have seen this memorial, as remarkable as it is valuable, in the king’s cabinet of medals, where it is at this day, after having lain almost nineteen hundred years in the river Rhone, where it is certain Scipio’s baggage was lost on his return from Spain to Italy. This shield was found by a very extraordinary accident, in the year 1659. It contains forty-six marks of pure silver, which is worth about thirteen hundred livres of our French money. It is twenty-six inches in diameter. The plain, uniform taste which reigns throughout the whole design in the attitudes and the contours, shows the simplicity of the arts in those days, when they avoided all foreign ornaments, to be the more attentive to natural beauties.” Jephson, in his “Roman Portraits,” has given an engraving of this *Clypeus Votivus*, taken from Drakenborch’s *Silius Italicus*. He mentions the weight, dimensions, and other particulars. Montfauçon also has a similar representation, and entertains no doubt of its authenticity.*

Old Burton, in his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” speaking of the continence of Scipio in Spain, expresses himself thus:—“Scipio, a young man of twenty-three years of age, and the most beautiful of the Romans, equal in person to that of the Grecian Chariurus, or Homer’s Nereus, at the siege of a city in Spain, when as a noble and most fair young gentlewoman was brought unto him, and had heard she was betrothed to a worthy lord, rewarded her, and sent her back to her sweetheart.” Lord Lyttelton (“Dialogues of the Dead”) does not think much of the business altogether. “I will not so dishonor,” says he, “the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, by affection as well as vow, let her have been ever so beautiful, could have raised in his heart no sentiment but compassion and friendship.” Perfectly satisfied with this conclusion, which he thinks will be agreed to, *nem. con.*, he winds up with two profound truisms:—“To have violated her would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband would have been cruel.” Rather, my lord; yet in any similar case of practice *versus* philosophy, we suspect you would find at least twenty

* “Συνειδόντες Φιλογυνην τον Πονηριον.”—lib. x.

† “Et juvenis, et cælebs, et victor.”

* We wonder whether it still exists in any French museum, or if it has disappeared in the turmoil and plunder of revolutions.

Tarquins to one Scipio. Lord Bolingbroke ("Patriot King") denies the story altogether, on the faith of a certain obscure Valerius Antias, quoted by Aulus Gellius; so true it is that no human reputation can escape calumny. "Now, the reputation of the first Scipio," says the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of Pope, "was not so clear and uncontroverted in private as in public life, nor was he allowed to be a man of such severe virtue as he affected, and as that age required. Nævius was thought to mean him in some verses Gellius has preserved, and Valerius Antias made no scruple to assert, that far from restoring the fair Spaniard to her family, he debauched and kept her to himself."*

Before leaving Spain, Scipio committed a great act of personal imprudence for the public service. He wished to detach Syphax, King of the Massæsylians, on the coast of Numidia, from the alliance of Carthage, and bind him to the Roman interest. For this purpose he sent his friend Lælius on a confidential mission, but Syphax was too wily to treat except with the principal. Scipio crossed over in a single galley from New Carthage, and thus placed himself entirely in the power of a treacherous confederate. But he achieved his object, and returned without molestation. During this hazardous expedition he met and exchanged courtesies with his opponent, Asdrubal. By the law, any Roman proconsul who quitted his command, became subject to the penalty of death. When he returned to Rome, Fabius and his enemies arraigned him for thus, as they said, endangering the province; but the purity of his object obtained his acquittal. Patriotism was the motive, the conquest of Africa the result of his disobedience. Lord Nelson frequently exhibited the same contempt for orders whenever duty seemed to him to justify insubordination. When he left his post in the Mediterranean, and followed Villeneuve to the West Indies, he said, "I know they can hang me, and they may if they like, only let me get hold of the French fleet first!" On this action of Scipio, Livy observes—"*Habita fides, ipsam plerumque fidem obligat.*" The confidence we repose in another often obtains a return of confidence.

On his arrival in his native country, the senate voted him a triumph, but he resigned the honor rather than violate or sanction an innovation on the law, which prescribed that none but a consul should be so distinguished.

* See on this subject, a very interesting number of "The Tatler," by Sir Richard Steele, where the story is told with peculiar grace and eloquence.

Soon after this he married Æmilia, the daughter of Paulus Æmilius, who fell at Cannæ—a noble lady, in every respect suitable to be his wife. She bore him a son, who appears to have lived and died without distinction, and a daughter, Cornelia, the far-famed mother of the Gracchi. At the age of twenty-nine he was unanimously elected consul. The law required forty-three, as the *legitimum tempus*. Every transaction of his life evinces the powerful influence he had obtained in the affections and esteem of his contemporaries, at a period of existence when ordinary men were scarcely noticed.

Scipio now dedicated every energy of his mind and body to one leading object:—the expulsion of Hannibal from Italy, and the liberation of his native land. This could not be effected by close and immediate conflict. The Carthaginian held fast with an unflinching grasp, and was not to be driven away by force. If he was unable to take the city of Rome, the Romans were unable to drive him from their territory. The defeat and death of his brother Asdrubal on the Metausus, had dissipated his dreams of conquest, but had opened to Rome no hope that he would be conquered in turn. For sixteen years he had maintained his ground without succors or supplies from home, holding the country by military superiority, and the *prestige* of his name and fortune, which, like that of Napoleon, so many centuries after, was worth many thousand men on a pitched field of battle. Scipio saw that the prospect of final success lay in a war of reprisal, in carrying hostilities into the enemy's country, and that if Hannibal was to be beaten at all, he was to be beaten in Africa rather than in Italy. He loudly advocated these bold measures in the senate; and, in spite of the urgent opposition of the aged Fabius, and other influential opponents, his advice was finally adopted, and he embarked for Carthage with a chosen army, and the dignity of consul.* His success in Africa was as rapid and decisive as it had been in Spain. He dispersed the armies of Syphax and Asdrubal, surprised and burnt the camp of the latter in a night attack, and with very little loss destroyed 46,000 of the enemy. His sweeping progress struck such terror into the Carthaginian government, that Hannibal was peremptorily summoned from Italy, to encounter and repel the dangerous foe who was already thundering at the gates of their

* Sir W. Raleigh says ("Hist. of the World") that Fabius was an old gentleman of envious temperament, jealous of the great actions of others in general, and of those of Scipio in particular.

capital. He obeyed the summons, gnashed his teeth in an agony of despair, and wept, when too late, to think that he had lost the golden opportunity of his life, by not marching to Rome immediately on the panic of Cannæ. Two of the greatest generals the world had ever seen were now fairly pitted against each other, in a campaign, the issue of which would entirely change the destinies of civilized man. Each felt the momentous responsibility which rested on his individual exertions, and each determined that nothing should be wanting in the hour of trial. Hannibal looked mistrustfully on the result. He felt that the tide of his career was beginning to ebb, and he determined to try the effect of negotiation. He demanded a parley which was granted. The two renowned leaders met in friendly confidence, each attended by a select escort. Hannibal proposed terms of treaty, which Scipio rejected peremptorily, and proceeded to dictate as a conqueror, confident in his strength and his presiding star. The interview ended in nothing; the attempt at compromise proved futile; and both armies prepared for battle on the following day. The particulars of this famous conference have been minutely preserved, with the speeches of both commanders, every sentence of which is as familiar to us as household words. Scipio at this time was only three-and-thirty; in the early prime of life, radiant in manly beauty, graceful in deportment, and eloquent in speech; gifted with all the external attributes which captivate and impose—a blended embodiment of Apollo and Antinous. Sir Thomas North, in his quaint translation, says of him at this period of his life, "he had not only a noble carriage, being endowed with so many singular virtues, but he was also a goodly gentleman, and very comely of person, and had besides a pleasant countenance, with long flowing hair; all which things together were a great means to win him the love and good will of every man. Moreover, even in his gestures and behavior there was a princely grace." Hannibal, on the other hand, possessed but few outward advantages. Tall and robust, but inelegant in figure, he had passed his forty-fifth year. Bronzed and cicatrized by the exposure and wounds of long service and many combats; while the loss of an eye gave a sinister and stern expression to a countenance not naturally attractive or engaging.* As they reined up their horses, and sat opposite to each other, or dismounted and stood face to face, the officers in attend-

ance, on either side, held their breath for awe, with looks riveted in silent observation of the two exalted mortals in whose hands the fortunes of many nations appeared at that moment to be placed. The escort halted, while the generals advanced alone, accompanied only by their interpreters. We can almost fancy the thoughts and feelings of Scipio as he gazed for the first time on the redoubted Carthaginian, who for so many years had threatened the independence of Rome: and the presentiment which might have crossed the mind of Hannibal, that he was in presence of his destined conqueror, the man selected, on the following day, to pull down his pyramid of glory, and to tell him, as Harry of Monmouth proclaims to Hotspur—

"All the budding honors on thy crest,
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head."

In truth, the dawn of Zama was a soul-stirring epoch in time's register, and the sun which went down on that memorable field, never, before or since, has set on 'a scene of deeper interest and more important consequences. Polybius thus describes the opening of the mighty conflict:—"With the earliest dawn, both armies left their camps, and were drawn up in order of battle. The Carthaginians fought for safety and the preservation of Africa; the Romans, to obtain the empire of the world. Never were more warlike nations or more skilful chieftains opposed to each other, and never did Fortune promise a nobler prize to the combatants. It was not simply the conquest of Africa or of Europe which hung in the balance. The victor would dictate laws to the universe, as the sequel very shortly proved." Both leaders addressed their armies, as was the custom of ancient times, in an appropriate harangue. These set speeches are probably always composed by the historian, but we have no evidence to prove they were not spoken. Something was said, which has been amplified for effect. They resemble orations in the House of Commons, of which notes are taken by short-hand writers, and the details are polished up by the compilers. Dr. Johnson for several years *did* the parliamentary debates which obtained so much credit for Cave's Magazine, but he never sat in the gallery of the house but once in his life. Long after, at a dinner party at Mr. Foote's, a celebrated speech by Lord Chatham happened to be mentioned with warm admiration. "I wrote that speech," said he, "on that night, in a garret in Exeter-street." The whole company stared with astonishment, being for the

* See Livy, lib. xxx. c. 30, 31.

first time initiated into a mystery, of which, until then, they were profoundly ignorant.*

Hannibal promised to his soldiers the plunder of the Roman camp, and declared that the gods were on their side. Scipio hinted at the rich spoils of Carthage, and announced the especial favor of Heaven. Each affirmed that his cause was righteous, the other, unholy; and each, perhaps, believed that he was right. Strange infatuation of blinded humanity. So in modern times, under very different forms of faith, *Te Deum* is often sung, with loud thanksgiving, and all the fervor of devotion, both by the oppressor and the oppressed, the invader and the invaded. War, even in self-defence, is a sad alternative—a harrowing necessity: but a war of aggression is an awful crime. “*Le merveilleux de cette entreprise infernale,*” says Voltaire, “*c’est que chaque chef des meurtriers fait bénir ses drapeaux; et invoque Dieu solennellement avant d’aller exterminer son prochain.*” The strangest part of this diabolical trade is, that every leader of licensed cut-throats blesses his banners, and invokes the aid of the Deity, before he sets to work to exterminate his fellow-creature.—The argument is more orthodox than the character of the arguer. Scipio was naturally of a superstitious turn, and observant of religious rites. He believed in omens, dreams, and waking revelations. He always entered the temples alone, and encouraged the idea that he was of divine origin, so that men might think he held secret intercourse with the gods, who revealed to him important secrets. Previous to the attack of New Carthage in Spain, he told his soldiers, to encourage them, that Neptune had appeared to him in the night, and told him to go on, and fear nothing, for that he should certainly win the city. Lycurgus, Numa, Epaminondas, and Sertorius, in the same manner, mixed up policy with devotion, and propagated the belief that they received divine communications. Cicero says that Scipio entertained a distinct notion of a supreme intelligence which governed the world. In allusion to this, he adds (“*De Natura Deorum,*”) “*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.*” There never was an exalted mind without an inspiration of divinity.

The field of battle was a vast level plain offering no advantage of ground on either side; without support for the wings, and totally destitute of salient points, through a skilful occupation of which a position might

be strengthened. The army of Hannibal amounted to 50,000 men; that of Scipio to 22,000—a disparity of numbers which seemed to leave scarcely a hope to the Romans, supposing the bravery of the contending forces, and the abilities of their leaders, to have been equally balanced. The elephants were another formidable obstacle; but the cavalry of Scipio was something superior both in number and quality to that of his antagonist. With such preponderating advantages, confident in his own talents, and fighting on his own soil, we naturally ask ourselves, why did not Hannibal win at Zama, as he had always won before? And why did Napoleon, under similar circumstances, fail at Waterloo, with so many chances in his favor? We cannot answer these questions, except by adopting the opinion of Polybius, that if a great general is conquered, he may well be excused, as fortune sometimes counteracts the designs of the valiant and skilful, and in conformity to the proverb, “*A brave man by a braver is subdued.*”*

On casting an eye over the plan, the first thing that strikes us as extraordinary, is, that Hannibal should have comparatively neutralized his superior numbers, by forming on a triple line, instead of extending his front, and at once bringing his reserve to bear on the flanks of the Roman army. Had he done this, Scipio must have weakened his own alignment, by a corresponding extension, which he could not afford, without entirely disorganizing his formation. Hannibal’s first line consisted entirely of hired auxiliaries—Ligurians, Gauls, Moors, and levies from the Balearic Islands. The second was composed of native Africans, and subjects of Carthage. The third, at the head of which he placed himself, presented the veteran army of Italy, confident in their own prowess, and the invincibility of their commander. With this formidable reserve, he expected to restore the battle if in danger, or to turn success into a decisive conquest. He kept it back, as Napoleon often did his Imperial Guard, to be launched forth at the critical moment. Both at Zama and Waterloo, this manœuvre signally failed. If Hannibal had thrown his third line into the fight, on both flanks, at an early period, he might have turned the tide at once. If Napoleon, at the close of Borodino, had yielded to the urgent entreaties of Ney, and Murat, when they had taken the great redoubt in the Russian centre, and had allowed the Guard to charge, the defeat might

* The anecdote rests on the authority of Murphy (“*Essay on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson,*”) who says he was present.

* “*Εὐδολος εἰν ἀλλοῦ κρείττονος ἀντιστευχέν.*”

have been converted into a rout. But to the arguments of his fiery lieutenants, he replied, "And if there is another battle to-morrow, where shall I find an army?" Had he *finished*, as they entreated, that night, there would have been no enemy left to fight a battle on the morrow.

When Scipio marched from his camp, and took up his ground in presence of the enemy, his army was formed after the usual manner of Roman tactics. His cavalry on the wings, his infantry in compact bodies, alternated, as were the British hollow squares at Waterloo. The Hastarii stood in the front, the Principes in the centre, the Triarii in the rear. The second line occupied the spaces between the battalions of the first; the third, in a similar manner, those between the battalions of the second.

On perceiving the line of elephants in front of Hannibal's army, the Roman general at once felt the necessity of altering his formation. He recollected the error of Regulus at Tunis, who closed up his intervals, thinking to check the weight of these animals by concentrating the weight of his infantry—a most erroneous calculation, which led to his ruin. Scipio, by a rapid and simple move of his second line (2. Principes) to the left, executed in a moment, threw his whole army into parallel columns, with distinct intervals, through which he intended the elephants to be driven by his light-armed troops, without shaking his order of battle, or inflicting injury on any but themselves. This manœuvre was probably not perceived, and certainly not understood, by his adversary, until too late to provide a remedy.

We can now perceive the advantage Scipio had thus gained, before the battle commenced. The highest strokes of genius are generally the least complicated. His army is evidently more compact, held better in hand, more concentrated, and readier for quick, effective evolution, either in attack or defence, than that of Hannibal. Folard remarks with justice—"These two orders of battle are unique, and very extraordinary. That of Scipio pre-eminently calls for the admiration and deep study of all tacticians. There is nothing in ancient military history superior to this, as regards the management of infantry." We are, perhaps, inclined to except the oblique order invented by Epaminondas, which may be considered a flight even beyond the compass of the illustrious Roman. Although Scipio gained the battle with inferior forces, we presume, by superior skill, all historians (except Folard) bestow

the warmest praises on the dispositions of Hannibal, and say his genius never shone more brightly than on that, his last and only unfortunate field. Polybius and Livy are enthusiastic in their encomiums. Saint Evremont says, "on that day Hannibal surpassed himself;" and Montesquieu declares that he was only subdued, "because fortune seemed to delight in confounding his ability, his experience, and his exhaustless resources." We are also told that he was warmly eulogized by his rival and conqueror. There is nothing strange in this. Scipio was not likely to undervalue the great action of his life by detracting from the merits of the man he had beaten. The praises of the victor enhance his own personal glory, while they diminish the shame and vexation of the vanquished. That Hannibal gave full credit to the military genius of Scipio, is evident from a conversation recorded to have taken place between them, many years later, at the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia, in which he declared that he considered himself the third general the world had ever produced, naming, in the first place, Alexander the Great, and in the second, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. "And if you had beaten me at Zama?" inquired Scipio. "In that case," replied Hannibal, "I should have ranked myself above the conqueror of Darius, and the ally of the Tarentines." The same point of parallel in reciprocal opinion does not hold good with the two great warriors of our own days. Napoleon never cordially admitted the extent of Wellington's capacity; neither was Wellington particularly struck with the genius of the French Emperor, on the only field where he personally encountered him. In a private letter to one of his old companions in arms, which has found its way into the public papers, he says:—"There was nothing new in the battle. The French came on in the old way, and we beat them off in the old way." Subsequent annotators sometimes discover great strokes of genius, in battles and other prominent events, which are not perceptible to the parties engaged at the time. Everything being ready on both sides, Hannibal commenced the battle by ordering the elephants to advance against the Roman infantry. They were received by the light-armed troops stationed in front, so galled with missiles, and so terrified by shouts and the sound of the trumpets, that they soon became unmanageable, and were driven through the intervals between the columns far to the rear. Some ran back on their own lines, which they disordered, while others escaping towards the right flank, were driven

off by the Roman cavalry with darts, and wandered entirely from the field of battle. During this confusion, Lælius and Massinissa on both flanks charged furiously the opposing cavalry of the enemy, and routed them with little difficulty. Contrary to his usual practice, Hannibal does not appear to have placed much dependence on his horse. The Roman commanders dashed after the flying foe in reckless pursuit, chasing them far beyond the field of action—a mistake which has proved fatal on many occasions. Prince Rupert, by this rash impetuosity, lost Marston Moor and Naseby, and almost every battle in which he led the cavalry of King Charles. Experience produced no cure, and he persisted in his madness until he had ruined his cause. It will appear presently that Lælius and Massinissa atoned for their error by returning at a critical moment, and deciding the day, the result of which they had seriously endangered. They should have sent a few squadrons after the fugitives, and have fallen with their full weight on the flanks of Hannibal's army, which were left entirely uncovered and defenceless by the flight of his cavalry. In the meantime, the infantry on both sides came into close action, and fought with the most determined obstinacy and balanced fortune. At length the Romans prevailed. Hannibal's first line, composed of mercenaries, gave way, and ran back on the second, endeavoring to force a passage through them. The second lines, all Carthaginians, resisted with bravery and steady discipline; but being equally attacked by friends and foes, they were finally broken and cut to pieces. The third line, instead of coming to their support, presented their spears, to force them back into the combat, where they perished, or to compel them to seek for safety by flying off at the wings. Dumouriez adopted a measure very like this at Jemappes, in the early revolutionary war. He was well versed in ancient history, and appears to have remembered the incidents of Zama. When he determined to attack the Austrian intrenchments, he placed the "carmognoles" and raw levies in the front, with his veterans in the rear. The gallant and devoted *enfants de la patrie* cowered under the tremendous fire which cooled their enthusiasm, and drove them back upon their comrades, who received them with another volley and levelled bayonets. There was no escape, and the slaughter was immense. When they were nearly all killed, and the Austrian fire slackened from exhaustion, the reserve charged over the masses of slain, and carried the position. The French

were victorious, but their loss trebled that of their opponents. A general who cares not for the lives of his men pushes aside many difficulties.

When Hannibal's first and second lines were thus overthrown, there ensued a momentary pause in the conflict. The dead lay in slaughtered heaps in the centre of the field, and the few who escaped were incapable of rallying or of rendering further service. The Romans lost many valiant soldiers, and were compelled to fight desperately before they achieved this great advantage. During these events Hannibal stirred not from his ground, but remained immovable, with his third line in reserve—his veterans of the Italian campaigns. It appears quite unaccountable that he made no movement to check the progress of the Romans, or to relieve his own lines before they were irretrievably broken. What prevented him, on an open, level plain, from dividing his formidable reserve into two bodies, wheeling rapidly down on the right and left, and enveloping the army of Scipio on both flanks? Scipio throughout the day dreaded some such movement, and watched this third line of Hannibal with intense anxiety. He felt convinced that wily general intended a decisive stroke with this, his chosen band, and wondered when, where, and how it could fall. But Hannibal had evidently determined not to risk his reserve until the last moment, and calculated on winning with that alone, even if the rest of his army sustained a reverse. Did the great Carthaginian for once commit a fatal error, or did his genius desert him, when he wanted it as he never wanted it before? He must have perceived the overthrow of his cavalry at the commencement, and the headlong pursuit of the Romans, which was a point in his favor. But sooner or later they would return, and it became doubly imperative to decide the battle, if possible, before they could operate on his flanks and rear. Folard condemns Hannibal in unqualified terms, says he lost opportunities which would have invited "a blind man to strike," and that even a general of mediocrity would have made better dispositions. These are bold opinions, delivered after the event, and at a distance of time which renders it difficult to form a correct judgment; but something certainly was deficient on the part of Hannibal on that great day, although he was one of the most consummate captains the world has ever seen in any age, or in any practice of military science.

It has been argued, that if the resources of Hannibal's mind had been as readily em-

ployed in the emergency we are considering, as on former occasions, he might have retrieved the misfortune of his first line by a sudden change of position, and by using all his remaining forces at once in a concentric movement. He could have wheeled back his second line in small platoons or sections, leaving ample space for the fugitives from the first line to pass through, without compromising them. An operation exactly similar to this was executed by the forty-eighth regiment, when advancing in line at Talavera, and the Guards and German Legion came back upon them in a confused mass, as referred to in the first number of this series. Or he might have entirely thrown back his second line in two distinct bodies, on the right and left flank, opening from the centre. There was time to do this, as the resistance of the first line was long and obstinate, and they gave way slowly and sullenly. He thus might have fallen on the flanks and rear of the victorious Romans with his second line; while with his third line he attacked them in front, before they could recover their steady order, and re-form their ranks, inevitably broken and disordered in the ardor of following up their success. There was an open plain to manœuvre in, with no natural impediments.

Valerius Maximus records, amongst the memorable sayings of Scipio, that, in the affairs of war, it was highly disgraceful in a commander-in-chief to plead, as an excuse for an error or omission, "*non putabam*"—"I never thought of that." "All matters to be decided by the sword," said he, "even to the most trifling contingency, should be seen and calculated beforehand." A good axiom, and true—only that it is impossible of application.

The first part of Zama was over, and Scipio found himself triumphant on the ground occupied in the early morning by two lines of formidable enemies. He had yet another and more desperate conflict before him, ere the field could be completely his own. The veteran reserve of Hannibal had made no movement on his flanks, which he anticipated with doubt and anxiety from the moment of engaging. He had thrown his whole force into his first attack, and had no support in case of a disaster. But there stood the imposing masses of his antagonist, frowning in his front, fresh and ready to charge, while his own legions were thinned, disordered, and breathless with exertion. The dead and dying, too, lay around in encumbering heaps. Every moment that Hannibal delayed his

final close was worth its weight in gold to the Roman general. Time was as momentous to him, as it afterwards proved to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, when, with watch in hand, he marked how the hours slipped away, and the onset of Napoleon was still delayed. Why did not Napoleon attack the British position at daylight, and why delay till noon, when the intervening time was life and death to him? He answered the question himself. His columns were not in hand, neither were his combinations complete. But Hannibal had nothing to wait for. Why, then, did he suffer Scipio to recover breath, reform his line, and disentangle himself from all obstacles? We cannot summon his shade into court to give direct evidence in his own case, and must rest satisfied with a conjecture. Scipio was as rapid as possible in his preparations. He ordered the light-armed troops (*velites*) to carry the wounded men to the rear, and to clear the ground of the slaughtered, as well as they could. He summoned back the *Hastarii* from pursuit, formed them now in contiguous battalions, there being no longer elephants to require intervals; closed up the *Principes* and *Triarii*, diminishing the depth, while he increased the compact order of his entire line, and was very soon ready to try fresh conclusions with the considerate foe, who seemed determined to take no undue advantage. Polybius details, with the exact perspicuity of a soldier, all these arrangements, so important to Scipio, and which he was permitted to carry into effect.

The pause terminated, and the battle recommenced. "As," says the Greek historian, "the numbers, the resolution, and the arms on both sides were equal,* and all fought with an obstinacy which showed a determination to die on the spot, rather than give way, for a long time no advantage was gained by either, until Lælius and Massinissa rejoined their main body at a most critical moment. Seeing how affairs stood, they charged furiously on the rear of Hannibal, and put to the sword the greater portion of his phalanxes. Further resistance was impossible, and very few escaped, in an open place, with cavalry in close pursuit." The next plan shows the position of the two armies when the timely return of the Roman horse decided a contest which, without their

* This passage settles the question as to the great superiority of numbers on the side of Hannibal at the commencement, a fact not directly stated either by Polybius or Livy. The numbers were equalized by the destruction of Hannibal's two first lines.

interference, might even then have ended differently. Lælius and Massinissa retrieved their early imprudence by a brilliant stroke, exactly when it told with full effect. They deserved little credit for generalship, as they ought not to have left the field, and their return at the right time was accidental. But here, as in other cases, the effect proved decisive, however the merit of the originating cause might be disputed. The advance of the fourth division unquestionably saved Albuera, but there has been hot controversy as to who gave the order, or assumed the responsibility.

All was now over. Scipio had beaten the hitherto invincible Carthaginians, and the Romans were masters of the world. Zama, like Waterloo, ended in a total dispersion, a general "*saue qui peut*." There was no attempt to rally, no effort at any further resistance. The game was thoroughly played out, and ended. In both cases, the war was finished by one decisive blow. Hannibal escaped to Adrumetum with a few personal attendants, from whence he informed the Senate of the total ruin of their affairs, and counselled them to make the best terms they could with the victor. Napoleon returned to Paris, to resign his imperial diadem, and to die an exile on the lonely rock of St. Helena. At Zama, the Romans lost scarcely 2,000 men. Of the Carthaginians, 20,000 perished on the field, and an equal number were made prisoners. The aggregate loss of the French at Waterloo may be estimated by similar figures at about 40,000 in all; but the victorious English suffered in a much more severe proportion than did the Romans in the earlier battle. The list of killed and wounded amounted to nearly one half of their entire force. According to the returns, the British contingent reckoned in round numbers, 27,000 men, of which more than 13,000 were in the list of casualties. There was yet another point of similarity between Zama and Waterloo, beyond the renown of the commanders—the stake for which they played, the enormous result, and the victory achieved in either case by the smaller army. The Roman chief adopted an unusual formation to neutralize the attack of the elephants. The British general did the same to check the overwhelming cavalry of his antagonist. Both experiments were attended with uniform success. The elephants were driven through the intervals without disordering the legions, and the cuirassiers recoiled from their vain attempts to penetrate the English squares, as the foam of the ocean is dashed back again,

broken and scattered, against a barrier wall.

In the great battles of antiquity, the loss of men in actual conflict was more unequal than it has become since the invention of gunpowder. Defeat was generally attended by the utter annihilation of the vanquished side, while the victors suffered so little, even in the most obstinate engagements, that the disparity seems incredible. This may be accounted for, in great measure, from the difference of arms, the closer nature of ancient fighting, the opposite style of tactics, and the absence of reserves or batteries to cover a retreat. When victory declared itself, a pell-mell rout of the beaten army was the inevitable consequence. In recent warfare losses are more evenly balanced, although final results may be as decisive as ever. In some modern battles, the conquerors have suffered even more than the defeated. Malplaquet, Jemappes, Arcola, and Borodino, may be instanced as memorable examples. The modern system of military science affords opportunities of checking the headlong advance of a pursuing enemy, with which the ancients were totally unacquainted. There is more perfect generalship in repairing a disaster than in improving a success. Sertorius and Turenne were eminent for this quality. Frederic the Great was doubly dangerous after a defeat. He wheeled round suddenly with a counterstroke when it was least expected. Soult came on again and again, after reiterated failures, with the pertinacity of a bull-dog. Napoleon was most to be dreaded when completely victorious; he followed up more rapidly than he recovered. If beaten, it was over with him for the moment. He ran back to his lair to get ready for another spring, but he paused first to recover breath and strength. The Duke of Wellington never lost a battle, and had no reverses to retrieve. He always held the winning card in his hand, and he knew exactly how to play it. But his ready genius was often called upon, and ever prepared to counteract the many errors of his opponents, and to stem the political combinations which threatened to overwhelm him, and which sprang from causes far beyond the scope of his own operations. The army with which Scipio conquered at Zama consisted of experienced troops, who had been trained under his own eye and leadership in the Spanish campaigns. So, in part, did that of Wellington at Waterloo; but many of his best battalions were absent in Canada, and on the ill-fated expedition against New Orleans.

Each of these two great generals possessed, in a rare degree, the faculty of inspiring confidence in their followers. Led by them, all expected victory as a natural consequence. They trusted in the valor of their men, who, in turn, relied implicitly on the genius and prevailing fortune of their commanders. A soldier's mind is generally of simple construction; he is a being exclusively "*sui generis*," to be judged by rules made for himself and his brotherhood. The stamp of his profession is on all his faculties, intellectual as well as physical. He knows little of politics, less of scholastic philosophy, and nothing at all of metaphysical subtleties. His leading points of faith are, to obey orders and believe in their infallibility; but he is a little given to fatalism and superstition. Nothing is so uncongenial to him as a conviction that his officer is unlucky. He would rather he was stupid; he can pardon a mistake, but he has no sympathy for misfortune. Convince him that his commander has an evil destiny—a frowning star, and he ceases from that moment to be half himself. He finds fault with everything, prognosticates perpetual failure, becomes a croaker, a wet blanket, a double drag-chain, and the sooner he is killed off the better. He may follow in despair, but he will never lead from emulation. It is the fashion with many to stigmatize a soldier as a mere machine—an inert mass—of no value until set in motion by a superior agency. We can discover neither sin nor reproach in this. A pliable machine will always command its price—a soldier, well disciplined, is as ductile as gold, and of as costly material. In his particular avocations, the qualities of the body require more attention than the higher development of the mind. Amongst other punishments, the Romans used to bleed soldiers who had committed any fault.* Their reason appears to have been, that, as personal strength was the most desirable attribute of the soldier, to weaken was to degrade him. Marlborough's men reconciled themselves to any difficulty, however hopeless it appeared, by saying, "That is no business of ours; Corporal John will carry us through, somehow or other." And, somehow or other, Corporal John never failed them. Scipio was wont to say, there was nothing he could command his army to do that they were not prepared to execute on the instant. When halting at Syracuse, on his passage from Italy to Africa, he observed—"Look at those three hundred men,

and that tower near them—every one of them, were I to give the order, would go up to the top of it, and throw himself down headlong."† When the war in the south of France was concluded, in 1814, the Duke said of his Peninsular army, "At that time they would have gone anywhere with *me*, and I could have done anything with *them*."

The terms of peace which Scipio dictated to the Carthaginians, after his great victory, were harsh and humiliating to such a degree, that they almost amounted to the extinction of the rival republic as an independent power. They resigned all their ships, in which their virtual strength consisted, and merely postponed the next Punic war until it pleased the Romans to create a pretext for the renewal of hostilities. Still the detractors of the Roman general—and they were neither few nor powerless—were not satisfied; they were angry that any terms had been accorded short of unconditional submission. They said, "the conquered enemy lay entirely at his mercy, and he should have brought home the spoils of Carthage instead of a treaty." They accused him of concluding the war hastily, and of patching up a peace, lest he should be superseded and robbed of his laurels by the arrival of his successor in office, the consul elect, Claudius—an empty charge, disproved by internal evidence, and equally at variance with his general character and subsequent conduct. Even Cato the Censor, always one of his bitterest enemies, many years after the influence of Scipio had declined, rendered justice to him on this point. He said in the senate, when Scipio was impeached on another groundless charge, that, in granting terms to Carthage after the defeat at Zama, he was actuated by noble and patriotic motives: a desire to maintain the emulation of national courage and national virtue—to teach the Romans, in the hour of their greatest triumph, a principle of moderation, worthy of the people who aspired to lead the other nations of the world.

The return of Scipio to Rome heralded in a season of universal jubilee. The joy was equal to the terror with which the name and presence of Hannibal had been so long associated. Senators and plebeians, old and young, matrons and virgins, clustered round their liberator, and covered him with garlands. His triumph, adorned by the presence of Syphax, the captive king of Numidia, exceeded in magnificence any yet accorded to a Roman consul. His own liberality and

* See *Aulus Gellius*, "*Noctes Atticæ*."

† *Valerius Maximus*.

ample means gratified the people for many successive days with prodigal entertainments, and the games of the circus were exhibited in unprecedented splendor. He was now at the summit of human glory, and appeared to have chained the fickle goddess Fortune to his chariot-wheels; but she escaped from her manacles, and vindicated her proverbial inconstancy. Before long he offended the plebeians, by proposing to give the senators exclusive places at the public exhibitions. Whereupon that steady section of humanity changed their note, and hooted the idol of their previous worship; even as in our own days, the London populace broke the Duke of Wellington's windows, because he conscientiously opposed the Reform Bill. In all ages, and in all countries, the breath of popular applause blows less constantly from the same quarter, and is less to be depended on, than the balmy regularity of the trade-winds. The senate bestowed on the conqueror of Hannibal the cognomen of *AFRICANUS*, he being the first Roman general (except *Coriolanus*) who was distinguished by a title derived from the country or city he had conquered—a badge of honor sometimes too readily bestowed, and which became at last so common, that under the Empire, it degenerated into a sarcasm and a reproach. There were more than one Germanicus, Britannicus, Dacicus, and Parthicus, who bore the names rather in mockery of failure than as symbolical of success.

In addition to other annoyances arising from jealousy of superior merit, that bane of all republican institutions, Scipio was thwarted in obtaining the consulship for two of his devoted friends, to whom worthless candidates were preferred. This so disgusted him, that he was glad to escape from the political intrigues of Rome, and volunteered to serve under his brother Lucius (afterwards surnamed *Asiaticus*), as second in command in the war against Antiochus, king of Syria. His advice and military skill, though exercised in a subordinate capacity, were well known to be the leading causes of the usual triumphant result which attended this expedition. The luxuries of Asia were now for the first time introduced at Rome, in the spoils of Antiochus. More than one historian dates from this epoch, the commencement of that enervating debauchery which soon began to sap the vital strength of the republic, and ultimately broke down the hardy simplicity of her children. It may be so,—but Rome was as yet far from having reached the summit of her greatness. It was

during the following century that mighty empire was consolidated. The energies of the next generations exhibited no symptoms of decay. The origin of evil is always a subject of doubtful inquiry, and we may refine on remote causes until we lose ourselves in a labyrinth of conjecture. It seems less likely that a power should be undermined before it was created, than that its unwieldy members should swell beyond wholesome strength, and facilitate their own dissolution. Juvenal says, in poetical satire, which is not always historical truth, that “Luxury enervated and corrupted the Romans, and revenged the vanquished world by the destruction of the victors.” Luxury did not so much tend to revenge the vanquished world, as the overweening pride engendered by military superiority. Want of faith is begot by pride. The great success of the Romans taught them political injustice. Hence arose their many acts of perfidy, violated treaties, pretexts for war, and endless usurpations. When they no longer respected the rights of other nations, they ceased to value their own free institutions. Thus they degenerated into slaves, tyrants, and effete conquerors, living on the reputation of what they had formerly achieved, long after the substance had disappeared.

On his return from Asia, Scipio found the malevolence of his enemies strengthened, rather than abated, by time and suspension. His inveterate rival, Cato, a self-elected inspector-general of all abuses, real and imaginary—the Joseph Hume of his day—urged on the *Petillii*, two tribunes of the people, to accuse him of embezzling the public treasure during the Asiatic war, and of living in an indolent and luxurious manner. Of the codicil to the more serious charge, no proof was ever put forward beyond the fact that he was of studious habits in his leisure hours, and cultivated the society of literary men. Here the parallel entirely ceases between him and his illustrious modern competitor, who never was exposed to similar accusations. On this vexatious ground, Scipio for once lost his habitual command of temper, and committed the only mistake of his public life. No historian insinuates that the charge was other than groundless; but he should have met it by rebutting evidence, and not with an indignant flourish. When summoned before the senate, he listened in contemptuous silence while the *Petillii* preferred their charge. Being called on for his defence, he arose, and, taking a roll of paper from his bosom, which had been drawn up by his brother, he

said—"In this is contained an accurate statement of all you wish to know: in it you will find a particular account of the money and plunder received from Antiochus." "Read it aloud," was the cry of the tribunes, "and afterwards let it be deposited in the treasury." "That I will never do," said Scipio, "nor will I so insult myself." And without adding another word, he tore the paper in pieces in presence of the whole assembly—an unlucky "*coup de théâtre*," ambiguously interpreted, and which looked as if got up for the occasion. This demolition of his accounts before they were inspected was not likely to be lost sight of by his enemies. It furnished an advantage they long and perseveringly urged against him, and gave them a handle, which they clutched with tenacious grasp. He was cited a second and a third time on the same charge. Once he broke up the court, by reminding them that it was the anniversary of Zama, the day on which he conquered Hannibal and the Carthaginians, and that they should rather go in procession to the Capitol to thank the gods for past favors, than sit there to incense them by domestic wrangling—a second "*coup de théâtre*," better timed and more successful than the former one. This trial, as it may be called, worried him at intervals for years. Continually prorogued, but never abrogated—it cast a shade over his laurels and compromised his glory. It resembled the impeachment of Warren Hastings in duration, in the similarity of the charge, in the virulence of party spite, in the waste of brilliant, wordy eloquence, which dazzled many, while it convinced none, and in the issue, which eventuated in the acquittal of both.* It is well to be innocent, better to be proved so, and best of all, never to be accused. You may be as pure as snow, but there is nothing pleasant in becoming "*monstrum digito monstratum*"—in being pointed at as the celebrated "Mr. So-and-so," who was tried and—acquitted! But what human reputation is safe from the shafts of calumny? When summoned for the third time, Scipio disdained to appear. He bowed before the impending storm, and sheltered himself in his country-house at Linternum. The senate became ashamed of so long tolerating private malevolence under the hollow guise of public duty. The accusation was stopped, to be revived no more, and the accusers silenced. But the atonement came too late. Scipio was too deeply wounded by this systematic

persecution and ingratitude, to forgive. He withdrew for ever from the turmoil of public affairs, and passed the remainder of his days in the privacy of domestic retirement—a reward, rather than a punishment, to a man of his tastes and temperament. He had the satisfaction of an unsullied conscience, and ample resources of happiness within himself—so much so, that he was wont to say "he was never less idle than when at leisure, nor less alone than when alone."† On quitting his native city, to which he never returned, Scipio might have exclaimed with the equally injured Queen Catherine of Arragon—

"They vex me past my patience ;—
I will not tarry : no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts."‡

Poetic license takes strange liberties with the truth of history. Thompson speaks of Scipio as—

—"The gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retired."

A Roman who had considerably passed his fortieth year, could scarcely be considered "warm in youth," neither was his seclusion voluntary retirement, but the compelled result of factious hostility.

This great man died in his retreat at Linternum. His death may have been hastened by the treatment he received. But it seems to be established beyond a doubt, that he directed his bones not to be conveyed to Rome, and recorded, in an indignant epitaph, the ingratitude of his countrymen, with the enduring sting it had implanted on his mind. The inscription ran as follows:—"Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem mea habes." These are the words as handed down by Valerius Maximus. Livy gives them with a variation, but the meaning is the same. They furnish a mournful commentary on the fickleness of human opinion, and the sandy basis of any popularity derived from eminent services. The death of Scipio took place about 184 years before the Christian era. Historians differ as to the age he had attained: some calling him forty-eight, others fifty-three, and fifty-seven. The middle period seems the most likely to be correct. In the same year died also Hannibal and Philopemen. The three first generals of the age departed to—

* Warren Hastings was acquitted, but sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, amounting to £71,000! a case of legal injustice almost incredible.

* Cicero, Offic. lib. iii. c. 1.

† Shakspeare, *Henry VIII.* Act ii. sc. 4.

gether. Rome was then at peace with all the world; the swords of her warriors were for the moment converted into ploughshares. If Scipio was robbed of his just renown, treated with neglect, and his services undervalued while yet alive, the day on which the news of his death arrived was marked as one of universal sorrow. Men paused in their usual avocations, looked on each other in silence, and felt depressed as under a national calamity. Then followed the selfish regret and unavailing penitence which mourns the loss of a possession, the full value of which is only ascertained when forfeited beyond recovery;—extorted tears to consecrate the ashes of the dead, instead of the spontaneous homage which ought to have soothed and adorned the presence of the living—a posthumous instalment on a just debt, too late to gratify the silent creditor. Personal enmities were forgotten when they could no longer be indulged; all joined in reverential mourning for the departed worth which had escaped from persecution, and future ages rendered homage to the memory of their devoted hero, as the ablest general, the firmest patriot, and the most virtuous citizen, the teeming annals of their country had ever produced. Equally true, and useful, is the lesson conveyed by the moralist, when he calls on us to observe—

"How nations, slowly wise, and meanly just
To buried merit, raise the tardy bust."^{*}

In summing up the character of the elder Scipio Africanus, it is no exaggeration to say, that he combined the military skill of Epaminondas, the eloquence of Demosthenes,† the just principles of Aristides, and the inflexible integrity of Phocion. He rescued his country when her case was almost hopeless, and placed her foot on the neck of her enemy. And how was he rewarded? The answer is contained in an expressive couplet of Corneille.—

"Et de tout ce qu'il fit pour l'Empire Romain,
Il n'en eût que sa gloire, et le nom d'Africain."

It would be foreign to the object of this essay, and superfluous for any purpose of information, to detain our readers by either inquiry or argument on the career of the Duke of Wellington. Whole libraries have been written on the subject; every action of

his life has become public property, from the hour when he first joined his regiment as an ensign, until his yesterday's ride through the park to the Horse Guards, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief. We stood and gazed on him as he passed slowly along. Many voices whispered, "There is the Duke!—how well he looks!" Respect, regard, and affection were mingled in the tones of the speakers—a feeling as if he belonged to everybody, and all men held an individual interest in him. The sight of the aged warrior called up stirring reminiscences in the mind of one who remembered him at the head of armies, at the meridian of his years and in the plenitude of his fame. He seemed to portray in his single person, the embodied reflection of a long list of undying contemporaries who have preceded him to the temple of immortality—a union of the past and present, a condensed living epitome of the history of the world for the last fifty years. Time has weighed lightly on that honored brow—the laurels have relieved the pressure. The form is a little bent, but the eye is clear, and the faculties unimpaired. There is work yet both in body and mind, if occasion called for their exercise. Thirty-seven years have rolled on since he consummated his glory on the field of Waterloo, and there he is (long may he remain!) to remind the nation of what her sons have achieved, and may again accomplish in a similar exigence, under a sufficient commander. With the exception of the slight misunderstanding we have alluded to, on a political question, not yet thoroughly understood, which died with the exciting cause, as a summer cloud dissolves into vapor, there has been no check or ebb in the ever-flowing tide of his popularity—no change of opinion on the value of his services, the superiority of his talents, and the influence of his character. For him alone fortune has checked her wheel and become stationary. We have found a parallel for some of his deeds, but none for his enduring prosperity. Cræsus has passed into a proverb; Alexander was cut short in an unequalled course; Cæsar was killed in the Capitol; Coriolanus was banished; Marius escaped from a dungeon; Scipio was driven into private life; Epaminondas, Gustavus, and Nelson, died in the moment of their greatest victories; Hannibal was compelled to suicide; Belisarius became a beggar; Sejanus, the all-powerful favorite, was strangled without an interposing hand; Buckingham perished under the knife of an assassin; Wolsey and Marlborough were dis-

^{*} Dr. Johnson, "Vanity of Human Wishes."

† By eloquence in the Senate, he prevailed over Fabius Maximus, on the great question of the invasion of Carthage.

graced; Charles XII. fell doubtfully before an obscure fortress; and Napoleon died a broken-hearted exile on the rock of St. Helena. The star of Wellington has been all

lustrous, and has never paled. It "sets unclouded in the gulf of fate,"* an exception, an example, and a moral.

* "Vanity of Human Wishes."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LORD HARDINGE.

Now that he, whom the nation with one accord pronounced the foremost man of the age, has passed away suddenly from amongst us—now that the first shock of the event, which, though long looked for, unexpectedly retarded, came upon us at last as a national calamity, has expended itself—men's minds are beginning to turn to the living from the dead, and to take stock of our surviving heroism. Eight-and-thirty years have passed since Napoleon's brazen horsemen went down before our British squares on the great field of Waterloo. The boys who fleshed their maiden swords in the Peninsula are now veterans of three score. Year after year has seen some ominous gap in the attendant chivalry at the commemorative banquets of the 18th of June. Death has scored out name after name from that honored list, until few are left upon the roll. Therefore, the more should we cherish those who survive; the Somersets, the Napiers, and the Hardinges, who are still the pillars of our military renown.

The country was not ungrateful to the Great Duke—he had every possible title short of royalty itself; he had wealth, and everything that wealth can purchase; he looked out upon you everywhere in marble and in bronze, in oil-color and in mezzo-tinto—and he was, perhaps, the only pluralist in the country, at whose plurality of office no one grumbled or repined. He had all sorts of posts, indeed, salaried and unsalaried. A very harvest of patronage has fallen suddenly into the minister's hands. But the only office, the bestowal of which is matter of much public concernment, is that great one—the Command of the Forces.

For many days this was the great topic,
VOL. XXVII. NO. IV.

discussed eagerly in all military circles, and with scarcely less eagerness by the larger circle of the general public. It was a *question*, too; for the *detur digniori* principle is not always carried out in practice. But due regard being had to the interests of the army, the interests of the nation, and the relative fitness of those whose names had been announced, and whose chances had been canvassed, no question ought ever to have arisen. The command of the British army is not, like the Chancellorship of Oxford or of Cambridge, or the Governorship of the Tower, a mere honorary distinction—a name, a title, an appendage—but a solid reality. It is a substantive appointment, requiring as much the energies and activities, the very brain-sweat and brow-sweat, of a real man, as the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Prince Albert is deservedly beloved and respected. The Duke of Cambridge has, with laudable zeal and assiduity, devoted himself to the parade duties of his profession. Doubtless, they have all good soldierly qualities in them; and need but opportunity to draw them forth. But in such a practical age, and in such a stirring world as this, opportunity is everything; and men must be judged, not by what they might do, but by what they have done. It would have been a sorry compliment to the memory of the dead—it would have been a sorry compliment to the British army—to fill up the gap which has been left, in any way, but by the appointment to the vacant office of one of the Duke's old companions in arms.

In all the discussions which arose on the subject of the vacant command, the most prominent name was that of Lord Hardinge. No name seemed to rise so readily to the lips

of men, military and civil, when there was any talk of the Duke's successor at the Horse Guards. Judging him not only by what he had done, but by what he was yet capable of doing, men of all classes of society pointed to him as the soldier who was henceforth to occupy the proud position of Commander-in-Chief of the British army. And, for once, the public were right. Their anticipations were not falsified. Their desires were not disappointed. Lord Hardinge has been appointed to the chief command of the British army. At such a time a few references to the leading incidents of his past career—scarcely pretending to the character of a regular memoir—may be both welcome and useful.

A member of a good old loyal Derbyshire family, Henry Hardinge joined his regiment in Canada, a high-spirited boy of fifteen. Some anecdotes illustrative of the ready gallantry, the quickness and generosity of his nature, at this early period of his career, are extant. The peace of Amiens ushered in a brief period of inactivity, and young Hardinge returned to England. But the renewal of hostilities found him attached to the staff of the Quarter-Master-General. He served under Sir B. Spencer in 1807—followed the fortunes of Wellesley in the campaign of 1808—was present at Roleia, and wounded at Vimiera. Then we find him soon afterwards rapidly carrying despatches, in the face of many difficulties, to Sir John Moore—sharing with that chief the dangers of the retreat on Corunna, and not far from his side when he fell; next with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, as Deputy Quarter-Master-General of the Portuguese army: at the passage of the Upper Douro: at the battle of Busaco: then in the campaign under Beresford, ever active, ever doing his duty, ever proving the fine soldierly spirit which animated his slight frame and spoke out from his clear quick eye. He was very young at this time, but he was an approved good soldier; and when, at the battle of Albuera, the fight was going against our over-matched troops—when one half had been mown down by the enemy, and the other half were reeling and staggering under the shock of the outnumbering foe, it was Henry Hardinge, then only twenty-five years of age, who suggested the movement which turned the tide of victory in our favor. "Major-General Cole," says Beresford's despatch, "seeing the attack of the enemy, very judiciously bringing up his left a little, marched in line to attack the enemy's left, and arrived most opportunely to contribute,

with the charges of the brigades of General Stewart's division to force the enemy to abandon his situation and to retire precipitately, and to take refuge under his reserve." It was Lieut.-Colonel Henry Hardinge who discerned the advantage of these movements, and suggested them; "the young soldier, with the eye of a general and the soul of a hero," as Alison, with graphic truth, has described him in his record of these events.

At Ciudad Rodrigo, at Badajoz, at Vittoria, where he was severely wounded; at St. Sebastian, at the passage of the Bidassoa, in the battle of the Nevelle and Nive, at Orthes, for which he received his ninth medal; everywhere was young Hardinge, always at work, always doing good service, save when laid aside for a little space by the severity of his wounds. With the peace came again a brief cessation from active duty; but, on the escape of Napoleon, and the renewal of the war, Wellington, who had watched his career, and knew his worth, attached him to the headquarters of the Prussian army, in a political capacity, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and he became the companion of Marshal Blücher.

It was at Ligny that he lost his hand. We give the incident in the words of a contemporary writer, well acquainted with the subject of his memoir:—

"At the sanguinary battle of Ligny, on the 16th June, Sir H. Hardinge again distinguished himself. About 4 P.M. his left hand was shattered by a common shot; but refusing to dismount or leave the field, he placed a tourniquet on his arm, and sat out the battle, retiring after nightfall with the Prussian army. At midnight, in a hut by rushlight, attended by a single servant, he had his hand amputated. Sir Henry had previously despatched his brother, who was his aide-de-camp, to report to the Duke the fate of the day, and to bring an English surgeon. At daylight, the French beat up the bivouac; when Sir Henry, determining not to fall into the enemy's hand, though faint from loss of blood, accompanied the retreating Prussians. At Wavre he joined the gallant Blücher, who, though still suffering from a fall, and from having been ridden over by a whole brigade of cavalry, got up, and kissing his friend affectionately, begged he would excuse the garlic (with which he was perfumed) and consoled with him on Ligny; but characteristically added, 'Never mind, my friend, if we outlive to-morrow, Wellington and I will lick the French.'"^{*}

The battle of Waterloo was fought and won, and then came peace indeed—not a mere transient interval of rest, a lull between two

^{*} Calcutta Review.

storms—but years of peace counted not by units, but by tens; and the soldier became the statesman. Sir Henry Hardinge, for he had received for his services a Knight Companionship of the Bath, was still a very young man—less than thirty. He had established a military reputation of the first class, and now he began to take part in politics. For twenty years he sat in the House of Commons as member for Durham and Launceston. During this time he held office, under Conservative administrations, twice as Secretary-at-War, and twice as Secretary for Ireland. Once too, for a short period, he was Clerk of the Ordnance. All this official training was of great service to him, and he proved himself to be an admirable man of business. The quickness and readiness of apprehension, the keen penetration, the intuitive sagacity, which had distinguished him in the field were distinguishable in the bureau, and over and above these qualities, there was an industry and perseverance seldom to be found in men of such quick parts and vivacious temper. And so, now in office, now out of office—now on the ministerial, now on the opposition side, until the year 1844 dawned upon him, Sir Henry Hardinge held his own, respected by the world, and dearly beloved by all who knew him, foremost among whom were Wellington and Peel.

Then came the offer of the Governor-Generalship of India. It was a tempting one. The magnates of Leadenhall-street, in the exercise of a prerogative of which it is to be hoped no legislative interference will ever deprive them, had dismissed Lord Ellenborough from office. It was a stretch of power in the master warranted by a stretch of insolence in the servant. But when the question of the successorship came to be considered, and the crown ministers nominated one nearly connected with the recalled viceroy, the Court of Directors, with something more than common willingness, ratified the ministerial choice. The selection was in all respects a happy one. No appointment could have been more welcome to Lord Ellenborough, whose wounded honor must have received some balsamic relief from the nomination of one bound to him by close family ties; to the Court of Directors, who rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded to them of demonstrating that the bold course they had taken had not been instigated by any low personal feelings; and to the public at large, who honored the gallantry and confided in the sagacity of the soldier-statesman who had been selected for

an office of the highest responsibility from among the foremost men of the age.

But by the man so selected the honor was not coveted. It was one that he would never have sought. A little time before he had been offered the command of the Indian army; but he had declined it; and now that this far more brilliant, more tempting offer was made to him, he still hesitated to lay his hand upon the prize. Two days of irresolution, or rather two days of earnest thought and self-commune and counsel with near and dear friends, preceded his acceptance of the most brilliant office that can be conferred on a British subject. But he believed that his services were required by his country, and at the call of his country he went. "I well know," said the leading statesman of the age, whose sudden loss we are even now lamenting; "I well know," said Sir Robert Peel, some years afterwards, "what was the object of my friend Sir Henry Hardinge, in undertaking the government of India. He made great sacrifices from a sense of public duty. My gallant friend held a prominent place in the counsels of her Majesty. He was, I believe, without any reference to party divisions, held in general esteem in this House, as well by his political opponents as by his political friends. He was regarded by the army of this country as its friend, because he was the friend of justice to all ranks of that army. It was proposed to him at a time of life when perhaps ambition is a less powerful stimulus than it might have been at an earlier period. It was proposed to him to relinquish his place in the counsels of his Sovereign, to forego the satisfaction he must have felt at what he could not fail to see, that he was an object of general respect and esteem. He separated himself from that family which constituted the chief happiness of his life, for the purpose of performing a public duty that he owed to his Sovereign and his country, by taking the arduous and responsible situation of Chief Governor of our Indian possessions. He went out with a high military reputation, solicitous to establish his fame in connexion with our Indian empire, not by means of conquest, or the exhibition of military skill and valor, but by obtaining for himself a name in the annals of India as the friend of peace, and through the promotion of the social interests and welfare of the inhabitants." No man knew him better than Peel, or loved him more dearly.

Taking the overland route, Sir Henry Har-

dinge made all haste to India. But he did not find all barren on his way. His quick eye comprehended at a glance the mistake that was being committed at Aden in over-fortifying the place, and providing, at a ruinous expenditure of public money, for contingencies that could never arise. It has been well said of him, with reference to this very matter, that "a military fallacy stands no chance with him." No error of this kind was likely to escape his quick eye and penetrating mind.

He arrived in India towards the close of the hot season in 1844. His arrival was warmly greeted even by men who had indignantly resented the recall of his predecessor; and it is to the honor of Lord Ellenborough that he did his best to bespeak a cordial welcome for the new ruler. "You will be charmed," he wrote, "with my successor. He is a thorough soldier and a thorough man of business. . . I do not know a better man for the station."

The early days of his administration were, as he desired them to be, eminently quiet and pacific. Men who know best what are the horrors of war are the least likely to plunge a country into them. Lord Cornwallis and Lord William Bentinck had been the most peaceful of rulers. And now, Sir Henry Hardinge, who had acquired a splendid military reputation in his youth, coveted no new laurels at three-score. He sat himself quietly down at the seat of the supreme government, and devoted himself to the internal administration of the country. The state of native education, the fiscal imposts which pressed most heavily upon the industry of the people; the discipline of the native army, &c., engaged the greater share of his attention. But he was not unmindful of the external affairs of the great empire entrusted to his charge. He was resolute to maintain the country in peace, if it could be done consistently with our honor and our safety; but he did not disguise from himself the fact that he might be unwillingly precipitated into war.

Ever since the death of Runjeet Singh the country beyond the Sutlej had been torn by intestine convulsions. It had been the scene of a series of tremendous tragedies, more incredible and revolting than the tragic dramas of the Præ-Shakspearian age, which pleased the coarse appetites of Englishmen in the early days of Elizabeth; and it seemed now to have settled down into a chronic state of unrest. One monarch after another had been carried off by secret poison, by "acci-

dents done on purpose," or by assassination in open durbar. And now the country was governed in the name of a child-prince, by an adulterous chief and her paramour, who could only bribe the army into obedience, and who now were running short of the means of corruption. A weak government is always a dangerous neighbor, especially if it be soldier-ridden. It was impossible to say at what time all this intestine licentiousness might overflow the boundary and run over into foreign aggression. The Governor-General saw this plainly enough; but he saw too that any overt preparations on our part for an anticipated struggle, would precipitate the collision which he desired to retard. So he strengthened the frontier, noiselessly and unostentatiously; pushed up troops to the stations contiguous to the Sutlej, without menace and without parade; and set out with his brilliant staff, civil and military, for the destined theatre of war.

He did not court the struggle, but he was prepared for it. When the Sikhs, suddenly and unpremeditatedly, crossed the frontier, he was there to counsel and direct. That the danger was great is not to be denied. Nor is it to be denied that mainly by his personal presence was that danger averted. Sir Henry Hardinge had gone up to the north-western frontier in a civil capacity. He went as a counsellor, not as a soldier. But when the day of counsel had passed—when the question to be solved became a question of military skill and military prowess—he remembered that he was a general officer in the British army, and he believed that his services were required in the field. The chivalry of his nature was not to be repressed. It was not a season for the supremacy of cold caution. There are epochs in the careers of nations and of men, when a tame observance of ordinary rules of procedure becomes sometimes almost criminal. Sir Henry Hardinge, after the first battle had been fought—and it was clearly seen how formidable an enemy was in our front—placed himself at the disposal of the commander-in-chief, and became his second in command.

The result is well known, at least as well as, in the few pages at our disposal, we could possibly describe it. But the history of the great battles of Ferozshuhur and Soobraon has yet to be written. These actions live outlined in the picture of Mr. Grant, and the speeches of Sir Robert Peel.

But it is possible that when all becomes known, the reputation of Sir Henry Har-

dinge will rest even on a higher pinnacle than at present. And yet, in the lives of either ancient or modern heroes, what passages can be cited more glorious and more touching, than the following from Peel's well-known speech on the victory of Forozshuhur.

"From my affectionate regard for this gallant man, (he said) I am proud to be enabled to exhibit him in such a night as that of the 21st of December—going through the camp—passing from regiment to regiment—keeping up the spirits of the men—encouraging them—animating their ardor—and, having lost ten aides-de-camp out of twelve, placing his young son, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years of age, in the front of the line beside him, in order that the British troops might be induced not to fire on the enemy, but drive them back by the force of the British bayonet. It was characteristic of the man. He had two sons present, one of whom was a civilian and the other in the army. On the afternoon of the 21st he sent the civilian to the rear of the army, saying that his presence disturbed him, and that if he refused to retire he would send him away in arrest as a prisoner; but the presence, he said, of his younger son, an officer, whose duty called him to the field, only made the father more desperately resolute in the discharge of his duty. On the 22nd, after the battle was over, he took his eldest son when visiting the wounded soldiers and sepoy; and he showed them a Governor-General of India who had lost his hand, and the son of a Governor-General who had lost his foot, and endeavored to console them in their sufferings by proving to them that men in the highest rank were exposed to the same casualties as themselves."

We do not disparage the memory of the great soldier who has recently passed away from among us, when we write, that nothing in all the flood of incident and anecdote illustrative of his career, excites such deep emotion in the perusal, as these few simple sentences. It was the fashion, with those who did not know him, to speak of Peel as a cold, unimpulsive man; but never, in that great assembly, was a speech spoken more feelingly than this; never did the heart of a speaker appeal more touchingly to the hearts of an audience than on this memorable occasion. The wontedly frigid statesman was affected even to tears.

The battle of Ferozshuhur was won, but the Sikhs were not yet beaten. Much work lay before Hardinge and Gough. There was much to be done in preparation for the crowning struggle; and the governor-general, with characteristic energy and activity, threw himself, body and soul, into it. Day and night his mind was at work, and his limbs were seldom at rest.

"Inspiring, aiding, animating all,"

he passed from one duty to another in quick succession; he brought together all our available military resources; strengthened our armaments at points where they were weakest; provided against the occurrence of accidents which had nearly proved disastrous in the previous actions; and when the time came for the last decisive struggle, and the great battle of Sobraon was fought, there he was again, with his sons and his nephew beside him, the same cool, intrepid warrior that had sate out the battle of Ligny with a *tourniquet* on his shattered arm.

The Punjaub now lay prostrate at the feet of the governor-general of India. The British army marched in triumph upon the capital of the Sikhs; but their *raj* was not declared at an end. The time had not then come for the "annexation" of the empire of Runjeet Singh. Sir Henry Hardinge reseated the infant son of the old lion on the throne of Lahore; formed a national administration, to be held in control by the presence of a British officer at the young maharajah's court; and hoped that a strong government might eventually be established in the country of the five rivers. It is no small thing that amidst so many instances of aggressiveness and acquisitiveness, history should be privileged to record such moderation as this. We are loath to speak of anything but of the high principle which regulated the conduct of the victorious chief, —loath to detract from the real merit of this act of noble forbearance by even a passing allusion to any meaner springs of action. But they who speak of all moderation as cockney cant, and try the question only in the scales of narrow expediency, should know that at that time Sir Henry Hardinge, if he had desired to take possession of the Punjaub, had not the means of so doing at his disposal, and that in the then crippled state of his military resources, the attempt would have been downright folly.

Lord Hardinge returned to England. Honors had been heaped upon him in his absence, and he reaped his share of more substantial rewards. We do not write that his enemies were in office, for Lord Hardinge had no enemies; but that great political party which did not number him among his adherents—the Whig party—of which Lord John Russell was the chief, were then dominant in the councils of the empire. His reception was most honorable. There was enough in it to gratify the vanity of a much

vainer man. When he took his seat in the House of Lords the Peers upon both sides welcomed him warmly. But, save when called upon to do honor to the brave men whom he had left behind him, and who had been hotly engaged in another war—and no man more delighted to pay the tribute of generous admiration to his comrades—he took no conspicuous part in public affairs. Contented with the rôle of the English gentleman, he settled quietly down into private life, and was never seen to greater advantage than when superintending the improvements which were going on on his estate, or talking over old times amidst the Sikh trophies in the hall of his Kentish home. As with the body, so with the mind, you best see its fine proportions in repose. Earnest and active as in the days of his youth, with the same quickness of eye and vivacity of manner, there were years and years of good work in him when he returned from his eastern conquests. But a marvellous contentedness sate upon him. No aspirations after new honors disturbed the serenity of his mind. He spoke of himself, with all cheerfulness, as of one whose work was already done, and whose future days were to be passed in an uneventful but not wholly uncongenial privacy. But although a mind so well-balanced as Lord Hardinge's was sure not to waste itself in vain repinings, and in all conditions of life could find healthy occupation, they who knew him, and, knowing him, had constant proof of the freshness and vigor of the moral and intellectual, no less than of the physical man, never ceased to hope that the requirements of the public service would some day call into action again all the energies of his unclouded mind and unwasted body. In spite of all that he had gone through—all the storms to which the sapling and the old tree had been exposed—there were few younger men at three-score amongst us, than Lord Hardinge, when the accession to office of Lord Derby and his friends made people ask each other, whether the new Ministers would be fortunate enough to secure the services of the retired Governor-general, the old friend of Wellington and Peel? Lord Hardinge did not altogether belong to that party. His sympathies were with that more moderate segment of the great political circle, which had owned Sir Robert Peel as its chief, and on the death of that great leader had looked up to Sir James Graham as its head; and he would never have consented to assist in the reversal of that policy with which his lost friend, the great statesman, in whose last

loving thoughts he held a cherished place, was so imperishably associated. It was generally known, therefore, that when he accepted office under the Derby Administration as Master-general of the Ordnance, he joined the ranks of the Protectionists, as then they were believed to be, with the understanding that an unqualified adherence to their policy, especially on points connected with the commercial system of the country, was not to be demanded from him. The arrangement was honorable alike to him who made, and them who accepted, the condition.

It was soon found how wise a choice Ministers had made. Lord Hardinge went to the Ordnance office at a time when the arming and equipment of our national forces pressed for some speedy revision, that in this respect we might not altogether be distanced by our foreign neighbors; and he soon made the appointment a laborious one. The Master-generalship of the Ordnance in his hands was a strenuous reality. If anything had before been needed to demonstrate Lord Hardinge's qualifications for a higher military post, it would have been supplied by the intelligence and activity displayed by him during his tenure of office at the head of the Ordnance Board. He was, indeed, doing so much good at the head of that department, that we cannot help regretting his removal from it, especially as the combination of the business of the Horse Guards with that of the Ordnance Office has been recommended by the first military authorities, and there could not have arisen a better opportunity than the present of combining them under one competent chief.

Still the arrangements consequent upon the death of the great Duke, are altogether so fair in themselves, and likely to be so advantageous to the country, that, even upon this account, it would be ungrateful to demur to them. The appointment of Lord Hardinge to the chief command of the army has given universal satisfaction. It is a subject, indeed, of congratulation to the country, that we have secured the services of the fittest man—of a man not merely distinguished for what he *has done*, and, therefore, to be rewarded, —but, also, for what *he is*, and, therefore, to be selected. However desirous we may be to see past services rewarded; however intolerant of national ingratitude; we would never wish that the mere skeletons of past activities should be thrust into high and responsible office. Lord Hardinge has done much. He had earned for himself a niche in history forty years ago; but he was then a

very young man. He is now, in all essential respects, by far the youngest of our surviving military heroes. He is a distinguished soldier,—gallant and skilful in the field, and, at the same time, an excellent man of business. With great natural vivacity and activity, he combines those useful, and not unheroic qualities, industry and perseverance. He is as pains-taking in execution as he is prompt in conception; and he is thoroughly conscientious. It is no small matter, that the great quality of justice should be conspicuous in the character of the Commander-in-chief. We believe Lord Hardinge to be, all in all, a

just man; with as few prejudices as any soldier in the army. All branches of the service are sure to be equally patronized and protected by him; and, perhaps, there is not a man in the country so well acquainted with the details of them all. He knows the Company's army, too, as well as the Queen's; and it is a happy circumstance that, at such a period, when not only are battles to be fought, but perhaps armies to be reorganized in India, the first military authority in the country should be an officer of such wide Indian experience and fine Indian reputation as HENRY, LORD HARDINGE.

From Hogg's Instructor.

DR. WARDLAW.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

TIME was that when the member or minister of a dissenting body ventured to praise the "great man" of another denomination, it was with "bated breath and whispered humbleness"—with prefixes of mean apology, and affixes of voluntary humiliation. At the close of the panegyric you heard the rustle of the author's skirts stealing away amid the brushwood, like one who had done a guilty thing. It is very different now. Dissenting bodies, partly through common difficulties, and partly through the spread of a more generous spirit, are fast becoming welded into one; so that in commending Dr. Wardlaw we seem to be commending the general patriarch of Scottish dissent.

Dr. Wardlaw's superiority over all the ministers of his own denomination is incontestible. Dr. Russell, of Dundee, had perhaps more natural force of intellect; but this appeared even larger than it was from the comparative want of artistic culture. Dr. Wardlaw, if not a giant, is a sincere and highly-finished man, whose name might have been a crown to any church in any age. The clear stream is sometimes very rich. So Dr. Wardlaw has collected the resources of a widely-stored intellect and memory into a

reservoir of crystal. Not excepting Robert Hall's, his style is one of the purest and most pellucid extant; and here, too, lies its deficiency. You cannot lose yourself in it. It is a plain, not a wood. You have the garish glare of noon, not the dim religious light of moonlight or of eve. A clever friend of ours was lately advised by a great Irish authority to study the "graver writers of the past century" for the improvement of his style. We told him, in answer, "What immeasurable donkey has sent you to study the graver writers of the last century? Imagine an earnest man, in this volcanic age, sitting down and trying to write in the language of Swift, Addison, or even Johnson. Burke, to be sure, was of the last century outwardly, but really of this, or rather of *no* century. But for the 'anchor,' the fellow's a 'forgery.'" Now, we will not recommend Wardlaw's style to aspirants as a model. Every aspirant ought to use his own style. But not one of the "graver writers of the last century" excels him in the element of *clearness*. The strength of Swift—the loud, full report of Johnson—and the inimitable, child-like, beautiful babble of Addison, are not, and could not have been, his.

No sentence which Hall ever uttered seems to us so shallow as that reported by one or other of his biographers—"Style, sir! Style, after all, is the great thing." As well have said, "The light, sir, is nothing; the *window pane* is the great thing, after all." It is not to be wondered at that he seems to have preferred Virgil to Homer and Dante, Cicero to Demosthenes, or perhaps Plato! If style, judged by mechanical standards, be the great thing, then we must dismiss, among a crowd of others, Shakspeare, Jeremy Taylor, Coleridge, Wilson, and Carlyle, from our catalogue of gifted immortals. This is the estimate of a tailor, who judges of a man, not by his countenance, but by his clothes. Hall had, to be sure, besides his style, many admirable and great qualities; and so Dr. Wardlaw, apart from the clearness, force, and facility of his diction, possesses a manly intellect, a distinct logic, a mild imagination, and a quiet yet strong enthusiasm. He reminds us—author though he be of the "Discourses on the Unitarian Controversy"—more of Dr. Channing than of any modern divine. His constant clearness, and the calm, measured, equable march of his sentences, his deficiency in the very highest qualities of imagination and metaphysical insight, the candor and amenity which mingle with all his controversial effusions, the frozen splendor of his higher flights, and the chastity of his general manner, all go to constitute him the Scottish Channing. His writings, however, possess both more life and more liveliness than Channing's—the life of a better creed, and the liveliness of a keener intellect.

We have elsewhere deplored the spectacle of a noble intellect, wholly given up to controversy. All controversialists put themselves in a false position. They pick out some mere fragment of the truth, and proceed to do as desperate battle for it as though it were the great rounded whole itself. Controversy is seeing with one eye, or walking with one limb. How seldom does it strike out sparkles of truth on its lurid way! How few books of this class deserve to be, or are read, ten years after their first appearance! Dr. Wardlaw's books are not altogether an exception to this rule. They strew few flowers around the borders of their thorny ground, nor often reach general through the avenue of particular truth; but their language, life, clearness, energy, frequent wit, and constant earnestness, seem a salt sufficient to embalm them till the latest possible date of the ephemeral class to which they belong.

Quiet, gentle power is Wardlaw's peculia-

rity as a writer of controversy. He prostrates his adversary with a whisper. His "asides" are thunderbolts. We are reminded of the stripling David, with his fair face and smooth stones from the brook, annihilating Goliath. Without entering on the merits of his dispute with Marshall on the atonement, we may describe their different characters as disputants. Wardlaw is a generous, candid opponent. Marshall is fierce, intolerant, one-sided, sharp, strong, and narrow as the edge of a razor. His dogmatism, to be tolerable, would require to be backed by powers and acquirements little short of divine. No mere man of talent—and Marshall is nothing more—has a right to assume the airs of an oracle. Genius, like a glorious summer tree, may fold itself up in its own beauty, and speak in accents from the depth of its heart; but naked talent can only produce a dry and wintry rustle. And yet not Goethe nor Coleridge ever spoke with the authority assumed by the hero of Kirkintilloch, to whom we are willing to concede energy of language, force of logic, and strong sarcastic emphasis, but who possesses neither the higher nor the lower qualities of a writer—neither the genius which creates, nor the taste and gentlemanly feeling which decorate and beautify.

Who that ever saw or heard Dr. Wardlaw, could, previous to information, dream that he had been engaged in so many and so diverse warfares, that he had fought his way round the whole circle of Christian truth—how possibly have divined a whole century of controversies from the mild gravity of that countenance and the honeycomb accents of that voice? One would have expected a burly form, a knotted brow, and a voice of thunder. But when we consider Wardlaw's management of the majority of the topics he has touched, we find the puzzle explained. He is the meekest of gladiators. It is with a gloved hand that he handles his nettles and thorns; and as to his opponents, in the words of the song, he "kicks them down stairs with such a sweet grace that they think he is handing them up." Yet he has seldom been worsted. Andrew Thomson alone had the complete advantage; but who could resist the brawny muscle, the strenuous logic, the style of iron, the stalwart wit, and the determination at all hazards and by all means to level his opponent, which distinguished that "mighty man of valor?" Wardlaw wields a light elegant sword-cane; Thomson had the club of Hercules—he had a giant's power, and he did use it like a giant. In reading all his writings you feel yourself

surrounded by an air of high literary accomplishment. He has read extensively, variedly, and digested his knowledge into healthy chyle. If not a learned man, in the sense in which Bentley, Clarke, and Warburton were learned men, his scholarship is elegant, true, thoroughly under his control, and furnishes quite sufficient fuel for the mild flame of his genius.

We mention last among his general qualities that liberality, blended with Christian and catholic charity, which is the glory of his character, even as his gray locks are the crown of his venerable head. While warmly attached to his own denomination, his real home is the universal church. Hence he has, amid his multitude of opponents, never, we believe, made a single enemy; hence his name goes out to the extreme boundaries of the church, like a spilled fragrance; hence, when his "post" shall come, similar lamentations shall be made for him as were made for Stephen, Paul, and Chalmers; and a similar reception beyond the river awaits him, when again "glorious it shall be to see how the open region is filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome this pilgrim as he goes up, and enters in at the beautiful gate of the city." High prospect! How different the harmonious and heaven-seeking life of a man like Wardlaw—clear, aspiring, complete, and holy, as the flame on an altar—from the brilliant, but haggard, broken, and sad existence of the many unfortunate men of genius in this age, who have wandered into that wide field full of dark mountains, where they have stumbled and fallen, to rise no more!

With all Wardlaw's works, so exceedingly numerous and diversified, we do not profess to be acquainted, nor have we any notion that all or most of them shall survive him; gems, selections, beauties, may and must; and when he puts off this tabernacle, we trust his friends will show themselves possessed of more sense than to inflict on the public every scrap of his composition which can be rescued from the litter of his library or the sweepings of his study-floor. Either the vanity of the author who leaves so much rubbish within the reach of publication, or the folly of his posthumous friends, must be enormous.

There is one work we wish Dr. Wardlaw had not been induced to undertake, we refer to his "Lectures on Prostitution." All honor to the motives which suggested the course, but to set a mind like his to rake the kennel of vulgar vice, and to produce its

filthy spoils before the eye of day, was inexcusable, unless good effects of the most unequivocal kind could have been prognosticated to flow from it. Can any touch pitch and not be defiled? Dr. Wardlaw certainly managed the topic with delicacy and tact; but the effect, we fear, of any book upon a subject purely disgusting cannot be good. Pity and horror it ought to have produced in equal proportions; but the horror preponderated, and horror is seldom, we suspect, in itself, a moral agent. Often, like a view from a precipice, it produces a shuddering desire to plunge over and know the worst.

We have no gossip to give about Dr. Wardlaw, nor, though we had, would we care to give it. We have never met him in private, but have reason to believe that he is there all that is gentlemanly, accessible, and amiable. We quote from a Glasgow publication the following particulars of his history: "He was educated in the Secession Church—a church of which his progenitors were the distinguished founders. We have seen in his possession some of the relics of Ralph Erskine, to whom he is related. At the time he was about to receive license he joined the Independents, who were then instituting the present form of congregationalism. He was ordained in North Albion Street Chapel—a building now otherwise occupied—in 1803, where he labored about twenty years, when his people erected their present place of worship in West George Street, at a cost of about £10,000. He has generally preached there every Sabbath, and often three times. During the earlier part of his ministry he preached without notes; but since that time he generally reads his sermons, and it is universally admitted that he reads gracefully and energetically. As a reader of the Scripture he is certainly without a rival. For forty years he has discharged the duties of Professor to the Glasgow Theological Academy, and till very lately his labors were entirely gratuitous."

We may, in conclusion, quote from ourselves a short description of his manner. "As a speaker, Dr. Wardlaw's tones are soft, tender, and trembling; the key he assumes may be called a long audible whisper. There is a silvery sweetness in his notes, like that of gently flowing streams. He reads, and reads so easily and elegantly, with such earnest quiet of manner, and such fairy music of intonation, that you wish him to read on for ever. Yet there is nothing mawkish about him. You may, indeed, on reflection, wish there had been a greater variety—that,

instead of the eternal dropping of honey from the rock, there had been a mixture of manlier melodies, the crash of the thunder, the shivering burst of the cataract, the full-lipped harmony of the deep river, the jagged music of the mountain stream, or the boom of the breakers in the half-glutted hollows of reef-

rocks; but you do not feel this at the time. While the preacher's voice continues to sound, you listen as to the song of the Syrens—it winds round you like an enchanted thread—you suck it in like honey-dew, or the milk of Paradise. Gravity, without sternness, is the leading expression of his countenance."

From the Quarterly Review.

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.

WITH the Californian discovery of gold science had nothing to do. It was otherwise with the more recent discoveries in Australia. Sir R. Murchison in his latest address to the Geographical Society reminds them that, when he first filled their chair, in 1844, he noticed a forthcoming work by Count Strzelecki on the physical geography of Australia; and declared that on an examination of that traveller's collection of rocks, fossils, and maps, he could not but recognize a singular uniformity between the Australian Cordillera and the auriferous Ural mountains. Two years later he received evidence of the truth of his conjecture in some specimens of gold quartz sent to him from Australia. Thus confirmed, he strongly advised a body of Cornish emigrants to select Australia, and to seek for gold among the *débris* of its older rocks. His advice, printed in the Cornish papers, and transmitted to Sydney, stimulated inquiry, which was so far successful that in 1848 he received several letters from persons in the colony, stating that they had detected gold, and expressing anxious hope that Government would so modify the law as to make it worth their while to engage seriously in mining speculations.

In that same year, 1848, Murchison addressed a formal communication on the subject to Earl Grey, but that statesman did not take any steps in consequence, because, says Sir Roderick, 'as his lordship has since informed me, he feared that the discovery of gold would be very embarrassing to a wool-growing country.' More nonsense has been written on the 'aurisacra fames' theme than on almost any other. It is remarked

by one of the acutest of the French novelists that money can hardly, in one sense, be ill-spent, as it so rapidly flows from wasteful to industrious hands. We are inclined, however, to think that the converse is more true, and that money can hardly be ill-saved. In its more literal sense the phrase will not better stand scrutiny. If in any country the collection of gold is more profitable than the rearing of sheep, we know no reason why it should not preferably be followed. We were quite unprepared for such pastoral predilection in the Colonial Office under Lord Grey's presidency. To realize Arcady in New South Wales and convert convicts into Strephons might be a very amiable conception, but would hardly justify the minister of a great commercial empire—above all, a zealot of *Free Trade*—in an attempt to cushion rich sources of mineral wealth opened in a colony under watch of his intelligence.*

By the despatches of Governor Fitzroy we learn that it was some time in 1849 that a formal application was made to the authorities at Sydney to know what reward would be given for the discovery of a gold district. The applicant was a Mr. Smith—who produced a specimen of gold imbedded in quartz. The reply was a very proper one, that they

* We believe most of our readers are aware that Murchison finally developed his views on the Distribution of Gold throughout the Earth in an article of this Journal for 1850. But it is due to him that we should state the fact; for, on the title-page of an Italian translation of that article lately forwarded to us the authorship is ascribed to Herschel—the translator adding that Sir John was rewarded for it by the Mastership of the Mint!!!

could enter into no blind bargain on the subject, but that if Mr. Smith chose to trust Government, he might rely upon being awarded in proportion to the value of his discovery. The Governor does not seem to have been sorry that this answer proved unsatisfactory:—like his chief, Lord Grey, he feared that gold-seeking might 'agitate the public mind, and divert the attention of persons engaged in industrial pursuits from their proper and more certain avocations.

Nothing further was heard of Mr. Smith, nor of gold-finding—though the news from California must have been eagerly studied—until April 30th, 1851, when a Mr. Hargraves addressed a letter to the Secretary at Sydney, stating that he had explored a considerable tract—that he had succeeded beyond his expectations as to gold—and that he would point out the localities on being assured of 500*l.* upon the truth of his representations being ascertained. This Mr. Hargraves had left Australia to try his fortune in California—but, being struck—though Dr. Shaw says he had no scientific pretensions—with the similarity of structure between the Sierra Nevada and the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, he soon returned. To him the reply was the same as to Smith. Hargraves prudently resolved to trust to the justice of Government, and named the Macquarie river with the Lewis and Summerhill creeks branching from it. His communication was referred to the Geological Surveyor, but he was too sharp to wait the movements of officials; he set some laborers to dig at Summerhill Creek; and before the Surveyor could reach the spot, the Government had received notice (May 8) from the Commissioner of Crown Lands at Bathurst, first, that several ounces of gold had been found—next (May 15) that a man had found a piece weighing thirteen ounces, and that the excitement among all classes was intense, hundreds being already on their way to the new diggings.

On the 19th the Geological Surveyor arrived there, and found about 400 persons occupying a mile of the creek, each collecting with merely a tin dish from one to two ounces daily. The Governor felt the necessity of acting with promptitude. A proclamation was issued, asserting the rights of the Crown to all gold found, and a system of licensing was established:—each license being fixed at 1*l.* 10*s.* per month, payable in advance, and no one to be eligible for a license unless he could prove that he was not

absent from hired service without leave.

The town of Bathurst lies beyond the range of Blue Mountains which forty years ago were thought to form an impassable barrier to the colony on the west. When they were crossed in 1813, a wide and well-watered pastoral country was revealed; and General Macquarie appreciated the discovery. He passed the mountains in person, and founded the township of Bathurst, 121 miles from Sydney. The gold-field at Summerhill—promptly christened Ophir—lies 40 miles north-west of Bathurst over a now clear and defined road, fit for a carriage, and extending to the verge of the settled country. By Sir Charles Fitzroy's care, police-stations were now established along the whole line of road, and a government escort for the conveyance of gold was set a-foot, the charge being one percent. on the value.

The Government was fortunate in finding an active and intelligent officer to carry these regulations into effect. Mr. Hardy, the Commissioner appointed, arrived at the diggings on the 2nd of June, and immediately began issuing licenses. He found about 1500 hundred persons assembled; they were so orderly that he did not need a single policeman, and far from offering resistance to the payment of the license-fee, they were glad to be placed under the supervision of Government. Those who had not money to pay the fee gave gold, which was received at 3*l.* 4*s.* the ounce for that obtained by washing, and 2*l.* 8*s.* by amalgamation. Each little company had a space marked out fronting the creek, 15 feet of frontage being assigned to a party of from three to six. Hardy by and by estimated that about 800 were working regularly. The remainder were mainly old and feeble persons, who came and went—now afresh trying their luck, and then afresh despairing.

During June he issued 605 licenses, and the earnings of the diggers were computed at 30,000*l.*, which would give nearly 50*l.* for each monthly license.

Notwithstanding the numbers congregated, provisions were moderate in price: meat 3*d.* per lb., tea 2*s.*, and sugar 6*d.* The only exception was flour, which at first sold for 7½*d.* per lb., but it fell in a few days to less than half that price. In fact, the diggers were living as cheaply as they could do at Sydney—for 10*s.* or 12*s.* per week.

On the 3rd of June the Council, to their honor be it said, bestowed on Hargraves 500*l.*, and an appointment as Commissioner of Crown Lands. He was at the same time

informed that it would be for the Imperial Government to grant him such further remuneration as his discovery might be thought to deserve. Considering that gold is now produced in Australia at the rate of at least five millions per annum, it is to be hoped that this enterprising man will receive some additional reward.

By the end of May winter had set in: the nights were frosty, and the small ponds covered with ice. Those persons who had arrived without tents or clothing, hoping to pick up a fortune in a day, were grievously disappointed at the toil and time required to collect but a moderate quantity of the coveted ore. Many had come on foot from Sydney; long and weary as the route had been, they saw no resource but to retrace it, and their dismal representations served to cool the excitement which had set in. Those, however, who had been more provident and were better fitted for the work, continued their labors with general though by no means uniform success. Four men, working on the slopes of Lewis Pond's Creek, obtained one day two ounces, and the next seven. The Commissioner estimated that at these creeks there was profitable employment for 5000 diggers:—but they were soon to be deserted for richer ground.

The Government's Geological Surveyor, Mr. Stutchbury, in the course of his explorations, found that gold was distributed over the bed of the Turon river, and much more evenly than in other places. This stream flows, like the Summerhill and Lewis Creeks, into the Macquarie, but twenty or thirty miles further to the east. The watercourse of the Creeks is steep, rugged and narrow. The Turon runs through a spacious valley, in a broad and level course, between much higher hills, but miles distant on either side, and alliformed of mica-slate without quartz-veins, whereas at Summerhill the quartz-veins are abundant. The stream is without any of the abrupt elbows and narrow gorges which mark the Creeks, and, as a consequence, the gold is more evenly distributed and much finer in the grain. This fine gold he found diffused through the soil "as regularly as wheat in a sown field"—but the yield was not in this part of the river very large. It was suggested that nearer its source the ore would turn up more abundantly, though of coarser grain, and, trial being made, within four days three men found ten pounds weight of gold. A thousand men were speedily congregated at the Turon, and the average of each man seemed to be about an ounce daily. By and by, after careful travel, Mr.

Hargraves reported the course of the stream to be auriferous for at least 130 miles.

Some 20 miles north of the Turon is the Meroo, another tributary of the Macquarie, and branching from it is the Louisa Creek. By this creek a native shepherd in the service of Dr. Kerr discovered gold embedded in masses of quartz. He struck one of the blocks with his tomahawk, and the pure ore was at once revealed. The gold was contained in three blocks of quartz, lying 100 yards distant from a quartz vein. The largest of the blocks weighed 75 lbs. gross, and 60 lbs. of gold were taken from it. Unfortunately the blocks were broken up for greater convenience of transit; the largest piece of gold then weighed 6 lbs. 4 oz. The whole mass of gold taken from the quartz weighed 106 lbs. It was promptly taken to the Australian Bank at Bathurst, and was subsequently seized by the Commissioner on the part of the Crown, as Dr. Kerr had taken out no license and a royalty of 10 per cent. was reserved on gold in place. But as this was the first discovery of the kind, the Government remitted its claims, and Dr. Kerr became undisputed possessor of 6000*l.* prize. It may be supposed that the surrounding country was diligently explored; the search was for some time unsuccessful; but at last another lump of gold, also embedded in its natural matrix of quartz, was dug out from the clay, about 25 yards from the spot where the former blocks were discovered. The weight of this lump was 336 ounces, and it was sold by public auction for 1155*l.* With such prizes in the wheel it is easy to account for the restlessness of the diggers.

The next discovery of magnitude was at Araluen, 200 miles south of the Turon, and between 160 and 170 miles south of Sydney. The Araluen is a tributary of the Deni river, which empties itself into the ocean near lat. 36 S. Mr. Hardy expresses ere long his opinion that its wide valley would prove "the most extensive digging yet discovered. . . . Even at the present height of the water persons can make from 15*s.* to 30*s.* each per diem. . . . Several thousand diggers would not exhaust the locality for many years."—Other gold fields, since revealed, in New South Wales, and some of them rich ones, have their places in the map of the latest blue-book. They extend from the tributaries of the Condamine and the Brisbane, in the Moreton district, on the north, to branches of the Snowy River, in Gipps's Land, to the south—a distance of 700 miles. But the richest were to be eclipsed by the discoveries in the sister colony.

Nothing whatever had been known of Port Philip until 1836—when some stock masters from Van Diemen's Land, noting its beautiful pastures, carried thither large numbers of sheep and cattle. Sir Thomas Mitchell, appointed to report, termed it Australia Felix. A town was speedily commenced on the Yarra Yarra, and though the site was ill-chosen as a port, Melbourne became, almost as soon as founded, a flourishing settlement. In 1850 the district had assumed so much importance that it was formed into a separate colony, and the name Victoria conferred upon it. Here the traders and farmers were now groaning over the tidings from Sydney. Their best hands had at once started for the gold-fields, and, if this went on, what but ruin could be anticipated? To keep the people at home a meeting was held, and 200 guineas proposed as a reward to the discoverer of a gold-field within 120 miles from the town of Melbourne; nor did they wait long before such discoveries were announced—first, at Anderson's Creek, only 16 miles off—next, at Clunes, on one of the head-waters of the West Loden, 90 miles to the north; and then at Ballarat, near the remarkable volcanic hill Boninyon. Before the worth of the other diggings could be tested, the superior richness of this field attracted all adventurers. The discovery was announced in August last year, and the regulations adopted at Sydney were immediately put in force by Governor Latrobe, but with far less effect from the scant resources at his disposal.

The Ballarat diggings are situated near the source of the river Len—the richest locality being appropriately termed Golden Point. It was visited by Mr. Latrobe, who states that it presents superficially no feature to distinguish it from any other of the numerous forested spurs which descend from the broken ranges at the foot of the higher ridges, and bound the valley on either side. Though gold is to be found in greater or less quantities in the whole of the surrounding country, this particular point has a superficial structure different from that of others. In his despatch of October 10 Mr. Latrobe says:

‘Roughly stated, a section of a working shows, under the superficial soil,—

1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel;
2. Streaked yellowish and red clay;
3. Quartz gravels of moderate size;
4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders; masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work;
5. Blue and white clay;
6. Pipe clay below which none of the

workings have as yet been carried.—Gold has been detected, I believe, in all the superior formations, even in the superficial soil. But by far the richest deposit is found in the small veins of blue clay, which lie above the so-called “pipe-clay,” in which no trace of the ore has been discovered. The ore is, to all appearance, quite pure. It is found occasionally in rolled or waterworn irregular lumps, of various sizes, sometimes incorporated with round pebbles of quartz, which appears to have formed its original matrix; at other times without any admixture whatever, in irregular rounded or smooth pieces—and again in fused, irregular masses of pure metal. . . . The seams break off, and thin out, continually. The closest proximity to a rich vein can afford no certain assurance that labor will be similarly rewarded. I however witnessed the washing of two tin dishes of this clay, of about twenty inches in diameter, the yield of which was no less than eight pounds weight of pure gold, and I have seen two or at most three cubic inches of the same yield four ounces.’

Mr. Latrobe found about 2500 persons assembled; and he says—

“One party is known to have raised sixteen pounds weight at an early hour of the day, and to have secured thirty-one pounds weight in one day's work. Many parties of four men have shared, day after day, ten ounces per man. I can testify to the fact of ten pounds weight and upwards being the produce of a single working during one of the days of my visit, and I have no reason to believe that this case was an isolated one.”

The effect of this discovery was almost completely to empty Geelong and Melbourne—neither of the towns being distant above sixty miles. In a few weeks, however, the excitement here, as in the sister colony, cooled down; the product, though in particular instances larger, seems to have been less regular than on the Turon and Araluen, and numbers returned to their former employments. Up to the month of October the steady workers do not seem to have exceeded 3000;—but the discovery of yet more productive diggings at Mount Alexander, about forty miles north of Ballarat, and seventy-five of Melbourne, raised the fever higher than ever.

The discovery was accidental. A shepherd found gold encased in a piece of quartz which he picked up on his folding ground. A careful examination showed gold in a seam of compact quartz of about a foot in thickness. A party followed up the seam, and in the course of a fortnight took from it, and from narrow layers of clay in the adjacent rock, gold to the value of 300*l.* or 400*l.* But here, as in so many other places, Nature had beneficially spared man the labor of breaking up the rock, and had spread out her richest treasures ready to his hand. In the bed of a

creek, descending from the Mount, and facing a junction with the East Loddon river, gold was found abundantly diffused in the gravelly soil. When these tidings were published people flocked, not only from every part of Victoria, but from Van Diemen's Land, from South Australia—even from the rich grounds of the Turon and Araluen. Seamen slipped from the ships in harbor, thriving shops were shut up, and respectable men left situations of trust to take their lot with the diggers. By December it was computed that 12,000 were assembled in an area of 15 square miles.

The Governor and Council inconsiderately resolved to raise the license fee to 3*l.* per month. The diggers met to the number of several thousands, and resolved on resistance. The Government was in no position to enforce its act, and had to draw back, thus affording a dangerous evidence of its own weakness and of the diggers' strength. Mr. Latrobe complains bitterly of the insignificant force at his disposal, and seems seriously to apprehend some lawless and desperate outbreak from the hordes of adventurers thus suddenly drawn together. Mr. Latrobe, in fact, seems to have shared in the excitement of the hour, and imagined, with the Australian papers, that the world was about to be turned upside down. There is something strongly resembling exaggeration in the statements he furnishes of the distress of Government from the desertion of clerks and officers. It has been reported that his domestic servants left him *en masse*, and that he was reduced to the necessity of grooming his own horse and chopping wood to light a fire for his breakfast. These afflictions, however, do not darken any page of his despatches; nor, when we examine in detail the reports supplied him from the heads of departments, do we find that wholesale desertion we had been prepared to shudder over. It is true that an augmentation of 50 per cent. was ordered on all salaries not exceeding 250*l.*, and that salaries of 250*l.* and of 350*l.* were advanced respectively to 350*l.* and 500*l.* Some considerable increase was, in fact, unavoidable from the rise in price of necessaries. The only departments which seem seriously to have suffered are those of the police and the harbor-master. Governments, like private individuals, must expect to pay for labor what it is worth. These discoveries altered the conditions of society. Those on the lowest rounds of the ladder suddenly found themselves at the top of it.* Able-bodied men became the

most valued members of the community. It is contrary to all our notions that a policeman or a scavenger should be entitled to as high wages as a government clerk. Not often can the rude labor of the nervous arm assert equality with the skilled hand or trained head. Mr. Latrobe found it difficult to accommodate himself to the change; and there was some reason in the complaint of the Victorians, who found themselves destitute of efficient protection, while a stream of gold produced by their labor was flooding the treasury. The large sums returned by the licensing system could hardly have been turned to better account than by hiring labor at what it was worth to preserve order, to collect the government dues, and to form roads through districts suddenly thronged with traffic. A liberal outlay for these purposes would perhaps have been true economy, as from the insufficiency of the government staff thousands of diggers evaded payment of the license fee, and thus set a bad example by showing how easily the official regulations might be defied. The last accounts—among others the shrewd pages of Dr. Shaw—represent matters as mending. The police force has been strengthened; men are not difficult to be procured when due wages are offered; the constables receive 5*s.* 9*d.* per day and their rations; and a commencement has been made in the very necessary work of forming roads to the chief gold-fields, as it was feared that necessities might rise to famine prices from the old paths being cut up in the winter months. As it is, an instance is recorded of the rate of carriage from Alexander to Melbourne being as high as 90*l.* per ton.

The increase in the Victoria revenue is without parallel. The licenses alone in the last quarter of 1851 yielded 25,481*l.*, and

shear his flocks, and made up his mind to submit to their own terms. "Well, master," said the fellows after a consultation, "We'll return and do the job, provided"—"Yea," interrupted the master joyfully, "I agree,"—"provided we have the wool." As he was turning away they offered him 15*s.* a day to stay and be their cook. A Melbourne paper of May last has the following paragraph:—"How ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!—A member of the Legislative Council of Victoria was seen a few days ago retailing apples at the diggings. Another gentleman well known in South Australia as an old colonist, hospitable country gentleman, and M. L. C., is now wending his way on foot to the same centre of attraction, his outer man clad in a blue shirt, and carrying a heavy *swag*." The "ladies" of the diggers flaunt through the streets in the richest silks and satins the stores can furnish, while some of their lords in their holiday excursions scorn to drink anything but champagne.

* One stockmaster whose hands had deserted him went to the diggings to induce them to return to

in the first quarter of 1852 the amount rose to 48,597*l.*, a much larger sum than was produced by the whole general revenue in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. The chief items in these returns mark more plainly than any description could do the influence which the diggings have already exercised over the fortunes of the colony. The general review from customs, postage, &c., which in the last quarter of 1850 was 31,330*l.*, rose in the last quarter of 1851 to 42,041*l.*, and in the first three months of 1852 to 75,272*l.* The crown revenue from the sale of lands, licenses, &c., which was 37,008*l.* in the last quarter of 1850, increased to 102,307*l.* in the last quarter of 1851, and to 156,827*l.* in the first quarter of 1852. The total revenue of the first three months of 1851 was 49,118*l.*, and of the corresponding period in 1852, 232,099*l.* At this rate Victoria, our youngest child in Australia, has a revenue about equal to the kingdom of Saxony. We must imagine our Chancellor of the Exchequer to be in possession of some fifty millions per quarter, when he had only reckoned on the customary thirteen, to appreciate the fortunate state of the Victoria treasury, or to understand those complaints of Mr. Latrobe's inertness and of the insufficiency of the police-force which such outrages as the robbery of the Nelson treasure-ship call forth from the colonists.*

A rise in the price of provisions was to be expected:—it, however, has not been of so alarming a nature as might be anticipated from Mr. Latrobe's language. The Government contracts for 1852, as compared with 1851, show a rise in bread from 1½*d.* to 2¼*d.* per lb.; fresh beef from 1¼*d.* to 2*d.*; tea 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; sugar 2½*d.* to 2¾*d.*; brandy

* The governors of the sister colonies manage to be on better terms with the people. Sir Charles Fitzroy recently paid a visit to the Turon diggings, and was rapturously received. Upwards of a hundred diggers, in their usual costume, met him at dinner at Captain Broomfield's. In responding to the hearty cheers which greeted his health, we learn 'his Excellency said he could perceive that many a warm and friendly heart towards him was beating under the red shirt of the digger. He further alluded to the admirable obedience and respect to the laws which had been shown by this community under such exciting circumstances, and finally sat down amidst a tremendous burst of applause.' Sir F. Young is not less popular in South Australia. The establishment of a mill between Adelaide and Mount Alexander is a sign of the excellent spirit of his government. Some of Mr. Latrobe's regulations appear unnecessarily stringent, as, for instance, that the escort shall take no parcels of gold of less than a pound weight.

15*s.* to 17*s.*, &c. The latest reports of the Melbourne markets quote good bullocks at 3*l.* 5*s.* to 4*l.* each—sheep 8*s.* to 10*s.*; fine flour 25*s.* per cwt. These are certainly not famine prices. The charges of retailers have, of course, risen more considerably, but will soon fall as supplies are brought from other ports. By the enhanced price of all manufactured articles, a field is opened for the industry of the mother country, which, it is obvious, will not be neglected.*

We fear Mr. Latrobe is not to be taken as a safe authority on the general earnings of the diggers. His imagination is in a ferment on this as on other points. As a proof of 'the wonderfully great yield,' he mentions that a pound weight of gold a day is a moderate remuneration for a party; that there are instances of as 'much as fifty being the result of a few hours' labor;' and that '*many parties* within a very limited period have secured forty, fifty, and even seventy pounds weight.' Among the payments of gold brought down by Government escort, he instances the following:—

"Eddy and Gill (five in company) 3008 ounces raised in seven weeks.

"D'Arcy (four in company) 2223 ounces in eight weeks."

This would give nearly 2000*l.* to each man—a product so great as to suggest a doubt whe-

* At the late Sheffield Cutlers' Feast this point was effectively noticed by Lord E. Howard:—"At the present time, when no man, not even the most intelligent—when neither the hardworking merchant nor the greatest financial authority could tell what was likely to be the result, or even the probable extent, of the gold discoveries, that wonderful phenomenon that had recently occurred in the world—when in search of that metal our most-distant colonies were becoming thickly peopled—it was impossible to doubt that the tendency of events was to open large markets for the commerce of this country; and he was quite sure that Sheffield would not be behind in her commercial relations with those new communities, and that a market for her wares would be found wherever the British name or even the foot of man had penetrated.' Other speakers dwell on the improved state of the town. One said that six years ago there were in that borough some thousands of unoccupied houses—now they were at a premium; and Mr. Denison asserted that the other towns of the West Riding were more prosperous than had been previously known; that they were accumulating wealth more rapidly; and that comfort and sanitary improvement were increasing in an equal ratio. The accounts from other manufacturing districts are similar; at Manchester 'every spindle and every loom is in full employment;' yet, according to some economists, the gold discoveries have had no effect in producing this gratifying change.

ther the whole was actually raised by the individuals who claimed it. We are not without data for a tolerably correct average. Taking the actual amount shipped from Melbourne to the end of March last, and allowing for the quantity supposed to be at the diggings and waiting shipment, it would appear that about 700,000 ounces had been raised in Victoria. At 3*l.* per ounce this would be worth 2,100,000*l.* The licenses issued up to the same date were 49,886. Dividing the gold by this number, we get 42*l.* 10*s.* as the average monthly earnings of each licensed digger, but as a great number of persons evaded payment of the license-fee, the real earnings of the diggers must have been considerably less. In New South Wales the government regulations were more strictly enforced. The amount raised there to the end of March may be taken at 320,000 ounces, and the value at 960,000*l.* The licenses issued were 30,781, and by the same rule these figures give 31*l.* 8*s.* as the monthly average, which is probably very near the truth, the most intelligent of the Commissioners commonly speaking of 1*l.* per day as the diggers' earnings.

At Adelaide this golden news had not only the effect of drawing away the bulk of the laboring population, but of draining the colony of money to purchase the gold, which offered by far the most profitable and certain investment that could be found. While Governor Latrobe lugubriously feared that the discovery would prove "anything but a blessing," and regarded with a troubled mind the efforts of "the disreputable or unthinking agitators of the day," and "the language and demeanor of many portions of the press," to whose comments his Excellency seems to have been needlessly sensitive, Governor Young in the sister colony deplored the stagnation of business and the absence of that stimulus which made Victoria so bustling. One required that "a regiment at least" should be stationed at Melbourne to preserve order; while the other offered a reward of 1000*l.* for the discovery of gold in South Australia, and made every preparation for thankfully receiving the bright stream, even to the issue of proclamations and the preparation of forms of license, whenever its sources should be opened. So eager was the expectation of the colonists, that some clever hands—as they would be styled on the other side the Atlantic—attempted to secure the reward by stratagem. They took the commissioners to some creeks in the Mount Lofty ranges, and washing the black alluvial soil, produced from

it four small pieces of gold. "Every portion that was washed, whether taken from the banks of the stream, or a few yards distant from it, yielded a small piece of gold. Altogether 14 grains were obtained." A government notice, stating the fact, was immediately put forth, and the deputy-surveyor was directed immediately to proceed to the spot, and "cause plots of ground to be measured off," and licenses to be issued according "to the terms already published." But—for the prudence of the Government we are happy to say—the notification contained a warning that the quantity of gold yet found did not exceed *two shillings in value*. A considerable number soon gathered, and commenced digging and washing with great eagerness; but neither by them nor by the careful researches of the commissioners was a trace of gold found; and these last could come to no other conclusion than that the gold which had been produced in their presence "was not a natural deposit of the soil from which it was then taken." Up to the latest date it does not appear that any gold has been discovered in South Australia, though the geological formation of the country about Adelaide is said to be highly promising.

The gold fields discovered thus far stretch in a south-westerly direction from the Moreton district to Ballarat, a distance exceeding one thousand miles: the line is everywhere marked by mountain ranges, from which innumerable streams flow into the principal rivers. Gold is also said to have been found in Van Diemen's Land, though the produce has not as yet been sufficient for any judgment to be formed of the value of the discovery. It is to be recollected that that search for gold which has been diligently maintained in the Old World since the first period of recorded history, and which has in the aggregate produced an amount of treasure beyond all calculation, has scarcely yet commenced in Australia. The extent and richness of the deposits found in the first year of inquiry can be regarded as but specimens of the wealth which lies yet unexplored in her virgin soil.

The encouragement which these discoveries will certainly give to emigration from England is a very important point. It is more than half a century since an amiable and ingenious man tormented himself and his readers by speculations on the miseries which would, according to all probability, overwhelm civilized countries from a superabundance of population. We do not remember whether any date was fixed on for

the commencement of the calamity among ourselves; but as it was laid down as a first principle that no increased production of food could possibly keep pace with the increase of population, the danger became more imminent year by year. Since the issue of Mr. Malthus's Essay our population has doubled in number, and yet we are in this year (1852) likely to experience a scarcity of hands for the work set before us, as a great empire, to accomplish. What a comment does this fact supply on those daring theories, which go to the length of questioning the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty Creator and Governor of the Universe!

From all our colonies in the Southern Ocean the cry is for more people. We can send them nothing they value so highly as labor. The settlers, without exception, see their way to new enterprises and greater profits, if they had but more hands to help them. In New South Wales the Legislature passed an address, urging the continuance of immigration, and voted a sum of 100,000*l.* for the purpose, to be raised by loan on the land revenue. "A deputation of gentlemen interested in New South Wales," say the Colonial Emigration Officers, "have already waited on us, to press for its immediate expenditure." "Never," says a Sydney paper of 1st May last, "was labor so difficult to procure as it is at the present time, nor do we believe that wages, taking all classes of operatives together, were ever so high." In Morton Bay labor is so needed that the people pray for a separation from New South Wales that they may be supplied with convicts. From Victoria 113,000*l.* has been sent over by Governor Latrobe, to be spent in immigration for the present year; and he writes that "several gentlemen possessing property and influence have urged, that, if emigrants could not otherwise be obtained, *paupers should be obtained from the union workhouses, and foreigners from the Continent of Europe.*" Sir F. Young, from South Australia, states the general wish, "that the stream of emigration at the expense of the land-fund should continue to flow into the colony as heretofore." Sir W. Denison, from Van Diemen's Land, presses that convicts may be sent out on probation, and that the whole 30,000*l.* voted by Parliament for emigration purposes may be spent in providing passages for laboring men and their families to that colony.

There were two obstacles in the way of these suggestions—first, the difficulty of procuring desirable emigrants. To remove this, the Commissioners have twice lowered their

scale of deposits, which now stands at 2*l.* and 3*l.* a head for agricultural laborers, 1*l.* for women and married men, and 10*s.* for children. The age for the minimum rate of deposit has been advanced from forty to forty-five, and families with not more than four children under twelve are admitted to a free passage. The deposit for certain classes of artisans and mechanics and their wives has been reduced from 5*l.* to 2*l.* each. Special missions were sent to localities where it seemed likely that emigrants might be obtained: one, for example, to the isle of Skye and another to the north of Ireland. As the result in great part, no doubt, of these "stimulating" measures, the Commissioners have now on their books the names of some thousands more than it will be possible to provide with a passage. The scarcity of shipping presents a second and a more serious obstacle. The freight paid by the Commissioners in past years to the various ports of Australia was from 13*l.* to 15*l.* per head; this year the contract price has risen to 17*l.* 19*s.* per adult for Geelong, and 18*l.* 19*s.* for Portland Bay. The emigration to Australia was—

	In 1850.		In 1851.	
	Ships.	Emigrants.	Ships.	Emigrants.
New South Wales,	3	725	3	794
Victoria, ...	2	533	3	1040
South Australia, .	5	1200	8	2100
	10	2458	14	3934

In the first six months of 1852 the numbers were—

	Ships.	Emigrants.
New South Wales,	6	1791
Victoria, ...	19	7253
South Australia, .	10	2901
	35	11945

For the later months of the year the Commissioners proposed, if possible, to despatch ten or twelve ships a month.—Yet even this emigration will probably be insignificant compared with that effected by private effort. A glance at the daily advertisements excites amazement at the sudden extension of our commerce in that direction. From fifty to sixty first-class ships, varying from 500 to 2,200 tons, leave the ports of Liverpool and London each month. Steamers of magnificent dimensions are pressed into the service, and new ones, better adapted to the length of voyage, are on the stocks. The Great Britain, of 3,500 tons, sailed at the close of

August, with between 600 and 700 passengers. It is computed that during the summer the emigration to Australia has been at the rate of 20,000 persons monthly.

During the last five years the emigration from the United Kingdom has averaged 284,534 persons a year, and "it now," says the Commissioners, "exceeds the highest estimate of the annual increase of the population." In the second quarter of this year there were abstracted from us—

By death, ...	100,813
By emigration, ...	125,112
	225,925

The births amounted to 159,136, showing a decrease in the population for three months of 66,789 souls! Previous to 1847, the largest number who emigrated in one year was 129,851 in 1846; last year the number was 335,966, and it appears likely that this year it will be still greater. In last August, 61 emigration ships sailed from Liverpool, having on board 21,907 persons. The number in the corresponding month of 1851 was only 16,714. The amount of money sent over by the emigrants who had established themselves in other lands, to assist the emigration of their friends, amounted in 1851 to £990,000. It is observed by the Commissioners that those who depart, include a large proportion of the youngest, the healthiest, and most energetic of the adult population, on which the excess of births over deaths mainly depends. In the case of Ireland we watch such an operation without regret; for it opens the fairest prospect of relief from the long-rooted evil of a pauper peasantry. But in England we have no surplus of that class from which the Commissioners pick their emigrants—men in the prime of life, of steady industry, and good character. Some apprehensions are not unreasonably expressed that we shall soon feel the need—if the need is not felt already—of those artisans and laborers whom we are using unnecessary efforts to send from our shores.* Emigrants of another class we could better spare. We have amongst us a superfluity of ingenious and educated men. In Australia many such might, no doubt, find some occupation better suited to their adventurous disposition than

any they can innocently pursue at home—and perhaps succeed in scrambling their way to fortune.

It must be confessed, however, that *gold-digging* is no child's play. "The whole is an operation of great labor and uncertainty," writes one Sydney official; "it is hard work compared with shepherding or hut-keeping, but it is not hard work to able men," reports another. A Bathurst paper informs us that at the Turon "the labor is extremely heavy, and the works of an extraordinary character; many parties have dug from twenty-four to thirty feet deep, and some of them are *actually tunnelling under the bed of the river*." Again, from Major's Creek, "the labor is immense, the depth of the holes would be pronounced by Dominie Sampson prodigious, and the constant exertion required in pumping, draining, &c., calls into exercise the patience and perseverance of the most industrious." At one spot we hear of *two men* sinking a shaft 130 feet deep. The general report of the diggers is, that they have "a squalid unhealthy appearance, from exposure, privation, and dust, sore eyes being universally prevalent." We, therefore, recommend those persons here, who, seduced by Mr. Latrobe's despatches, and by the visions of Sofala and Mount Alexander, are on the point of throwing up good situations and of engaging first-class berths for Sydney or Port Philip, to try a little amateur digging in their suburban gardens just to see how they relish the work. Let them mark off a surface of 12 feet by 20, and dig it 30 feet deep. Then let them convey the earth round their bounds a sufficient number of times to represent the miles that must often be traversed to get at water, and afterwards carefully wash it. Or, if they have no fancy for dry diggings, let them turn the pipe of the New River Company which supplies their premises, into their partially excavated "claim," till the water rises to the height of their chin, and then dig, and pump, and bale until they have got to the required depth. Let them retire from their labor at night to sleep on the ground under shelter of a canvas tent; and—if they find this way of spending their autumn holidays more agreeable than a ramble through Switzerland or a sojourn on our own coast—if, moreover, they do not mind either ugly language and ruffianly threats, or ague and ophthalmia—then they may depart and take their chance of earning £20 or £30 a-month by the drudgery of a *navie*.

There are exceptions to all rules—and just

* The *Times* (Sept. 25) comforts us by the assurance that, in case of need for labor whether agricultural or manufacturing here, we may count on ready supplies from Denmark, Belgium, Germany—and *Normandy*! What a pity it is Malthus is gone!

as in our late battles under Lord Hardinge it did not escape observation that the most daring of the *private* dragoons were often English *Gentlemen* of fallen fortune—several of whom in fact had once held commissions in Her Majesty's army—so among the diggers, in spite of their red shirts, Dr. Shaw's eye at once detected a not inconsiderable sprinkling of 'Aristocrats;' but, in spite of every thing, as a rule, the rough work must be done by the horny hands. Whatever effect it may have on their condition, to them belongs the toil and the profit. The mere superficial diggings are rarely of much value. One experimenter says:—

"On the third morning we commenced on a bed of red marl, which we found more difficult to work than stone; from its close and compact texture, it turned the points of the picks so as to render it necessary to have them repointed and sharpened every hour. My hands soon blistered to such a degree, that the blood oozed from them down the handles of the tools. Notwithstanding the great exertions made by every one of the party, some days elapsed before we got through the stratum of red marl; and on testing it in the usual manner not a grain of gold was obtained. When we got through the red marl, we expected that our labor would be comparatively light to what it had been, but we were sadly disappointed. On commencing work, we found that the yellow marl was much harder than the red, and resembled cement. We could only chip small pieces about the size of a crown piece, in addition to which it was intermixed with large pieces of quartz we had to break before it could be thrown out; the jar of the tools was most distressing to the hands. After a week's hard work we got through this formation."—*Hall's Practical Experience*, pp. 26-7.

After all only three or four ounces were got from this hole, and another had to be sunk with equal labor. On the seventh day the blue clay was reached, and gold to the value of £415 obtained in a few hours. Fortunate claims are frequently sold over and over again, the product becoming richer as the depth increases. In California, Mr. Coke relates:—

"Three Englishmen bought a claim, 300 feet by 100 feet, for 1,400 dollars. It had been twice before bought and sold for considerable sums, each party who sold it supposing it to be nearly exhausted. In three weeks the Englishmen paid their 1,400 dollars, and cleared 13 dollars a day besides for their trouble. This claim, which is not an unusually rich one, though perhaps it has been more successfully worked, has produced in eighteen months over 20,000 dollars."

In Australia the like trafficking in claims is common, but, from the depth to which

they are carried, they are to be considered rather as small mines than mere surface diggings.

It would be vain, as we have already said, to attempt any calculation of the ultimate proceeds from discoveries so recent. Up to the first week in June last it is certain, from the actual exports, that the total gold raised in *Australia* must have amounted to about £4,000,000 in value—and the produce was still increasing. For the last week in May the government escort started from Alexander with 37,000 ounces, but, finding the load too heavy, left 6,000 ounces behind. We have seen that the deposits first discovered were deserted, not from any failure of production, but from richer fields being found. They remain to reward later comers; and as other tracts are explored, new treasures, we doubt not, will be revealed. The number of diggers at present, judging from the licenses issued, can hardly reach 20,000; at what rate will production proceed when emigrants from England, from China, from California, flow into the ports of Sydney and Melbourne? It seems moderate to assume that 50,000 laborers will be scattered over the various Australian gold-fields before the end of this year; and, taking their earnings at—(what is for the moment below the mark)—£20 per month—we have a yield equal to £12,000,000 yearly.

The total produce of California, up to the 10th of January, is stated by Mr. Scheer at about £62,000,000; but his figures, taken from a gold circular published at San Francisco, must be much too high. From £35,000,000 to £40,000,000 would probably be nearer the mark. The careful inquiries of Mr. Birkmyre, whose tables appeared in the *Times* of May 21, give £17,380,544 as the amount raised last year; he adds—

"It is confidently expected by the Americans that the recent discoveries of very rich deposits in various districts will raise the exports for 1852 to £21,041,660. This, moreover, is a very moderate allowance, as the exports alone in the first three months are known to have amounted to 3,900,000 dollars more than those of the three corresponding months of 1851."

The main fact here is the continuous increase in the rate of production.* The diggers

* Official Report of Deposits of Gold from California at the various United States' Mints in			
1848	-	-	44,177 dollars
Ditto, 1849	-	-	6,147,609 "
Ditto, 1850	-	-	36,074,062 "
Ditto, 1851	-	-	55,988,232 "

—*Huasey & Co.'s Circular*, San Francisco, July 30, 1852.

now carry forward their works on a larger scale. One of the finest pieces of gold yet raised, weighing 26lbs., was found 60 feet below the surface. Canals are being constructed to carry water to rich grounds, and further discoveries are announced.

"An English company had purchased the Mount Ophir vein, and were about to erect new and extensive machinery upon it. The miners at Carson's Creek, Angels, and San Andreas, were averaging 12 dollars per day. New and valuable diggings had been discovered at Soldiers' Gulch, Calaveras County; and exceedingly rich cayotte diggings on the middle fork of the Yuba; shafts had been sunk to the depth of 30 feet, and as much as 115 dollars had been taken out of a single panful of the dirt. The Bay State Company, at the Marmaduke-hill diggings, were cutting a tunnel of 500 feet in length through the solid quartz rock."—*Times*, August 30, 1852.

From the day when Captain Sutter set his Indians to work, the amount raised in California has been advancing almost month by month.

With the rapid development of these new fields of supply there appears no reason to apprehend any failure from older sources. The yield of Russia in 1851 is calculated in Erman's Archives at more than 60,000lbs. Troy. This may have been exceeded in former years, but as it has advanced from about 13,000 lbs. in 1828 (according to Humboldt's estimate,) and as it is likely, from the heavy duties levied by the Russian government on the produce of private mines, that a much less quantity is exported than is actually raised, there is no ground for supposing that the average of some years past is materially declining.

From Hegg's Instructor.

THOMAS CARLYLE,

WITH A PORTRAIT.

UNPREPARED readers, coming for the first time upon the writings of Thomas Carlyle, are apt enough to be confounded and repelled. It is like finding one's self alone, on a desolate road, with a big, suspicious-looking, bludgeon-armed fellow-traveller: now, you fancy he is about to strike you; now, to leave you, when you really need his help. At one moment, he is talking, with the most unequivocally sardonic scorn, of some institution, or function, or thought, you have been taught to hallow; at another, he is squelching the very brains out of some poor devilkin who had tried to insult the said institution, function, or thought, in some other fashion than his. Then, he will appeal to you, to all that is manly and godly in you, to give your assent to some quite old-world truth, which you never knew yourself doubting; then, he will seriously ask you, whether you suppose things are going on in and around you as they ought. Anon, he has broken away from your side, and is crooning-up into the azure depths a lament that would wring tears from

the very stones, if they would try to understand it. In the twinkling of an eye, he is back upon you, looking at you earnestly, not without fierceness, and over your inmost soul rolling surge after surge of most terrific prophecy, with applications in every paragraph to yourself. A word, here and there, seems to come out of the very page and spit upon you—another word, a whole page of words, to flash light down into the deepest parts of the soul. Unknown authors, unheard-of editors, start up in every chapter, beckon to you, bow to you, talk sense or nonsense, as the dramatic necessity may demand, and then fall back into unseenness, until they are appealed to again. Books are quoted; whose quotations no man can verify. Newspapers are referred to, from whose existence government derives no income. Extracts are given from philosophies, which no universities out of the moon will profess. And the whole of this, quotation, speech, and prophecy, as far as style is concerned, is a perfect outbursting of Germanized sentences, superfluous capi-

tals, street cries, newspaper slang, sanitary technicalities, and scraps of poetry (original, not rhyme) and history.

It is an unhappy result, when such an impression drives the unprepared reader away from Carlyle's books. A second reading, still more a third, would convince him that the confusion and contradiction did not belong to the author, but to himself. It is the couched eye concluding that the people on the street are walking on the window-panes, and thrusting their umbrella points inconveniently near. Patience! O reader; your eye will strengthen. Those rude Germanisms, when anatomically examined, will turn out to have a strong back-bone running all through them of hale idiomatic English;* those mad-looking characters and quotations, those unverifiable passages from Herr Sauer-tig, Teufelsdröckh, my young friend the Houndsditch Editor, Jefferson Brick the Yankee, M'Crowdy, Crabbe, and Company, to be simply different standing points from which to show *you* more completely the facts under consideration. The sour tobacco-smoke tint with which some of the descriptive passages are painted in will, by and by, commend itself to you as a too literal transcript of the opinion-element of a world which stones its prophets, and 'kills them who are sent.' And under that savage-faced ungainliness which repelled you at the first, you will find an intellect which has light in it for all readers living in England in this generation; an intellect, Teutonic indeed, but colossal, like some tall lighthouse on a storm-vexed shore, and regulated, disciplined, reverently submissive to truth, to fact; English into its inmost core; with deeper insight into the life and history of European men at present, and truer views of the social tendencies of our age, than has been vouchsafed to any other countryman of ours for many years.

By way of postscript to these introductory assertions, let this further statement be received—worthless enough for disciples of Carlyle, not worthless for minds who have hitherto been repelled from him—that there is not another English writer of our century, Walter Scott and Wordsworth included, who has obtained such wide and intrinsically well-deserved and hard-to-obtain recognition and homage. The Waverley excitement, won-

derful as it was, stands related to it much as magic does to miracle. The Wordsworth worship wanted its breadth and human interest. Coleridge alone, and rather the traditional, ideal Coleridge, than the living, actual one, has received anything like a fair approach to it; and not a little of what even he has received has been from a generation whom Carlyle helped up to obtain a glimpse of his precursor. In Carlyle's case, moreover, there was that which made the possibility of recognition, to say nothing of homage, peculiarly small. Wordsworth, with the highest aims in some directions, confessed to this, that he embodied his thoughts in rhyme 'to please' his reader. Walter Scott, without high aims of any sort, wrote novels to build Abbotsford. But Carlyle came upon his generation with unwelcome words, given sternly forth, 'calling upon men everywhere to repent,' and live somewhat as God intended them to live. A speaker of cutting words! A writer of books not 'made to sell!' Without any purpose of pleasing, still less of amusing his readers! And yet the noblest of the land have said of him, 'Here is a brother and peer.' For the circulating libraries, Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray shall answer; for the politicians, the late Charles Buller and John Bright; for the men of science, Hugh Miller and Samuel Brown; for the teachers of Christianity, Edward Irving and Thomas Chalmers, that were; Thomas Erskine for the Christian mystics; Professor Maurice and A. J. Scott for the philosophers; for the scholars, the late Dr. Arnold; for the poets, Tennyson; for the rising generation of literary men, Gilfillan and the author of 'Yeast';* and artists,

* 'Yeast, or the Sayings and Doings of Launcelot Smith.' It appeared in the second volume of 'Fraser's Magazine' for 1849. Have the literary sky-rakers observed this light! or is it known and marked in their charts by some other work! We have read nothing in what may be called the Age-romance way, since 'Sartor Resartus' appeared, which has so impressed us with a promise of coming greatness. Away from Tennyson, few things of any kind have appeared of late to be compared with 'Yeast.' 'Coningsby,' which it resembles in purpose, becomes lath and plaster by its side. Indeed, it may be read as a reply to 'Coningsby,' and to some other escapes of scented slush obtaining worship just now, with considerable profit. *Smith*, as the name indicates, is anybody, the author, the reader, a young English soul of the present. 'The Present,' 'the Age in which we live,' is the *Yeast*. By suffering, by self-examination and work, the *Launcelot*-part of him, the spiritual, is quickened, purified, directed. At the close he has overcome the influence of the bad leaven; he has emerged out

* 'Tieck, I hear, says that he likes Carlyle's writings, but complains that they are so *ganz English*, while all England protests against them as *ganz Deutsch*: the gold and silver shield once more.—*Sterling's Life*.

and other well-doers, without number. With the views of these men, or any one of them, on any given subject, Carlyle would probably not thoroughly coincide. Certainly, he has enunciated opinions against which some of them have recorded their distinct protest. Nevertheless, by such men, endowed so variously, so differently employed, he—an open hater of eclecticism, has been heartily, lovingly honored. Each of them, from his own throne, has recognized, if not a higher, a more central one, on which Carlyle sits; and each, in his turn, has stepped out of his own more definite sphere towards Carlyle's, expecting and receiving, sometimes guidance, always sympathy.

To know the views which a mind of such large sympathies has been enabled to take of the perennial subjects of human thought, would indeed be, as he himself has somewhere taught, like the acquiring of a new and higher sense. And the diligent seeker will find that he has revealed his views, on not a few of these subjects, with abundant frankness throughout his writings; and that, regarding many of them, answers to the most recondite inquiries will be found, in likely and unlikely places, latent, and waiting to be evolved. From the exploration of such heights and breadths of thought-land, however, we, in present circumstances, altogether shrink. Our little venture shall be confined to a river sail, whereby we and our readers, dropping down between high banks to the sea, shall enjoy the visible as we may, and fancy how rich the unseen must be which stretches away on either side. In other words, we purpose to separate from the breadth of subjects, over which his mind has brooded, that mingled and tangled entity—part passive, part active; part social, part individual; part spiritual, part physical—which we name indifferently 'our Age,' 'the Age we live in,' and 'the Present,' and endeavor to present some scantling of his views concerning it. There will be this advantage in doing so, that our course will be along the central current into which his literary labors have flowed; and if we miss much, we shall also be able to connect what we do see with almost all the works he has published. Of him, or his works, we strongly feel, it is fast becoming an impertinence to speak apologeti-

cally. Yet we will confess that it enters into our purpose to carry our readers to such true and just standing-points, as will enable us, with the smallest amount of controversy, to disabuse their minds of the misconstructions and misconceptions which are still floating about regarding his books and thoughts.

When Carlyle opened his ear to the voices of his generation, the Edinburgh reviewers were singing their pæans on the grave of ignorance. The social activities were in a painfully self-conscious and self-righteous condition. The phrases that reached him—'progress of the species,' 'march of intellect,' 'decay of superstition,' and the like—were to him symptomatic of most deadly disease.—(*Characteristics*.) When he turned from this noisy proclamation of small virtues to the thoughts of God and human duty, which were exercising influence in men's hearts, he missed from their number those which the old prophets and singers had given forth. An ignorant age was praising its own enlightenment. An irreverent age was defaming the reverence which had bequeathed to it all the worth it possessed. Rust had eaten into the soul of man, and it was belymned as the burnish of gold. Mechanical philosophies had supplanted faith. The hangman's whip had taken the place of loyalty. For the law and the prophets we had the force of public opinion; for inspiration and normal growth, appliances of the profit-and-loss lever. Benthamism was our bread from heaven. The natural virtue, the free life, of the believing past were gone. For religion, we had utilitarianism according to Paley; for politics, utilitarianism according to Bentham; for sun and rain, and seed-time and harvest, to the whole human race, utilitarianism. The very universe was utilitarianism—'one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference' to faith, genius, and the human soul.

'Men have lost their belief in the invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the visible; or, to speak it in other words, this is not a believing age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is important to us. The infinite, absolute character of virtue has passed into a finite, conditional one; it is no longer a worship of the beautiful and the good, but a calculation of the profitable. Worship, indeed, in any sense, is not recognized amongst us, or is mechanically explained into fear of pain or hope of pleasure. Our true deity is mechanism. It has subdued external nature for us, and we think it will do all other

of the contradictions, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter truths with which our times are identified. There is peace within, sure footing beneath, and before him a path, narrow indeed, but no longer dark, and (spiritually speaking) on English soil.

things. We are giants in physical power; in a deeper than metaphysical sense, we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer heaven also.'—(*Signs of the Times*.)

Carlyle was not blind to the pre-eminence of the age in mechanical appliances. The acquiring of better tools for the subjugation of matter is, to him, not a worthless acquisition. Wonderful is the 'fire-demon panting across all oceans'—beautiful 'the awakening of a Manchester, on a Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock; the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide.' Whatever really distinguishes in worth the times in which we live—whatever, belonging to them, is fitted to help man forward on his appointed path—whatever, if they had organs of speech, they could truly publish as their own laudation, Carlyle has recognized and published as cheerfully as any. But all the smoke and steam which were flying could not hide from him that there was disease at work. Spinners' strikes, Manchester insurrections, Chartist movements, were not to be mistaken. 'It never smokes, but there is fire.' The laudation of the age can be left to posterity. Carlyle took up its pathology. And a large portion of his writings is simply a diagnosis of its diseased organs.

With cool, scientific precision, at first, in his Critical Essays; with deepening earnestness and warmth, more recently, in his 'Chartism' and 'Past and Present'; and last of all, with what, to many readers, has seemed mere rabid fury, in his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets'—he has applied the knife. He has pointed to the growing separation between the employer and the employed—to the masses of idle wealth in one street, and the masses of idle workmen, typhus-haunted, sorrow-stricken, in the next. The beasts of the field are cared for more than man. The people are ungoverned, and their governors preserving game. The people are idle, and Australia is empty. The poor-law unions are crowded with able-bodied workmen, and warships that might transport them to fields of labor rotting idle in the docks. Religion is vanishing, and the poor untaught. Contradictions are petrified into laws. The young are assuming to rule the world. The honest live in cellars, and palaces are built for criminals. Our governing classes do not aspire to govern. Statues are proposed to George Hudson.—The excerpt from the 'Pig-Philosophy' in 'Jesuitism' may be looked upon as

a dissection of the Age's stomach, and the deepest cut of our pathologist.

To point out the symptoms of disease is a useful faculty, but not the greatest. A greater is his who, from the disease, can elucidate the cause, and trace it from its first germ down through all stages to its present. Even such a gift is Carlyle's. His eye ranges back into the far past, down into the roots of events. The centuries defile before him, each carrying its inevitable burden—its inheritance from the past, its gift to the future—its terrible seedsheet of weal or wo. All history becomes life in his hands. The remotest events rise into miraculous importance. Hengst and Horsa landing on our island, John Knox preaching, the sailing of the little Mayflower from Delfthaven, are epical, full of grand results, little streamlets which have broadened their bosoms for a thousand and a thousand fleets. We can readily understand, therefore, how impossible it was for him to rest his pathology of the Age on the facts of the Present. The festering sores of the Present have their inflamed and irritated fibres in the Past. The Irish beggar, who darkens our doorway and undersells our labor, was not produced in a day. No more was our Bentham philosophy, our mammon worship, our selfish isolations. The century that towed us into existence ate sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge. We are dodged and haunted by the eighteenth century; this is our misfortune and apology. It overlaps us, and suffocates us that we cannot breathe. A most unbelieving, insincere century! 'Accordingly, what century since the end of the Roman world, which also was a time of scepticism, simulacra, and universal decadence, so abounds with quacks as that eighteenth? Consider them, with their tumid, sentimental vamping about virtue, benevolence—the wretched quack-squadron, Cagliostro at the head of them! Few men were without quackery; they had got to consider it a necessary ingredient and amalgam for truth. Chatham, our brave Chatham himself, comes down to the House, all wrapt and bandaged; he 'has crawled out in great bodily suffering,' and so on—*forgets*, says Walpole, that he is acting the sick man—in the fire of debate, snatches his arm from the sling and oratorically swings and brandishes it!'—(*Hero Worship*.)

It was, to a great extent, in the exercise of his pathological function that 'The French Revolution; a History,' was written. In this revolution, or rather in the horrors of it,

we have the gangrenous outcome and scab crown of the unbelieving century. Change was inevitable, but the fashion of it not. The form it did take was the Nemesis of quackery. 'Europe lay pining, obstructed, moribund, quack-ridden, hag-ridden.' The feudal forms of society were long effete and impossible. The king was no longer the *canning*, able man, or *rex*. The pope was no longer *papa*, father of the people. Three hundred years before, Luther had taught them this. Voltaire followed, and they believed Voltaire—believed that they themselves were lies, inutilities, shams. They inwardly laughed at the *debris* of respect which tradition had preserved for them. They mocked the simple people who paid them for work they did not do. And they did not govern, did not teach, did not aspire to govern or teach. In their lordly palaces, they led unclean lives. They bowed down to meanness and wicked sloth. And hollow echoes from hollow hearts, and false mimetic actions, consumed the hours which God had given them to improve the world. And 'the anger of the Lord did kindle against them . . . and their carcasses were torn in the midst of the streets.' In this light, let that marvellous history of Thomas Carlyle's be read. It is a terrible 'BEWARE!' to the insincerity in England. It is the portrayal of a divine judgment overtaking continental quacks. Bastiles are overthrown, constitutions are set up, vagabonds are floated, in the seething cauldron, to the top; Mirabeaus, Dantons, come and vanish; the narrator has an eye for all, a word for all. Paris, France, the whole continent, is raised from the dead. The events are bodied forth to the mind of the reader with an *eerie* reality. The actors move, speak, perish before your eye. But in the midst of all, in the very thick and storm of hurrying death, one fact fascinates the historian's eye, gleams lurid over death and life, speaks to him from the prison, the guillotine, the convention—the fact that he is looking upon a retribution of the Lord. In any other light than this, the history is an intolerable panorama of brutal ferocities—'the French revolution illustrated—*tableaux*, wonderful in execution, nothing in conception'—without light or hope for man—a mere history of a 'constitution between a prison and a scaffold,' as Joseph Mazzini reproaches it with being. Let Mazzini read again. Revolts of the people, we know, are sacred events to him. They represent ideas which one day will be clothed with laws and institutions. Was the Girondist constitution, then, the embodiment

of ideas which shall so fare in coming times? Carlyle crushes it between his fingers, and shakes the dust of it to the ground. Of the earth earthy, at his tribunal, are it and its builders; products, both of them, of a heartless, unbelieving age. 'The end of these things is death.' 'French philosophisms, Hume scepticisms, Diderot atheisms,' were, in their very nature, barren. Nature had placed them 'between a prison and a scaffold;' he only reported nature. Beautiful, no doubt, over that sea of blood rise the forms of Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland. But neither shall they redeem the constitution. They came in spite of the revolution; they did not express it; they were not its products. 'Honor to great nature,' he exclaims. Gleams of living sunlight still reach us through the deepest gloom! In a word, the revolution, according to Carlyle, was not the assertion of some heaven-sent *truth*; but, principally, the outpouring of heaven-sent *wrath*. And let it be remembered that he had to write for England. His countrymen had missed all sight of the reality, were bewildered, shocked, horrified. Burke's philippic was almost their sole theorem of the transaction. The victory at Waterloo had increased their blindness. Where the continental democrats heard the utterances of a new evangel, they heard only the shrieks of Tophet. 'A work of the devil'—that was their summing up. Carlyle taught us that God was in that 'devil's work;' that the revolution, whatever else it might be, was this first of all, the stern end of lies and quackery, the fiery indignation of the Lord overtaking *his* adversaries.

'Wherefore, let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and with fear and wonder, with just sympathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it, and appropriate it, and draw innumerable inferences from it. This inference, for example, among the first, that if the gods of this lower world will sit in their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus' god, with the living chaos of ignorance and hunger weltering uncared for at their feet, and smooth parasites, preaching 'peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark chaos, it would seem, will rise, has risen, and O heavens! has it not tanned their skin into brecches for itself? That there be no second sanscullottism in our earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise*.'—(*French Revolution*.)

Into the midst of such phenomena, then, have

we of this age been sent! On the continent, revolution—at home, chartism, pauperism, and mammon-worship—the wrath of God overtaking some, others hasting into its devouring flame! So has Carlyle taught. 'The outcome of morbid rancor!' cries one. 'The philosophy of dissatisfaction!' echoes another. And his books are closed. Of this way of treating an author, there are many things to be said. We restrict ourselves to these two. The surgeon, who shuts himself up with the plague-smitten corpse, to unfold, for his brethren, the hidden workings of the disease, would not, we suppose, be accused of morbid rancor or the philosophy of dissatisfaction. Only loving hearts, who have entered into the secret that life is a 'dying daily,' yoke themselves to such tasks. The facts they set forth are no unreal burden to their own spirits. The 'bitter passages' are also bitter to write. And a very small amount of love in the reader of Carlyle's works, will enable him to detect that deeper and more vital far than the bitterness, is the unselfish sorrow it aims to express. But, besides this, there is hope in Carlyle as well as sorrow. He does not merely write laments for the age. Our Jeremiah-Tacitus is also a Savonarola. Whatever we may think of his teaching, we ought to see that he utters it in the strong assurance of its being glad-tidings. Let any candid soul take up, for example, the three works in which he comes forward more expressly in the character of a social reformer, 'Chartism,' 'Past and Present,' and 'The Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and conscientiously set himself to answer this question—what is this man aiming at? He will find that there is more clearness respecting our social difficulties, more assurance that deliverance is possible, and a franker, plainer forth-telling of the kind of work we need to do, down even to practical details as to the mode of doing it, than in any other political writer or teacher of the age extant.

It would be easy to make good our statements by quotation from any of these three works; but, at present, we shall merely extract from these and his other writings a faint outline of what we shall name his Gospel to the Age. It is summed up in three words—GROWTH, HERO-WORSHIP, WORK.

Of these GROWTH and HERO-WORSHIP represent the laws of the universe, the facts which God takes care of in human history. The reference to them is consequently Carlyle's 'call to believe.' The third indicates its own place in his theory of man's life. It is the synonym for all healthy activity of soul

and body. Man's chief end is work. The following is our outline of the Gospel of Carlyle:

GROWTH.—There is good as well as evil in the decay and down-rushing of our times. The eighteenth century, with its scepticism, was intrinsically a rending asunder of the false, a preparation for the true. So was the French Revolution; so is Chartism. The old perishes—must perish. Institutions do not live for ever. Things sacred, things profane, come to waste. The thoughts of men alter like the altering clouds. All that proceed from these thoughts likewise change. The seed dies. The rind bursts. Be not dismayed. Decay and down-rushing are but external facts. The great world-secret is growth. This throbs at the heart, this pulsates at the extremities. All things grow, and tend to higher growth—thoughts, actions, societies, the life of man. What does not grow is dead. "Being is ever a birth into higher being." The higher replaces the lower by absorbing it. The lower form is fated to disappear in a higher; this is necessity; to yield to this is duty. When the lower has to pass into the higher, through a whirlwind of fire, as in the French Revolution, there has been a previous resistance of necessity. Fire whirlwinds need not be. Nature inclines to work out her changes softly, tenderly, invisibly. Only when her open secret is scorned, and the old resolves to continue, does she dry it up, and make stubble of it, and send fire to consume it. The full development of this word in Carlyle's message will be found in "Sartor Resartus." In this quaint but royal book, under the garb of "Clothes Philosophy," he manifoldly sets forth the fact. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, the hero, wakes out of childhood into love, doubt, faith—discovers that life to him is a pulling off of the old that the new may be put on. The still sleep of childhood, the soft environment of boyhood, old Andreas himself, his nursery father, descend into the abysses of the death-kingdom. Through school experiences, first love, temptation in the wilderness, he waxes into manhood. Yesterday he was a believer; to-day a doubter; to-morrow his doubt is ended. The "everlasting no" has given place to the "everlasting yea." Looking abroad upon society, all things appear to him in similar flow and movement. Society, religion, art, commerce, have their growth-periods, are always growing, consciously or unconsciously, through fiery spasms or calm mutation, as well as he. "Destruction and creation, death and birth, go on together."

The existing forms of things are only the time vestures of the life within. Words, institutions, philosophies, poems, by which it embodies itself for the use of man, "wax old as doth a garment," are garments to be put off when their day is ended. Our own age is one in which the unseen visibly puts off its old vestures. Once more have faith. The vesture is not the reality! One there is who never changes. The change is in us, and we put off our childish things. Why should we fret? The law of our life is growth.

HERO-WORSHIP.—The existence of such worship, its necessity, the provision for it, is the supplement of the law of growth. Let us clear our minds of fragment-notions of this second word. Sincerity, earnestness, energy, do not make heroes. Heroes have all these; but these are not the vital facts of the heroic. The hero lives next door to fact; this is his inmost characteristic. He is nearer the source of life and fact than other men. Sometimes in the depth, sometimes in the height; a brother of worms like Mirabeau and Napoleon, a denizen of the stars like Shakspeare and Goethe; his ear is closer to the *present* word of the Maker than any other. God speaks through him to the generation. By speech or act he interprets what he has heard. That these divine words do not float away unheard; that men are raised up to receive them and proclaim them; that all other men, less gifted, must and do obey the sent hero—this is Carlyle's second article of faith and comfort. The separate exposition of this will be found in the lectures on "Heroes and Hero-worship." He appeals to the ages which have preceded our own in Europe. Each of them had its hero, and worshipped him. The inner life of the man Odin became the objective faith of our Scandinavian ancestors; to rebuke and purify a world sinking back into paganism, Mahomet was sent; the Christian church waited long for its poet, but at last came Dante; Shakspeare caught the grand old day of chivalry, when it was falling into oblivion; and preserved its light for the race; when the papal church had become a nuisance, Luther was born; when Scotland was to be raised out of barrenness, Knox was commissioned to preach; to a devout England, rolling hither and thither, seeking rest and finding none, a clear-eyed, strong-handed Cromwell was appointed. Even the eighteenth century had heroic men; Johnson, Rousseau, Burns were such. And democracy itself, the ostensible denial of all worship, found its soldier in Bonaparte, and worshipped him. No age went down to

the grave for want of heroes. Each crisis, each birth-throe, each period of decay, finds, as soldier, preacher, or man of letters, the interpreter and guide prepared. European history, all history, is this at bottom, the history of heroes. What they were, the world became. What they did, the world imitated. The battles and institutions, which bulk out so largely in books of history, had their germs first of all in the hearts and thoughts of these men. To see how all this is glad tidings is not difficult. Let any man recall the fears for society which have swept through his own mind. Confining ourselves to European society, two movements are visible enough within the last sixty years; in the one, thrones and loyalties, and churches and opinions, like some vast navy, are dragged into the abyss in the grasp of a sinking wave; in the other, through the wreck and heaped destruction, the living wave is roaring upwards, struggling to free itself from the wreck. What serious man has not put these questions to himself—What if the down-rushing should continue? If the returning wave be driven back? Carlyle comes to the vexed spirit with this comfort, that the hour and the man are sent together. On the lowest platform of the deep are stationed those who shall give to the descending wave an upward impulse: where the topmost crest shall foam in sunlight, an unseen spirit is waiting, ready to sing the psalm of victory. Heroes never fail. God sees to that. In the abyss and in the height he plants them ever. And men *must* worship them. The sympathies displayed by Carlyle in his "History of the French Revolution," have here their explanation and defence. Mirabeau and Danton, brutal, foul-livers though they were, in this one thing transcended their fellows—they knew what was to be done, and aimed at doing it. Be sure that Carlyle, in his admiration of such, does not forget that they were heroes of the pit. For rather would he that their heroism had not been needed; that the virtuous lives of a generation of heroes had averted the form of the revolution, and given nature freedom to work her changes softly, imperceptibly, *without* such help. But that not taking place, in the skirts of the Lord's wrath he discerns this token of mercy, that the people are not left to chaos wholly, but have here and there, amongst them and of them, this and the other begrimed, mis-shapen, but kingly spirit.

WORK!—All other syllables flow into this. This one mighty precept utters itself, has a fibre of itself, in every word he writes. One

Himalaya phenomenon stretches back from the present, looms huge in the remotest past, the accomplished work. Art thou working? is thy production work? he asks of every living man. Of every thought, deed, function, rank, and institution of the age, he questions—how is it related to work? does it help or hinder, does it produce or blight work? From the cobbling of shoes, to the making of poems, to the governing of men, true work is venerable, beneficent, for ever blessed in his sight; and damnable, devilish, accursed, is sham work, work misdane, work undone, no work. That man can work, that man is by the law of being a worker, that idleness, simulation, uselessness, are not necessities of human life, should rejoice every child of Adam. Here is our likeness to God; he works, he has formed us to work. By work we grow into worth and nobleness. Work is winter frost and summer sun to us. Without it we stagnate and die. *Laborare est orare*. It is life, strength, health, as well as prayer. With it, by means of it, we may rise out of the corruptions, and entanglements, and meanness, of the basest ages in the world. Work is a putting-off the defilements of an evil time; it is a rising over them into the atmosphere of heaven. After these definitions, it will not surprise us if all that goes under the name of work amongst men should not be accounted work by Carlyle. Yet all actual doing, all performance, were it in the lowest spheres, does not enter into his idea of work. But you have not the full produce of work, when you have cotton, stone heaps, and ploughed fields. Blessed is the produce outwards, when compared with sham cotton, sham stone-breaking, sham ploughing; but not to be compared for blessedness with the progress inwards, the effects of working on the soul. 'Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man.' Work itself, then, is a spiritual act, with spiritual results. In rudest quarrying, mining, shirt-making, shoe-patching, it is the spirit that plies the hands. How much more in poem-writing and statesmanship! Properly speaking, work is the revelation of the spiritual in man. As creation is the revelation of God, work is the

revelation of man. No man lives who is not worth revealing. His individuality gives him a value to all men, and is intrinsically his title to a place in the All. The All is not revealed, until its several portions rise out of the individual. But our individuality lies in the soul. Words and deeds that do not rise out of this depth are not work, but the semblances of work. Hence the necessity of faith. Work without faith is dead, is no work, is worse than no work. There is a depth in man, indeed, the depth of the stomach, but out of it proceeds no true work. A man whose faith reaches no deeper than this is morally paralytic. Hence also the necessity of silence. The dim vastness within, amid which consciousness first awakens, is in process of shaping outwards. Nature will not be hurried, will not be attended with trumpeters. In stillness, under the soil, the dissolving seed sends forth the shoot. Thou knowest not yet what will be; it will speak for itself in good time. Let man wait in silence and in faith. Let him also be true to his own century, and not live *below* it (e. g., in the seventeenth or the fourth) but *in* it, listening to the word of God in the Present. The outshaping of the infinite in the soul will thus have freedom and scope. Each will develop into his appointed form, and mimetic lives will cease. In the world, at present, all this is forgotten. Men live to their stomachs instead of to God. Hunger of money or popularity is the universal appetite, and poems are printed which are no poems, and shirts are sold which are no shirts, and high places of trust are filled with spectres, and clothespoles; and botching, and puffing, and disorder prevail. Let the world consider. There are some nine hundred millions of human beings at work—sham work or true—or preparing for work. Let each unit of these look a little deeper than the stomach, and begin to work from the soul; let each feel that there is in him there a sacred peculiarity, a something that distinguishes him from all others; and in the sphere where God has placed him, with his whole might, by genuine hand-work or head-work, begin to reveal *that*, and bring it up into the light—the dawn will be already come. Nay, let only one soul do this, and a gleam of morning will streak up through him on the world, and other souls will live in the light of it, and be led to do likewise.

This is Carlyle's precept of life, his hope for nations and individuals. The aim of his life has been to enforce it. He returns to it again and again; his books, at bottom, are an iteration of it, and passionate appeal to

believe it. In the articles on Goethe, in his Critical Essays, we have his ideal of a nineteenth century worker. In his book on Cromwell, and his sketch of Abbot Samson in 'Past and Present,' resurrections, to shame and excite us, of heroic workmen out of ages which we of this count dark and fanatical.

That this gospel of Carlyle's appears to us to have grave deficiencies, it would now be wrong not to state. At the same time, we call to mind his praise and practice of silence. We can understand, too, how an intellect of such sterling reverence as his is, will rather live by its faith than proclaim it. Still better, we know how aptly an intellect of narrower range will miss much which actually is revealed. In either case, whether the want be on our side or his, this has to be said, that we have searched in vain, microscopically studying the import of Christian-like utterances, and even capital letters (and in his books the initial letters speak), with a heart full of devout love—as a child even looking into his mother's face—and one clear enunciation of the hope of immortality, one little blink of the resurrection, one fair and avowed grapple with the abysmal fact of sin (and how much is implied in this!), we have failed to see. On the other hand, let this be said, that if the ground on which he has taken up his stand differ from ours, he still strives to build his house upon it; and he believes that it is good ground. Herein, indeed, is his vital claim to respect; he is from the inmost chamber of his being a believer. We can well understand what he has told us in the 'Sartor,' that scepticism in his heart could only mean a desire to believe. Moreover, he reverences faith in others. He is sometimes named in connection with one who has, indeed, learned much from him, the distinguished American, Emerson. But there is this difference between them, amongst a hundred others, that Carlyle does not, under his fine passages, carry on a petty Socinian controversy with you—does never insult you by classing 'Jesus and Judas,' or 'Jesus and Socrates' together, as it is the weakness of the American to do. On the contrary, if you do truly hold by your 'objective faith,' and strive to live by it, and if the life flowing from it approved itself to Carlyle as higher and purer than his own, he, first of all—so true is his integrity to fact—would step forward and confess that 'the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater' than he. Indeed, nothing is more inwardly characteristic of him than the integrity of his submission to fact. Take his treatment of Bentham,

Burns, and Irving, as examples; all his abhorrence of the philosophy of the first will not hinder him from avowing that the man Bentham was honest and consistent; all his love for his dearest Irving will not keep back the statement that his London celebrity was a fall as compared with his previous life; and, champion though he be for Burns, he comes to this sore utterance, 'his morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for.' We will only add, in connection with these remarks, that the accusations of pantheism, German rationalism, mysticism, and so forth, which are often hurled against him, like the largest portion of the criticism on the "Model Prisons," more usually expresses the accusers' ideas of things than the things themselves. And further, that the minds amongst us who have rejected what Thomas Carlyle has contributed to thought, because it is wanting in certain elements, have yet to learn the meaning and immeasurable value of truth *as truth*.

Dating from the translation of Wilhelm Meister, fully more than a quarter of a century has gone past since Carlyle chose literature—'the haven of expatriated spiritualisms,' he significantly calls it—for his work-field. Therein, with the loftiest aims, with strict, conscientious fidelity to these, he has unhaltingly toiled, until the best portions of English thought have been more or less impressed by his peculiarities. To estimate the work he has accomplished is not easy. The method of counting up the volumes is clearly not applicable in his case.* "A single

* Yet there is something in the number of volumes too. How much worthier of our esteem would Coleridge have been—a man also whose work is to be estimated rather by the number of ideas he planted in the English mind than by published volumes—if all the great books he was ever meditating had been actually written, instead of being tantalizingly announced as about to be! Here, therefore, on second thoughts, is the volume-measurement of Carlyle's work—the number of volumes representing the editions we happen to have read:—

Translations. Specimens of German Romance. 4 vols.
Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. 3 vols.
Reviews, &c. Miscellanies. 5 vols.
Biography and History. Life of Schiller. 1 vol.
French Revolution: a History. 3 vols.
Lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship. 1 vol.
Letters and Speeches of O. Cromwell. 2 vols.

number of 'Pickwick,' " he somewhere tells us, "is as large as the Prophecies of Jeremiah." The direction of his labors may, however, be indicated in this way:—1. He has greatly accelerated the tendencies of our language towards its ancient simplicity and Saxon strength.—2. He has transplanted into English literature the highest growths of Germany, separating previously the clean from the unclean.—3. He has leavened all literature with reverence, and elevated the life-purpose of the literary man.—4. He has delivered us from Benthamism and the sense-philosophies.—5. He has lifted history out of the date-and-name abysses, and identified it with biography.—6. He has taught Christians the sacredness of life and work in the present world.—7. He, and he alone, has indicated our escape, by a manly path, from our social anomalies. We will exhibit, as specimen-illustrations of these achievements, his influence on one function of literature, that of reviewing, and on a single mind, and take leave of our subject.

We are, perhaps, not yet sufficiently removed from the early history of modern reviewing, to fix its place among the influences which have formed the present. The common tradition runs, however, that the Edinburgh reviewers put down many abuses, and gave a distinct impulse to literature. But it is very difficult, in turning over the earlier numbers of their organ, to allow to their influence an intrinsically high place. Smartness and Whig politics can only carry us a perfectly ascertainable length. And certainly, there is an air of complacency, a self-possessedness, a crowing, cowardly, sort of courage, a "this-will-never-do-ism," in the writers, which we do not find in the earnest literature of our own day. We claim for Thomas Carlyle the merit of the change. His arrival in the review-world was the signal for the flight of Strutwells. A few months before his article on the "State of German Literature" (his first there) appeared in the "Edinburgh," there was published in the same pages, a most prosaic piece of Strutwellianism on his translation of "Wilhelm Meister." Nothing good in this novel, I assure, said Mr Strutwell; it is wholly a thing of vulgar playacting and questionable matrimonial engagements, most dull, most drivelling! By the silent influence of one quotation, repeated in many forms, and without

waste of vehemence, Carlyle made such ineptitudes for ever shameful. "The eye sees what it brings the means of seeing," he wrote. This one word laid the whole Strutwell world bare and made their continuance impossible. If a man *will* criticise, let him first see that his own contracted individuality do not shut him out from facts on which a fair judgment must rest. To stand on an author's shoulders, and crow there, and valorously flourish a wooden skewer for sword, is not reviewing. No: it is to understand the reviewed first; then, to elucidate his particular theorem, good or evil, and translate it for the general reader. Carlyle himself failed not to walk up to his precept. And the reverence with which, twenty years ago, he approached his favorite Novalis, Richter, and Goethe, and our own Johnson and Burns, can easily be traced, as leaven, in the present tone and character of the best reviews of England and America.

In other directions, his influence has been as great. It has been noticed by the writer of the ingenuous and appreciative review of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" in the "North British," that there is not a man in England under forty, whom Carlyle has not, consciously or unconsciously, influenced. 'A friend of ours, who is "under forty," has allowed us to quote the following rather enthusiastic confirmation of the statement:—"For ourselves, with a profound feeling of gratitude, we recall the night, now some fourteen years ago, when we came first upon the writings of this man. A medical friend, who was pleased to patronize our callow boyhood, had *airted* us to the paper on Burns; "the best by far," he added, "which has appeared on our poet, and by a schoolmaster." Whether some echo of the Kirkaldy dominiership had come to our surgeon's ear, or Carlyle was actually on his six months' reign of that school, when it was written, we never found out. But we set out on our travels for the New Star. The public library of the suburban village we lived in had once, in its palmier days, taken in the "Edinburgh." Perhaps the number containing "Burns" might be there? And it was. And not it alone. "Jean Paul Richter," "State of German Literature," "Taylor's Survey," and the "Characteristics," were also there. Then was the sunny hour of our boyhood. Glasgow smoke and student-poverty swept into the gulph behind us. A Phosphor had brought light to us, and us to the gates of the city of light. Much of our new teacher's work had ere this been published. Another library—a penny a week one—brought us into contact with "Boswell's Johnson," "The

Philosophy. Sartor Resartua. 1 vol.
Politics. Chartism, Past and Present, and Latter-Day Pamphlets. 8 vols.

Diamond Necklace," and the immortal "Sartor" in "Fraser's Magazine." Passages of the "Necklace" are peeling up through us to the present day. Wonder grew up within us again. A 'golden prime' shot in red lines into our inner life. The age of romance embosomed us, and filled us with the sense of present beauty. Glimpses into the miracle of life were opened up in 'Sartor.' The flowing river, the town crowd, the town itself, came to us with new meanings and words from the far past. Then, on our path, came 'Novalis'—then the lament for 'Edward Irving'—then 'Heroes and Hero-worship,' itself a shoot of the Igdrasil-life tree it described—and last of all, at that period, 'Chartism.' Hitherto we had been warming our spiritual toes at the hearth of a fierce democracy—Equality, Liberty, Radicalism, Chartism (but never O'Connorism—never so low as that), and Channingism, hardly suffice to compound a name for our superlative Liberalism. Dismissal of bishops from the Upper House, destruction of the Upper House itself, universal suffrage, abolition of taxes, were only prefatory leaves from the volume of our politics. In this hot-bath of furious democracy, the following sentence—a proverb, we believe—of 'Chartism,' found us:—'*Rights of man! If every one had his rights, who would escape a whipping?*' Somehow or other, our democracy got cold and colder. 'A. bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.' If every one had his rights, who would escape a whipping? That was the word. It haunted us wherever we turned our steps. Political meetings lost their interest, popular applause its meaning, platform oratory its fire. The edges of old things crumbled away from us. We laughed at the tricks which brought cheers from the crowd. A power thrust us out from its midst, shut us up into a corner, looked down into the hidden places of our heart, turned us inside-out and over and over, and weigh-

ed us as in a balance, and humbled us, and made us wiser, and all by the pressure of this one question:—If *thou* hadst thy rights—what then?—the inexorable whip!

But we cut short our whipped friend, and shall now leave our artist's portrait in our gallery, and take our departure hence. As we step down into the paved streets, and mix once more among the hurrying crowds, a still quiet music seems to follow us, or rather, indeed, to murmur up within us. A living voice it is, that separates us from the crowd, and then knits us closer to it. The passing footsteps become beats of passing opportunities. The swimming light falls upon the clock of life. One! two! The hours go past into eternity. We push open the door of our home. The voices of loved ones welcome us. And the loud welcome of childhood, and the striking of clocks, and the fall of hurrying steps, and the thoughts of our own hearts, and the rush of infinite life, twine together into the inner echoes of a song of Carlyle's, which has redeemed us to work from many an idle impulse, and taught us more of the sacredness of life and time than we can describe in words. Singing it, we lay down our pen:

"So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

"Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night doth return.

"Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

"Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. GORE.

WHAT constitutes a first-rate novel is a problem which might raise consternation in the senate-house of Cambridge; a problem knotty enough to stagger the entire corporation of wranglers, and strike the senior ops "all of a heap," and impel the junior ops (wooden spoon and all) to take refuge in suicide. When a plenary and all-satisfying definition has once been given, it will be time to append to the main proposition the accompanying "rider;" viz., whether the accomplishment of a first-rate novel is within the potential limits of female genius—whether it lies within or beyond the frontiers assigned to womanly capacity by psychological map-makers. If the ideal novel be as difficult of realization as a first-class poem or play, we fear, both on *a priori* and *a posteriori* grounds, that the verdict will go against "the sex." Most of their wisest brethren, and some of their wisest selves—(we tremble, *currente calamo*, as we remember the existence of Mrs. Bloomer and the Emancipationists!)—emphatically support this view of the case. If the view be fallacious, it can and ought to be disproved by facts. And so it *is*! indignantly exclaims some belle Amazon—facts are against it. To which some uncourteous infidel, having examined the evidence, will probably reply: Tant pis pour les faits. And then the malignant scoffer, shaking his perennial wig, will order judgment to go by default. "Woman, sister!"—thus have we seen the better half of the *genus homo* apostrophized by one of its most chivalric admirers—"Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar—by which last is meant, not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angels of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life.

If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?" Mrs. Gore, one of the cleverest of her sex, holds to the same creed, and explicitly states her conviction,* that a woman of first-rate faculties would constitute only a third-rate man; citing the names of Mrs. Somerville, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Brown-ing, as confirming her rule—"such rare exceptions that I can find (so she writes in 1848) no fifth to add to the catalogue." Nevertheless, if *that* is a first-rate novel of its *kind*, which holds a polished mirror up to London high life, and secures glittering and vivacious reflections of its giddy, maddening crowds, and whiles away idle or heavy hours by witty sketches of men and manners, and shoots Folly as it flies with shafts of singular point, Mrs. Gore will take honors in the first class, with such others as Lister and Disraeli, Hook and Bulwer Lytton. We are far from calling the fashionable novel a first-rate thing; the world, or a "pretty considerable" fraction of it, is very properly, and none too soon, growing weary of that department of fiction. But taking it such as it is, we see in it a field, the cultivation of which *has* been attained by female heart, in a degree almost, if not quite, equal to that realized by the masculine gender. In fact, it is because the fashionable novel is a comparatively trivial matter, requiring powers of an order quite inferior to those essential to a higher range of art—it is because it is so much more easy to sparkle on the surface than to stem and direct the under-current—that a woman can write a "Cecil" which shall rival a man's "Pelham," while she does not prove her ability to cope with the same man's "Rienzi." Both intellectually and morally, the fashionable novel occupies but humble rank. Of novels in general, the best which can be hoped is, according to Sir Walter Scott,† that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feeling and sympathies by strains of

* Preface to Mrs. Armytage.

† Life of Fielding.

generous sentiment and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this point—and we fear all fashionable novels must be so classed—they are, adds the greatest of novelists, “a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life, and the gratification of that half-love of literature which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement than for the least hope of deriving instruction from them.” Meanwhile we may safely aver of Mrs. Gore’s expositions of frivolous high life, that it is almost impossible de donner à des sottises une tournure plus agréable. Whatever we may think of her many-sided satire and her one-sided whiggism, there is no denying her facile mastery of the materials with which she works. Each change of fashion’s many-colored life she knows and draws *con amore*—each aspect in the biography of its votaries, whether

In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs—
Such things as no rainbow hath colors to paint,

or at a subsequent epoch, when

Time hath reduced them to wrinkles and prayers,
And the flirt finds a decent retreat in the Saint.*

The true fashionable novelist has been described as enjoying the serenity of a fly upon a new-made grave, or an or-molu Venus above a French clock, smiling unmoved at her own gilded toe, heedless of the whirring wheels and straining springs, and the ever-fleeting course of time below. We do not altogether confound Mrs. Gore with that school. She satirizes, as well as depicts, the gay world. She shows it, and something more—she shows it up. She does not require us, as the true fashionable novelist does, to fall down and worship her image; nay, she bids us rap our knuckles on its brow, and mark the echo of sounding brass; or lay our hand on its side, and observe the absence of all pulsation, of all life. So keenly, indeed, does she see into and despise the weak points of the idol, that satire has become almost too habitual with her, and finds a quarry at every turn. It looks ungrateful in Diana’s silver shrine-makers to deride the goddess, seeing that *ἡ τέρψις τῆς ἑρπύρας ἡ ἐντροπία ἀνθρώπων ἐστίν*.

Denizens of fashionable and pseudo-fashionable life there are, whom none can sketch with happier *vraisemblance*. Such as ministers’ wives, who, while their husbands

are inventing political combinations and speculating upon European alliances, employ themselves in caballing with Madame Le Brun, the Talleyrand of modern *modistes*, concerning revolutions in caps and conspiracies against turbans that be. Or, showy *intrigantes* in white satin, those *prime donne* of society, who, whatever ministers shall reign, are always to be found in musk-scented correspondence with Downing-street. Or, drawing-room parasites, with the true toady capacity for the running-pattern conversation that forms so admirable an *arpeggio* accompaniment to the solos. Or, ladies in their ninth lustrum, who have renounced forever the influence of the puppies, and betaken themselves for consolation to the tabbies, and are inspired with a new insight into the purposes of existence by cards—“universal panacea—cards that knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, boon Nature’s kind restorer, balmy cards.” Peers and *parvenus*, clubs and coteries, dowagers and chaperones, tuft-hunters and toadies; dandies who write taffeta verses in silken albums, and wash their poodles in milk of roses; dandies *couchant*—supercilious, silent, self-concentrated; dandies *rampant*—vehement, garrulous, and gorgeously impertinent; ineffable coxcombery in all its kaleidoscopic aspects, from that of the omnibus box (*scil.*, opera, *not* “city, bank”) down to that of Swan and Edgar’s; these, and such as these, are Mrs. Gore’s plastic creatures, her slaves of the lamp. She is expert in the *lingo* which they use, or affect. Mr. George Borrow is not a greater adept in gypsy slang, nor Judge Haliburton in the racy etymology of Brother Jonathan, nor Dickens in the idioms of Cockneyism, nor Lever in rollicking Hibernicisms, nor Marryat in marine stores of eloquence, nor Thackeray in the hand-book of Snobbism, nor Kingsley in Christianized Carlylese, nor Anstey in the platitudes of debate, nor Hume in the “tottle” of the whole—than is Mrs. Gore in the patavinity of peers and the *patois* of *parvenus*.

When she draws a character that we can like or respect, the interest we take in it is greater than such a character would elsewhere command, from the relief it affords to the tinkling cymbalry and crackling thorns and gilded gewgaws around. Being the only very human thing present, it is hailed as a bird (to use her own illustration) which alights upon the mast during a sea-voyage, and which the mariner notes with intense interest, however dingy its plumage or poor its voice. It is a mercy to meet with such a

* Thomas Moore.

rara avis, making no pretensions to merciless wit, and unambitious of a repute for persiflage. Not that Mrs. Gore's wit, with all its levity, is devoid of wisdom. Wit she somewhere defines the *animus* of wisdom—legitimate offspring of an union between good sense and good spirits. But there is a weariness to the flesh in over-much commerce with the exercise and the victims of railery; satire, however polished, becomes an edged tool with which we care not long to play nor to see it glancing, and doing execution in the grasp of others. Three volumes of sprightly sarcasm leave one in poor spirits—or perhaps a little angry at having spent so much time on hollow hearts that do not improve on acquaintance. The author is then in danger of being characterized in Grammont's words—*elle ennuie en voulant briller*. Jeffrey says that such a brilliant circle as that of Madame du Deffand probably will never exist again in the world, and adds, "nor are we very sorry for it." The company in which Mrs. Gore is most *chez lui*, is in kind, not degree, akin to that which graced the suppers at the convent of St. Joseph; not so witty, it is almost equally heartless, and impresses us with uncomfortable, and perhaps sometimes unjust, conceptions of human nature in its patrician phaisies. By her own showing, Madame du Deffand could never lose anything. Take them *en masse*, and Mrs. Gore's characters—those who have anything characteristic about them—seem to labor under the same impotency. The Parisian *réunions* must have been highly delightful to those who, as Jeffrey says, sought only for amusement; "but not only does amusement not constitute happiness, but also it cannot afford much pleasure to those who have not other sources of happiness." And thus even the amusement derivable from the society of "Mothers and Daughters," and the "Hamiltons," and their various concentric circles, soon palls on our taste, and the smile is exchanged for a sigh. There is much good in the world of fashion, according to the historian of "Bleak House," and there are many good and true people in it. "But the evil of it is, that it is a world wrapped up in too much jeweller's cotton and fine wool, and cannot hear the rushing of the larger worlds, and cannot see them as they circle round the sun. It is a deadened world, and its growth is sometimes unhealthy for want of air." Little profit is there, and not much pleasure, in assignations with that drawing-room divinity, affectation;

—who rules the vain, capricious throng,
Twines the soft limb, and tunes the lisping tongue,
VOL. XXVII. NO. IV.

Bids every hour the monstrous fashions veer,
And guides the toss, the simper, and the leer.*

But when we *do* parley with the species, it is as well to do so with a sprightly satirist as dragoman. And Mrs. Gore's style of interpretation is so piquant and amusing, that these "strangers and foreigners" become very passable for a time.

To give a *catalogue raisonné* of her writings on *bon ton* in all its branches, is more than we undertake. It would involve a larger expenditure of time and paper than we can just now afford; for we cannot, like her, write against time, upon ream after ream of foolscap. To enumerate her "entire works" would be a task proper for arithmetical recreationists. We will not attempt it, until we have gone through Baxter's three hundred and sixty-six quartos (that is, some allege, one for every day in the year, plus an extra one for leap year), on the integral series of books registered at last Leipzig fair.

Whoso admires "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman," will own to a like sympathy with "Cecil; or, the Adventures of a Coxcomb." A coxcomb of the first magnitude is the Hon. Cecil Danby. And notwithstanding the effeminate tendency inherent in the very constitution of coxcombry, there is reason to marvel how a female hand could have moulded so shrewd, dashing, and exquisite a *petit maitre*. Byron complained of the specimens extant in his days.

We have no accomplished blackguards like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

Cecil is one who flourished in Byron's days, and who claims extensive acquaintance with the noble lord; but he deserves to be credited with the accomplishments, minus the blackguardisms, after which the poet yearneth. He is, we fear, like Pelham and Devereux, and others of the same sublime category, at once too good and too bad to be true—too sensible and too ridiculous—too sagacious and too soft-brained. He will not let us despise or dislike him, but he forces us a great way towards both feelings. Such a character is a convenient agent for a clever writer's outlay of social wit and worldly wisdom. Cecil Danby is the satirist and eke the slave of the *beau monde*. He becomes dictator to the world of fashion—a coxcomb of genius—a sovereign who, when he meets Brummel at Calais, regards that dethroned

* The Reigning Vice. Book V.

exile much as Cromwell surveys the features of the decapitated king, in Delaroché's picture of Charles I., in his coffin. Cecil became a coxcomb for life by catching a glimpse of himself, at six months old, in the swing-glass of his mother's dressing-room; to infant instinct there was something irresistible in its splendid satin cockade; and from that apocalyptic hour it was discovered that Master Cecil "was always screaming, unless, danced up and down by the head nurse within view of the reflection of his one fascinating little person." The rise and progress of his dandyism are detailed with edifying minuteness. What the moral of such a chronicle may be, it were hard to say; unless, as has been suggested in the case of Pelham, to show that under the corsets of a dandy there sometimes beats a heart. Cecil, indeed, is eager to aver that there is no more sentiment in his composition than in a jar of Jamaica pickles; but he knows better. He would be simply intolerable were *that* true. Quite necessary to the cohesion of his frivolous particles, is the occasional substratum of sentiment involved in the stories of Emily Barnett, Franszetta, Helena, &c. Indispensable to the redemption of his character from sneering heartlessness, are his intervals of sober sadness, his parentheses of self-inquiry and self-condemnation. At such intervals, he beholds an aimless destiny unaccomplished—eternity flowing through his hand, like the limpid waters of a fountain through the unconscious, unenjoying lips of some marble Triton; the conclusion to which he tends is the melancholy definition of such biographies—youth a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret. The narrative of Cecil's adventures is very loosely constructed, and herein greatly inferior to Sir Bulwer Lytton's performance, which it rivals in wit and brilliance. It is a collection of sketches, the only unity of which consists in the puppyism of the narrator. This puppyism changes its aspects with the changes of life's seasons; it has its springy germination, its summer efflorescence, its autumnal ripeness, and its wintry decline; but in each avatar it is *alter et idem*. Mrs. Gore has relieved the almost oppressive artificial light of the book by episodes of graver interest; the scene which old Barnett at Cintra, for instance, which conducts us to Emily's newly-dug grave—the Mignon-like picture of the Italian dancing-girl—and the death of little Arthur Danby, are effectively rendered. But these are mere "by the way" digressions; the staple is coxcombry, its smart sayings and misdoings. Every chapter bristles with points; every

paragraph has its piquant tit-bit. In respect of elaborate cleverness, pungent antithesis and sprightly badinage, "Cecil" is probably the most remarkable of its author's remarkable productions. In plot, as we have hinted, and in delineation of character, it is subordinate to many. Cecil alone interests us. Emily comes and goes like a shadow; more might have been made, and profitably, of her ingenuous nature—when offended, a queen—when pleased, a child. Lady Ormington is amusing; but besides such portraits as Pelham's lady-mother, and that admirable woman of the world, Lady Frances Sheringham, in Hook's "Parson's Daughter," she is insipid and unsuccessful. We expected more of her, for her first appearance told well; and we anticipated an instructive acquaintanceship with one into whose dressing-room we were admitted by stealth—there beholding on her ladyship's table, blue veins sealed up in one packet, and a rising blush corked up in a crystal phial, and a Pandora's box of eyebrows, eyelashes, lips, cheek, chin, ivory forehead, and a pearly row of teeth. "Her existence was all Watteau—all *à vignette*—all Pompadour—all powder-puff, all musk, all ambergris! Time need have had gold sand in his glass, and an agate handle to his scythe, to deal with such a life of trifling." Such the being who could be charming in company, when it was worth her while, but never played to empty benches; like the country manager who could not afford to give the snow-storm in his Christmas pantomime with white paper, when the audience was thin, she often "snowed brown," and was peevish and ungracious until further notice. Her husband, Lord Ormington, is of a class which no one can better describe than Mrs. Gore, but which she has described far better elsewhere; the sort of man one rarely sees out of England; reserved, without being contemplative; convivial, without being social; cold, unexpansive, undemonstrative; one who quarrelled with the Woods and Forests, because they would not mend the roads with the ruins of Fotheringay Castle—and could perceive no irony in Hamlet's assignment of purpose to the ashes of imperial Cæsar. Lady Harriet Vandeleur is well done so far as she goes; an Irishwoman, with a *naïveté* bordering on effrontery—pretty, pouting, piquante; coquette, jill, flirt, angel: restless and artificial; her *naïveté* calculated, her *impromptus faits à loisir*. Thérèse is not a bad illustration of the *spirituelle* and sigh-away *femme incomprise*, united to an Apollo Belvidere fed upon oil-cake, and weighing eighteen stone. And a due

source of mirth is open in the history of the Frau Wilhelmina, with her carnivorous and other propensities. But it is on English subjects that Mrs. Gore best exhibits her skill.

The class of fiction to which "The Hamiltons" belongs, labors under the disadvantage of a promiscuous alliance of fact and fancy. Political life is the theme—the dates are accurately given—the ministers and the opposition have each their rôle; while, at the same time, historical accuracy is defied—the Duke of Wellington is not himself, Sir Robert Peel is neither here nor there, and all is confusion worse confounded. In "The Hamiltons" we have political portraits, belonging to the period of George IV.'s decease and the Reform Bill agitation; but the food on which we are invited to banquet is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The actors are neither quite historical nor quite ideal; there is a *quantum* of reality about them, but it is not a *quantum suff.* If political novels we are to have at all, it is more satisfactory to have them in a more definite shape—with at least two or three veritable cabinet ministers, masqued or not, as you please, but recognizable, and in keeping with the blue books and morning papers of twenty years since. One can enjoy, for instance, Plumer Ward's presentation of Canning (as Wentworth) in "De Vere," or our *novel* Chancellor of the Exchequer's kit-kats, in "Coningsby," or the still less thinly veiled characters in "Wynville; or, Clubs and Coteries." But to be implicated in such a game as fast and loose—not to find unity of character on the right hand or the left—to be tantalized by a chaotic jumble of elements, one paragraph taken from the *Annual Register*, and the next coined from the romancer's stock in trade—this has a spice of irritation in it. Some minds, however, may find naught to cavil at in this hybrid type; and those who do cavil, will own the dashing skill with which Mrs. Gore has ignored their possible objections, and delineated, in her own witty, whiggish, wilful way, a picture of official life in 1830. The performers are many and amusing.

Lord Laxington, a privy councillor, with a jargon and technical dialect as inveterate as that of a horse-dealer; his arguments full of ministerial mysticism—his jokes all parliamentary—his notes of invitation formal as official documents—his anecdotes authenticated by dates; one who speaks as if before a committee, and scarcely knows how to leave the room without the ceremony of pairing off, or to hazard an opinion, lest he should be required to justify it to his party. His son,

again, Augustus Hamilton, a heartless dandy, who quarrels with a grain of pepper too much in his soup—the Alcibiades of Brook-street—a pretender of the vacant throne of Brummeldom—who forbears to enter the Opera pit during one of Pasta's airs, lest he should distract the attention of the house—who has the nicknackery of life at his fingers' ends, and can 'spout *vertu* in the choicest cant of connoisseurship; a cold-blooded libertine, moreover, and assuming the pride of the serpent, when he is, in truth, the weakest of worms.

William Tottenham, another of the same order—lively and good-natured, so long as the sun-shines and his hair keeps in curl, and his linen is starched to the sticking point; but whose wits will not suffice to pay his hair-dresser's bill, and whose head and heart are alike bankrupt. Cadogan, the model of a "perfectly gentlemanlike man"—that is, by Mrs. Gore's interpretation, one who must not offend the public eye, ear, or conscience—neither violent in his politics, vehement in his affections, nor eccentric in his dress—one whose greatness consists in his mediocrity, and who, while following in meek subservience the dictates of society, affects unbounded independence. Bernard Forbes, sallow, saturnine, hard-featured, uncompromising, self-respecting, outspoken; in spite of his brown-holland complexion and quizzical coat, one of "those remarkable men who make up, with ninety-nine of mediocre capacity, the complement of every hundred of the human race;" dressing like a dustman, and tying his cravat as other men cord a portmanteau; but verifying the adage that it is often the fruit of roughest rind that is sweetest to the core. Claneustace—one of those characters which, "like certain minerals, remain soft during the process of formation, to harden at last into the sternest compactness."

And then for the women. Susan, whom everybody loved—so mild, so benevolent, so forbearing; so unassuming; such a patient, devoted, much-wronged nature as Mr. Thackeray loves to depict amid crowds of selfish, hollow-hearted men; an innocent, so slow to believe in the existence of wickedness, that she trusts her happiness, her person, the purity of her mind, to the keeping of one who despises all things good and holy; and in the development of whose career, Mrs. Gore has exercised that command of pathos which some critics deny her, as though she could only, at best, *faire badiner la tendresse*. Julia Hamilton pleases such censors better; a fashionable fribble, who plays an able game, both at the whist-table and with the hand of

court-cards dealt to her in the long rubber of human life: who cares not to cast her eyes on a single female face, except the four queens, which strengthen her hand at whist, and who never lays aside her secret mail-coat of egotism, either in the arms of her father or at the footstool of her Maker. Mrs. Cadogan is a revolting sketch: a beautiful woman, who, by wearing a smiling face when discontented, has learnt to wear an innocent one while sinning; and whose mind contracts at last, in quintessential malignity, into the poison-drop that inflicts destruction on others. That she is unnatural and improbable is our consolation; the part which she plays, however, in the fortunes of "The Hamiltons" gives scope to some very powerful writing—unlabored, indeed, and unpretending, but realizing more than one scene of tragic interest.

But the comedy of artificial life is Mrs. Gore's forte; and it is when reproducing, in her brilliant way, the soap-bubbles and sparkling fire-flies of the "upper ten thousand," that we feel her power; when she invites us to Mayfair or Baden, to gaze on her lifelike and highly-colored "tableau," as Le Sage has it, "*des soins, des peines, des mouvements, que les pauvres mortels se donnent, pour remplir agréablement le petit espace entre leur naissance et leur mort.*" A Burtonshaw family—a gossiping Pen. Smith—a Sir Joseph Leighton, "one of those fussy men, who insist on having dots placed on all the *i's* of life, and crosses on its *t's*"—in hitting off folks of this calibre, with a few smart strokes of her everlasting gold pen, lies her supremacy.

The tragical story of the Duchess de Praslin has contributed an adventitious interest to the intrinsic merit of "Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination." The book was a favorite one with that ill-fated lady; and a volume of it being found on her bed, stained with her blood, and subsequently deposited in evidence at the trial, it acquired remarkable notoriety on the continent. At home it has enjoyed the applause of diverse and distinguished readers—among them, a lord-chancellor—peers, like Lord Holland, without stint—wits, like Jekyll and Luttrell, of vast dinner-table influence—and novellists like Beckford and Bulwer Lytton, of ungainsayable credit and renown. The tale runs upon the injurious effects produced upon the female character by an extension of the rights and privileges of the sex. Mrs. Armytage* is one

who exercises over her children the utmost rigor of petty despotism—one whose love of domination had been allowed to progress into a ruling passion, by the indulgence of an inert and adoring husband—one, of whom her son affirms, that were he to fall in love with an angel, blest with a peerage in her own right, and a million in the five per cents, *she* would be sure to raise objections. Her haughty temper breaks the heart of her daughter, the admirable Sophia, and bows her to an early grave; it makes her son, Arthur, a miserable dependent, and his wife—the artless and winning Marian—a neglected alien: and it goes far towards raising between these two a cloud of suspicion and discord, charged with ruin to their mutual happiness. The ordeal of discipline through which that haughty spirit has to pass, ere it will bate one jot of its pretensions, is finely and feelingly portrayed. Several parts, indeed, of this novel are marked by more than ordinary pathos; especially the death-bed of Sophia, that mild, pure, most unselfish maiden, who had scarcely ever been parted an hour from her mother's side; "and though Mrs. Armytage's loftiness of spirit seemed to elevate her above all sympathy with the timid girl, as the giant oak above all consciousness of the fragrant violet blooming at its root, yet now that the flower had withered, the tree seemed desolate; for winter was around its leafless boughs." A powerful hand is also visible in the description of the meeting and explanation between Arthur and Edgar Rainsford—and of Arthur's passionate revelation to his mother of her illegal tenure of Holywell—and of the disease-stricken and heart-sore woman's return home, to humble herself and die. There is a larger supply, too, of agreeable acquaintances than one often finds in Mrs. Gore's fictions; the Rotherhams, for instance; and excellent Dr. Grant; and part of the Maranham family; and Arthur, and Sophia, and Marian. Even Winsome Wyn becomes likeable, when transformed to Lord Wildingham—though we fancy he was not originally meant to be endured, nor is the process of amendment very naturally explained. The *vis comica* is well sustained in the person of honest Jack Baltimore—a man of cunning in the odds, expert at billiards, addicted to punch, knowing in horseflesh and the slang dictionary; and tolerable amusement is to be had out of the aspiring Yankee, Mister Leonidas Lomax, who makes his *entrée* as a never-say-die antagonist of "aristocratic usurpation," speaking in aphorisms himself, and perpetually correcting the moods and

* And poor Mrs. Armytage, warning exaction, sits arm-chaired forever, a dread petrification.

LION HUNT.

tenses of other people, and proving his incapacity to take a pinch of snuff without connecting the measure with some precept of political economy; but who eventually subsides into a courtly, tuft-hunting sycophant—covers his republican nakedness with gay waistcoats and fine trinkets—and disports himself, padded, pinched, painted, with an Adonis wig and a pair of fixed spurs. Other pleasant sketches we have, in the persons of Dyke Robsey, M. P., “all for railways and radical reform,” and his cheery, vulgar, kind-hearted spouse; and Mrs. Avarilla, one of the weird sisters at the Grange, rigidly cold and formal, but ever in a solemn bustle and perplexity of business. The Grange mystery is an episode of indifferent interest.

But we must scramble to a conclusion, in a very immethodical fashion; for how, with stinted limits and an imperfect memory, can we find our way to a *finis*, along the high-ways and byways of Mrs. Gore’s wide domains, unless in a manner sadly skipping and desultory! To run over the names, then, of some other of her host of novels—there are the “Reign of Terror” and the “Lettre de Cachet,” the earliest and, some think, the most graceful and attractive of her *opera omnia*. Her more recent and characteristic style found its first decided display in “Women as They Are”—a somewhat flippant picture of fashionable and *Lady’s Magazine* existence. It appeared in 1830, and was followed next year by the renowned and effervescent volumes devoted to “Mothers and Daughters”—of which the critical Phœbus of “Blue-Stocking Revels,” who confessed he *sometimes* wished Mrs. Gore’s three volumes were two, was fain to protest—

But not when she dwelt upon daughters or mothers;
Oh, *then* the three made him quite long for three others.

Another year, and she produced “The Fair of May Fair,” a series of a rather *fade* and *passé* aspect. After “Mrs. Armytage” there came (1838) “The Heir of Selwood”—a complicated story, which involves both reader and writer in a labyrinth that once or twice threatens a “fix”—illustrative of the wrongful acquisition of a noble estate, and the perplexities of a childless heroin, who adopts a strange infant as her own, and anon finds herself a mother *de facto* as well as *de jure*. In this tale Mrs. Gore is more restrained and serious than usual. Next came “The Cabinet Minister,” represented by a

Sir Robert Crewe—one of those official veterans whom she describes with such *gusto*; the time being that of the Carlton House regency, and the theme one to which, in its salient points, she is marvellously *au fait*. The same year (1829) appeared “Preferment; or, My Uncle the Earl”—full of satiric touches, and supported by one or two capital full-length figures. It has been said, that so faithful are her portraits, that it is by no means difficult for one moving in the same circles to detect the individuals from whom particular traits are drawn: yet are they *not* portraits, nor, what is still more common, caricatures of well known personages; the peculiarities only are derived from distinct originals, and combined with general characteristics. “Her pages are a complete Rochefoucauld of English high life.” But the satire is not crabbed, the irony is not morose, the ridicule is not snappish; for this we may take Apollo’s word at the Feast of the Violets.

For her satire, he said, wasn’t evil, a bit;
But as full of good heart as of spirits and wit.

In 1840 we had “The Dowager; or, the New School for Scandal,” of which the name is its own interpreter, being a motley and high-colored picture of the results of babbling and gossip, the prolific seeds sown by Mrs. Candours and Sir Benjamin Backbites. The Dowager herself, Lady Delmaine, is one of our author’s most felicitous characters; but, with one or two exceptions, the others are pasteboard, and that of the flimsiest make; and the story is rattled through with a careless rapidity, and overflow of colloquial levity, which make us approve once again the criticism of the divinity already appealed to:

Only somewhat be found, now and then, which dilated
A little too much on the fashions it rated,
And heaps of “polite conversation” so true
That he, once, really wished the three volumes were two.

If we have wished it more than once, may Mrs. Gore and her tutelar god forgive us!

Her familiarity with Parisian life and manners found room for lively display in “Greville; or, a Season in Paris,” which was succeeded, in 1842, by a novel, where the scene is laid in Russia, viz., “The Ambassador’s Wife,” spoilt by haste and recklessness of construction, but clever, piquant, and pungent as ever. More pains she must have taken in working up the power and passion

(for there are both in an eminent degree) of "The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City;" but those who chiefly appreciate her, pronounce it comparatively heavy reading. Scenes there are, however, of genuine comedy and humorous relief, such as scarcely any one else could have put on paper. There was some ground for a critic at this period (1843-4) affirming that, "within the last eight or nine years Mrs. Gore had distanced nearly all her contemporaries by a rapid succession of some of the most brilliant novels in our language."* Nor, excepting a brief interval, did she abate in literary energy. Emulation, if nothing else, must have sustained a spirit like hers; was not Mrs. Trollope still publishing her thousands, and Mr. James his ten thousands? Besides the consecrated form of three volumes, there were the magazines into which to pour the exuberance of her invention. In this shape she gave us "Blanks and Prizes," "Temptation and Atonement," "Abednego, the Money-Lender," "Surfaceism; or, the World and its Wife;" and innumerable stories, such as the "Burgher of St. Gall," the "Scrap-stall of Paris," the "Leper-House of Janval," the "Royalists of Peru," and other *historiettes* collected

From a' the airts the wind can blaw,

or a quick fancy cull flowers and fruitage. Recurring to the post-octavo triplets, we have yet to record the names of "Peers and Parvenus," in which she appears to strain a chord already enfeebled by undue tension; and "Sketches of English Character," illuminated by a running fire of witticisms, manufactured by the same accomplished patentee as "Cecil," and fizzing and crackling in every conceivable direction; and then the "Debutante; or, the London Season," another congenial subject for such a lecturer. These three last works all belong to one year, 1846. Her next, "Castles in the Air," betrayed increasing symptoms of over-work, and did little to strengthen, nothing to spread, her reputation. But it would take many a weightier load than such air-castles to sink the reputation she had secured; a score of such mediocrities would not much depreciate the insurance policy she had long since effected in the temple of Fame. In this

glancing notice we have omitted several of her ablest as well as her least-noticeable fictions; nor have we, as dealing simply with a female novelist, alluded to her productions in other walks of literature. If it happened that our printer's — ("bad word," as Young Tom Ball's biographer would put it, and as Ellis Bell would *not**) were clamorous for more "copy," instead of being, as the ingenuous youth is, indignant at our excesses in longitude and latitude, we could gloriously fill up a sheet or two with a formal enumeration of the comedies, farces, feuilletons, and *opuscula miscellanea* of Mrs. Gore's authorship. Nor would the mere catalogue read amiss, or be wanting in interest, to those who gloat over the catalogues of Homer's ships, and Milton's proper names, and the levee and drawing-room statistics in four parallel columns of the *Times*. As a novelist, we take our leave of her, with a cordial sense of her singular talents and memorable industry—our general impressions of her multifarious fictions being in accordance with the complimentary comment of Leigh Hunt:†

Then how much good reading! what fit, flowing words!

What enjoyment, whether midst houses or herbs!
'Tis the thinking of men with the lightness of birds!

Every reader of "Wuthering Heights" must have "made great eyes," as a German would say, at the frequency and matter-of-course *nonchalance* with which oaths are there spelt out, letter by letter, in the most solid style of cursing and swearing. Never was dish to set before a—trooper, more highly spiced and hotly peppered, in the manner which troopers proverbially relish. And Currer Bell espouses the cause of all this "cussin' and swearin'". In her preface to the above work, she says that undoubtedly a large class of readers will "suffer greatly" from Ellis Bell's habit of substituting the naughty word *in extenso* for the customary blank line. And adds: "I may as well say at once, that for this circumstance it is out of my power to apologize; deeming it, myself, a rational plan to write words at full length. The practice of hinting by single letters those expletives with which profane and violent persons are wont to garnish their discourse, strikes me as a proceeding which, however well meant, is weak and futile. I cannot tell what good it does—what feeling it spares—what horror it conceals." This is highly characteristic of the frank and free-hearted writer, whatever we may think of her taste. With her a blank is a sham, and all shams are to be put down—except on paper.

† Blue stocking Revels, canto ii.

* A New Spirit of the Age.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CORNEILLE AND SHAKSPEARE.*

THE influence of a great national poet on the national character, is a subject which might engage the subtlest analyst, and the most philosophical historian. It is not to be forgotten that the poet himself is the product of his own times and country. But this only explains—it does not contradict, or detract from his influence. In every society, or condition of mankind, there are conflicting elements of thought; those which have entered largest into the composition of the poet are those which his genius renders predominant. He could not operate on other minds, unless they, in some measure, sympathize already with his own; he finds in each citadel a faction, at least, that wears his colors, and to them he gives over the command of the fortress.

When the national poet is also the favorite dramatist, and his verses are recited before multitudes, and with all the illusions of the theatre, this influence reaches the highest point which, in modern society, is attainable. The bard who sang his own strains, or the compositions he had learned, to a simple, passionate audience, who gave themselves up to the charm, without a single critical question, without a distraction—from the side, at least, of the reflective faculty—exercised a power over the minds of others which, we apprehend, no modern dramatist, even with the aid of a Kean or a Talma, could rival. But under the forms of our present civilization, the influence of a single mind can nowhere be so great, so permanent, so extensive, as when it calls to its assistance the recitation, and the vivid representations of the stage.

If the stage has ceased, or is gradually ceasing, to be the popular amusement of civilized Europe, the vocation of the dramatist, like that of the minstrel bard of old, is gone. The book becomes the sole magician of the scene. We have a strong suspicion, when we pronounce the names of Corneille and Shakspeare, that we are speaking of men

whose peculiar influence *as dramatists* belongs already to the past. What they possess *as poets* they still retain; and in the case of one of them (perhaps of both) will retain as long as books are read. Even if the drama should still continue popular amongst us—even if a taste for tragedy should revive—the stage, as a means of instructing and impressing the minds of numbers, is so completely outrivalled and overpowered by the press, that the dramatist can no longer have any very peculiar influence on the national tone of thought or character. When a Parisian multitude not only sought its amusement, but gained a large share of its ideas—of its thinking—from the theatre, the dramas of Corneille must have exercised a vast influence over them, and one which they can never repeat.

We think we trace that influence very distinctly in the political history of France, and of Paris; for the great city and “great nation” have, in political events, been terms almost synonymous. In the midst of the French Revolution we trace the theatre of Corneille. Whence did the people obtain that fondness for classical models, so conspicuous during the scenes of the French Revolution? It must have been from the theatre—not from their scholarship. Whence, but from Corneille, did they obtain that readiness to sacrifice to some *principle*, some all but imaginary duty, the natural feelings and affections of humanity? But Corneille, it will be said, wrote in the very palmy days of the monarchy; some one has called his dramas “the breviary of kings,” so delighted was he with magnifying the office, the rights and dignity of kings and emperors. It was not from Corneille, only occasionally republican, that they would learn the doctrines of the Revolution. Very true; but he helped to make them the sort of revolutionists they were. For good and for bad, his influence is conspicuous in their mode of thinking and their moral temperament. He taught them a heroic devotion to a general principle; he taught them, too, to sacrifice the safer guides

* Corneille and his Times.
Shakspeare and his Times.
BY M. GUIZOT.
BY M. GUIZOT.

of humane feeling, kindly sympathy, and the *personal equities* of life, to some stern and national duty; and he taught them, moreover, the intellectual habit of changing these general principles with surprising rapidity. His dialogues consist of a passionate logic, wielded with equal power by the most opposite antagonists. Their passion is, indeed, for the most part, displayed by some egregious paradox, or bold, fallacious reasoning. No sentiment is so common as that *all is permitted for a great end*; and if the mind is familiarized with this sentiment, it is quite as well prepared to take part in the tyranny of a mob as in the tyranny of a despot. The "Old Man of the Mountain" recruits his assassins from the same moral nature that supplies fit members for a Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier Tinville would have made an admirable fanatic.

It is a matter of common remark that you excite a Parisian mob by a logical abstraction—by the lofty enunciation of a general principle. This has been often made the subject of laudatory comment, when a comparison has been drawn between a Parisian and an English mob. This last, it has been said, can be moved but in two ways: *either* by vociferating some single watchword—as you would wave a banner in the air—some *cry* which bears concentrated in itself the prejudices which have been many years in ripening: it is "No Popery!" or the "Constitution!" or "Reform!" as the case may be;—*or*, by appealing to some deep-rooted feeling of justice and morality, or some spontaneous natural sympathy. "Fair play!" and "He has had enough!" are the oratorical expressions which often decide the controversy. Instead of being prepared to sacrifice their humanity for an abstraction, the most popular cause would be in danger of losing its popularity the moment it led to a flagrant act of cruelty. Englishmen are more ready to sympathize with men, than inflame themselves with a principle; and their sympathies extend as widely through the various classes of society, as that of any people who can be named.

This aptitude in a French populace to throw its passion into the form of general reasoning, which leads it often into the heroic mood, and which has also impressed upon it the character, above all other people, of inconstancy (monarchical and republican principles succeeding each other in rapid alternation,) may be not unfairly traced, in some degree, to the education received from its theatre. Upon the whole, we regard it as

an unfortunate education which their great dramatist provided for the French people.

Open any one of the dramas of Corneille. Each speaker is a bold and eloquent pleader for his cause, abounding in all the maxims of conduct which may suit his purpose or position. Liberty, loyalty, honor, dissimulation, each for the time, is put in full possession of the whole artillery of logic and rhetoric. The most unscrupulous maxims are delivered with unblushing effrontery, and in the most precise and energetic language. Passionate and argumentative at once, no style could be more fitted to engrave them on the memory, or win for them at least a transitory assent of the judgment. It is the display of strong passion, leading men not into violent *action*, but into violent *reasoning*, that we have so frequently placed before us.

From a volume of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Corneille which lies before us, we select the first on which the page opens. It is *Pompey*. Pompey, who gives the name to the piece, never, as our readers will remember, appears upon the scene. News comes of his fatal defeat, in the plains of Pharsalia, to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and he and his counsel consult together what policy to adopt: whether, from gratitude to Pompey, to protect, as far as possible, the conquered, or to appease the conqueror by the sacrifice of the fugitive. *Phôtin*, *Septime*, *Achillas*, and *Ptolomée* himself, give their several opinions. *Photin* argues that Pompey should be put to death. Fortune has declared against him; nay, there is a sort of piety in siding with the victor.

"Rangez-vous du parti des destins et des dieux.

Quels que soient leurs décrets déclarez-vous pour eux,

Et, pour leur obéir, perdez le malheureux."

If the standard of victory had been waving from the prow of his galleys, we would have received him with honors and festivities;—we wished it; why has he not better answered our wishes and our hopes? He comes cursed by the gods. As to the justice and the morality of the case, *Photin* scouts any appeal to such vulgar considerations. He throws all the energy of his language into his indignant disclaimer:—

"Laissez nommer sa mort un injuste attentat,

La justice n'est pas une vertu d'Etat.

Le choix des actions, ou mauvaises ou bonnes,

Ne fait qu'anéantir la force des couronnes:

Le droit des rois consiste à ne rien épargner,

La timide équité détruit l'art de régner."

The poet seems to triumph in the audacity with which he can utter the most infamous principles. Meanwhile, some shadow of loyalty, or some vague sense of a duty to the State, just saves the speaker from our utmost execrations, or from the charge of downright madness. *Achillas* advises a milder course, but takes care to say,

"Non qu'en un coup d'Etat je n'approuve le crime."

Septime is a Roman. He declares that to adopt the cause of Pompey would be to rush into destruction. The king can either chase him from his dominions, or deliver him up to Cæsar, alive or dead. He counsels the last, "Take upon yourself," he says, "the crime, and leave Cæsar the benefit of it: he will be doubly grateful for an enemy destroyed, and his own reputation spared." Ptolemy decides in favor of the last proposition. In that decision even *Achillas* acquiesces—

"Seigneur, je crois tout juste alors qu'un ro l'ordonne."

If nothing can be crime which serves King Ptolemy, so Ptolemy, in his turn, finds that nothing can be wrong which is done in the service of one who represents the majesty of Rome. He lays claim to peculiar merit for sacrificing his honor to the interest of Cæsar.

"Mais pour servir César rien n'est illégitime!"

Quotations of this kind might be easily multiplied; but it is not necessary. Neither shall we pursue a step further the course of this drama, which does not indeed hold a place in the first rank in the theatre of Corneille. The love of Cæsar is very absurd; and his clemency is not more worthily represented. Both it, and the most magnanimous hatred of Cornelia, are precisely what we are accustomed to call melo-dramatic.

Corneille's classical heroes have been complimented as being "more Roman than the Romans themselves." In one sense of the word we have no doubt of this:—such Romans as his never lived. They are rather boasting Spaniards, thrown into the toga, and losing, under this new costume, the little nature that belonged to them. Corneille borrowed a good deal more than his plots from the Spanish drama. We quite agree with the speaker in "*Horace*" who says,

"Je rends grâces au dieu de n'être pas Romain.
Pour conserver encore quelque chose d'humain."

In this fine drama of "*Horace*" our sympathies, unless borne along by the power of some great actor, entirely break down. We admire the elevation of mind, half patriotism, half stoicism, which Horace displays in that interview with his sister which occurs *before* the battle. He tells Camille that if Curiace, her lover, shall return the conqueror, not to reproach *him* with the death of her brother—to love and to marry him as a man who had only fulfilled his duty. But, on the other hand, if he (*Horace*) should return the victor, to give him the like welcome.

"Ne me reprochez point la mort de vôtre amant—
Querrellez ciel et terre, et maudissez le sort;
Mais après le combat ne pensez plus au mort."

These are natural sentiments, and naturally expressed: he is strong at heart himself, and he would fortify his sister against the approaching calamity;—but when he in fact returns the victor, we feel that this stoical elevation degenerates into a harsh and boastful manner, devoid of the least trait of heroic, or any other, nature. He at once challenges his sister's joyful reception! He points to the swords of the slain—

"Vois ces marques d'honneur, ces témoins de ma gloire,
Et rends ce que tu dois à l'heur de ma victoire."

It is brutal;—and, on the other hand, the conduct of Camille is a sort of suicidal rage: for she not only laments her lover, which was natural, but rushes into a general abuse of Rome!—which is quite inexplicable, unless it was intended to inflame the anger of her brother.

It is rarely that the natural and spontaneous passions, whether good or ill, have their fair play and development in the dramas of Corneille. What he delights to do is to raise up some principle of honor, or of loyalty, and then to break the heart against it. *Ilis Chimène* loves; but her idea of honor requires that she should revenge her father, and she goes before the king, clamorously petitioning for the execution of her lover! And *Chimène* is the tenderest of his heroines. If we look at his "*Æmilia*" in *Cinna* we absolutely recoil, as before some beautiful tigress; nay, as far as we see, there is more of ferocity than beauty of any description. If the general effect of Corneille's

dramas be to elevate the mind into certain heroic moods, we may add, with quite as much truth, that another general effect is to *indurate* the heart. So far from doing, as his master Aristotle would have told him—so far from softening the spectator by the means of pity and terror, he succeeds, as we say, in hardening the heart. He teaches us to throw aside and trample upon natural goodness, or natural weakness; but he is far from teaching us to do this in obedience to ennobling or steadfast sentiments of duty. While he tortures our feelings, he plays with our principles. We cannot but think that a great poet of this kind was, upon the whole, a national misfortune.

We shall return again, if space permits us, to some examination of the dramas of Corneille. These few specimens will justify the general remark we have made on the character of the influence he habitually exercised upon his audience. Let us look, for a moment, at our Shakspeare, and the national influence which he appears to have exercised.

Beyond some appeals to our patriotism, or national vanity, it may at first appear that there is nothing in the drama of Shakspeare to exercise an influence on the national character. He presents to us human life and human passions in all their varieties; and the boast which his critics have made in his name is precisely this, that he is so universal, so impartial, that in his mimic world, you see humanity, but you do not see William Shakspeare. Any other influence, therefore, except the beneficial results that attend upon the wide exercise and development of our sympathies, it may seem difficult to specify.

But notwithstanding this character not unjustly ascribed to him, of dramatic universality, we think the mind of Shakspeare himself is seen and felt throughout his dramas, and that there are prevailing trains of thought which have had a permanent influence on his countrymen. How are Englishmen characterized abroad, and by neighboring nations? A practical people marvellously industrious, but withal a melancholy and reflective people; given more than any other, that ever led so active and strenuous life, to meditation. Serious and taciturn, we are supposed to be peculiarly subject to ennui, and to have a great tendency to suicide. This last we dispute. But that a strain of serious and of melancholy reflection runs through the national character, and through the English literature, will be generally admitted. Where did it begin? Next to our seas and our skies, and that in-

finity which surrounds all human life, we trace it to William Shakspeare. What young poet, after having read his Shakspeare through and through, does not begin with something which, consciously or unconsciously, is an imitation of Hamlet?

There is much of Hamlet in many other characters than the Prince of Denmark—much of the same deep unsatisfied reflection, leaning more to despondency than to hope, and dwelling much with doubt, though never throwing faith aside. How, indeed, could a man of keen and pensive observation on human life, of habitual reflection upon himself and the strange scene around him, fail to introduce traits of his own mode of thinking? He has diffused them more copiously through his *Hamlet* than elsewhere; but in many other characters it is Shakspeare that speaks and not the hero of the piece. The strain of sentiment was never suggested by a dramatic exercise of his mind, but thoughts and images which had occurred to him in some observant or meditative hour are reproduced, with or without much dramatic propriety. What gave Claudio in *Measure for Measure* that thrilling passage—

“Ay, but to die, to go we know not where!”

The situation of Claudio, who is condemned to die, would give rise naturally enough to reflections upon death; but what was there in the character of Claudio to suggest this *tone* of reflection? An ordinary Italian takes the priest's account of what happens after death. It was not Claudio that was speaking here. When Romeo, the fond and despairing lover, has heard of Juliet's death—he too will die—he will procure some poison, carry it to Juliet's tomb, and drink it there! Was that description, which lives in the memory of every one of us, of the starved apothecary, introduced for the exigencies of the drama? On the contrary, more than one critic has observed, that no man in the affliction of Romeo could possibly have so far abstracted his mind from his own personal distress as to have then dwelt upon the condition of another, and drawn this faithful picture of him. It was not Romeo, it was Shakspeare, that had seen and noted the apothecary.

What had Macbeth, assassin and usurper, to do with that pensive moralizing—

“Life's but a walking shadow?”

We do not say here that there is any dramatic

discrepancy. Shakspeare has given throughout his *Macbeth* softening touches of reflection. He could not help it. This reflective tendency was so strong in his mind that it throws its light over all his pictures. There is more of this cast of thought in one play of Shakspeare than in all the dramas of Corneille. Such a character of Jacques can have been introduced for no other purpose than to unburden the poet's mind of these pensive, meditative, poetic thoughts that were crowding in upon it. But even where his creations are eminently dramatic, he still carries with him his own peculiar thoughtfulness, that sad and marvellous inquisition which the philosophic spirit can never release itself from. And thus it happens that, let the tragedy be what it may which Shakspeare has presented to us, one result is sure to follow: he leaves us in the reflective mood; if not wiser, in the mood for wisdom. Of all the creations of Shakspeare, one of the most thoroughly dramatic, as it is also one of his very grandest, is *King Lear*. What mournful sagacity, what serious and pensive satire, gleam through the free and wild discourses of the discrowned madly-bewildered monarch! Oh, do not tell us that Shakspeare is not seen in his dramas! He is not seen intrusively; his men and women speak; but there is the same inspiration felt throughout.

This reflective mood, like everything earthly, may have its darker side, and evil as well as good may be traced to it. We have heard some complaints in print, as well as in conversation mutterings, on what has been called the sceptical spirit of the dramas of Shakspeare. Very susceptible of scepticism those minds, we think, must be who have found it there. But say that you encounter a spirit of meditation, revolving much and concluding little, where the problems of human life are stated, and not resolved, consider this—that it is always a *serious* spirit. Doubt is sadness; there is no levity in it; inquiry is never thrown aside; a great problem is never forgotten, never trifled with. And the doubt is but transitory—an obscuration, not a departure of faith. It is but the cloud upon Mount Sinai; the sacred mountain itself is not removed. If a certain distrust and despondency may be said to characterize the people and the literature of England, and if this be in some measure traceable to the author of "*Hamlet*," let it be also remembered that no Gallic levity enters into this dubious and distrustful disposition. At one time, when all earnest thought was out of fashion, and Shakspeare himself was forgotten, there ap-

peared this spirit of light-hearted scepticism amongst us. But even then it was a foreign importation. It is a *Rasselas*, and not a *Candide*, that takes root in the English mind. Sadness enough it may betray, and arising partly from incertitude in its quest for truth; but a gay recognition that no truth is to be found, and a "let us live happy without it!"—this is not in our national mind, nor in our national poet.

Shakspeare lived at a time when a great religious revolution was taking place in this country. At such times there is brought before the observant mind one of the most mournful spectacles which human affairs present. Virtue and piety are arrayed—against virtue and piety. Men substantially of the same faith, and the same morality, are condemning each other with a bitterness of language they do not use towards the worst of criminals. Each, in the estimation of his opponent, is the enemy of God and of man. In such scenes of controversy, they are not to be most blamed who find it impossible to side heartily with either party—whose first wish is for *peace*, and who stand aloof that they may not further embroil the fray. It is said of Shakspeare that he was neither good Protestant nor good Catholic, and that he had probably received just as much of the new doctrine as to disturb his faith in the old. To us it seems that there was a great similarity in this respect between Bacon and Shakspeare. Both were Protestants, so far as this was a national or patriotic question; both were ready to declare

"That no Italian priest
Shall toll and tithe in our dominions;"

and we need not add that both were men accustomed to the independent exercise of their own judgment. So far, they were Protestants. But they had neither of them irrevocably pledged themselves to the doctrinal system of that party. Bacon was a *political* Protestant; the poet Shakspeare had evidently never revoked or called in his sympathies from the old forms of Christian piety. Both were occasionally driven, by the influence of the times, to speculate on first principles. Bacon found his consolation, and a great purpose, in recalling men to the study of material nature, and Shakspeare his occupation in the study of human nature. One hardly sees how *he* could have pursued his theme and been the staunch Protestant of the times; he could hardly have been both dramatist and Puritan.

But he might have been the Poet. Milton, it may be suggested, was a Puritan. Have many of those who would thus characterize Milton reflected on the various elements that entered into the composition of the mind of that poet? He was a Puritan imbued with the spirit of Homer and of Æschylus. Classical learning had done for him what a speculative spirit had done for Shakspeare; it imparted a certain freedom, produced a certain impartiality of thought and vision, without which we might have had hymns, many and beautiful, but no epic.

Speaking on national poets, it is hardly a digression to bestow a passing word on Milton. What is it we see in the mind of this great poet? It is nothing less than the confluence of two streams of poetic literature—the Hebrew and the Greek. Homer and Isaiah meet together. In prose, he was a Puritan arguing against Prelacy, as if this were the turning-point of the world's history. But in poetry, his imagination haunts the past, and the old gods restored to him large portions of our common humanity. In vain did he convert the heathen gods into disguised and treacherous devils; they had reared a temple for themselves in his imagination which he never could desecrate.

Examine the mind of Milton—we feel our knee bend reverently as we approach the theme, with just that slight genuflexion the priest makes as he nears the altar—examine his mode of thinking and reasoning. You find that in his controversial works he shows little tendency to build on first principles, or on abstract truths, but argues much, (according to the prevailing manner of the times,) from his authorities, his texts, his citations, his "Kings" and "Chronicles," his priests and prophets. His learning and his reasoning go hand in hand. But Milton happily had two learnings, and the balance and interchange between them produced some of the liberalizing effect of enlarged abstract reasoning. In his poetry this becomes very conspicuous. The Hebrew literature lent him all its grandeur of conception, and its moral purity; but he escaped from its spirit of exclusiveness; for the Greek literature also claimed an allegiance from him. These two sources of thought, these two golden urns, were on his right hand and on his left, and he drew from both: or rather let us say, that these two literatures were the two mighty wings on which he soared and balanced himself in that loftiest empyrean in which none other has sailed with safety.

Our national mind and character are per-

manently, and in every department, marked by *compromise*. In our political constitution, in our church, in our system of education, in our great habits of thinking, we make some curious, undefinable, but most useful compromise between irreconcilable antagonists. We talk like republicans, and we feel an enthusiastic loyalty; we have a personal independence that amounts to churlishness, and the throne is scarcely more honored than the aristocracy; we are the most practical and business-like, and the most sad and reflective of men; and in our speculative opinions we claim ever the greatest freedom, and are most averse to any use of it—are very bold, and full of self-distrust;—and lo! among our *poets*, our great epic is a compromise between Christian and classical learning; and in our Shakspearian drama we have been taught to look for nothing but a faithful reflection of all manner of men, of all sentiments, and all passions.

We have been carried on by our own train of thought, to the forgetfulness of our critical duty, and have not yet ushered in the two works of M. Guizot which led to these reflections on the national influences of the French and the English dramatist. Two such announcements as *Corneille and his Times*, and *Shakspeare and his Times*, by an author who is almost naturalized amongst us, and who, at all events, is as highly appreciated in this country as in his own, must have proved very attractive. Those who did not give themselves the leisure to reflect whether it was very likely that the ex-minister, or the fallen statesman, would so soon have withdrawn his attention from political events to fix it upon purely literary themes, will have expected, under these titles, to receive two new works, the result of the last researches and reflections of M. Guizot. They will have been disappointed when, on opening the volumes, they found them composed of essays and fragments written many years ago—one of the longest not even by the pen of M. Guizot. The volumes, however, will be found worthy of perusal; although they will hardly add to the mature reputation of the philosophical historian.

In the *Shakspeare and his Times*, the conspicuous defect lies where one would have least anticipated—in the historical and biographical notice of Shakspeare. The author has not revised his early work; he has not taken advantage of the researches or suggestions of later authors; neither, when he wrote his essay, does he appear to have bestowed much attention on this part of the

subject. The consequence is that he repeats some old stories, which we believe we may say are now generally exploded.

Historical investigation has added very few facts to the biography of Shakspeare, but it has disproved several idle traditions that have been currently attached to his name. All we seem really to know is this, that about the age of nineteen or twenty he left Stratford, and came up to London to push his fortune there, as actor and playwright. A youth, in our days, bent on the like search of fame and fortune, travels up to London with a manuscript in his pocket, and hies forthwith to the publisher. There was no *Murray* or *Longman* in those times of Shakspeare—not even a *Lintot*; even *Grub Street* as yet was unknown—and our literary aspirant betakes himself, of necessity, to the *Globe* theatre. This is all we really know. When the adventurous youth had become the renowned dramatist, the gossips bestirred themselves, and found, or invented, divers anecdotes which, we apprehend, are now generally discredited, or likely to become so.

Shakspeare's father is now a glover, now a butcher; he is a wool-stapler, he is a grazier, a man in distressed circumstances, and a respectable burgess. Shakspeare himself has been articled to a lawyer, has been a schoolmaster; has been bred a butcher, and seen killing a calf, and making speeches over it; he had no education, he has been educated at a most excellent grammar school: there is no end to the conflicting gossip. Then comes the famous story of the deer-stealing, told hitherto in all the biographies—but told with gradually diminishing confidence, till at length his last biographer, Mr. Knight, boldly refuses to it any historical value whatever. M. Guizot, after a very hasty examination, concludes that this story must be true, but regards it in the light of a jocular event, such as Shakspeare himself might have alluded to in after life with the same frankness that men relate the feats of their schoolboy days with. This is the most rational representation to give, if the story is to be retained. But M. Guizot still relates it as the turning-point in our poet's career. It is hard to conceive that he should have been driven from his native place by an occurrence which admits of being represented as a mere youthful exploit, in which there was more frolic than crime. And if he really had to fly from Stratford as a disgraced culprit, it is quite as hard to understand why he should have clung with tenacity to his native place,

continually revisiting it, and returning to end his days there. But what is still more to the purpose than any general reasoning of this kind—it has been shown that the facts by which the tradition has been upheld are without authority—are not facts, but fictions. We cannot do better than give, in the first place, the narrative as told by M. Guizot.

"The occurrence which forced Shakspeare to leave Stratford, and gave to England her greatest poet, proves that his position as the father of a family (he had very early married Anne Hathaway) had not effected any great alteration in the irregularity of his habits as a young man.

"Jealous preservers of their game, like all gentlemen who are not engaged in war, the possessors of parks were continually under the necessity of defending them against invasions which, in places so open and unprotected, were as frequent as they were easy. Danger does not always diminish temptation, but frequently even makes it appear less illegitimate. A band of poachers carried on their depredations in the neighborhood of Stratford, and *Shakspeare, who was eminently sociable, never refused to engage in anything that was done in common.* He was caught in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, locked up in the keeper's lodge, where he passed the night in no very agreeable manner, and taken the next morning before Sir Thomas, in whose presence, according to all appearance, he did not extenuate his fault by submission and repentance. Shakspeare seems to have retained too merry a recollection of this circumstance of his life for us to suppose that it caused him anything more than amusement. Sir Thomas Lucy, whom he brought on the stage some years afterwards as Justice Shallow, had doubtless taken hold of his imagination less as an object of ill humor than as a pleasant caricature.

"Shakspeare composed and posted on Sir Thomas's gates a ballad which was quite bad enough to thoroughly divert the public, to whom he then looked for triumph, and to excite to the last degree the anger of the man whose name is held up to popular ridicule. A criminal prosecution was commenced against the young man with such violence, that he found it necessary to provide for his own safety: so he left his family, and travelled to London in search of an asylum and the means of subsistence.

"Some of Shakspeare's biographers have supposed that pecuniary difficulties may have occasioned this flight from home. Aubrey attributes it only to his desire to find in London some opportunity for the display of his talent. But, whatever may have been the ulterior results of the poet's adventure with Sir Thomas Lucy, the fact itself cannot be called in question. Shakspeare seems to have taken particular pains to state it. *Of all Falstaff's follies the only one for which he is not punished* is having 'beaten the men, and killed the deer,' of Shallow. All the advantage remains with Falstaff in this affair; and Shallow, who is so clearly designated by the arms of the Lucy family, is nowhere so ridiculous as in the scene

in which he vents his wrath against the robber of his game. . . . The friendly care and complacency with which Shakspeare reproduces in the piece, in reference to Shallow's armorial bearings, the play upon words which formed the basis of his ballad against Sir Thomas Lucy, have quite the appearance of a tender recollection; and assuredly few historical anecdotes can produce in favor of their authenticity such conclusive moral evidence."

Now, the doggerel ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy, attributed to Shakspeare, is given up by all the critics; it was plainly written at a much later period—grew out of, and was written to suit, the story. The armorial bearings assigned to Shallow are *not* those of the Lucy family. Malone has the credit, we believe, of pointing this out: the mere similarity of sound between "lucy" and "Lucy" having led to the mistake. There is really no evidence whatever that Justice Shallow is a caricature of Sir Thomas. And it is really very ludicrous to urge, that, "of all Falstaff's follies, the only one for which he is not punished," &c., &c.,—as if Shakspeare was in the habit of dispensing strict retributive justice upon the knight of Gadshill!

The case, therefore, stands thus: There is a traditionary anecdote of Shakspeare having been engaged in the exploit, more or less criminal, of chasing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. But this anecdote is left entirely without confirmation.*

M. Guizot gives us another anecdote of the early life of Shakspeare, for which he does not attempt to assign any authority or confirmation: unless a certain theory he has formed, of the "sociable nature of Shakspeare" leading him "to engage in anything that was done in common," should be considered as some corroboration. It is really of so uninteresting a character that we cannot afford space for the extract. It may be found at page 27. To us the very names of these two convivial fraternities, the *Topers* and the *Sippers*, speak of a later period than Shakspeare's.

It is a little more necessary to set our biographer right upon another subject. He has represented Shakspeare as either a very bad husband, or very unfortunately espoused. There is no evidence for either proposition.

* The first *written record* of the tradition is to be found in a manuscript note of a Rev. R. Davies, appended to the manuscript papers of the Rev. W. Fulman. Mr. Davies assigns no authority, and writes one hundred years after the supposed event. But he tells a story he had heard. Well, this story, without any of those confirmations subsequently introduced, is just what we have at this moment.

That he very rarely resorted to Stratford, where his wife continued to reside, or that he passed very long intervals without seeing her, are statements for which there is no proof: there is some proof, on the contrary, that he continued to regard Stratford as his home. But that on which M. Guizot, in common with other biographers, relies, is a passage in the will of Shakspeare.

"His will contains nothing very remarkable, with the exception of the new proof of the little estimation in which he held the wife he had so hastily married. After having appointed his daughter, Susanna, who had married Mr. Hall, a physician at Stratford, his chief legatee, he bequeaths tokens of friendship to various persons, among whom he does not include his wife; but mentions her afterwards, as an interlineation, merely to leave to her his 'second best bed.' . . .

"This singular omission of the name of Shakspeare's wife, repaired in so slight a manner, probably indicates something more than forgetfulness; and we are tempted to regard it as the sign of an aversion and dislike, the manifestation of which the poet was induced to modify, in a slight degree, by the approach of death alone."

"Modify!" If the will is to be read as evidence of Shakspeare's aversion and dislike, there would be an additional slight in this interlined bequest of the "second best bed." But we call in here the assistance of Mr. Charles Knight. Shakspeare had purchased land and houses at Stratford; and he suggests, with every appearance of reason, that *the wife was provided for by dower*. It would not be necessary, therefore, to insert her name in the will. As to the "best bed," Mr. Knight thinks that might have been an heirloom. Perhaps it had been already given to one of the family; and what passes under the name of the "second best," was the only one remaining to be disposed of by will. But we are now perfectly indifferent as to the fate of the best bed. All the sting is taken out of what seemed to be a derision rather than a legacy.

At the time when Shakspeare made his will, he was living under the same roof with his wife; and Mr. Knight gives an explicit account of the property out of which, *by operation of law*, she would be amply provided for. He very pertinently remarks: "All the records of Shakspeare's professional life, and the results of his success, as exhibited in the accession of property, indicate a steady and regular advance. They show us that perseverance and industry were as much the characteristics of the man as the greatness of his genius; that he held with con-

stancy to the course of life which he had early adopted; that, year by year, it afforded him increased competence and wealth." When we add to this, that he invests his wealth in land and houses in Stratford, and that death surprises him living there, in his native place, with his wife and family, we have nothing which gives testimony *against* his domestic character. We might like to know why *Mrs.* Shakspeare never joined her husband in London (presuming this fact to be established;) but we have no probability of learning the causes for this domestic arrangement. It might have been from coldness and uncongeniality; it might have been from many other causes; the health or disposition of the lady herself might have confined her to the country. We must rest contented in our perfect ignorance as to the amount of matrimonial happiness Shakspeare enjoyed.

We have said sufficient of these neglects or oversights in the biographical sketch of Shakspeare; when we proceed to that which he gives us of his own countryman, Corneille, we shall be disposed to listen in the more modest attitude of a pupil or learner. Meanwhile, before we proceed to this second work, and to that contrast between the two great national dramatists to which we are here invited, we would pause on some passages where M. Guizot speaks critically of the genius and writings of Shakspeare.

The first we would draw attention to contains some remarks on the *comedy* of Shakspeare, which appear to us to be dictated by a fine analytic spirit of criticism. After a description of the more genuine and complete comedy of Molière, which we would willingly transfer to our pages, but it would carry us into too wide a field of subject—and even the humble reviewer has his *rules of art*, must wind his way along a certain line of thought, and keep some harmony in his despatched *opusculum*;—after this eloquent description of what Molière effected for comedy, M. Guizot makes the following remarks upon this section of the Shakspearian drama:—

"It would be difficult to find in Shakspeare's tragedies a single conception, position, act, or passion, or degree of vice, or virtue, which may not also be met with in some one of his comedies; but that which in his tragedies is carefully thought out, fruitful in result, and intimately connected with the series of causes and effects, is, in his comedies, only just indicated, and offered to our sight for a moment to dazzle us with a passing gleam, and soon to disappear in a new combination. In 'Measure for Measure,' Angelo, the unworthy governor of Vienna, after having condemned Claudio to death for the crime of having

seduced a young girl whom he intended to marry, himself attempts to seduce Isabella, the sister of Claudio, by promising her brother's pardon as a recompense for her own dishonor; and when, by Isabella's address in substituting another in her place, he thinks he has received the price of his infamous bargain, he gives orders to hasten Claudio's execution. Is not this tragedy? Such a fact might well be placed in the life of Richard the Third; and no crime of Macbeth's presents this excess of wickedness. But in 'Macbeth' and 'Richard III.' crime produces the tragic effect which belongs to it, because it bears the impress of probability, and because real forms and colors attest its presence;—we can discern the place it occupies in the heart of which it has taken possession; we know how it gained admission, what it has conquered, and what remains for it to subjugate; we behold it incorporating itself by degrees into the unhappy being whom it has subdued; we see it living, walking and breathing with a man who lives, walks, and breathes, and thus communicates to it his character, his own individuality. In Angelo, crime is only a vague abstraction, connected *en passant* with a proper name, with no other motive than the necessity of making that person commit a certain action which shall produce a certain position, from which the poet intends to derive certain effects. Angelo is not presented to us at the outset, either as a rascal or as a hypocrite; on the contrary, he is a man of exaggeratedly severe virtue. But the progress of the poem requires that he should become criminal, and criminal he becomes; when his crime is committed, he will repent of it as soon as the poet pleases, and will find himself able to resume without effort the natural course of his life, which had been interrupted only for a moment.

"Thus in Shakspeare's comedy, the whole of human life passes before the eye of the spectator reduced to a sort of phantasmagoria—a brilliant and uncertain reflection of the realities portrayed in the tragedy. Just when the truth seems on the point of allowing itself to be caught, the image grows pale and vanishes; its part is played, and it disappears. In the 'Winter's Tale,' Læertes is as jealous, sanguinary, and unmerciful, as Othello; but his jealousy, born suddenly from a mere caprice at the moment when it is necessary that the plot should thicken, loses its fury and suspicion as suddenly, as soon as the action has reached the point at which it becomes requisite to change the situation. In 'Cymbeline,' which, notwithstanding its title, ought to be numbered amongst the comedies, as the piece is conceived in entire accordance with the same system, Iachimo's conduct is just as knavish and perverse as that of Iago in 'Othello'; but his character does not explain his conduct, or, to speak more correctly, he has no character;—and, always ready to cast off the rascal's cloak, in which the poet has enveloped him, as soon as the plot reaches its term—and the confession of the secret, which he alone can reveal, becomes necessary to terminate the misunderstanding between Posthumus and Imogen, which he alone has caused—he does not even wait to be asked, but, by a spontaneous avowal,

desires to be included in that general amnesty which should form the conclusion of every comedy."

We do not remember to have met with any more happy description of the manner in which Shakspeare deals with the tragic element mingled up in those stories which he takes for the foundation of his play or comedy. In the regular comedy, there are also frequently introduced events and characters, which, if we seriously reflect upon them, are tragical enough; but the writer looks at them and presents them in one comic aspect, and extracts mirth from what in real life must have been misery or sheer vexation. It was not Shakspeare's plan or intention to extract mirth out of the tragic portion of the story; yet, if it were fully developed, the whole play would lose its character. It is therefore dealt with in the slight arbitrary manner which M. Guizot describes. We are not allowed to look closely into the breast of the villains; and the tragic event is there, but only half the crime and half the wickedness are seen.

We must now turn to a passage in which M. Guizot portrays the character of our national poet, as developed in the whole range of his drama. We select the following:—

"No one has ever combined in an equal degree with Shakspeare the double character of an impartial observer and a man of profound sensibility. Superior to all by his reason, and accessible to all by sympathy, he sees nothing without judging it, and he judges it because he feels it. Could any one who did not detest Iago, have penetrated, as Shakspeare has done, into the recesses of his execrable character? To the horror with which he regards the criminal, must be ascribed the terrible energy of the language which he puts into his mouth. Who could make us tremble so much as Lady Macbeth herself, at the action for which she prepares with so little fear? But when it becomes needful to express pity and tenderness, the unrestraint of love, the extravagance of maternal apprehension, or the stern and deep grief of manly affection—then the observer may quit his poet, and the judge his tribunal. Shakspeare himself develops all the abundance of his nature, and gives expression to those familiar feelings of his soul which are set in motion by the slightest contact with his imagination. Women, children, old men—who has described them with such truthfulness as he? . . . Thus moved by all that moves us, Shakspeare obtains our confidence; we yield ourselves in security to the open soul in which our feelings have already reverberated, and to that ready imagination which is as much illumined by the splendid sun of Italy, as darkened by the sombre fogs of Denmark.

"Why, then, are we sometimes painfully com-

pelled to pause whilst following him? Why does a sort of impatience and fatigue frequently disturb the admiration which we feel for his works? One misfortune happened to Shakspeare—though he was always lavish of his wealth, he was not always able to distribute it either opportunely or skilfully. This was frequently the misfortune of Corneille also. Ideas accumulated about Corneille, as about Shakspeare, confusedly and tumultuously, and neither of them had the courage to treat his own mind with prudent severity. They forgot the position of the character they were describing, in order to indulge in the thoughts which it awakened in the soul of the poet. In Shakspeare, especially, this excessive indulgence in his own ideas and feelings sometimes arrests and interrupts the emotions awakened in the breast of the spectator, in a manner which is fatal to the dramatic effect. It is not merely, as in Corneille, the ingenious loquacity of a rather talkative mind; but it is the restless and fantastic reverie of a mind astonished at its own discoveries, not knowing how to reproduce the whole impression which it has received from them, and heaping ideas, images, and expressions one upon another, in order to awaken in us feelings similar to those by which it is itself oppressed."

Literary history hardly affords a more striking contrast than that which, in this passage, and throughout the two volumes before us, is suggested to the reader. Corneille and Shakspeare admit of a legitimate contrast: they occupied the same position in the dramatic literature of their several nations; they both fixed the form of that dramatic literature: they are both pre-eminently national poets. And with this similarity in position, in power, and influence, how wide the difference between the two men!—how great the diversity between the two dramas they each gave to his own country!

Our critics shall be at liberty to distribute whatever measure of applause they think fit amongst our other dramatists, the precursors or contemporaries of Shakspeare; but which of their pieces has rested upon the stage?—who amongst them can be said to have given a theatre to England? It is Shakspeare who formed the tragedy of our English stage; and had he followed the model which Ben Jonson, or other of the learned poets and critics of his time, would have counselled and preferred, we should doubtless have possessed a very different stage. In France, also, the form and genius of its drama were determined by the individual mind of Corneille. His predecessor, Hardy, had written a number of plays which enjoyed considerable popularity, and which M. Guizot describes as having all the variety of the Shakspearian

drama—as wanting only its genius. If Hardy had been the Corneille, or Corneille had adopted the model of his predecessor Hardy, France would have had a drama assimilated to our own.

But the education and life of the two men, as well as the natural bent of their genius, led them to the adoption of very different models. Corneille was a scholar; he was educated by the Jesuits, he was trained for advocacy at the bar; he has all his generalities ready learnt—he has only to fit them to his characters, and to rekindle them into life. What Shakspeare's early education was, it may still be difficult precisely to determine; but we see him starting to London, what we call a literary adventurer, full, no doubt, of ideas and of aspirations, but both vague and undeveloped; we see him *growing at his work*;—drama follows drama, and his own mind expands over every new creation. Corneille belonged to the court as well as to the college; he was one of Richelieu's poets before he was the poet of the people. Shakspeare had for his sole support, patron, and critic, the *pit*, which he must please, filled with an audience more miscellaneous than has ever since been brought together; for, there being few places of amusement as yet opened, every one who sought amusement must needs congregate together, and the templar and the wit, the scholar, the gentleman, and the prentice boy were all to be pleased. Finally, Corneille had a second tribunal to appeal to—one which might redress the injustice committed by the first;—he appealed to the reader, to the student, to the academician. Shakspeare's play was a *property* of the theatre; he had but one success to labor for, and that many-voiced *pit* was his only *academy*.

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen, on the 6th of June 1606, of a family distinguished for magisterial services. He pursued his studies at the Jesuits' college of that city, and obtained a prize, a folio volume, with some gilded arms embossed on the cover, which has been preserved to this day. He was brought up for the Bar, and entered on the practice of the profession; but other studies and other aspirations crossed his path: they were not magisterial honors he was destined to obtain.

It is curious to find that the first step of Corneille, like that of Shakspeare, in his new career, is also attributed to an incident, plainly, we think, of a fabulous nature. He had said himself, somewhere, that love first taught him to write verses. This is not improbable, though any very tender inspiration from that

sentiment he can scarcely be supposed to have received.

"Love," says M. Guizot, "taught him to rhyme, and to string rhymes together was a very small matter for Corneille. But if we are to believe Fontenelle, love taught him something more than this: 'Hardy was beginning to grow old, and his death would have made a great breach in the drama, when a slight event which occurred in a respectable family, in a provincial town, gave him an illustrious successor. A young man took one of his friends to see a girl with whom he was in love; the new comer established himself upon the downfall of his introducer. The pleasure which this adventure occasioned had made him a poet: he wrote a comedy about it—and behold the great Corneille!'"

Something worse than poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's manor. M. Guizot, however, in a note examines this story, and though it is told by the nephew of Corneille, (for Fontenelle stood in that relation to the poet) he has no difficulty in convincing us that it is an absurd, idle, tradition. Moreover, "the great Corneille" did not burst upon the world in this manner. His earliest works, chiefly comedies, had that species of success which led to his own personal advancement in the world, and introduced him to the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu: but he does not at once distance all his competitors; he is one of "the five poets who have the honor of working under the orders, supervision, and direction, of His Eminence."

The *Médée* was the first of his works which, in the language of Voltaire, "announced the advent of Corneille." But we need hardly say that it was in the *Cid* that he really broke forth in all his splendor upon the world. We must here let M. Guizot speak:—

"The genius of Corneille had at length discovered its true vocation; but, timid and modest, almost to humility, although inwardly conscious of his powers, he did not yet venture to rely upon himself alone. Before bringing new beauties to light, he had not need of a guide to direct him, but of an authority upon which he could fall back for support; and he resorted to imitation, not to reinforce his own strength, but to obtain a pledge for his success. The court had brought into fashion the study of the Spanish language and literature, and men of taste had discovered therein beauties which we were still far from having attained. M. de Chalon, who had been secretary to the Queen-mother, Marie de Medici, had retired, in his old age, to Rouen. Corneille, emboldened by the success of his first pieces, called upon him: 'Sir,' said the old courtier to him, after having praised him for his wit and talents, 'the pur-

suit of comedy, which you have embraced, can only bring you fleeting renown; you will find in the Spanish authors subjects which, if treated according to our taste by such hands as yours, will produce immense effect. Learn their language; it is easy. I will teach you all I know of it, and, until you are competent to read it yourself, I will translate for you some passages from Guillermo de Castro.' Whether Corneille was indebted to himself, or to his old friend, for the subject of the *Cid*, the *Cid* soon belonged to himself alone.

"The success of the *Cid* in 1636, constitutes an era in our dramatic history; it is not necessary now to explain the causes of the brilliant reception it obtained. 'Before the production of Corneille's *Cid*,' says Voltaire, 'men were unacquainted with the conflict of passions which rend the heart, and in the presence of which all other beauties of heart are dull and inanimate.' Neither passion, nor duty, nor tenderness, nor magnanimity, had previously been introduced upon the stage; and now love and honor, as they may be conceived by the most exalted imagination, appeared suddenly, and for the first, in all their glory before a public by whom honor was considered the first of virtues, and love the chief business of life. 'Their enthusiasm was carried to the greatest transports; they could never grow tired of beholding the piece; nothing else was talked of in society; everybody knew some part of it by heart; children committed it to memory; and in some parts of France it passed into a proverb—*That is as fine as the Cid*.'"

But there was one party not to be thus suddenly carried away by the tide of public applause. Rivals who were threatened with being reduced to silence very naturally raised their voice against this new poetical dictator, and when the general acclamation had somewhat subsided, their murmurs of defence became very audible. We think it natural, though not commendable, that the others—for instance, of those five poets retained by the Cardinal—should object to the supremacy of this one of their number; but that the Cardinal himself should head this dissentient party, and put himself in opposition to the popular opinion, has been always looked upon as an extraordinary circumstance. Some have attributed to him that excess of ambition which rendered even the literary glory of another man utterly distasteful. M. Guizot makes the just remark that "the suffrages of public opinion lose much of their value in the eyes of men who are raised above censure; and a powerful minister feels great inclination to believe that obedience is approval." He may also reverse the sentiment; he may feel some distrust and dislike towards any public approbation which has no connection whatever with obedience to a min-

ister; it puts on too independent a form to please him. For our part, we think it quite plain that 'the great minister was a very bad critic, and are not disposed to seek any further explanation. He had not felt, as the people had done, the immense superiority of the *Cid*; he himself was a poetaster, and professed critic; and he entered into the controversy, all Cardinal as he was, from the same love of asserting his own opinion that other critics are apt to manifest.

A minister-critic, however, is a dangerous person to deal with; and it is said that, even before the production of the *Cid*, Corneille had been guilty of manifesting independent judgment on the subject of his own art. This may have already incensed his great patron. Of course, under these circumstances, there was no want of writers to prove to the public that its admiration was a mistake. Scudéry led the attack; Corneille replied; and the Cardinal, in order that the controversy might both be conducted in a more dignified manner, and before a tribunal in which he was willing to confide, referred the dispute to that *Academy* which he had lately brought into existence. The Academy was extremely reluctant to take upon itself the office of judge; nor did it yield to the wishes of the Cardinal till they were expressed in the tone of command. "Tell those gentlemen," he said, in answer to their last excuses or protestations, "that I desire it, and that I shall love them as they love me."

After five months' labor, the "Sentiments of the Academy" appeared. "I know perfectly well," says Pellison, in his *Histoire de l'Académie*, "that the Cardinal would have wished them to treat the *Cid* more harshly, if they had not skilfully given him to understand that a judge ought not to speak as an interested party, and that, the more passion they displayed the less weight would be attached to their authority." M. Guizot speaks with candor and indulgence of the criticism of the Academy. It was a new production they were called to pass judgment on; and they had to frame their judgment by the light of such maxims as were the result only of older productions. Sufficient time had not elapsed to allow the new poem (as is the case always with great original works) to modify in some measure the principles of criticism. The spectators, he observes, were quite content to be pleased with or without a rule; the Academicians, on the contrary, had to busy themselves solely about the rule.

Corneille appears to have bent to the storm ; and whether the Cardinal was appeased by the judgment of the Academy, or by the submission of the poet, he continued to extend to him his patronage and protection. The *Cid* was formally dedicated to the niece of the Cardinal, the Duchess d'Aiguillon ; *Horace* to the Cardinal himself, to whom, it appears, he read his pieces before giving them to the public—a wise precaution, it is suggested, to secure his approbation. But there is an incident mentioned in his life which, if true, proves that the poet had been entirely restored to favor. "Corneille," says Fontenelle, "presented himself one day more melancholy and thoughtful than usual before Cardinal Richelieu, who asked him if he were working at anything. He replied that he was far from enjoying the tranquillity necessary for composition, as his head was turned upside down by love. By and by, he came to more minute explanations, and told the Cardinal that he was passionately in love with a daughter of the Lieutenant-General of Andely in Normandy, and that he could not obtain her in marriage from her father. The Cardinal sent orders for this obstinate father to come to Paris. He quickly arrived, in great alarm at so unexpected a summons, and returned home well satisfied at suffering no worse punishment than giving his daughter to a man who was in such high favor." It is certain that Corneille married Marie de Lampérière, daughter of the Lieutenant-General of Andely ; and M. Guizot is disposed, on the whole, to give credence to the anecdote, although it rests only on the somewhat doubtful authority of Fontenelle.

With the public the triumph of Corneille was complete. When *Horace* appeared, the attack was not renewed. "Armed at all points," says M. Guizot, "Corneille firmly awaited the enemy, but none appeared ; the outburst of truth had imposed silence upon envy, and it dared not hope to renew, with equal advantage, a warfare, the ridicule attendant upon which had been more easily borne by Richelieu than by Scudéry. The universal cry of admiration is all that has reached us. From that time forth, for many years, master-pieces followed one another in quick succession, without obstacle, and almost without interruption.

"Until the advent of Racine the history of the stage is contained in the life of Corneille ; and the biography of Corneille is wholly written in his works. Though forced for a time to stand forward in defence of the

Cid, he withdrew immediately afterwards into that personal obscurity which was most congenial to the simplicity of his manners." His life passed in literary labors, and he died at the advanced age of seventy-eight. It cannot be said of him, as of Shakspeare, that he manifested the plain substantial virtue of prudence in the management of his pecuniary affairs. A "blamable carelessness" on this head is attributed to him even by his panegyrists, together with a great aversion to everything that bore the shape of business. To this, as well as the fraternal affection that subsisted between them, may be referred the circumstance that the two brothers, Pierre and Thomas Corneille, never divided the property that had descended to them or that they earned, but continued to live together, uniting their families into one. The great French dramatist was a dull conversationalist. We hear of no "encounters of wit." He is described as heavy and commonplace in his appearance, and tiresome in conversation, not even speaking his native language with correctness. He says, of himself, in his letter to Pellison :—

"Eh ! l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui.
Que quand je me poudrais par la bouche d'autrui."

We have quoted a passage from *Shakspeare and his Times*, in which M. Guizot characterizes the great English dramatist. We have seen him do justice to that fine sensibility and wide impartial observation which enabled him to represent *human life*. We will now endeavor to select from the companion work some parallel passage in which he characterizes those *great ideals* which Corneille delighted to draw ; which at times seem rather the representatives of a principle and of sentiment than portraiture of living men. We must be pardoned for very unmercifully abridging the following extract :—

"All the vigor of his noble genius was requisite to discover a sufficient source of interest in those singular characters which he alone could create and sustain. He alone has succeeded in awakening our uncertainty and curiosity by this very inflexibility, which, as it is announced at the outset, does not permit them to yield to the slightest weakness, and multiplies successively around them embarrassments which ceaselessly necessitate greater and more extraordinary efforts.

... In order to attain to this invincible power, which will make all around it bend to its influence, a man must absolutely have separated himself from all that otherwise enters into the composition of human nature. He must have

completely ceased to think of all that, in real life, occurs to alter the forms of that ideal grandeur of which the imagination can conceive no possibility, except when, isolating it, so to speak, from all the other affections, it forgets that which renders its realization so difficult and so unfrequent. The imagination of Corneille had no difficulty in lending itself to this isolation. The loftiness of his inventions was sustained by his inexperience in the common affairs of life. As he introduced into his own ordinary actions none of those ideas which he employed in the creation of his heroes, so, in the conception of his heroes, he introduced none of the ideas of which he made use in ordinary life. He did not place Corneille himself in their position: the observation of nature did not occupy his attention;—a happy inspiration frequently led him to dream it.

"Corneille has formed all his characters in conformity with the principle expressed in the following lines from '*Nicomède*':—

Prusias.

'Je veux mettre d'accord l'amour et la nature,
Être père et mari dans cette conjoncture.

Nicomède.

Seigneur, voulez-vous bien vous en fier à moi ?
Ne soyez l'un ni l'autre.

Prusias.

E, que dois-je être !

Nicomède.

Roi.

Reprenez hautement ce noble caractère ;
Un véritable roi n'est ni mari ni père :
Il regard son trône, et rien de plus. Regnez.'

"Thus it is that Corneille could never describe a mixed feeling, composed of two opposite feelings, without leaning too much sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. In the early acts, Cîna execrates Augustus, and in the latter he adores him. Though *Polyeucte* and the *Cid* are the pieces in which Corneille has most ably mingled the various affections of the heart, it is very clear that, in the division which he makes between love and duty, when he sets himself to delineate one of these feelings, he cannot help falling into too complete forgetfulness of the other.

"To the same cause must also be ascribed the variableness of Corneille's maxims, though they are always expressed with the most absolute confidence; and in this way we must explain how it is that his morality is sometimes so severe, and sometimes so lax—that he sometimes enunciates principles of the sternest republicanism, and sometimes of the most servile obedience. The fact is, that, whether Corneille be contemplating the republican or the subject of a king—the hero or the politician—he abandons himself without reserve to the system, the position, and the character which he is describing. . . . Corneille's heroes most frequently give expression to ideas, and almost to doctrines; their speeches generally con-

sist of reasonings animated by strong convictions and pressing logic."

We had intended, when we commenced this paper, to enter into some fuller comparison between Corneille and Shakspeare than we find we have space to accomplish. Perhaps, after what has been said, the subject might become fatiguing to the reader; and we shall be held to have exercised a wise discretion in leaving it here in the abler hands of M. Guizot.

In justice to the French poet, there is one topic which ought not to be forgotten, and M. Guizot has treated it very skillfully. Corneille lived in what is deemed a more civilized age and country than Shakspeare's; but nevertheless, what we find unnatural in his writings derives a partial excuse from the modes of thought and feeling prevalent in his time. The terrible boasting that fills his drama was not *much greater* than what he might have heard from living lords and gentlemen about him; and the strange representation he has sometimes given of the passion of love, was thought by the ladies of that period to be a very faithful delineation.

"At the present day, in order to judge the loves of Cæsar and Cleopatra, of Antiochus and Rodogune, as they were judged by the most talented and sensible men of the seventeenth century, we must transport ourselves into the system of love generally adopted at that period, with which Corneille's characters—as it becomes well-educated persons—act in strict conformity. We must resign ourselves to behold in love neither liberty of choice nor suitability of tastes, characters, and habits, nor any of those bonds which become all the more dear as we better appreciate them, and better understand their true motives. To the fashionable world of Corneille's time, love was nothing but an ordinance of Heaven, an influence of the stars, a fatality as inexplicable as it was inevitable.

"Perhaps these sudden effects, these sun-strokes of love, which are now the exclusive property of our worst romance-writers, were then able to obtain the belief of a philosopher." [Is not our philosopher of the nineteenth century verging somewhat to the other extreme, and becoming here a little too incredulous?] "Men and women whose worldly life was carelessly occupied with ideas and intrigues of love, were naturally always susceptible of its influence; and if, as La Rochefoucauld observes, 'there are some people who would never have fallen in love, if they had not heard love mentioned,' many persons, through hearing it talked of wherever they went, fancied they had found it where it did not exist.

"Surprised at these effects of the imagination, some men endeavored to explain them by other causes than the influence of the stars; and these causes were generally of a most ridiculous character

In order to prove that the seat of love is in the blood, Ségrais relates a story of a German gentleman, whose faithless mistress, desiring to get rid of him, ran him twice through the body with a sword. He did not die of his wounds, but, strange to say, when he had recovered, says Ségrais, 'he felt as much indifference for the princess as if he had never loved her, and he attributed this to his loss of blood.'"

A considerable portion of this volume is occupied by biographical notices of three of the contemporaries of Corneille—Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron. The account of Scarron will be found very amusing, and all are good. The companion volume, *Shakspeare and his Times*, is filled out to the due proportion of a respectable octavo, by reprinting from the *Revue Française* an article on Shakspeare's "Othello," written by the Duke de Broglie, and published here under the title of *Shakspeare in France*. It is a sprightly paper, full of vivacity and good sense; but it would bear a better appearance in its original garb and place than it does here. There are also separate brief notices of the principal dramas of Shakspeare from the pen of M. Guizot. They contain many excellent remarks on the use Shakspeare made of the materials at his disposal, and on the substantial elements of the character he has introduced. We trace occasionally the *foreign critic* where he speaks of the style and the qualities of the dialogue. The character of Faulconbridge could not be better described; but, inasmuch as Faulconbridge happens to speak as distinctly and clearly as any one of Shakspeare's heroes, who has much to say, it was not fair to describe his language, in particular, as frequently "falling into a jumble of words." Several observations, indeed, in this portion of the book, appear to us to betray, that, at the time these notices were written, M. Guizot could not have read Shakspeare with that attention which he has probably since done. For instance, Shakspeare has assigned to his Richard II. much admirable poetry; and no *home critic* has failed to observe, that the dramatic power of our poet is not here put forth in its full force. A king is placed in certain positions, and utters certain sentiments; but you do not even feel that it is the same king that opens

the play and that closes it. There is no unity of character. In general, some portion of the beauty of a speech or a scene is lost by extracting it from its place in the drama. We have observed that in this play the effect is reversed, and the beautiful passages of Richard II. read *better* in the form of quotation. Those pathetic speeches the king utters on his return from Ireland are admirable in themselves: but the king who *went* to Ireland was a hard, selfish profligate. Mere misfortune would not work the sort of change we feel has taken place. Whether we should have the assent of all English readers to these remarks, we cannot say; but we are sure they will all be surprised to hear that M. Guizot describes "the character of Richard II." as "one of the profoundest conceptions of Shakspeare."

But we must not close our notice with this murmur of dissent. The following passage from his critique upon the *Tempest*, which is throughout very happily written, expresses the peculiar charm that drama possesses; and we cannot better or more agreeably conclude than by presenting it to the reader, and leaving it, as it were, ringing upon his ear:—

"Whether this be, or be not, I'll not swear," says old Gonzalo at the conclusion of the 'Tempest,' when utterly confounded by the marvels which have surrounded him ever since his arrival on the island. It seems as though through the mouth of the honest man of the drama, Shakspeare desired to express the general effect of this charming and singular work. As brilliant, light, and transparent, as the aerial beings with which it is filled, it scarcely allows itself to be apprehended by reflection; and hardly, through its changeful and diaphanous features, can we feel certain we perceive a subject, a dramatic contexture, and real adventures, feelings, and personages. Nevertheless, it contains all these, and all these are revealed in it; and, in rapid succession, each object in its turn moves the imagination, occupies the attention, and disappears, leaving no trace behind but a confused emotion of pleasure, and an impression of truth, to which we dare not either refuse or grant our belief.

"Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

GOETHE complained that modern poets put too much water in their ink. Of many modern novel-wrights, we may similarly, or inversely, complain that they put too little ink in their water. No wonder, then, that the manuscript so soon becomes *fade*, colorless, illegible, and survives not the "first reading." Even a large piece of bullion will only supply a certain amount of gold-leaf, and cover a limited surface. Genius, too, has its boundaries. If it pass them, it must pay the penalty, and that is sometimes a heavy toll. Genius has no infinite mood. In trying to prove that it has, it becomes an irregular verb. Mrs. Trollope is one of those who, by over-writing, refuse to do themselves justice. At least, she writes too fast, and gives way too indulgently to the rash speed of her gray-goose quill, so that it sometimes, in the nature of things, leads her a wild-goose chase. Her gold-leaf is beaten too thin; her ink, though abounding in gall, is diluted with too much water. Not that we hold the impossibility of a prolific author being a great author, confronted as such a theory is by ancient and mediæval literature, belied as such an *unwise* saw is by so many modern instances. But there are cases in which the fecundity proves the weakness of the offspring, as well as the vigor of the parent. The talent is too widely diffused, instead of being wisely concentrated. Three or four of Mrs. Trollope's works are marked by a more terse and compact habit of thought, and show, by their superiority to the rest of the family, what she can produce when she likes. Assuredly this lady's industry and exuberance of invention entitle her to the proverbial name she enjoys, or endures, for prolific authorship. With Virgil's rustic we may admiringly exclaim:—

O quoties, et quæ nobis Galatea locuta est! *

In vain have reviewers tried to keep up with her. A blue-stocking who travels in seven-leagued boots may well run critics and

criticasters out of breath—*she* triumphantly ascending the hill difficulty, as fresh as a daisy, while *they* wallow, and struggle, and give up the race (and almost the ghost) in the Slough of Despond. Pant and puff as they will to run her home, she is in a trice miles out of sight, over the hills and far away, and wondering what those sluggish lameters are doing in the rear. It was once suggested by Tom Moore,* as an expedient to keep pace with the *celeritas incredibilis* of certain literary Cæsars, that they should each have a reviewer appointed expressly, *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and to do justice to his multifarious enterprises. But would one such officer suffice in the case of Mrs. Trollope? We trow not. Poor wight, he would "strike" ere the first year was out; and his successor, however able-bodied and conscientious a man-of-all-work, would find the accumulated arrears too much for him, protest that the place was too hard for him, and go off at a month's warning. What a Lady Bountiful hath Mrs. Trollope been to printers, Marlborough-street puff-factors, Wellington-street advertising columns, provincial paper-makers, and eke, we fear, to universal trunk-makers! The prosiest of utilitarians must be sensible to the weight of her claims in this economical aspect, and must reverence (in spite of his *nil admirari* temperament) the colossal scale on which she has employed national capital and labor. Nor is she ever weary in this well-doing, nor does she ever betray symptoms of fatigue. Again and again are novel-readers on the wrong scent, and have quite lost the trail, when asking one another, "Have you read Mrs. Trollope's last?" finding that what they supposed her most recent venture has been superseded by two or three others, and that the hypothetical "last" is neither the ultimate, nor penultimate, nor even antepenultimate, but quite an old story in the *rationale* of circulating libraries. And we have a profound

* In his "Edinburgh Review" of Lord Thurlow's Poems, September, 1814.

conviction that so inveterate is this *kalo* or *kakoethes scribendi* in her constitution—and so impressed is she with the resolution not to suffer the cold oblivion implied in the adage, “Out of sight, out of mind”—that she will be found to have taken measures for many a year to come, by which her perpetual reëpppearance shall be ensured. Depend upon it, her literary executors will be entrusted with the supervision of a few bales of “copy,” containing work for generations of compositors and readers yet unborn; so that novels of the approved Trollope fabric may, by a judiciously frugal rate of publication (say two or three per annum), be made to last some half-way into the next century. If, however, our prognostications should be disproved by the event, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that it was only because the novelist’s will was wanting; and if we chance to survive her, we shall battle as stoutly as ever in behalf of her power to have worked out this *paulo-post-futurum*. Our faith in her potentiality is illimitable. But there are such things as “foiled potentialities,” as Mr. Carlyle so graphically shows*—and that fact must be our apology, if Time, the Avenger, should call us false prophets, or other bad names. But we must leave to the *New Monthly* critic of A. D. 1950 the duty of defending our hallowed memory on this score.

Satire is, perhaps, the characteristic of Mrs. Trollope’s writings—satire of a hard, poignant, persevering sort, which is little akin to the more graceful rillery of Mrs. Gore, or to Thackeray’s good-natured irony. It wears an almost vicious look—goes about seeking whom it may devour—snaps at strangers—bites as well as barks, and, when it does bite, makes its teeth meet. There is nothing reserved or indefinite in its vocables; it carries no trace of “equivocal generation;” it beats about no bush, nor strives to break the fall of its victims, nor meditates excuse for its own hostility. To “damn with faint praise,” it knows not; to “hesitate dislike,” it scornfully repudiates. It is alien from all those refined equivoques and dissembling sarcasms which, to compass their ends,

assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.†

Its lines are deeply indented and coarsely

* “*Latter Day Pamphlets*.”

† Pope (Prologue to the *Satires*).

grained, and do not fall on pleasant places. In anatomizing her subjects, Mrs. Trollope shows no profound psychological science; in fact, her incisions are often but skin-deep; but then she gashes to and fro after a terrible sort, and produces jagged wounds, and leaves unsightly scars, and seems to revel in diagrams of morbid pathology. Her illustrations are generally lively, not always truthful, and frequently farfetched. The absurdities and abuses of social life have had few sharper inquisitors, but many of abler discrimination and more practical judgment. Fools and villains are not to be shamed and reformed, or their ugliness to be made a warning, by unqualified expositions of their actual or their ideal excesses. Satire, by being too broad, too unconditional, too straightforward, defeats its being’s end and aim. Its acute angles become obtuse, and its parallel lines never meet their object. According to Sir Walter Scott, the nicest art of satire lies in a skilful mixture of applause and blame; there must be an appearance of candor, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of censure, as to make the picture natural.* But in no case is Mrs. Trollope a friend to the *media via*. If she scolds, it must be vehemently; if she admires, it must be sweepingly—like the duke, with whom

Railing and praising were the usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.

In the same manner, her humorists are too often buffoons; her wit trenches on caricature; her romance goes Surrey melodramatic lengths; her comedy merges in farce. A blackguard à la Trollope is all black. In reading her fictions we are consciously *en rapport* with a clear-seeing and clever woman, who surprises us with the extent, the variety, and the lucidity of her visions; but we feel the while that truth and nature are sacrificed or forgotten—that the clairvoyance is a skilful delusion, the performance a make-believe, the performer a professional artiste. Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Trollope draws from life, and supplies the finishing touches as well as the outline from the same source. But, as a rule, she overdoes nature, or contrives to do without it—*novis saltem judicibus*.

* Thus, Dryden’s *Portraiture of Shaftesbury* (“*Abalom* and *Achitophel*”) qualifies the censure so artfully with praise of his talents, as to render his faults even more conspicuous and more hateful.—Scott’s “*Life of Dryden*,” § 5.

The celebrity of that literary *scandalum* to the taste of Uncle Sam, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which he reckons to "whip creation" in the article of *scan. mag.*, was not rivalled by the accompanying novel, "The Refugee in America," with which Mrs. Trollope clenched her argument. The former was fiction enough, on American showing—it was all "tarnation romance" from beginning to end; and to follow it up by a professed work of fancy or unreality, was adding insult to injury. From the vulgarism and utilitarianism of this prosaic theme, she turned in the following year (1833) to Italy and the sixteenth century, producing "The Abbess," a romance rich in convent characteristic, love intrigues, and Inquisition unpleasanties. The same strong and pointed lance that had just run-a-muck against Yankeedom, was now couched, in the same martial and uncompromising spirit, against old abuses of ultramontaniam. There is ingenuity, but no great grasp of passion or power, in this tale: some of the characters are spirited, but they are superficially drawn, and, when we close the book, they leave hardly a trace behind to recall and perpetuate the circumstances under which we "were first acquent." The author's *penchant* for political agitation and polemical romance, of which later years produced notable proofs in the career of Michael Armstrong and Jessie Phillips, declared itself in 1836 by the publication of the "Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw"—an atrocious rascal, who plays pranks to make angels weep and gentlemen swear, upon slave-hordes of what old Fuller called "God's images cut in ebony," on the banks of the Mississippi. For depicting an unmitigated scoundrel of the A 1 force—one of those male excrescences of human nature which now and then appear in paper and print—commend us to *female* novelists in general, and Mrs. Trollope in particular. To adopt a fastidious paraphrase, she goes the entire animal. Othello peered downwards to see whether Iago had not cloven feet.* The feet of Mrs. Trollope's splendid sinners reveal the theft—almost as deep as a well, and as wide as a church door—through patent leather and all. Wondrous is her arithmetical mastery of these impossible qualities. A good hater her herself, she indoctrinates us with her principles, until the force of hating can no further go, and the sense of

our incapacity to wreak summary vengeance on the objects of it becomes intolerable, and makes us scream for the police, or frantically devise other retaliatory measures. The prosperity of Mr. Whitlaw increases our repugnance to his mal-practices; and the savage relief we feel when he is at last checkmated in the game of life, by that grim old Obi crone, is positively unchristian in its ebullitions. Yet Jonathan is ably represented; and other characters there are in the book which attest the writer's vigor and comprehensive skill—as Lotte Steinmark, the winsome German *Fräulein*, and Lucy Blight, and Aunt Clio—(great is Mrs. Trollope in the matter of aunts.) In the following years "The Vicar of Wrexhill" made his celebrated *debut*; and to this hour that clerical notoriety is considered by many—taking him and his history together—the masterpiece of his race. As usual, the story bristles with satire of the roughest, and, as usual, it excited a stormy outcry from those whom it assailed. That the Doctor Cantwell, or Tartuffe, of this work, is an exaggerated piece of moral deformity we should be sorry to doubt; and that the acrimony and heat of Mrs. Trollope's strictures *en masse* are offensive and immoderate we are constrained to hint. But we fancy she did the state some service by this *expose* of Jesuitism in social life—this onslaught upon the morbid phases of the "Evangelical" school. So far we view it with a degree of approval similar to that we award to Sydney Smith's crusade against the Methodists,* when he laughed at the accounts of Providence destroying an inkeeper at Garstang, for appointing a cock-fight near the Tabernacle, and of a man who was cured of scrofula by a single sermon, and of the poor Leather-lungs who, when he rode into Piccadilly in a thunderstorm, imagined that all the uproar of the elements was a mere hint to him not to preach at Mr. Romaine's chapel. We incline to hold with a distinguished clerical poet, that

he only is the Evangelical

Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
The Shibboleth of saintly magazines,
Decked with most grim and godly visages;
The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
Of commentators, who, with loathsome track,
Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page
Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,
Sit like a nightmare †

* *Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Othello, Act V., Scene 2.

* Works of Rev. S. Smith, vol. i.

† Rev. W. Lisle Bowles; "Banwill Hill; or, Days Departed."

This, and not the accomplished spouter who turns out on a Sunday morning, "with looks saddening the very sunshine, to instruct the parish poor in evangelic lore," and teach them to cast of all good works as filthy rags, and to fly morality as the gates of hell. What sort of world would that school substitute for the world they bid us forsake and *in toto* abandon? A dark, narrow world, indeed—so Christopher North has answered that question—yet narrow as it is, haunted by thoughts that can, and too often do, debase and terrify into idiocy or madness; for nature thwarted, must dwindle into decay or distortion—the very shape of the soul becomes deformed, its lineaments ghastly, as with premature age; the spring is struck out of life; the gracious law of her seasons is disobeyed; and on the tree of knowledge we are to look for fruits before blossoms. Bad philosophy and worse religion!* Hence our sympathy with the "high-and-dry" bard's apostrophe:—

Oh, shallow, and oh senseless! in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale,
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wild world
Groans with the burden of offences—†

who swallow camels, straining at a gnat;
who deem the Almighty frowns upon his
throne, because two pair of harmless dowa-
gers,

Whose life has lapsed without a stain, beguile
An evening hour with cards; who deem that Hell
Burns fiercer for a Saraband.

In its tendency, therefore, to "show up" a sham system and a sham professor of sanctity, we recognize something healthy and seasonable in the "Vicar of Wrexhill." The effect of this beneficial tendency was, however, as in so many other instances of Mrs. Trollope's polemical ventures, marred and disabled by the bitterness of the medium employed for its "exhibition," as doctors say. The character of the Vicar has been not unjustly pronounced, by a favorable as well as competent reviewer, "not merely a libel on the sect, but a libel on humanity." Painful as this novel is in tone and in details, and overwrought though it be in glare of coloring and in the drawing of the central figure, it is the one of its author's thousand-and-one pro-

ductions which most completely and pointedly illustrates the individuality of her art—its disagreeableness of course included.

The subject of "Michael Armstrong" trenches upon the debatable ground of art. The province of fiction has its limits. "Child-torturers," says Currer Bell, "slave-masters, and drivers, I consign to the hands of jailers; the novelist may be excused from sully-ing his page with the record of their deeds."* Whether the novelist may be excused for depicting those deeds in extravagant form and lurid coloring, is another question, and one which touches Mrs. Trollope a little closely. For she has here detailed a very revolting, and, as we think (albeit no devotees to the cause of cotton lords and millocracy), a very *ex parte* sort of history—whereof neither the fiction interests, nor the logic convinces, nor the rhetoric subdues us. The titled Vampire of the tale, Sir Matthew Dowling, is an impossible creature—happily for human nature, though unhappily for the success of the novelist; she represents him as a brute of incomparable coarseness, an atrocious scoundrel whose very name excites kicking propensities in every male reader's *pedis pollex*, and at the same time a man of ambitious and refined intellect, aspiring to the credit of a literary and accomplished gentleman, a speaker of modern languages, a critical French scholar, a playful votary of the Muses himself, and a universal Mæcenas to all who wield a pen in their service—valuing himself chiefly upon his reputation for the lighter graces of wit and gallantry, for being a delightful something between Killigrew and Count de Grammont—so that there is no receptacle of wit from Joe Miller downwards, no gallant memoir in an unintelligible tongue, which Sir Matthew does not study with assiduity and perseverance of the highest order. Such is Mrs. Trollope's Manchester model man—the representative in her parliament of the cotton interest—the *ex uno disce omnes* pattern of mill-owners and manufacturers. And this vulgar oppressor has a familiar worthy of him, in the person of Mr. Joseph Parsons—a parasite who contracts to do his principal's dirty work wholesale, and does it beautifully—breaking the hearts and the bones of the factory folks after a magnificent system of his own. Such a couple of ogres can be had to order, to any amount, from the staff of dramatists at our minor theatres, or the "Able Editors" of our red republica-tions. They are unworthy of the ingenuity

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxvii. p. 300.
† Bowles.

* Shirley, vol. i. p. 85.

and toryism of Mrs. Trollope. Not much more to our taste, in point of draughtsmanship at least, are Dr. Crockley, whose sportive malice is so repulsive—and the Lady Clarissa, a sentimentalist *minus* a heart; and even the good people have more goodness than goodness about them—the little hero wanting individuality, his mother wanting nature, and his lady friends wanting ease and relief. The incidents of the tale are carelessly wrought; the descriptions are of the forcible feeble type; the conversations are improbable and stilted. On the whole, we submit that this volume of political agitation was a mistake. It sought to do in one social department what “*Oliver Twist*” had just been doing in another; but it had no support *ab intra*—no corps dramatique of Bumbles, and Claypoles, and Fagins, and Sykeses, and Artful Dodgers, and Nancys, to clench the argument and drive the nail home.

About the same time, however, Mrs. Trollope played the literary chaperon to a lady of real character and definite idiosyncrasy—one who stands out as a distinct and living form among the accepted celebrities of the English novel. And this is the Widow Barnaby. Her adventures are traced with more of unctuous humor than is usual with the author, and, excepting the hurry-skurry of the finale, with more equable respect to truth. Miss Martha Compton’s matrimonial tactics make up a rich piece of comedy—and the widowed career of the same adventurer maintains the fun to the fifth act. Showy, strong-willed, supple-tongued, audacious, garrulous, affected, tawdry, lynx-eyed, indomitable in her scheming, and colossal in her selfishness—*was für eine Frau* is the Widow Barnaby!—Then she is ably played up to by the other characters, in whose portraiture unwonted skill is apparent; Agnes Willoughby, for instance—whose artlessness shows delightfully beside her guardian’s systematic art; and Aunt Betsy, a worthy old soul, in excellent keeping; and my Lord Mucklebury, whose flirtation with the “fat, fair, and forty” matron is wound up so smartly. Like all, or nearly all continuations, “*The Widow Married*” suggested invidious comparisons, and made admirers wish that “let well alone” had been the order of the day. It is perilous for an author to tamper with what has become public property, and in the disposal of which the public *will* have a voice.

To the same period belongs “*One Fault*”—a novel to which we should be happy to

apply its own title, if we could; but which we fear, has more than one, or two, defects incident in its constitution. It is a story of a persecuted wife, whose trials are elaborated with abundant minuteness and frequent pathos; but it is deficient, to a marked degree, in action, in probability, in character, and in finish. Read piecemeal, or in the elegant extracts of a Review, it tells very well, and testifies to the nervous energy of the hand which indited it; but when conscientiously perused (in the grammatical sense) as a “matter” of three volumes, it drags, and droops, and would dwindle away but for the intervals of irregular vehemence which relieve the tedium. Its moral is good—to wit, the evils of morbid sensitiveness, illustrated in the “ways and means,” of Wentworth; but the development of this principle is sufficiently eccentric and overdrawn to mar the purpose it involves. It seems too far removed from the level of actual life to make its didactic import available within that region.

“Charles Chesterfield; or, the Adventures of a Youth of Genius,” is one of those novels of literary life—its double-double toil and trouble, its contradictions and absurdities, its hopes and fears—of which so many writers have made significant use, as Balzac and George Borrow, Thackeray and G. H. Lewis. The Byronian hero and his gradual disenchantment pertain to a twice twenty-times told tale; but of course there is amusement and spirit in Mrs. Trollope’s version, and even more than her average outlay of caricaturing skill and sarcastic commentary. The London coteries are quizzed *ad libitum*, and almost *ultra licitum*—and to the same sharp fire of quizzical artillery are exposed whigs and Yankees, and sentimentalists alike of the German silver type and of Brummagem ware. Literary life furnished another theme in the instance of her next work, “*The Blue Belles of England*,” whereof the title is its own interpreter. With higher claims to nature than its predecessor, it is its inferior in smartness and caustic power; on which grounds it is less acceptable to those who read the author for her distinctive characteristics, and more so to those who are thankful for repose from the constant din of satirical sallies.

An improbable but somewhat exciting tale followed, in the shape of “*Hargrave*; or, the Adventures of a Man of Fashion,” the Pelham or Cecil of the work being a disreputable *roué*, whose type is to be found rather in Robert Macaire than in either of the aforesaid London cox-

combs. The conduct of the incidents is reckless, and the elaboration of characters null. About the same time appeared "Jessie Phillips," a pendant to the "Factory-Boy," already mishandled by us. The New Poor Law is the object of this assault, as the Factory system was of that. Enough to say, than on a subject which she herself pronounces "one of such enormous difficulty and such stupendous importance," she fails as signally as in the preceding one. Right pleasant was it to meet her in a more congenial element, when engaged in showing up "The Lauringtons; or, Superior People"—a cluster of artificial flowers *not* born to blush unseen, or to blush at all, of which the natural history is here detailed with the keen "knowingness" of one acquainted with the entire process by which such things are made. We miss, however, something of the early vigor of the satirist. Still she is greatly preferable on topics of this order, however they may savor of the *crambe repetita*, than on a delineation of "Young Love," to which she subsequently turned her attention, working up a rather complicated story with ingenuity, but without marked success. A month or two's breathing-space, and she reappeared in full feather as exhibitor of the "Attractive Man," Mr. Theodore Vidal, *alias* Luke Squabs. This worthy is just one of the clever, bland, impossible rascals whom she takes to pieces with such dissecting-room gusto. He is a man of strong feelings and considerable powers of mind—completely devoted to the pleasures of life, but with method in his madness—an Epicurean *sui generis*—living luxuriously upon his friends, a Mr. Affable Hawk doing the agreeable in a dovecot, and now in middle life, looking out for an eligible spouse. A perennial flow of impudence there is in him, springing up like the strong jet of a well-supplied fountain, and blinding the eyes of any audacious mortal who ventures within splashing distance. The portrait is strongly drawn, but wants relief. The same with Lucy Dalton, a beautiful and gifted creature, without heart, principle, or decency—one of those happily unreal characters whom Mrs. Trollope unhappily seeks to endow with a local habitation and a name, but which human nature will never accept, and the circulating libraries only *pro tempore*. One or two personages in this novel are, however, excellent; as Squire Clementson, the comely, stout-hearted, and sweet-blooded (to use Jeffrey's pet phrase) old English gentleman; and the shy geological bachelor, Mr. Norman; and the

gin-loving widow, Dalton, that hard-featured and fluent-tongued virago, repulsive as she is. With occasional displays of such graphic ability, it is tantalizing to find so many inequalities, and such intervals of dreary platitude, as detract from the merit of nearly all Mrs. Trollope's fictions.

During the last five or six years her dashing, mocking pen—dipping deeply as ever in the gall of her ink, and flitting recklessly as ever over her paper (not always of the satin-wove or cream-laid fabric)—has instructed the world in the sayings and doings, the foolish sayings and misdoings, of other concentric circles of artificial life. Though she, perchance,

is vicious in her guess,
As, we confess, it is her nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, her jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,*

and though it is objected, with reason, that her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is little calculated to check vice or encourage virtue; and though there may be in her lightest mirth a bitter and virulent spirit, which is "as misplaced as it is unfeminine," still do we owe her something for her persevering war against hypocrisies and shams, and her merciless railery of frippery and pretence in a thousand Protean guises. Among the fictions of this last epoch are her "Robertses on their Travels," "Father Eustace," "The Three Cousins," "Town and Country; or, the Days of the Regency," "The Young Countess," "The Lottery of Marriage," "Petticoat Government," "Second Love; or, Beauty and Intellect," and "Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries." Tory as she is, and prejudiced as she so frequently shows herself, it is unjust to accuse her of exclusiveness or sectarianism in the use of her sarcasms. No one class appropriates her irony. No one pariah society is the recipient of her hard words. Wherever, high or low, she discerns what she honestly believes to be weak points or vicious abuses, she as honestly proclaims war, and incontinently fires a broadside. She is, in fact, one of the most catholic of satirists—a very Ishmaelite in the impartiality of her pugilism—one who looks out for squalls on every coast and in every latitude, plying her craft in mid-seas as well as in creeks and shallows, in tropic and arctic zones, in waters salt and fresh, for prey large and small, and

* "Othello," Act III., Scene 3.

treating all as fish that comes to her net. What a capacious net! what a prodigious take of the "finny tribes!" and what a marvel that not yet is the net broken! How dear to this enterprising voyager the "blue above and the blue below—the blue, the fresh, the ever free—without a mark and without a bound!" *

Roll on, thou *deep and dark blue* ocean,

* Barry Cornwall.

may exclaim Mr. Colburn and the libraries of the United Kingdom; for it is this lady's joy "on thy breast to be borne, like a bubble outwards," reflecting thy profoundest azure, and rivalling thy unrestful energy and varying aspects; thee she loveth

in all time
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime! *

* Byron—"Childe Harold," c. IV

From Tait's Magazine.

LIFE, LITERATURE, AND THE "SCHOLAR."

THE true scholar perceives that Nature is not final; that beauty, wherever it is seen, is the foot-prints of divinity; that the universe is the realization of the perfected idea of God; and his culture tends to this one object—to give him insight into this idea, that so he may command its correlative, which is Nature. He asks himself perpetually, "what is the meaning which God symbolizes for me in these varied forms of stars, and moon, and forest, and mountain?" His life becomes a perpetual query, to which Nature is the perpetual answer. He stands at the feet of every fact, as though it were the angel of God, until he has drawn from it its utterance. He sees that a spiritual cause lurks behind every circumstance; that a new revelation is written in the heavens every night by a divine finger; that all physical circumstances and conditions are symbolical of spiritual facts; that a truth is swathed up in every cloud that sails over the liquid arch; that all Nature is the publication of the all-perfect will of the Deity. From the universe, which is an image, he ascends to that which it typifies. He converts the formations of Nature into thoughts and then compares these uttered thoughts of God with the uttered thoughts of man, human institutions with institutions that are divine, the laws of the one with the laws of the other. "Nature," he says, "is good. I will make her the test, the touchstone by which to try the merits of these brawling, querulous political parties, arts, sciences, literatures." He sees that

Nature is the expression of the one harmonious thought of God; and he resolves to try these utterances of the human spirit by this one of the divine, knowing that those institutions that approach nearest to its laws approach nearest to truth, and that those whose departure is widest are the farthest from it.

He applies his principle, and strolls down one of the over-crowded streets of our manufacturing towns, and looks on the factory child, manifesting none of the elasticity, the sportiveness, which are the common characteristics of childhood, but dragging heavily on its woe-weary limbs—not a solitary smile to welcome the stray sunbeam that falls lurid and yellow on the pavement, through the dense atmosphere of smoke; but pale, gaunt, sallow, with a cold, sullen look, mingled with somewhat of that selfish cunning which long familiarity with misery invariably begets. "This," he says, "is not right. This poor, gliding, woe-begone anatomy is not one with the fair world which God has created; and the institution in which this is permitted is a string out of tune in the harp of the universe. The chrysalis comes not out of its shell till its wings are formed; but this child is applied to labor long before the faculties for labor have received their proper formation. Nature is a freedom; this is a crippling. Nature expands; this contracts. The law of Nature is a continuous development; the law of this child has been a perpetual stunting. The bud waits until the sun and the

summer air, and the thousand genial influences that are in operation for its development, call on it to expand, when it unfurls its hidden beauties, becomes a blossom, a ripened joy, and casts its odors to the four winds of heaven, to mingle with the bright things that swarm in the golden air, and ascend, with the songs of the woods, to the throne of the Eternal. But this child can never blossom. It is past that already. It shows signs and tokens of decay, while life ought yet to be young in its veins. The good in it seems to have been choked and stifled; only the evil is seen. That scowl will become blacker! That cunning will become savagery! Therefore," says our scholar, "that institution that ripens childhood for night and the charnel wants rectifying."

Again, he looks into our political institutions; and sees men sprawling and tugging at the skirts of the old, withered Past—as if it were a goddess whom they ought to worship. He witnesses these sages putting on their green spectacles of Toryism, Whiggism, Chartism, eyeing intently all facts, and impartially finding all objects tinged with the color of their spectacles! Now, he knows that to be quite a man it is necessary to be unencumbered, and that nothing is seen aright through an impure medium. He knows that, while these men are wrangling and disputing about the color of the chameleon truth, there are stout fellows in the world by hundreds and thousands, with sturdy thews and sinews, with the heart and the will to work, with the faculties for labor all fully developed, who can yet find no channel for the conveyance of their energies, no employment for their faculties—who cannot find any bank in which to invest their God-given capital, and put it out to interest. Now, in Nature he finds nothing like this. There everything has its proper amount of labor assigned it, in exact proportion to the limitations of its capacity; every function its mission, every faculty its duty; and it *accomplishes* what has been assigned to it, and *all* that has been assigned to it. The result is that, in all the operations of Nature, there is a complete totality, a never-ending harmony, a beauty that sings for ever the praises of its Creator.

Again, he sees other men who really have employment, but who have not a sufficient amount of remuneration for the labor performed. This he knows is in direct contravention of all the laws of justice and propriety. Here is Justice with her scales: in the one is the labor, *resting* solidly on the

earth; in the other the remuneration, kicking the sky. Men who have the reward of their toil thus meted out to them swarm in our towns, and in our rural districts:—men whose life is no life, but a never-ending struggle for existence. Now the scholar knows that life is for education, for the education of all the functions, and not for the education of any one particular function. But how can this man, whose utmost efforts barely suffice to protect his wife and children from the sharp fangs of starvation, find heart or time to devote to the education of his spiritual functions? How can he whose brain swims with exhaustion from the ceaseless race after the crust of bread that is to sustain life within him, pause to listen to the whispered ministrations of the angels that line his thorny path? And yet this man has a soul. This ragged, abject, spirit-broken creature is the centre of a circle of life, whose circumference is eternity. For him the showers descend, and the grass grows. For him the forests nod their stately heads, and the valleys spread out their mossy retreats. For him the years roll on their "many-sided" wisdom—the seasons come and go. For him the sun lays on his tints of ruddy glory; and the evening paints pictures of the beauty of heaven. Him the day solicits; him the darkness invites. For him the night unfurls her mystic chart of stars, and the constellations come out of the dim obscure in radiant groups. For him thoughts are uttered, books are written. For him philosophers think, poets sing. He is one world—the whole universe is but another. He is encircled by beauties and harmonies that woo him for ever; but he heeds them not. How *can* he when he is compelled to rattle his poor bare bones in a ceaseless scuffle for existence? He is thus cut off from his best privileges, debarred of his holiest prerogatives.

Again the scholar takes one more earnest look at the "world as it is," and gives a glance to our criticism and literature.

Until lately, poetry had become almost extinct in our land. It was no longer a sweet singer, redolent of the new-made hay and the spring flowers; but a mere anatomy of dry bones, it was as dismal a thing as Death grinning through the bars of charnel windows. The poets had no dreams, no inspirations, but went to the graves of their predecessors for garment, harp and song. Their poetry consisted of a few stock images and phrases which made their appearance at every turn, like Harlequin in a new dress. Not contented with abusing those to whom they

were indebted for all that they possessed, they amused themselves by wrangling and bickering with one another, until at last the Temple of the Muses had become, like the Scandinavian Nifheim, "a most discordant spot, filled with whoopings and howlings, and built of the bones of serpents, with poisoned streams running through it."

To such a low ebb had the tide of genius sunk, and upon the public mind such a state of degradation and degeneracy had been superinduced, that if perchance a stray note of the sweetest melody rang out of the deep discord, it was decried immediately, and held up to public scorn and ridicule. Until, at last, Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Southey arose, with brave hearts, exclaiming, "We will have none of this. We have had quite enough of jargon and gingle; now let us be true men. We must go back a mighty stride—not to Shakspeare, nor Chaucer, nor Milton, nor Spenser, but one remove further, to Nature herself. We also have the moon and the stars, the rocks and the woods, the mountain pines and the valley-flowers. The birds bring music to us also, and the streams, and the winds: *We will sing our own songs!*" And thus was effected one of the most glorious intellectual revolutions that this world has ever witnessed.

Here, then, the scholar perceives hopeful signs, something that seems to indicate the coming day. Our best critics are beginning to see that they are not called upon to sit in judgment upon an author, and tell to the world what it shall think of this poem, or that system of philosophy, just to spare it the trouble of thinking for itself, or to prevent its perpetration of the great crime of holding an opinion of its own; but they are beginning to see that their proper place is between the writer and the reader, between the minister and those to whom his ministrations are delivered; that their duty or office is that of the interpreter, and not that of the quibbling caviller. The great thinker is the great seer, who looks out into life and the world, who watches their phenomena—their spiritual bearing and tendency—and then gives utterance to the thoughts that have been generated during his season of silent watching. The true critic is he who inclines a willing ear to these revelations, who possesses the faculty to reproduce them in a simpler form, and who explains to the multitude their meaning and significance. This finer species of criticism is becoming familiarized among us; and with the regeneration of criticism is coming also the regeneration of

literature itself. We have authors, many, who are not ashamed to acknowledge that they have hearts, and who are not fearful of showing that they are capable of betraying enthusiasm when the occasion warrants its manifestation.

Nevertheless, there are people in the world—and their name is still Legion—who shake their heads sagely at any succession of dazzling imagery, and who pronounce it valueless, only because it is brilliant. "It is all very fine," they will say, "but then you see, it is too sparkling to possess any solidity." They will nod comfortably over some heavy matter, and then, awaking with an edifying start, proceed to state, in tones of the most convincing and persuasive earnestness, their conviction of its soundness and general excellency. But somehow we have yet to learn that a lump of lead is beyond all price because it is weighty, while a bar of gold is to be held as a thing of no value because it glitters.

And there are critics, too, who favor this idea; men who are a sort of intellectual carpenters and toolmen, who come ready furnished with a rule with which to measure the height and breadth of images, a plane with which to rub off an author's knotty points, and a plummet-line with which to prove the depth of his thoughts and ascertain the state of his self-consistency. These are the mechanical censors of our age, who become vastly edifying on the use of metaphors, and grow profound on tropes. Authors we have also, who with the fear of the critical carpenter before their eyes, take care to have their house a perfect square, and its furniture all nicely disposed and prettily arranged; who come before their readers manifesting an extreme anxiety about their shoestrings; who utter platitudes "from morn till dewy eve, from eve to morn," lest, by their bold originality, they should unconsciously be betrayed into the fatal error of violating any of the known rules of taste; who are horrified at the mere mention of a novel thought, or an unused image, but who carefully cut up their bits of tinsel to stick upon the "sober gray" of their inanities, until their style, which ought to have been all careful uniformity, bears much the appearance of the clown's parti-colored dress on a public holiday; men who are mere pretty insipidities, bundles of negations and artificialities, with neither heart, nor life, nor spirit in them. Of such as these the scholar inquires, "Is Nature, then, a 'fop,' or the Sun a 'man-milliner,' that you import into your books all this frippery and false finery?"

A good book is a perfect icon, a faithful picture and representation of nature and human life; and all true literature is the genuine iconology, the republication of the world by the soul of man. There is the out-world, the ever-smiling enigma. What we want in a book is, that it shall contain the author's effort at the explication of this riddle; and if we are disappointed in our expectation, we throw the book aside and care not if we never see it more. We look on the ancient hills and woods, and want their meaning interpreted for us; but instead of the promised revelation, we have some love-lorn Corydon, with pastoral crook, babbling of "limpid streams" and sheep, in nineteenth century tea-gardens. We look on the heaving tide of humanity, and, amidst the bustle of contending interests, we see man's latent energy reveal itself, like smitten fire, and become anxious to learn somewhat of his high possibilities, his unattained, but, as we believe, attainable ideal. We turn us to the book, hoping to find this high ideal realized, and lo! outsteps a lispng dandy, with a quizzing-glass! In a word, we are defrauded. We are invited to a banquet, but it soon appears our critic has not a crumb to spare for dogs. We come, expecting to eat of the ripened fruitage of the author's knowledge, and behold a bundle of dry sticks! Our writer fears to pluck a flower, lest it should fail to harmonize with the faultless texture of his coat.

How is it with Nature? Does she lay on her warm coloring over earth and sky according to certain prescribed rules of taste, and mete out light and beauty by the ell? Is she a very faultless and respectable piece of mediocrity—an everlasting, self-complacent smirk? Behold the darkness of the gathering storm. Lo the lightnings leaping out of blackness into night. Hark to the thunder of her elemental artillery, the deep surging roar of her heaving billows, the shriller wail of her awakening winds, and now say whether this is inane, a thing without meaning, or life, or motion? Or listen to the music with which she syllables forth the power of Beauty; the shrill quaver of the ascending wood-notes; the wild warble of the tumbling brook; the sobbing harmony that rolls about the shady darkness of the valley, like a sighing spirit, until the carolling stream that has caused it all leaps out into the bright sunlight, like a laughing child that has been feigning sorrow; the fitting light and shadow that float about the trees, whose overhanging foliage is held back by the

breeze, to let the sunlight fall on unseen flowers; the gathered glory on the mountain-tops; the varied features of the changing landscape; these are the words which God writes in the universe, and which the true student has to interpret to the multitude.

All books, therefore, that are worthy of the name are genuine reproductions, representations of outward fact and changing circumstance; and just in proportion as they are faithful are they to be valued and esteemed. If they are true portraits we frame them, lay on them the fine gold of the heart, and hang them up in the museum of the memory, to be recalled, beloved, enjoyed.

Of these true books there are two grand classes; the one written for all time, the other possessing only an historical value—the one the realization of temporary shadows, the other the realization of eternal verities. What is true of national or local institutions is true also of the generality of popular books. Institutions come not into being to impose laws on the soul, but rise out of the soul's recognition of seeming right and fair. They come into being to supply some want of the times, and are not imposed on the times from without as necessary to their development, but are, in reality, the result of that development itself. A thing is seen to be good, and straightway an institution is erected to cage up the newly-come angel. So also is it with books of a certain character, those books more especially that formed the staple commodity of the middle period of English literature. Observe, that I am not speaking of such writers as Pomfret and Garth, but of those of whom these were merely the servile imitators; and that my remarks are intended to apply to much of the poetry of Pope and Dryden, as well as to the writings of Lord Bolingbroke and Gibbon. These men are the type of the age in which they lived, and afford the key to the secret of the success of the great majority of popular authors.

There are certain indications and tendencies that float about an age that refer alike to the past and to the future, that grow out of the old development and point to the new, that partake also alike of the character of history and prophecy, reminiscence and aspiration, that are destined to form the characteristics of an age, and to distinguish it alike from all the ages that have preceded it, and from all that are to follow after and succeed it. Things that float upon the surface of society, and, like the winds, come no one knows whence, and tend no one knows whither; hints at new doctrines, half-formed

sentiments and vague opinions, fluctuating creeds and changing doubts, mazy intricacies, and unanswered perplexities. The popular author lays hold on these evanescent *unrealities*, and converts them into things, into realities. He collects, condenses, systematizes. He converts these fleeting appearances into genuine facts, and gathers the golden haze into a form. Immediately the world hails with delight the new man who has resolved for them their doubts, and answered the perplexing questions that were floated to them from without. He has syllabled their muttered thoughts, and given them an objective picture of the tendencies of their times. Hence he is crowned with bays, and called the man of the age, the poet, or philosopher, or historian of the time.

But the world rolls on forever. It comes into a new atmosphere of doubt and evanescent circumstance. New sentiments and opinions fly about invisibly. New questions are asked, and new answers are required. Hence the popular author of a former age is not the popular one of this, because in the pictures which he drew the age fails to recognize its likeness. What was true of that age is not true of this; and so the book is placed upon the shelf, to make way for the popular author of to-day, who in his turn must pass away into oblivion, or be pored over by some curious pryer into the past, and regarded as a chronicler who has added one more character to the wondrous memoir kept by Time. And yet these books were true. Yes, but true only for a time. They pictured faithfully the world as it seemed to them, and the men and women of their day; but then they dealt in *costume* only, not in *life*. They painted customs, manners, habits—things in which the soul enshrines itself—but told us nothing of the soul itself. They gathered their materials from without, and not from within; and the record, partaking of the changing character of the materials, the book perishes with the customs and manners which it was intended to embody and immortalize.

But there is another and higher class of books than this—books that are true, not only of the time in which they were written, but which are true, and equally true, of all time—books written from within, not from without—books that are real revelations of the self-evolving soul; that regard these changes, manners, and customs, not as realities in themselves, but only as the costume in which the ever-advancing soul invests itself. We recognize in them that which is true of to-day as well

as of the age in which they were written. Their heroes are not phantasmagoria, fashioned out of the outward circumstances of the time, that lose their vitality as soon as those circumstances, of which they are the types, die out and expire, but are living souls enshrined in transparent vestments—as those of chivalry and romance in the heroes of Chaucer and Spenser, in the form of angels and devils in those of Milton, and in every mode of humanity, from kings and princes down to mountebanks and grave-diggers in many-sided Shakspeare; through all of which forms we fail not to recognize the true human soul of to-day working and developing itself. Into the composition of the mighty books of these demi-gods of literature, the circumstances of their times enter of course, but they do not constitute the stable material of their scripture. They are kept in their proper place, and made subservient and subsidiary to the human heart and intellect, which are the true actors throughout. They are not put in the place of the soul, but are treated only as some of its many-colored developments. We can sympathize with the heart-writhings of Othello, and are touched with the troubled self-communings of Hamlet, as well as our forefathers, because these men were not the characters of any particular time, gathered together limb by limb out of the elements that might be agitating the partisans of the period in which Shakspeare lived and wrote, but are the representatives of the world-wide humanity of all ages, with souls that think and hearts that throb and thrill, as the soul and heart of universal humanity thinks and throbs, in Spain, in England, in Germany, in America, in the age of Queen Elizabeth, and in the age of Queen Victoria.

Wordsworth has been censured by Professor Wilson for saying that all truly great poets were not immediately popular, and arguing from this fact that all truly fine poetry is unpopular, and necessarily unpopular, on its first appearance. Professor Wilson thinks differently, and brings forward the case of Thomson's "Seasons" to show that poetry may be good without being unpopular. From this, it is true, he does not extend his argument to prove the opposite extreme—that *all* good poetry is necessarily popular immediately, but something of this kind may be inferred from his mode of reasoning; and his statement is as true as Wordsworth's, and as false as Wordsworth's; and both are strictly true in one sense, and both are as strictly untrue in another. That "a thing of

beauty is a joy forever," as Keats says, that it cannot be lost, nor obscured, nor destroyed, and that really good poetry never went unperceived and unappreciated in the world, both would be ready to admit; but both seem to me to overlook the fact that the *form* into which an author casts his thought is the true point on which the whole question of his immediate or non-immediate popularity hinges and revolves. If an author have a thought of genuine beauty, of true inspiration, he may cast it forth upon the world in any form he pleases, fearing not that ultimately it will fully reveal itself. No matter how old-fashioned, or new-fashioned, or grotesque may be the language in which the thought is expressed, the new star is invested; the author may rely upon it that some spiritual astronomer will discover its appearance in the heavens, and tell to the world its full beauty and brightness, albeit it blink strangely amidst clouds of curious grouping and uncouth texture and appearance. The question as to *time* resolves itself again into the question as to *form*. If the poet has cast his thought into a form that refuses to blend and harmonize with the prevailing formula of the period, he must resolve to "bide his time." Nothing that is really good is ever long unknown; and although the trivialities of an age may prevent the deep spirituality from developing itself for a time, it will reveal itself ere long. A good book is not a thing of forms, and therefore perishable, but a thing of thoughts, and it will live out all forms whatsoever.

As form has little or nothing to do with the ultimate success and immortality of a book of the highest class, how is it, we may very naturally inquire, that some of our great authors are remarkably perverse in this respect, and choose a form for the conveyance of their ideas as remote as possible from the prevalent forms of the period? Is there not something of that old vanity in this, which teaches a man to say, "I write not for this, but for the coming ages?" Why not choose some form in vogue at present, and enter at once into the possession of your full honors? The absolute value of your book is not in the least degree dependent upon the form into which its thoughts are cast; then why not adopt some form that will render it immediately appreciable by the thronging multitude? Why wait until to-morrow for the glory that may come to-day? Or rather, why not write in the large language of universal humanity, and receive while living that dower of love and admiration that hangs

garlands on the tomb of genius? A good book possesses the character of universality. It belongs properly to no one age, but to all the ages. The thought that is in it speaks to Man, not to a certain class of men; and is true alike of the past, the present, and the future; so that the talk of writing for "futuraity" is quite as idle, and not near so witty, as the declaration of Charles Lamb, who, on being informed that his sonnet was rejected because it was not sufficiently polished for the age and the readers of annuals, exclaimed, "Oh hang the age!—I will write for *antiquity*!" A man may just as well talk of writing for "antiquity" as of writing for "futuraity;" for if he has not sufficient power and vigor to interest the men and women of this age, it is much to be doubted whether he possesses sufficient fire and energy to interest the men and women of a coming age; and if he is possessed of sufficient genius to command the attention of the next generation, he may take it for granted that he has sufficient genius to command the attention of the age in which he lives.

This leads me to develop a hint dropped previously. I said that the scholar, on looking at our literature, saw hopeful signs and tokens of advance. Our love for the older writers in our literature indicates the change that is coming over us. We swear no longer by the authors of Queen Anne's day, but by the authors who preceded them. We see that these men of old are the men for us. We see that their books are pictures of their time, and of all times; that the sweet features of all nature are depicted there; that the throbbings of the universal heart are echoed musically there, as the heavings of the sea are sounded back by coral caves; that these are not utterances from without, but are revelations from within. Mystic old George Herbert is enjoyed by us; and Daniel is not forgotten. Chaucer is being read; Spenser is being thumbed; and Shakspeare is fast becoming smutted by the hard and honest hand of the artisan. We are beginning to look at Nature from the soul, not at the soul from Nature. That superficial species of philosophy that teaches us to number surface indications, and find out the hidden harmony among them, is fast dropping into what it ought to be—a science, and giving place to that nobler and profounder philosophy that teaches us to look beyond the surface indications, to go behind the outer facts, and show that these are necessarily harmonious because they are the modes and forms of one informing spirit. In a word, that phi-

losophy that deals not with manifestations as though they were absolute and self-existent entities, but that looks to the cause of these manifestations, and treats of the immortal spirit of whose successive developments they are the types and the tangible representatives.

A spirit of universalism and catholicity is spreading rapidly and widely among us, and teaching us that those institutions which, at different periods of the world's history, have won the regard and reverence of our species, are not to be treated as the offspring of spurious pretension and gross imposition, but as so many diverse embodiments of spiritual facts, and are worthy of the same attention from the spiritual philosopher as a trait of character receives at the hands of the biographer, or a revolution at the hands of the historian. We are beginning to be tolerant to such men as Mahomed and Ignatius Loyola. The mighty hints of Plato, Pythagoras and Plotinus are beginning to have their due weight with all our thinkers; and the indefatigable labors of the alchemists and astrologers, of Van Helmont, Albertus Magnus and Cornelius Agrippa, are not now passed by with scorn; while the wildest dreams of Schelling and Oken, of Kepler, Cardan, Paracelsus, Swedenborg and the Archontici are treated with respect. We are beginning to see that even the jugglery of the ancient Gymnosophists of India, the monkery of the Essenes and Therapeutæ, even the deceptions and charlatanism of our own old necromancers and magicians—all have a deep spiritual meaning in them, if we had but the wit to get at it.

This is the mode of thought that is springing up among us. Our German brethren have darted into the veins of our young yet rickety philosophy a jet of joyous vitality; and already is it acquiring a new heart and a new soul, and growing up into a system of buoyancy and beauty. We have authors, too, poets and philosophers, that belong to the hardy race of their far-seeing predecessors, to hasten on the deepening spirituality of our times. We have Burns to tell us, not only what an inspired ploughman thinks of the world, of man, of God, but to hasten down into the neglected recesses of the universe, and bring up pearls of great price, truths of precious value, and tell to us the spiritual meaning of the daisy and the buttercup. We have Wordsworth to look with larger eye upon the world of universal beauty, and go behind "all objects of all thought" with silent, gliding footsteps; to give man to

all nature, and all nature to man, and to produce with marvellous power and accuracy those very thoughts of which the mountain and the forest, the flower and the oak, and all the diverse objects that crowd into the finished landscape, are the utterance and the expression. We have Keats, and Shelley, and Wilson, to troll out heavenly harmonies, and let us into the profound secret of the stars and the rainbow, to render us familiar with that spirit-world that trembles over us and hangs about us on every hand; to draw back the mystic curtain of mere matter, and let us into the glory that lies beyond, to make beauty dance before us in every form—the shining types of a still more radiant reality. And we have Tennyson to gather all these glorious characteristics into a garland of most fragrant odor; to picture forth the many forms which man assumes in this Joseph-coated world, and give objectively and palpably those questionings that vex the inner life of man, in the "Princess;" to chime sad dirges over "Claribel," and give us fairy dreamings of sweet pathos and great beauty in the "Lady of Chalotte." We have Coleridge to utter mystic words of tenfold meaning, and prove not only that Christianity is a reasonable thing, but to show that reason and religion are not two, but one; to show that the one is the upspringing prayer, the heavenward-tending aspiration of the other. We have Carlyle to evolve from within strong doctrines of grave import; to fling out masses of volcanic thought, and with giant blows to level abuses. And we have Emerson, "that brave Emerson," that most solitary soul that has a pathway of its own to the mist-enveloped temple of Truth; that brings out of "silence and eternity" those truths that seem too vast for our ready apprehension; that drops its silent suggestions into the soul as the night drops dew upon the thirsty soil; that shows to man, not what he is, but what he may become.

These are the men that have risen up among us. These are the authors who are read by us. These are they who tell the possible of man, and set up a lofty ideal standard towards which the young men of our day are striving to aspire. These are the writers who insist upon the priority of the *soul*—no new doctrine, for it was taught in Greece centuries upon centuries ago by Heraclitus, that great master, who had for his pupils Hesiod, Pythagoras, and Xenophon; but one that needed much to be revived in our age of mechanism and materialism. Therefore is our scholar right when, looking

on this intellectual literature, this republication of the soul's eternal verities, he declares that he finds hopeful signs and tokens of a ripe fruition of good things.

Thus, then, we have accompanied the scholar in some of his researches into life and its representative, literature. Shall we draw still nearer, and attend him still as he turns his glance inward, and endeavors to learn the nature of his office and position in the world, and strives to attain a knowledge of the real character of his calling? A few hints may suffice for this, perhaps.

The scholar looks abroad on the wide world of humanity, and finds men parcelled out into sections and classes; into occupations, and dogmas, and creeds. They are husbandmen, and tradesmen, and laborers. They are farmers, and shopkeepers, and carpenters. They are Roman Catholics and Protestants, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Dissenters. They are Tories and Conservatives, Whigs and Liberals, and Chartists. A man is born into one of these trades, religious denominations, and political parties. Thenceforward the whole circle of his duty is comprehended in the learning of his business, in the support and observance of the requirements of his religious denomination, and in the maintenance and the advocacy of the interests of his political party. Beyond that section of the Christian Church to which he belongs he can see but little beauty. Beyond that trade or calling which he follows he knows almost nothing. Without the limitations of that political party to which he is devoted, all is rank abuse, rottenness, and corruption,

Here, then, is work for the scholar. He has to destroy those narrow prejudices that have brought down evil upon the land; that have set the merchant against the agriculturist, the Roman Catholic against the Protestant, and the Whig against the Tory; that have brought poverty and misery into our rural hamlets or into our manufacturing towns; that have introduced hatred and animosity among classes and parties, and thrown obstructions and barriers in the way of the advancement of true religion. He has to penetrate to the foundation-stone on which each of these institutions rests, and to discover that truth of which each is an embodiment. He has cunningly to import into the sanctuary of one party what is true of another; and cast away into silence and obscurity that vast accumulation of corruption in which the gem in each has been incrustated; to show the Whig that the Tory is not always wrong;

and the Protestant that the Romanist may sometimes be in the right. He has ultimately, when the fulness of the time is come and all things are prepared, to draw away that sandy foundation of objective materialism on which each of these varying superstructures has been erected, that men may crawl out of their narrow berths and snug corners, and awake to find themselves beneath the "dome of day," with a community of truth and a consequent community of interests; that so there may be a community of love also, and a holy brotherhood subsisting between the hitherto proscribed and prescribed races of mankind.

This is the ultimate aim and object of the true scholar, the point towards which his earnest labors tend. Meanwhile, he has to guard each of these classes and communities from the doubts, aspersions, and animosities of the other, by pointing out the truths they hold in common; by throwing back these coats and costumes, and showing them the one heart that throbs under all; by leading them down to the soul of which each are the diverse utterance. He has to bring the treasured wisdom of the past to bear upon present emergencies, and to go into the vast solitudes of Nature that he may there learn the lessons which she teaches, and apply them to mankind. He has to drive down into the chambers of his being, and to bring up truths that appeal to the minds of all. He has now to hold himself aloof from all society, to think; and now to mingle in the crowd and breast the wave, to act. Thus the life of the scholar is not, as some suppose, like the sunlight on the wall that comes and goes and leaves no mark behind. The scholar is no mere shadow that is born into the world to glide through it and pass out of it, leaving no footprints on the sand by which to indicate his course; but he is that large actor who makes the world the theatre of his operations, and all humanity his audience. He is that ceaseless worker to whom rest is an impossibility, and ease a thing quite incompatible with his calling. He must be a fearless man to brave, himself unmoved, the anger of malignant factions; to utter truth, whether it bring him joy or sorrow; whether his path lies amidst sunny spots and flowers, or through the wide wilderness with only Night and the Tempest for his companions. He must be a solitary wanderer after Truth, and leave behind him home and friends, age, and if needs be, wife and child, like Bunyan's Pilgrim. He is sent into the world to read the handwriting on the wall:

to act as God's critic in the universe ; not to pronounce judgment on this system or that institution, but to explain and spiritualize ; to bring out silent harmonies, and reveal latent truths ; do oppose oppression and tyranny, and do battle with prejudice.

This is the mission of the scholar. As for himself, it is almost needless to say that he is neither merchant nor landholder, neither farmer nor tradesman, but simply Man Working ; that he is neither Tory nor Whig, nor Conservative, nor Radical, but all these, inasmuch as he is a follower of that universal polity that is taught by Nature and the intellect ; that he is neither Calvinist nor Arminian, neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant, but a pious soul, bending under the arching sky, and worshipping God through the Mediator. In the shibboleth of no party can he find a home or a habitation ; but with staff and scrip he must up and begone. Under the shadow of no human institution can he find repose, and say, "Here is the truth ; here, therefore, will I abide and rest my weary limbs," for he sees the mystic hand that beckons him away. His motto is, "Onward for evermore." Him no single party can claim ; and yet he is claimed by all. The totality of his vision refuses unchanging and uncompromising adherence to any mere section. When he stands in the

world, it has been said, "he feels himself its native king. A divine pilgrim in nature, all things attend his steps. Over him stream the flying constellations ; over him streams time, as they, scarcely divided into months and years. He inhales the year as a vapor : its fragrant mid-summer breath, its sparkling January heaven." The scholar, although one of a mighty brotherhood, is often solitary in the earth, sacrificing social relations to the search for truth, courting solitude, not for its ease and quiet, but for the work that is done in it. What Emerson said of himself, every scholar has in some measure to say. "I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred—none are profane ; I simply experiment, an endless seeker, with no past at my back." The true scholar lives from within, not from without. To him, therefore, the inner life is more precious than the outer. Him danger cannot alarm, nor gold buy, nor pleasure seduce. A truth among facts, a man among men, a priest among the people, he leads a life of privation, and light, and counsel, and life (*Φως, Βουλῇ, Ζωῇ*) attend his steps ; the light of stars in his speech, the counsel of ages in his converse, and the life of beauty that overspreads the universe incarnated in his every act, as he marches through time, onward, upward, heavenward.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—In the report of one of the juries of the Great Exhibition, occurs the following noteworthy paragraph :—"The Jury, in conclusion, express their hope that the union of all nations, evidenced by the Exhibition of 1851, may hasten the peaceful solution of a question which concerns at once the rights of justice, of literature, of the sciences, and of typography. Property, the unalterable basis of society, can never be less sacred in works of genius than in material concerns. Printers and booksellers, whose complaints unite with those of artists and literary men, have shown that the unrestrained reprinting of works without regard to moral considerations, is generally attended in every quarter with greater inconvenience than advantage. The recognition of literary property within proper limits will give more intellectual life, and more creative imagination to

countries in which the reprinting of foreign works now stifles the development of native literature and science. The custom-houses, now obliged to establish a search, frequently hostile, will relinquish the impediments to commerce and literature, and works will no longer be reprinted in haste, replete with errors, or mutilated according to the will of speculators, and in emulation of each other. Lastly, the certainty of a wider market will be an encouragement to writers of talent, and to publishers, who are frequently prevented from commencing great undertakings by the fear of seeing their work immediately pirated. Universal co-operation is indispensably necessary to insure the success of great literary and scientific enterprises, which could not fail to flourish in a higher degree, if the rights in literary property were recognized."

From the Examiner.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.*

THIRTY years have elapsed since the Confessions of an English Opium-eater amazed the readers of the *London Magazine* by their extraordinary union of intense reality and the most magnificent dreaming. Unveiling, or seeming to unveil, hidden chambers of the brain, where scenery more gorgeous than the waking and healthful mind ever conceived was presented in long array, they supplied also, with a vividness worthy of the phantasms, the actual experiences by which those visions were suggested. The power of the magic-key of opium itself, which unlocked these hidden resources of the fancy and intellect, as the subterranean gardens were revealed to Aladdin, was subsidiary to the revelation of the capacity of the mind, under solemn stimulus, to people its visions with thoughts and to expand its thoughts to dreams. The author seemed, in his own splendid descriptions, "to bear a charmed life." An habitual drinker, at the height of his enchanted being, of eight thousand drops of liquid poison, was a physical wonder whose experiences could not lack interest; but when the mind of this Slave of the Drug was found to be enriched with the exactest learning and choicest imagery of the antique world, and capable of "large discourse of reason," the secrets which he told of the delights amidst which he had rested and expatiated, assumed an importance and dignity with which the inward story of an individual life is rarely invested. We became familiar with the awful scenery of his dreams, by a vivid perception of the incidents of his truant boyhood;—his wanderings, his hunger, his strange companionship; his most affecting romance of Oxford street; nay, even of the visit of the turbaned Malay to his cottage among the mountains;—as they have their antitypes in his visions. Whether the direct tendency of this exhibition of a noble intellect ruled by the influence of opium was that of invitation or of warning, we need not now inquire; but the effect of the disclosure was great; and although the *London Magazine* was enriched

by the successive Essays of Elia, and the fresh Table Talk of Hazlitt—the finest productions of both those writers—the Opium-eater for the time eclipsed them.

This contribution seems to have been the first appearance of Mr. de Quincey as an author. For although he had attained the age of thirty-six; had lived to read, to think, and to talk; and had been a familiar and welcome associate of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb; he had never (unless perhaps in some contributions to the *Friend*) given his meditations to the world. Since then he has, at different times, communicated avowed essays to periodical works; and the result of those labors now lies before us comprised in seven elegantly-printed volumes, provided by enterprising Boston publishers for the expanding circles of American readers.

The Confessions; with a Continuation of them, describing a relapse into the old slavery and its more fearful penalties; comprise the first volume of the series,—and it is almost needless to add, the best. The first work of an accomplished student of thirty-six, embracing the most striking passages of his own intellectual history, unfolded at a sudden impulse, but with elaborate skill and careful expression, could not, in its nature, have equal successors in the same department of literature; and as many of Mr. de Quincey's writings are professedly autobiographical—and all have frequent reference to his own being—we state only an irresistible consequence when we describe them as more or less imbued with the spirit of the first outbursting essay. They appear to us, indeed, to be excellent in proportion as they are akin to it—as they partake of its dreary extravagance and fearful questionings "of sense and outward things;" and to become vapid and verbose when they treat of details set "in the light of common day." For we cannot help thinking that the influences of opium are to be traced in all Mr. de Quincey's writings; blending with the highest operations of his intellect, which they raised and solemnized, and, in their collapse, irritating the emotions of the less noble parts of his nature, and

* The Writings of Thomas de Quincey. In seven volumes. Boston, U. S. Knapp, Reed, and Fields.

sometimes distorting to itself, and *through* itself to the world, the characters of his associate poets.

Let us add that but for the injustice which may result to them, especially to the chief object of Mr. de Quincey's intellectual idolatry and personal dislike, Wordsworth—from those erroneous impressions—we should be happy to close our notice here, with the expression of our pleasure at the introduction of the works of an author of great ability to the world of American readers. Believing, however, that the pictures reflected from the writer's conceptions are not just, and thinking that the license he has assumed in unveiling them, even if the portraiture were faithful, is beyond the privilege of authorship in relation to private life—we feel bound to accompany our admiration of Mr. de Quincey's merits with an attempt to show that his impressions of character, and his notions of an author's right to make public exposure of private frailties by way of retaliation for private wrongs, are attributable to the false medium through which his strangely-blended powers and weakness have led him to contemplate his own claims and obligations.

A large portion of these volumes consists of recollections of the intercourse of the author with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb—often interesting from the vividness of detail, but sometimes becoming painfully trivial; and too often indicating an opinion that, to an offended scholar, life has lost all its privacy. Of Mr. de Quincey's notion of the right of an author to avenge a private grievance by public exposure of the personal history of the offender, his treatment of Mrs. Coleridge on her first introduction to the reader is a striking example. Passionately desirous of the acquaintance of her husband, the author had followed him to Bridgewater; had found him the guest of wealthy friends; had been received by him with the greatest kindness; and after being delighted with three hours' eloquent philosophy, had been introduced by him "in a frigid manner" to his wife, whose personal appearance Mr. de Quincey describes. He then alludes to the well-known infelicity of the marriage, which had united the poet to an exemplary lady, whose society in later life he did not cultivate. The author proceeds to do full justice to this lady's character and maternal conduct; and, so far, all is well; but he cannot avoid communicating to the public a very private grief of his own, or intimating how he might have redressed it, as thus.

Meantime, I, for my part, owe Mrs. Coleridge no particular civility; and I see no reason why I should mystify the account of Coleridge's Life or Habits by dissembling what is notorious to so many thousands of people. An insult once offered by Mrs. Coleridge to a female relative of my own, as much superior to Mrs. Coleridge in the spirit of courtesy and kindness which ought to preside in the intercourse between females as she was in the splendor of her beauty, would have given me a dispensation from all terms of consideration beyond the restraints of strict justice. My offence was the having procrastinated in some trifling affair of returning a volume or a MS.; and, during my absence at a distance of four or five hundred miles, Mrs. Coleridge thought fit to write a letter, filled with the most intemperate expressions of anger, addressed to me, whom she did not know by sight, and who could, in no way, be answerable for my delinquencies.

This antiquated gossip would probably have drawn a smile from the lady to whose unfortunate position it relates, if she had read it in her lonely lifetime; but it supplies a curious instance of the effect of long solitude, excited by opium, on a thoughtful and elegant mind, in investing trifles which touched itself with importance, and in disturbing the medium through which the actors in such trifles are surveyed. To these causes we attribute the disproportion with which matters personally affecting the writer are regarded in his retrospections, and the distortion which has sometimes marred his portraits of others.

The delineation of Wordsworth's personal character, to which the autobiographical portion of these volumes is largely devoted, exhibits, we believe—judging only on the evidence the books themselves supply—the most striking results of those influences; and it is for the purpose of suggesting to the reader, to whom the personal character of that great poet may be interesting, the propriety of considering the various passages in which it is depicted in these volumes in connexion with the avowed resentments of the writer, before he adopts it as just, that we now advert to the subject. The caution is the more necessary because the suggestions of unaimable peculiarities which abound are accompanied by uniform homage to the poet's genius, of which Mr. de Quincey was one of the earliest admirers, and has always been one of the most eloquent defenders. In early life, he sought out the poet who was the chief object of his ingenuous admiration; was welcomed by him with cordial respect; and was invited to share such hospitality as the noble poverty of the cottage beside Grasmere could yield. He

afterwards resided for many years in Wordsworth's immediate neighborhood, and became acquainted with the most minute details of his history, and the inmost arrangements of his household. Those details and arrangements he develops perhaps with only a free use of the license which modern autobiography assumes: but when he descends to chronicle the accidents of social demeanor; to take the most evanescent traits of wayward humor, and give them a fixity which makes them false; and to interpret the feelings which lie suppressed by the courtesies of social life, according to his impressions of long-past scenes;—we think he unconsciously but greatly exceeds even that license, and sets a dangerous example to coarser minds. Thus, adverting to his first introduction to the companionship of Wordsworth and Southey, he says:

I could read at once in the manner of the two authors that they were not on particularly friendly, or rather, I should say, confidential terms. It seemed to me as if both had silently said—"We are too much men of sense to quarrel because we do not particularly like each other's writings; we are neighbors, or what passes for such in the country. Let us show each other the courtesies which are becoming to men of letters, and, for any closer connexion, our distance of thirteen miles may always be sufficient to keep us from *that*." In after life, it is true,—fifteen years, perhaps, from this time—many circumstances combined to bring Southey and Wordsworth into more intimate terms of friendship; agreement in politics, sorrows that happened to both in their domestic relations, and the sort of tolerance for differing opinions in literature, or, indeed, in anything else, which advancing years and experience are sure to bring with them. But, at this period, Southey and Wordsworth entertained a mutual esteem, but did not cordially like each other. Indeed, it would have been strange if they had.

And, thereupon Mr. de Quincey proceeds to give as one reason for this want of cordiality that Southey "had particularly elegant habits in the use of books," while Wordsworth, on the other hand, "was so negligent and self-indulgent in the same use, that, as Southey laughingly expressed it to me some years afterwards, when I was staying at Greta Hall on a visit, 'To introduce Wordsworth into one's library is like letting a bear into a tulip garden.'" And then the autobiographer proceeds to illustrate this peculiarity of his friend by a wrong of his own; and tells us how "on a level with the eye when sitting at the tea-table in his little cottage at Grasmere, stood the collective works of Edmund Burke,"—how, because lettered

"Burke's Works," the collection had been an eyesore for twenty years (with a digression as to cacophonous words)—and how Wordsworth took down the uncut volume, and cut open its leaves with a knife soiled with butter which had been eaten with dry toast. Instead of calling for a clean knife, Wordsworth positively "tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, that left its greasy honors upon every page." It is right to add that the injured owner of the fated volume disclaims any concern for the value of his property, as he says, "whatever might be made good by money at that time I did not regard," and explains, "I mention the case at all only to illustrate the excess of Wordsworth's outrages on books;" and, recurring afterwards to the same subject, admits that "Wordsworth's habits of using books were not vulgar, not the habits of those who turn over the page with a wet finger," an abomination which we are informed was perpetrated at Cambridge "by a tutor and fellow of a College," who it is consoling to know "was bred up a ploughman and the son of a ploughman."

These tales of the library are chiefly notable as instances of the importance which long-past trifles may assume to "the philosophic mind" of an opium-eater; but the record, which we have also just quoted, of an impression of the hollowness of the regards of two professed friends, detected amidst courtesies by which they desired it to be hidden, and published in the lifetime of at least one of them, though referable to the same cause, and capable of the same excuse, belongs to a bitter class of social treason. It is enough that, in our day, the sportive conversations of the table should be reported, and the personal habits of the study and the drawing-room "set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote;" but if those innocent disguises, by which indifference or partial liking are hidden, which kindness itself spreads over the imperfections of temper, and which nurture the cordiality they assume, may be torn away by any guest admitted to such implied confidence as authorship has permitted society to retain, all men whose celebrity may render their intimacies the subject of public criticism must take heed whom they admit to share them.

Mr. De Quincey does not leave us to guess at the causes which induced him to regard Mr. Wordsworth's domestic character with a hostile eye. Perhaps much is implied in the passage in which he complains—"Professor Wilson and myself were never honored with

one line, one allusion from his pen ; but many a person of particular feebleness has received that honor"—a complaint indicative of the morbid sense with which Mr. de Quincey regards his own concerns as necessarily matters of general interest ; for, although his fine scholarship and remarkable powers of conversation had obtained for him the admiration of the small circle in which he lived, they were, during the period to which this complaint refers, unsuspected by the world. But in the illusions which have beset his middle life, even his domestic quarrels are momentous ; and therefore he has devoted some ten pages to expound the various causes of personal estrangement from one who remained an intellectual idol, though an idol of mixed metal.

They consist first of an exposition of the alleged arrogance of Wordsworth, not generally exhibited, but allied to particular themes ; a failing at least that we should scarcely have thought "a fee grief due to a single breast." But afterwards descending to nearer griefs, the autobiographer acquaints us with the fact that he "had for the comp-troller of his domestic *menage* a foolish, selfish, and ignorant old maid," one, too, who had "once lived with the Wordsworths," and who "for his service had been engaged at *high wages* by Miss Wordsworth herself ;"—that this servant made false statements about her master to the Wordsworths, which he would not descend to contradict ;—and "the result was," says Mr. de Quincey—

"That ever after I hated the name of the woman at whose hands I had sustained the wrong, so far as such a woman could be thought worthy of hatred ; and that I began to despise a little some of those who had been silly and undeceiving enough to accredit such representations ; and one of them especially, who, though liberally endowed with sunshiny temper and sweetness of disposition, *was perhaps a person weak intellectually, beyond the ordinary standard of female weakness.* Hence began the waning of my friendship with the Wordsworths. But, in reality, never after the first year or so from my first introduction, had I felt much possibility of drawing the bonds of friendship tight with a man of Wordsworth's nature. He seemed to me too much like his own Pedler, in the 'Excursion,' a man so diffused amongst innumerable objects of equal attraction, that he had no cells left in his heart for strong individual attachment. I was not singular in this feeling : Professor Wilson had become estranged from him ; no one could be deemed fervently his friend."

Whether the illustration of Wordsworth's temperament, drawn from Wordsworth's genius, is graciously exhibited by one whose

admiration formed his first claim to the poet's acquaintance, we need not determine ; this has at least a semblance of philosophic thought, sufficient to excuse an observer not bound by ties of apparent friendship ;—but what shall be said of the sequel ? Mr. de Quincey proceeds to develop "the strong reason" which he alleges Coleridge had to be estranged, by accusing Wordsworth of having "drawn such a picture of Coleridge and his general efficiency as ought not to have proceeded from the hands of a friend,"—and this to a lady and gentleman who purposed to take Coleridge with them on a visit to London, in the hope to wean him from opium. He gives this alleged conduct of Wordsworth as the cause of a rupture "which rather healed itself by lapse of time, and the burning dim of fierce recollections, than by any formal reconciliation or pardon exchanged between the parties ;" so that, if there was such a rupture, it was healed many years before Coleridge died ;—whatever Wordsworth had said or done, had long been forgiven by the only sufferer. We ask, then, whether an associate of these poets, who, in aid of his own resentments, calls such a scandal from the depth of years and the oblivion of forgiveness, does not regard his relation to the party whom he accuses, through a medium so disturbed by the accidents of his being, as to render him incompetent as a judge, and questionable as a witness ?

We have occupied so large a space in the ungracious duty of urging the readers of these volumes to apply the passages which disclose its author's resentments to the appreciation of those in which he delineates his associates, that we have left ourselves little space to estimate the excellences with which they abound. All the details of the author's early life, studies, and boyish successes, are admirably told in them—overlaid sometimes by illustration, and encrusted with perpetual episodes—but even in their exuberance redeemed by a singularly pure and impressive style. One of his extravagances—"A Vision of Sudden Death," may vie with the Confessions, out of which, indeed, it seems to "arise like an exhalation." It is a fantastic and terrible voluntary played by a magician's hand on the most awful chords of existence. Reminiscences there are of Lamb, of Lloyd, and others, in which (although there are some palpable inaccuracies, as the multiplying the female victim of the literary murderer Wainwright into *two* sisters, and dividing the insurances between them, whereas poor Helen Abercrombie alone bore the insured life and

alone paid the forfeit) no personal grievance has affected the truth of pictures, striking in form and color, and set in a frame-work of golden reflection, which may be perused by those who know the originals with entire sympathy, and by strangers with curiosity well satisfied. Our exceptions have been taken in sorrow, not in anger, for the sake of justice to the dead and example to the living. In spite of the errors we have deplored, we believe the claim which Mr. de Quincey makes to an original dignity of intellect to be just; we believe implicitly in the claims to early and ripe scholarship which

he prefers; we admire the richness of his fancy, the acuteness of his reasoning, and the occasional elevation of style so becoming to stately thought;—and when we reflect how nearly akin the weaknesses to which we impute his errors of vision and judgment, are to the solemn strengths exhibited in his inward revelations, we are reminded that others, like him, “are of such stuff as dreams are made of,” and may need, in their degree, the allowance they should give to one more gifted, but more visionary than themselves, until “our little life is rounded by a sleep.”

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE GARDENERS. —Mr. Dickens discoursed very eloquently upon flowers and all that pertains thereto, at the ninth anniversary of Gardener's Royal Benevolent Institution, held on Monday, at the London Tavern. Gardening, he said, was invariably connected with peace and happiness:

“Gardens are associated in our minds with all countries, and all degrees of men, and with all periods of time. We know that painters, and sculptors, and statesmen, and men of war, and men who have agreed in nothing else, have agreed, in all ages, to delight in gardens. We know that the most ancient people of the earth had gardens; and that where nothing but heaps of sand are now found, and arid desolation now smiles, gardens once smiled, and the gorgeous blossoms of the East shed their fragrance on races which would have been long ago forgotten, but for the ruined temples which, in those distant ages, stood in their gardens (cheers.) We know that the ancients wore crowns of flowers; and the laurels and the bays have stimulated many a noble heart to deeds of heroism and virtue (cheers). We know that, in China, hundreds of acres of gardens float about the rivers, and, indeed, in all countries gardening is the favorite recreation of the people (cheers). In this country its love is deeply implanted in the breasts of every body. We see the weaver striving for a pigmy garden on his house-top

—we see the poor man wrestling with the smoke for his little bower of scarlet runner—we know how very many who have no scrap of land to call their own, and will never, until they lie their length in the ground, and have passed for ever the portals of life, still cultivate their favorite flowers or shrubs in jugs, bottles, and basins (cheers)—we know that in factories and workshops we may find plants—and I have seen the poor prisoner, condemned to linger out year after year within the narrow limits of his place of confinement, gardening in his cell (loud cheers). Of the exponents of a language so universal—of the patient followers of nature in their efforts to produce the finest forms and the richest colors of her most lovely creations, which we enjoy alike at all times of life, and which, whether on the bosom of beauty or the breast of old age, are alike beautiful—surely it is not too much to say that such men have a hold upon our remembrance when they themselves need comfort” (cheers).

GUIZOT.—Guizot has reprinted his essay on the life and works of Shakspeare, appending thereto the critiques of the Duke de Broglie from the *Revue Française*. The part of Iago, they say, was generally disapproved of when acted in France, as a clumsy plotter, and Othello “an idiot and pigheaded imbecile.” The remarks of Guizot are subtle and profound, and the Duke de Broglie has a poetic reverence for the Bard.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE good publications of the last month have not been numerous, but they comprise some unusually valuable works.

FOREIGN.

Discoveries in Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai, in the years 1842-46, during the mission sent out by the King of Prussia, by Dr. Richard Lepsius. This great work meets with high critical favor. The discoveries of Lepsius are very important.

Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison. This work, the *Examiner* thinks, "displays the whole mind of a woman who was well worth knowing, and relates a large part of her experience among people with whose names and characters the world will be at all times busy. A true woman and a keen observer, indoctrinated in all the prepossessions of the old nobility, yet superior to most of its prejudices in the secret corners of her heart, a little superstitious, not at all exempt from little vanities and weaknesses that rather grace her sex, firmly affectionate in nature, and by position thrown in the high places of the world, the Countess d'Oberkirch—Lanele, as her London friends tenderly call her—was the very woman to write Memoirs that would interest future generations. We commend the volumes before us most heartily to every reader. They were written by the Baroness in the bloom of her own life and health, and though they narrate many experiences of life in a corrupt Court, everything comes to us on her pages through a mind so pure and true, that we are never shocked; while at the same time the whole narration is so fresh a transcript of what seemed most interesting in the writer's own experience, that we are never wearied."

The fifth and sixth volumes of Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France, have been published in London. The Messrs. HARRIS are reproducing it finely, in this country. The *Athenæum* says: "The further M. De Lamartine proceeds with his work, while the contemporaneous literary voices of France are growing daily more subervient or more silent,—the bolder becomes his tone of moral accusation—the keener and loftier grows his historical judgment of the men who contributed to, and of the events which constituted, the drama of Napoleon's fall. On this subject M. De Lamartine's pen is as fearless as if the press of France were free. For this reason, besides all its other merits, the work is of inestimable value at such a time. Other men speak out in exile; but the orator of the Provisional Government writes like a free man in a country of slaves—makes open proclamation of the truth against the universal lie. Even M. Guizot, when he wishes to lecture the existing powers, takes the precaution to write his story of condemnation or of reproach under fictitious names. He denounces Louis Napoleon only under the guise of

Richard Cromwell. M. De Lamartine alone speaks the language of reproof and warning as it might be spoken by the unveiled and undaunted Muse of History. One of the remarkable characteristics of this work is, its cosmopolitan spirit. Though the whole is informed with purpose and glowing with passion, it cannot be exactly called a partisan or even a patriotic book. The writer can admit the merits of Bonaparte and Bourbon, monarchist and republican. Better still, he is not "above all things a Frenchman." Wide views of history, an intelligent estimate of events which few of his countrymen have the courage to understand, and a generous sympathy with whatever is noble in act or estimable in character, place him above all French writers of the great story of modern Europe."

The Botany of the Voyage of H. M. S. Herald, under Commander Kellett, R. N., during the years 1845-51. The Herald played a prominent part amongst the recent expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.

"Few ships," says the *Literary Gazette*, "have in an equal space of time gone over so extensive a portion of the globe, furnished a greater amount of hydrographical data, or brought together a more extensive collection of objects of natural history and important observations; and the information thus collected will shed a great light on the geography of many of the countries bordering the North Pacific Ocean. The work, when completed, will consist of five separate parts, representing so many different Floras:—namely,—1. The Flora of Western Esquimaux Land, comprising the North-Western portion of North America. 2. The Flora of the Isthmus of Panama. 3. The Flora of North-Western Mexico. 4. The Flora of Southern China. 5. Plants collected in the Hawaiian Islands, Peru, Ecuador, and Kamtschatka."

Nineveh, its Rise and Ruin, a popular statement in the form of lectures, compiled from the works of Layard and Rawlinson, and others, by the Rev. John Blackburn, D.D. The chief design is to connect recent discoveries with Scripture prophecy.

The Marvels of Science, and the Testimony to Holy Writ. By S. W. Fullon. An endeavor to use the most striking facts of astronomy, cosmogony, geography in its broadest sense, and vegetable and animal life, as arguments in support of the Christian revelation. There is nothing new in the philosophy, but the facts are well selected and clearly stated.

Phæthon; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers, by Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of *Alton Locke*. The *Spectator*, in noticing this work, eulogizes this popular author in the following manner:

"Mr. Kingsley's previous writings give evidence that he possesses in high degree many of the faculties required for success in philosophical dialogue. He can create character, and exhibit it in dialogue; he has a rich, clear, energetic flow of language, that

reflects faithfully a luxuriant imagination, a masculine understanding, and a strong healthy emotional nature. He is a many-sided man himself, and has that tolerance, comprehension, and appreciation of various characters and forms of activity, which spring from containing in his own highly-endowed being the elements of those characters and forms of life. His convictions are besides strong enough to be an equipoise to any amount of largeness, to any breadth of sympathy, and to prevent these from degenerating into indifference or want of definite purpose. And lastly, his artistic faculty—his keen sense of individuality in objects, and the correlative power of presenting them in language—is of so masterly an order, that each form in which he has expressed himself seems successively the one for which his talents most fit him. Take him all in all, England has no literary man of his years who can be set up beside him as his equal in variety and quality of endowments, and in richness of promise. But (and what is a critic unless he be critical!) these endowments do not seem to us to be related to the region of pure speculation, so much so as to the domain of passion and of action; and if his sympathies and his tolerance are more limited in one direction than in another, it is just in that direction in which for the purpose of philosophical dialogue, and of philosophy itself, they ought to be most extended. In other words, Mr. Kingsley is more a man of emotion and of action than of reasoning; and his width of comprehension and of sympathy is more with passion, sensational, and active life, than with the activities and aberrations of the intellect. His writings leave upon us the impression that he cannot comprehend a man who feels or fancies himself under the necessity of refusing to accept a proposition which is not made good to his intellect, however convenient it might seem to be, if assumed true, as a basis of moral life and practical action. Differences of opinion on the most important subjects he can understand and allow for, provided they spring from motives in which the passions, the affections, or the senses are the producing forces; but that logical processes, or a love of abstract truth, or a fine sense of evidence, should rule a man's practical and moral life—this seems to him to be unaccountable, unreasonable, and a phase of human error to be vehemently combated. And he goes about his task in the spirit in which Hercules may be supposed to have donned his lion's skin, shouldered his club, and bid Deianira, or whoever was pro tempore Mrs. Hercules, good bye for the campaign."

AMERICAN.

The Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. By Howard Stansbury, Captain of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, United States Army. And the Mormons or Latter-day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; a History of their Rise and Progress, Peculiar Doctrines, Present Condition, and Prospects among them. By Lieut. J. W. Gunnison. Both works, originally published by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, have been republished in London. The *Athenæum* notices them with favor. The two works here named are the results of an expedition organized by the Government of the United States, in the spring of 1849, for the purpose of exploring and surveying the Great Salt Lake of Utah and its vicinity:—a spot doubly interesting at present, as being the scene of that curious social anomaly, the Mormon community; and as con-

stituting a sort of half-way station on the vast route which emigrants have to traverse on their way from the civilized confines of the States to the Eldorado of California and the shores of the Pacific. Capt. Stansbury was the head of this exploring Expedition, and Lieut. Gunnison was his assistant. The work of the former consists of an elaborate official Report of the progress of the Expedition towards the destined spot,—of its proceedings there during the autumn of 1849 and the winter of 1849–50,—and of its reconnaissance, on its journey back, of a new route through the Rocky Mountains. The Captain occupies himself chiefly with the geology, topography, and natural history of the regions traversed or surveyed; glancing but briefly and incidentally at the Mormons and their doings as a community,—which subject he leaves to be more fully discussed in the unofficial volume of his assistant, Lieut. Gunnison. The Lieutenant's work is, therefore, a kind of appendix to that of the Captain, and is to be read in connexion with it. We cannot but wish that the Captain had also undertaken the Lieutenant's part of the work; for, though the Lieutenant has the advantage of a subject of great general interest, he writes in such an unpractised and helpless, yet ambitious, style, that less of coherent and intelligible information regarding the Mormons than might have been expected is to be derived from his account of them. Capt. Stansbury, on the other hand, writes in a plain, clear, and business-like manner:—so that what he does say about the Mormonites is more to the purpose than his friend Lieut. Gunnison's more ample descriptions."

Reuben Medlicott, Mr. Savage's new novel, republished by the Messrs. APPLETON, does not obtain universal applause. The *Athenæum* feels "bound to state that Mr. Savage does not improve as a novelist. 'My Uncle the Curate,' as the *Athenæum* said on the occasion of its appearance, was a dull book,—but this is a duller one;—not solely because of its subject, but in part from the manner in which that subject is wrought out."

The Napoleon Dynasty, or History of the Bonaparte Family, by the "Berkeley Men," originally published by COANISH, LAMPORT & Co., has been republished in London. The *Athenæum*, noticing it at length, says:

"Few readers, we imagine, will turn over a dozen pages of the 'Napoleon Dynasty' without exclaiming—'Is this book really American?' First of all, the style is French, the sentences are short, ringing, pungent,—the incidents and characters are grouped artistically,—the story moves on with a rapid and dramatic variety, in the fashion of Dumas,—the moral reflections are of the epigrammatic and paradoxical kind so natural in the valley of the Seine, and the adulation of the Napoleon family is in the manner of Caesagnac, Guerronière, and the other paid scribes of the Elysée. The glozing, the reticence, the suppression, the misconstruction, are all achieved with bold front and vigorous hand. Whoever may be the authors of this volume, its purpose is clear enough:—to create in America an opinion favorable to the policy of Louis Napoleon in Europe. In other respects, apart from its inspirations, the book, as a collection of gossiping biographies, is readable and convenient. No other publication do we know in which to find in equal compass such a mass of facts concerning the several members of the Bonaparte family. The writers have travelled over the whole ground made noticeable by N—"

leonic events,—and collected their facts from all the most favorable sources.”

J. S. REDFIELD has published:—

“Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley,” by John Gilman Shea. A beautiful volume, containing translations of the narratives of the early Jesuit explorers of the Mississippi. Most of the remaining narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennepin, and Douay, are here embodied—furnishing a graphic and interesting page of early frontier history. The simplicity, energy, and self-denial of these Jesuit fathers are strikingly exemplified in these records, and a better view afforded of the original condition of the country and the Indians, than could be obtained elsewhere. Supplying an important source of our history, and possessing intrinsic attractions and utility, this work will unquestionably find favor with the reading public. It is neatly and quaintly printed, and accompanied with a fac-simile of the original map of Marquette.

“Forest,” a tale by Dr. Huntington, who has become celebrated by his “Lady Alice” and “Alban,” of which latter work the present is a continuation. The descriptive powers manifested in the work are of the highest order. A more splendid picture of forest and frontier life has seldom been presented.

“Comparative Physiognomy,” a work propounding a new theory of physiognomy, by tracing resemblances between the different races of men, and different orders of animals. The work is evidently the product of great study, and is not without its suggestiveness. It is plentifully illustrated with drawings, which evince as much ingenuity as the speculations founded on them.

Messrs. R. CARTER & BROTHERS have published recently the following works, which, as usual with this careful house, are judiciously chosen, and worthy of attention:—

“Pool’s Annotations upon the Holy Bible,” in three massive octavos, elegantly printed. Pool is one of the foremost names in English philology. His *Synopsis Criticorum* is still without a parallel as a faithful and complete digest of critical opinions, and is a work of colossal labor. The annotations are remarkable for their learning and judgment. The exposition is more critical and verbal than those of any of the other English annotators, and more learned. It is among the best works of its kind, and occupies such a place in the literature of English exegesis that its reproduction in this cheap and handsome form is a great favor to the theological world.

“The Genuineness, Authenticity and Inspiration of the Word of God,” by the editor of Bagster’s well-known Comprehensive Bible. It was originally prepared as an introduction to that able work, and is now published separately. Its conciseness, comprehensiveness, are much in its favor; the wide field covered by these three great subjects is carefully gleaned, and the arguments condensed and presented in a popular form. Without the pretence of great learning, it furnishes a better work on these subjects for general reading than we know of elsewhere. It is judicious, clear, and comprehensive.

Several handsomely illustrated and popularly written juvenile works have also been published—Little Lessons for Little Learners—Rhymes for the Nursery—Mamma’s Bible Stories—Fanny and her

Cousins—Watts’ Divine Songs—Annie’s First and Second Books—all well adapted to this amiable and useful purpose.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have enriched their splendid list by several new works:—

“Select British Eloquence” is the title of a large 8vo., elegantly printed, comprising the best speeches entire, of the most eminent British orators, for the last two centuries, edited with biographical and critical essays and notes, by Professor Goodrich of Yale College. The names of almost every great orator in the British history of the last two centuries, is represented; and the best speeches, those possessing permanent value, are given in full. Such a body of patriotic and eloquent thought it would be impossible to obtain in any other form. The work of selection has been judiciously performed, with a keen appreciation of the worth of the matter selected, and a proper view of the relative and historic value. As a historic comment upon the different epochs of that long period,—as an illustration of the power and reach of English civilization and thought, and as a body of noble worth nobly expressed, the work is entitled to a high place.

“Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles,” is a lively, graphic picture of the gay French capital, embodying a great amount of important statistical information and moral criticism. His sketches are to the life, and his comments unfettered and fearless. Without assenting to all its conclusions, its facts and reasonings strike us as exceedingly important and very able. The traces of a well-informed and judicious mind are visible on every page. Its print is greatly set off by a series of characteristic drawings.

Messrs. APPLETON & Co. continue their attractive and well-selected miscellany, known as “Appleton’s Popular Library,” among the more recent issues of which have been two of Thackeray’s minor works—Men’s Wives, and A Shabby Genteel Story, in which the author’s characteristic satire and shrewd observation are, perhaps, as visible as in any of his more elaborate productions. Satire has seldom been more usefully employed than in these well-aimed and successful hits. “Lives of Wellington and Peel” contains the eloquent biographies of these eminent men originally published in the *Times* newspaper, specimens of journalism almost without a parallel.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, have recently put forth a beautiful edition of Montgomery’s Poems, as collected by himself. Montgomery’s place our readers well understand—a recognized poet, the best of the minor members of that brilliant constellation which illustrated the first half of the current century. His unaffectedness of feeling, elevation of sentiment and usual grace of style have won him a name. His works are indispensable to the well-composed library.

JOHN WILEY, 167 Broadway, has issued a very neat edition of the well-known work, Izaak Walton’s Complete Angler, with a fine, appreciative bibliographical introduction. Quaint, genial and meditative, Izaak will never want readers. His fine feeling, good sense, and beautiful enthusiasm, outlive all changes of time.

